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JULY

The Bee's Knees . . . . . CHARLES D. STEWART 1
Cure-alls . . . . . AGNES REPPLIER 12

Missions: A Critical Contrast

I. Onward, Christian Soldiers . . . . . JAMES NORMAN HALL 19
II. The True Light That Lighteth . . . . . ROBERT F. FITCH 33
'Selling It.' *Evidence of Fact* . . . . . A SOCIAL WORKER 44
Fool o' the Moon. *A Poem* . . . . . AMY LOWELL 47
The Harshest Thing in the World. *A Story* . . . . . C. E. ANDREWS 49
Soldiers, Indians, and Schools . . . . . LEO CRANE 55
Pages from an Indian Agent's Notebook
Franklin and Lightning . . . . . ALEXANDER McADIE 67
Thoroughbreds and Blackguards . . . . . PETER BURNAUGH 74
Procrustes Redivivus . . . . . MORGAN BARNES 83
The Cause and Effect of College Examinations
The Victor—Who? *A Story* . . . . . FRANCES LEFEVRE 89
Conversation Balnéaire. *A Poem* . . . . . ARCHIBALD MACLEISH 97
The Motor Menace. *A Note of Warning* . . . . . HERBERT L. TOWLE 98

The New World

The Burning Question of Spain . . . . . ROBERT SENCOURT 108
Treaty Revision . . . . . WILLIAM MARTIN 117
The Economic Cause of War . . . . . EDWARD BEACH HOWELL 128

The Contributors' Club 134
Baltic Summer—The Penalty of Poise—The Vineyard Mosaic—Morning Caravans

The Contributors' Column 140
In Acknowledgment—Undergraduate Indecision—'Oh God! Oh Montreal!'—Who Said 'Sentimentalist'!—Home Economy—A Mother Who Is a Physician—A Businesslike Defense—'I Hope to Die —'

The Atlantic's Bookshelf . . . . . *Front Advertising Section*
The Life of William Osler—Meek Americans and Other European Trifles—Bucolic Beatitudes—The Mother's Recompense—Collected Poems of H. D.—Selected Poems, by W. H. Davies—Henry Cabot Lodge: A Biographical Sketch—The Life of William Cobbett

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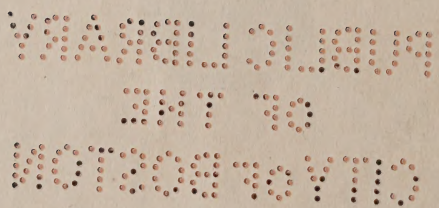

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CONTENTS

Index by Titles

Prose

	PAGE
Abd el-Krim and the War in Africa, *Vincent Sheean*	251
Anonymity: An Inquiry, *E. M. Forster*	588
Architecture, The Advance of, *Thomas E. Tallmadge*	225
Bee's Knees, The, *Charles D. Stewart*	1
Bird, The Way of a, *Sir W. Beach Thomas*	810
Book, In Quest of the Perfect, *William Dana Orcutt*	800
Cavalry, After — What? *Captain B. H. Liddell Hart*	409
'Cavemen, We, the,' *Milutin Krunich*	615
Challenge, A Contemporary, *Vivian T. Pomeroy*	787
Christmas Come? When Will, *Joseph Fort Newton*	721
Christs Fought Hard, Then, *Milutin Krunich*	778
Church in France, Baiting the, *Denis Gwynn*	272
Coal for the People, *Arthur E. Suffern*	838
Coming of Age, *Helen Dore Boylston*	289
Contributors' Column, The	140, 285, 429, 572, 717, 860
Cotton, The Struggle for, *Evans Lewin*	560
Courage, *Brassil Fitzgerald*	655
Cure-alls, *Agnes Repplier*	12
Dean, He Asked the, *Benfield Pressey*	612
Debt, The, *A. Cecil Edwards*	502
Djebel Druz, In the, *Wolfgang von Weisl*	848
Eliot's 'Quarries,' George, *Charles Gardner*	659
Evangelicals' Dilemma, The, *Justin Wroe Nixon*	368
Everyday Life, *Helen Dore Boylston*	638
Farmers, Our Embattled, *Arthur P. Chew*	703
Fiddles and Drums, *Leo Crane*	359
Franklin and Lightning, *Alexander McAdie*	67
Free? How Does It Feel to Be, *Manuel Komroff*	329
Galapagos, A Conversation in the, *Edmund Wilson*	577
German People and Their Lost Colonies, The, *Evans Lewin*	264
Gift of Tongues, The, *Valeska Bari*	389
Glass Window, The, *Lucy Furman*	208
Good Business, *Frank Brandon*	608
'Good-Night, All,' *Anonymous*	596
Greek in the Machine Shop, *Carol Wight*	247
Growth, The Philosophy of, *Clifford H. Farr*	508
Happiness, Buying, *Edgar J. Goodspeed*	343
Harshest Thing in the World, The, *C. E. Andrews*	49
Hook, Mr. John, Wants His Money, *Emily Stone Whiteley*	756
Ideas, Quantity Production in, *Cornelia James Cannon*	380
Impartial Chairman, Problems for an, *W. M. Leiserson*	301
Infinitude of Things, The, *Mary Lucia Bierce Fuller*	334
Italian Tyranny: An Anti-Fascist View, *James Murphy*	818
Journal, More Leaves from a Secret, *Jane Steger*	758
Knight-Errant and the Infidel, The, *Henry R. Murphy*	159
'Let Joy Be Unrefined!' *Leo Crane*	188
Light That Lighteth, The True, *Robert F. Fitch*	33
Little Lowizy, *Lucy Furman*	347
Marx To-day: Capitalism and Socialism, *John R. Commons*	682
Medium, Science and the, *Hudson Hoagland*	666
Meetinghouse and the Laboratory, The, *A Woman Physician*	771

Mine Own People, *Benjamin Harrison Chaffee* 496
Mosque, The, *Elgin E. Groseclose* 694
Motor Menace, The, *Herbert L. Towle* . . 98
Movies, The Unconscious Humor of the, *Agnes Repplier* 601

Neighbors of Mine, *Nora Waln* 791

Official Returns, The, *H. G. Dwight* . . . 737
Onward, Christian Soldiers, *James Norman Hall* 19
Other Little Ships, *A. Vibert Douglas* . . 169

Paganism, The New, *Ellen Duvall* 633
Peas in a Pod, Twin, *Earnest Elmo Calkins* 311
Persian Friday, One, *Thomas Pearson* . . 375
Picture Peddler, A, *Robert Alden Reaser* . 518
Pigtails, Ltd., *Walter de la Mare* 175
Plant Quarantine, *J. Horace McFarland* . 241
Portrait, The Lady of the, *Anna M. Whistler* 319
Procrustes Redivivus, *Morgan Barnes* . . 83
Professor, Exit, *Francis B. Gummere* . . 815

Religion and Science, *Alfred North Whitehead* 200
Religion Be Taught? Can, *Charles M. Sheldon* 467
Roots, *Margaret Prescott Montague* . . . 230
Russia, Without Prejudice, *Sir Martin Conway* 401

Science and Poetry, *I. A. Richards* 481
Science and the Medium, *Hudson Hoagland* 666
'Selling It,' *A Social Worker* 44
Sharks of Narborough, The, *William Beebe* 433
'Ships, As the Swift,' *Theodore Morrison* . 648
Sing: A Song of Sixpence, *James Norman Hall* 726
Soldiers, Indians, and Schools, *Leo Crane* . 55
Soul, The Natural History of a, *Earnest Elmo Calkins* 625
Spain, The Burning Question of, *Robert Sencourt* 108
Speculation and Investment, *Edgar Lawrence Smith* 542

Taxation, The Twilight Land of, *Raymond Edwards Huntington* 828
Taxes, Death and, *Raymond Edwards Huntington* 419
Test, The, *Helen Dore Boylston* 453
Thoroughbreds and Blackguards, *Peter Burnaugh* 74
Thought Broker, Augustus Bagster, *Samuel McChord Crothers* 442
Tramping with Yeggs, *Paul Ernest Anderson* 747
Treaty Revision, *William Martin* 117
Turkish State of Mind, The, *Arnold J. Toynbee* 548

Uncle Tutt's Typhoids, *Lucy Furman* . . 473
University, A Modern, *Abraham Flexner* 530

Victor, The — Who? *Frances LeFevre* . . 89

War, The Economic Cause of, *Edward Beach Howell* 128
Woman in Wall Street, A, *The Woman* . 145
Wykeham, An Avatar at, *Carroll Perry* . 395

Younger Generation in 1840, The, *Richard Frederick Fuller* 216

Poetry

Conversation Balnéaire, *Archibald MacLeish* 97
Crane in Bloomsbury, The, *Frank Kendon* 333

Deadlock, *Joseph Auslander* 246

Evening, *Gretchen Warren* 635

Fool o' the Moon, *Amy Lowell* 47

Hakluyt Unpurchased, *Franklin McDuffee* 770

Immortelle, *Bliss Carman* 623

Mississippi Melodies, *Virginia Moore* . . 492

Spars, *Grace Latimer Wright* 187
Star among the Reeds, A, *Theodore Morrison* 798

Violinist and the Lady, The, *Helene Mullins* 388

INDEX BY AUTHORS

Anderson, Paul Ernest, Tramping with Yeggs 747
Andrews, C. E., The Harshest Thing in the World 49
Auslander, Joseph, Deadlock 246

Bari, Valeska, The Gift of Tongues . . . 389
Barnes, Morgan, Procrustes Redivivus . . 83

Beebe, William, The Sharks of Narborough 433
Boylston, Helen Dore
Coming of Age 289
The Test 453
Everyday Life 638
Brandon, Frank, Good Business 608
Burnaugh, Peter, Thoroughbreds and Blackguards 74

Calkins, Earnest Elmo
Twin Peas in a Pod 311
The Natural History of a Soul 625
Cannon, Cornelia James, Quantity Production in Ideas 380
Carman, Bliss, Immortelle 623
Chaffee, Benjamin Harrison, Mine Own People 496
Chew, Arthur P., Our Embattled Farmers 703
Commons, John R., Marx To-day: Capitalism and Socialism 682
Conway, Sir Martin, Russia, Without Prejudice 401
Crane, Leo
Soldiers, Indians, and Schools 55
'Let Joy Be Unrefined!' 188
Fiddles and Drums 359
Crothers, Samuel McChord, Augustus Bagster, Thought Broker 442

De la Mare, Walter, Pigtails, Ltd. . . . 175
Douglas, A. Vibert, Other Little Ships . . 169
Duvall, Ellen, The New Paganism 633
Dwight, H. G., The Official Returns . . . 737

Edwards, A. Cecil, The Debt 502

Farr, Clifford H., The Philosophy of Growth 508
Fitch, Robert F., The True Light That Lighteth 33
Fitzgerald, Brassil, Courage 655
Flexner, Abraham, A Modern University . 530
Forster, E. M., Anonymity: An Inquiry . 588
Fuller, Mary Lucia Bierce, The Infinitude of Things 334
Fuller, Richard Frederick, The Younger Generation in 1840 216
Furman, Lucy
The Glass Window 208
Little Lowizy 347
Uncle Tutt's Typhoids 473

Gardner, Charles, George Eliot's 'Quarries' 659
Goodspeed, Edgar J., Buying Happiness . 343
Groseclose, Elgin E., The Mosque 694
Gummere, Francis B., Exit Professor . . 815
Gwynn, Denis, Baiting the Church in France 272

Hall, James Norman
Onward, Christian Soldiers 19
Sing: A Song of Sixpence 726
Hart, Captain B. H. Liddell, After Cavalry —What? 409
Hoagland, Hudson, Science and the Medium 666
Howell, Edward Beach, The Economic Cause of War 128
Huntington, Raymond Edwards
Death and Taxes 419
The Twilight Land of Taxation 828

Kendon, Frank, The Crane in Bloomsbury 333
Komroff, Manuel, How Does It Feel to Be Free? 329
Krunich, Milutin
'We, the Cavemen' 615
Then Christs Fought Hard 778

LeFevre, Frances, The Victor — Who? . . 89
Leiserson, W. M., Problems for an Impartial Chairman 301
Lewin, Evans
The German People and Their Lost Colonies 264
The Struggle for Cotton 560
Lowell, Amy, Fool o' the Moon 47

McAdie, Alexander, Franklin and Lightning 67
McDuffee, Franklin, Hakluyt Unpurchased 770
McFarland, J. Horace, Plant Quarantine 241
MacLeish, Archibald, Conversation Balnéaire 97
Martin, William, Treaty Revision 117
Montague, Margaret Prescott, Roots . . . 230
Moore, Virginia, Mississippi Melodies . . 492
Morrison, Theodore
'As the Swift Ships' 648
A Star among the Reeds 798
Mullins, Helene, The Violinist and the Lady 388
Murphy, Henry R., The Knight-Errant and the Infidel 159
Murphy, James, Italian Tyranny: An Anti-Fascist View 818

Newton, Joseph Fort, When Will Christmas Come? 721
Nixon, Justin Wroe, The Evangelicals' Dilemma 368

Orcutt, William Dana, In Quest of the Perfect Book 800

Pearson, Thomas, One Persian Friday . . 375
Perry, Carroll, An Avatar at Wykeham . 395
Pomeroy, Vivian T., A Contemporary Challenge 787
Pressey, Benfield, He Asked the Dean . . 612

Reaser, Robert Alden, A Picture Peddler . 518

Repplier, Agnes
Cure-alls 12
The Unconscious Humor of the Movies 601
Richards, I. A., Science and Poetry . . . 481

Sencourt, Robert, The Burning Question of Spain 108
Sheean, Vincent, Abd el-Krim and the War in Africa 251
Sheldon, Charles M., Can Religion Be Taught? 467
Smith, Edgar Lawrence, Speculation and Investment 542
Steger, Jane, More Leaves from a Secret Journal 758
Stewart, Charles D., The Bee's Knees . . 1
Suffern, Arthur E., Coal for the People . . 838

Tallmadge, Thomas E., The Advance of Architecture 225
Thomas, Sir W. Beach, The Way of a Bird 810
Towle, Herbert L., The Motor Menace . . 98
Toynbee, Arnold J., The Turkish State of Mind 548

Waln, Nora, Neighbors of Mine 791
Warren, Gretchen, Evening 665
Weisl, Wolfgang von, In the Djebel Druz . 848
Whistler, Anna M., The Lady of the Portrait 319
Whitehead, Alfred North, Religion and Science 200
Whiteley, Emily Stone, Mr. John Hook Wants His Money 756
Wight, Carol, Greek in the Machine Shop 247
Wilson, Edmund, A Conversation in the Galapagos 577
Wright, Grace Latimer, Spars 187

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Ancestors, My 570
Asino Italiano 283

Baltic Summer 134

Grandfather French's Nightshirt 858

Hey Diddle Diddle! 426
Hint to Impecunious Authors, A 568

Morning Caravans 139

Oldenbury Hollow 855

Penalty of Poise, The 135
Primitive Winter 856

Social Work and Kangaroos, On 712

Toward the Royal Tombs 716
Tragedy of Trifles, A 282

Vineyard Mosaic, The 137

Widow's Friend, The 714

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1925

THE BEE'S KNEES

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

A BEE in the field is engaged in gathering three sorts of raw material — flour, varnish, and sirup; all of them commodities which present problems in handling and transportation.

That the yellow pollen of the flowers is simply flour to a bee may be gathered from the fact that beekeepers, in seasons when pollen is scarce, set out little troughs of rye flour which serves the bees instead and induces them to raise young earlier in the season than they otherwise would. Young bees, like young children, cannot thrive and develop on sweets alone; and so the pollen, a highly nitrogenous product, is the food of the young bee during the days when it is truly a baby in the cradle, occupying the open cell in larval form. Honey, a form of sugar, supplies the bee, as it does the human worker, with a vast amount of heat and energy; but it lacks the elements needed in repair and growth. The older bees eat the pollen in small quantity also, a certain proportion of it being necessary to health.

As for varnish, the bee gets hers from the same source that man does — the resinous exudation of trees. But the bee finds the readiest supply on sticky buds such as those of the balm of Gilead tree, and, in lesser quantity, on the buds of poplar, horse-chestnut, willow, and hollyhock. While we are accustomed to think of the bee as a hoarder of honey, entirely possessed with her passion for sweets, the fact is that every worker bee has varnish on her mind. She will gather it as eagerly and hurry home with it in as high a state of happiness as if she were working in nectar or in pollen. A swarm of bees that has found suitable quarters in the decayed hollow of a tree will clean it out scrupulously, removing every particle of loose dirt and rubbish, and may then repair its surface until they have given it a complete coat of varnish. Those that are kept in the usual 'patent' hives stop up every crack and crevice with their resin; and they cement the lid on so tight that the beekeeper has to carry a special tool to pry it off. Mixed with wax it makes the wax stickier and hardens it, and this preparation they use as a basis and buttress with which to fasten their combs securely. If a mouse, or other large unwieldy animal, invades the hive and dies there, a problem in sanitary engineering has to be met and dealt with. Varnish-gatherers set to work at once, and in a short time they

have the mouse coated over and made odorless — virtually embalmed in their sweet-smelling resins. Usually bees deal with any objectionable object by dragging it out of the door and casting it overboard; but there are cases when such measures are not practicable.

Some years ago, on a bright warm day in spring, I set to work to varnish a sponson canoe and get it in shape for another season's use on the lake on which I live. I had not plied the brush long when I became aware that a number of bees were keeping me company. Then more and more bees. After a while they became so numerous, and were flying about in such a highly excited state of mind, that I put down the brush and began to worry. At that time I knew a great deal about bees, or thought I did; and so I was perfectly aware that bees gather the resinous propolis at great expenditure of time and labor. But up to the time when I met the bees in a common concern over the same sort of work, I did not really know what I had learned. This 'propolis' was a word which kept itself in a different department of my mind from that in which I deal with my everyday work; and so I did not know, as these particular bees did, that it was the same sort of stuff that I was putting on my canoe. But then — who would ever suspect that a bee could know so much about Greek! This little episode taught me a lesson in writing; I decided that if I ever wrote anything about bees I would use the plain word 'varnish.'

A bee carries her varnish in her pollen basket, so called because she also packs her flour in it. She gathers it when it is in such a warm sticky condition that it will draw out in a thread; and when she has loaded up with all the sticky stuff she can handle she hurries home and applies it to the hive while it is yet in a workable state. Commercial beekeepers, when they have worked a while with their hives, taking off lids and handling frames, find their hands covered with a gummy tenacious substance which soap and water has little effect upon. Following the advice of their Langstroth, or other work on practical beekeeping, they use 'turpentine or alcohol' to get it off. A bee's varnish resembles man's in the embarrassing qualities of stickiness and insolubility; and so, if a bee can get it off her bristly body without using any special recipe out of a bee book, I think it is evident that she knows how to handle varnish. I am quite willing to believe that she could make use of canoe varnish, even though it is guaranteed to set dust free in a few hours and to be glass hard in a day or two.

The nectar from the blossoms is the bee's true food. While much of it finds its way into her stomach to supply her present needs, much more is retained in her honey bag, or crop, to be carried home in the form of sap and evaporated to honey in the cells. A bee that is engaged in field work never eats honey so long as the nectar is to be had. She simply stores it up for future use, and for the support of the bees that work in the hive. As a certain part of the swarm, the younger bees, stay at home and devote themselves to household specialties, — wax-making, comb-building, nursing, and ventilating, — they have to be supported on honey by the workers in the field. This current consumption alone is enough to keep them busy, especially when there is comb being built; besides which there must be a good supply of honey sealed up for time of need.

In hot weather a number of bees in every hive are acting in the capacity of electric fans, their wings working away at a great rate while they drive the air in just the directions needed in a well-calculated ventilating system. In front of any hive, holding their

proper stations at the narrow entrance, a detachment of these ventilating bees may be seen. Their heads are always turned toward the entrance so that the air is kept moving past them toward the rear, the reason for this position being that these bees are drawing out the foul air from the hive. On the inside of the hive, their heads turned also toward the entrance, is another file of bees propelling the air past them toward the interior. These bees are sucking in fresh air to take the place of the foul air. It is a double ventilating system based upon good mechanical principles.

To get the full effect of ventilation, it is not enough to admit a steady supply of fresh air at such an opening; it is also desirable to keep the whole mass of air in motion. Building engineers who specialize on such problems as are presented by theatres, moving-picture houses, and other human hives, have recently announced as an interesting discovery that there is a vivifying influence imparted to air simply by keeping it in motion; and this in addition to, or independent of, any new supply of oxygen. Whether there is any truth in these conclusions or not, bees fulfill all the requirements necessary to take advantage of them; for inside the hive are other detachments of bees steadily agitating the air. A bee has two pairs of wings, the rear pair and the forward pair being placed close together that their edges almost touch. The wings are hooked together in flying, and to this end there is a row of little hooks on the forward edge of the rear wing and a stiff pleat on the edge of the front wing in which the little hooks may readily engage. A single pair of broad wings would be quite as serviceable in flying, but such a pair would not go into a cell. For this purpose they unhook and fold together like a fan. It has been observed that, in ventilating, bees do not have the wings hooked together.

The effect of this well-directed activity is not only to give a supply of life-sustaining oxygen to the multitude of workers in the hive, but also to keep down the temperature when there is danger of the comb melting; and, in addition, to evaporate the surplus water from the honey stored in the cells, which are never sealed shut till the product is properly 'ripened.' The nectar in some seasons is more watery than at other periods; but whatever its condition in this regard the bees bring it in and store it in the open cells and then fan it to the right consistency. The watery product is held in the uncapped cells largely by capillary attraction; but the bees have a tendency to build the cells with a dip toward the rear. When they are building cells especially for the storage of honey this dip is more pronounced, as if they considered it an advantage; but they also use brood cells which have hatched their young and been cleaned out, and here the tendency is not so pronounced. The practice of building the caps from the bottom up, after the manner of a dam, also helps them in filling the cells full without leakage. Their care in evaporating the honey till it is a highly concentrated food-product is an economic one, due to the high cost of wax. It takes from seven to fifteen pounds of honey to make one pound of wax; and this means that, in addition to all the time and energy spent in gathering the honey, there is the time spent in digesting it into wax. They cannot afford to use such an expensive product for the storage of water.

As this work of driving air in and out of the door is very exhausting, other bees take the places of any that have grown tired, and so the ventilating crew gradually changes. The hotter the day or the more liquid the nectar the more fanning there is in the hive. If the entrance is stopped up, by way

of experiment, the whole populace will set their wings agoing. It is apparent that the ventilating bees are not specialists, except as they specialize for a while on this part of the work. They are volunteers, taking their places among the files at the entrance or manning the forces of the interior as circumstances require. And what influence is it, or what supreme authority, that picks this bee and that one for the task, sets some to fanning the interior, sends others to complete the files of the fresh-air crew or the foul-air gang, and keeps up the balanced quota at the door? I am afraid we shall have to call this a mystery.

Indeed, we have now been led to the point where all study of bees, in any of their various activities, must inevitably lead us. At first we are shrewd observers, duly careful and skeptical in our conclusions, but led on by fact after fact until, just as we are about to reach the point of knowledge, we must admit that we are baffled. Unless we throw our scientific caution to the winds and turn poet or romancer, there is little to do but wonder. And I do not know but this latter outcome marks a man's deepest knowledge of nature. Especially as the wonder must beget a certain reverence, and a due humility of mind in the presence of the unknowable.

II

A bee needs so many tools in the day's work — such a variety of combs, brushes, pincers, shears, and what not — that her body is fairly covered with handy appliances. Any skilled workman, however little he might know about nature, would quickly conclude from an examination of the working parts of a bee that here was a fellow factory-hand who knew the tricks of some highly technical trade. Every hair and joint from head to foot has some special development which makes it an ingenious combination-tool without interfering with the proper working of the bee's own person.

The leg of the bee — and I am not here forgetting that there are six of them — has a greater number of joints than has the leg of a human being. Midway between the knee and the joints of the foot there is another articulation, or knee, that is particularly interesting. In each of the three pairs of legs this knee is differently developed so as to furnish the bee with three sorts of very useful tools — pincers, crowbar, and comb.

On the first, or front, pair of legs, there is just below this joint a self-threading needle arrangement so equipped as to make a combination comb and scraper for keeping the antenna clean and in condition. It consists of a deep notch, constituting somewhat more than half a circle, in the horny shell of the leg; and the open part of this notch is closed, or bridged over, by means of a strong little piece of horny substance opening and closing by means of a hinge. The principle of this contrivance is, as I have said, that of a self-threading needle — though it is more finely and mechanically made than most of man's contrivances. Its object is to allow the bee's antenna to be slipped into the notch when the little bridgelike piece is raised; and then to be held in place, like a thread in the eye of a needle, as the little piece is dropped down and pressed into position. The interior of this notch is furnished with a comb, the fine long rounded teeth of which are set close together in a single row all round the half circle. The little horny piece which closes the opening does not carry any teeth, but has a sharpened edge. When the bee's feeler, or antenna, is slipped into the opening and drawn through, the little horny piece presses it down against the teeth.

As a bee's feelers carry its 'smell hollows' and the fine, peculiarly designed hairs which serve somehow as a means of communication between bees, it is important that they be kept free from sticky substances and the accumulation of summer's dust. With these comb-and-scraper devices placed so conveniently on the front legs — one for each antenna to right and left — the bee can slip her feelers into these self-threading inventions alternately and so keep her means of communication in working order with a minimum of time and trouble.

Looking now at the middle pair of legs, and turning our attention to this same joint upon either one of them, we find a very different sort of arrangement. Sprouting out from beneath the hard shell of the leg, at the edge just above the joint, is a process or prong which I can best describe as being a diminutive elephant's tusk. It has the same curve, proportions, and general appearance of utility. This is the bee's combination pick and crowbar; and she uses it particularly for loosening the close-packed pollen in her pollen basket — which she carries upon her hind pair of legs — and pushing it out into the cell in which it is to be stored.

Anyone who has had even a little experience in gardening knows how a packed soil may be loosened with a single tine of a potato fork; or how the worker in the most stubborn soils easily conquers with the point of a pick. For a better illustration, watch the grocer as he separates a pound of dates from the close-packed mass, and observe that it may be pried loose only with a single-pointed instrument which acts as pick and crowbar. Nature had like knowledge of adapting the means to the end, of fitting the tool to the trade, when she equipped the bee with this prong for loosening her load of pollen. Burroughs says that when a bee has brought a load of pollen to the hive 'he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off as one might his overalls or rubber boots, making one foot help the other.' It is not done in quite so loose and easy a manner as this description would imply. The tusklike tool is working to pry the pollen loose, the one on the left leg serving to unload the right, and the right doing a like service for the left. 'He,' as Mr. Burroughs here uses it, must be a grammatical he. No male bee ever gathered any pollen or honey or did any work around a hive. The drone is strictly a gentleman of leisure.

This brings us to the hind legs of the bee, the longest, strongest, and most elaborate of the three pairs; and here we confine our attention to the pair of knees which correspond to the ones we have been studying on the other two pairs of legs. The hind legs of the bee differ from the others in the fact that they become much wider and spatulate toward their lower extremities, somewhat like a sailor's trousers when well pressed. Rather they are like oars with broad generous blades. Of the three principal divisions of the leg, the upper one is round like the haft of an oar, and the next two sections are flattened so that each is like a blade or paddle. The joint or knee we are now considering unites these two broad, paddlelike sections of the leg. These are hinged together only at one edge, the result being that when this particular knee is bent it opens a wide gaping mouth with sharp, serrated edges. This is the bee's combination shears and pincers. With these she seizes and disattaches the flattened wax which extrudes from between the joints of the body, on the abdomen, and furnishes her with building material.

In considering the supplies which the bee in the field is engaged in gathering, no mention was made of wax, because

it is a product of the hive. It is manufactured like fat in the bee's body, out of honey which is eaten in large quantities for the purpose. On each side of the abdomen are four little wax-pockets situated in the joints of the hard-surfaced body; and here the supply of wax may be seen issuing, the flat, light-colored wax appearing somewhat like a letter which a man has tucked up under his waistcoat.

When there is comb to be built, certain bees will hang themselves up in festoons from the roof of the hive and remain there quiescently while wax forms and pushes its way out from the pockets. It takes about twenty-four hours for a stomachful of honey to be converted into wax, the bee having gorged herself with honey for the purpose. And it is the younger bees, which seem to have the most vigorous digestion and wax-forming ability, that take this specialty upon themselves. The festoons consist of loops like a watch chain, each bee hanging by the claws or hooks on her forelegs to the extended hind legs of the bee above her; and the whole loop is supported by the bees that have hold of the ceiling. At first they form chains hanging straight down; and then two chains uniting at the bottom form a loop.

When the appointed time has been fulfilled and the bee feels that her wax is ready for delivery, she separates herself from the others and proceeds to a part of the roof where building is to begin; and now she detaches the wax from her abdomen, macerates it, — for which purpose she seems to moisten it with some form of fluid or saliva, — and sticks it against the ceiling. Bee after bee comes here and does likewise until a little wall of wax has been built up — a crude blank wall on which the architects have not gone to work. From this it will be seen that the shears and pincers on the hind legs serve a bee to disattach the wax from her own body — not from the body of another bee. Sometimes the floor of the hive will be littered with these wax scales, in which case the worker bees pick them up and carry them to the work, regarding them as so much useful lumber. As the hive is warmed by the bodies of so many busy workers, the wax is rendered pliable and soft, so that it is easily united to the edge of a growing cell and worked into shape by the strong, blunt mandibles of the bee.

The wax shears, as we have seen, are a development of the joint itself; and now, for further interesting developments, we must turn our attention to the broad, paddlelike sections of the leg above and below this particular joint. They are made thus broad in order that there may be room on them for all the devices needed in the reaping and loading of pollen. On the upper one is the pollen basket. It is situated, like a pocket, on the side of the leg away from the bee's body. On the lower one is the pollen-reaping or gathering device; and this is on the side *toward* the bee's body. The pollen basket is most frequently referred to as being on the bee's 'thigh,' or on her 'hip,' but this is far from correct. It is on the tibia, which is the section below the thigh; and the pollen-gathering device is on the section next below that. It is important that these devices be low down on the leg, at a considerable distance from the bee's body, in which position they have free scope and reaching power. A bee loads her left pollen-basket with her right leg, and her right one with her left leg; and I dare say anyone will see the difficulty in reaching a hip pocket by means of the opposite shin. Bees that carry their pollen in that position are poetical bees, not the work of a practical mechanic.

The pollen basket, so far as its bottom is concerned, consists of the broad,

smooth side of this section called the tibia, its surface being slightly concave. It is fenced round by a row of spines or bristles that serve like the stakes around a wagon bed; and there are longer hairs curving inward and over the top and serving to keep the pollen from falling out. The pollen packs firmly into this place like flour or snow; and being held by the row of stiff spines which fence it in, and the long incurving hairs which clasp it down, there is evident need for the little tusk or crowbar on each of the middle pair of legs. Without this it would be difficult to unload.

On the broad section of the leg next below the one which holds the pollen basket, and, as we have already noted, on the inner side instead of the outer, we find the pollen-gathering and loading device. Arranged across this part of the leg is a series of combs, yellowish brown in color, and looking for all the world like the side combs which women use to hold the hair in place. Each comb has its teeth slightly raised from the surface of the leg, and partially overlapping the next comb below. These combs, by being constantly plied over the bee's breast, serve to gather the grains of pollen which adhere to the feathered hairs on this part of the bee's body; and then, when the combs are full, to transfer it to the pollen basket on the opposite leg. The bee bends the knee and wipes or draws the row of combs across the back of the opposite leg just as a man might draw his shinbone lengthwise across the back of his thigh; the little stakes or spines which surround the pollen basket pass between the teeth of the combs and clean them out; and thus the pollen basket, after many such combfuls, is well packed with pollen and the bee is ready to go home and unload. The whole device works together with the ingenuity and perfect fitness of a piece of agricultural machinery.

The feathered hairs on parts of the body are an indispensable part of the machine. These are hairs which have other little hairs growing all over them, giving them a feathered or mosslike appearance. They serve to entangle and hold the grains of pollen better than ordinary smooth hairs would do. On other parts of the bee's body the hairs are smooth; but these are of different sizes and proportions according to the functions they serve, and are grouped, as we have seen, with various objects in view. On the front pair of legs is an arrangement of hairs which serves the bee as an eye-brush. As bees have no eyelids on their compound eyes, and are always thrusting their heads into the flour bins of the summer's blossoms, they would seem to have need of some such convenience.

A bee's sting consists of two separate spears or shafts, each with nine barbs. It will be more readily comprehended by viewing it as a single spear which has been accurately split down the middle so that the two halves move smoothly up and down on one another, and the shafts are enclosed in a neat-fitting sheath which holds them together and guides them when thus working. There is a muscle belonging to the sting which gives the spears a pumping motion in the sheath, first one and then the other; and this muscle is able to keep up the pumping motion to a certain extent even after the sting has become disattached from the bee. The consequence is that when the sting is thrust slightly into the flesh the barbs take hold, and the barbs on one spear hold the sting firmly in place while the other spear is thrust deeper, and so on, alternately. The sting works its way in by its own power, and thus goes deeper than the bee could thrust it with her light weight and the limited hold of the little claws and gumlike pads on her feet. Attached to the sting also is the

poison sac, which feeds the spears with poison by a groove in their working surfaces.

III

Readers who have read anything whatever about bees are probably familiar with the queen bee and the sexual peculiarities of the swarm. These things belong to the better-known facts in bee life such as are to be found in any treatise on beekeeping; but I shall repeat a few of them here, partly because of their intrinsic interest and partly because they lead on to some further considerations regarding the bee's tools.

In a swarm of bees, numbering anywhere from ten thousand to a hundred thousand individuals, there is but one female, the 'queen bee.' During her whole life she does nothing but lay eggs. She does not even feed herself, but is accompanied by a guard of fifteen or twenty bees who watch over her and attend to her wants; and when she thrusts her tongue out they put honey upon it. A few days after she is hatched she leaves the hive and goes forth on her wedding flight; and when she comes back she can lay fertile eggs during all the rest of her life — as many as a million eggs — with but the one impregnation. Except for this wedding flight and the flight she takes when she goes out with the swarm to a new home, a queen bee has no experience in the outer world. While the other bees go forth for work, for exercise, and for cleansing flights, she sees nothing of the world of daylight. She lays eggs; and she goes out of that little door for no purpose whatsoever. And as she builds no comb, lays up no honey, takes no part in the rearing of the young, and does nothing but go from cell to cell laying eggs, she has no opportunity for experience or development in the work of the hive.

The workers, usually called neuter bees, are really females that are sexually undeveloped. They do all the work, of whatever sort, including the 'nursing,' which consists in feeding the larvæ in their cells and tending to all the needs of the young. Dean Inge, dealing with social questions in a recent number of the *Atlantic*, referred to the bee community as a 'socialistic gynæcocracy of maiden aunts.' It is a phrase which deserves to be perpetuated.

The males, or drones, of which there are only a few hundred in the hive, are nonworkers. They do not bother to support themselves, but depend upon the others to keep plenty of stores in the hive. But they do go outdoors and enjoy themselves generally. They loaf about on the porch like true gentlemen — each a potential husband of the queen. And when the days of plenty are over, and winter is in sight, the worker bees have a day of slaughter and kill every last drone. They also go over the comb and murder all the baby drones in their cells.

The queen has an appearance quite different from that of a worker. She is longer and slimmer and has wings that are shorter in proportion to her size, though she is a powerful flier. And yet the queen bee is hatched from the same sort of egg as is a worker bee. Usually a queen is hatched in a cell especially designed for the purpose; but if the bees find themselves queenless at a time when there is no royal cell with an egg in it they proceed to raise a queen from one of the eggs in an ordinary worker cell, for which purpose they give the egg more room by tearing away some of the adjoining cells. The larva is then fed exclusively on a predigested food called 'royal jelly,' up to the time when it is sealed in to undergo its metamorphosis into a bee. Ordinarily that larva would have received predigested food, a sort of mother's milk, for only a short time, after which its food would become

bee bread, or pollen mixed with a little honey. But by this different feeding the egg that was intended to become a worker has its destiny changed and becomes a bee with different tools, different instincts, and a different form. They can make this change even after the larva has been started out in its small cell as a young worker bee, providing the process has not been too long delayed.

This brings us around again to the interesting subject of the bee's tools. A queen has no pollen basket; she is not intended for that sort of work. And, lacking the pollen basket, she is also wanting in that set of combs for gathering and loading the grains; in short, she lacks the whole mechanism for reaping the crop. The drone, not being intended for work, also lacks it.

A queen lacks the eight wax-pockets on the abdomen which a worker has; and the drone, as he does no building, lacks them also. The antenna of a female bee or worker has thirteen joints, while that of a drone has one more. The sting of a queen bee is curved, and with it she kills rival queens. The sting of the worker is straight and serves to defend the hive. The drone, as he is not a sentinel or soldier, has no sting at all; and as he is killed at the end of the honey season, so that he may not consume any of the winter stores, it is a good thing for the others that he has no weapon and cannot fight back. In the wonderful compound eyes of the worker bees there are six thousand facets; but a drone has more than twice as many. And his antennæ have more 'smell hollows' than do the antennæ of the other bees.

From what we have observed of the sexual arrangements of the hive it will be seen that a queen is the daughter of a father and a mother neither of whom has had any experience in the work of the bee, either in the hive or out; and these fathers and mothers were descended from others who never had any experience in those things which make up the marvelous mechanism of the swarm. Consequently they can have no acquired traits or habits, or responses to environment, or effects of the use or disuse of organs to transmit to their offspring. And the neuter bees, who have all the struggles with life, and most of the special fitness which makes the swarm survive, cannot transmit to their offspring any new results of experience, or developments of habit, or gradual conformation to environment — simply because they have no offspring to transmit them to.

Right here is where Darwin's theory of evolution went on the rocks. To any theory of evolution, heredity — the ability to transmit evolved traits to offspring — is absolutely necessary. A 'law' that does not account for all cases that it is supposed to cover is no law at all; consequently the law of evolution has to succeed here or fail to be a law. Knowing this, Darwin was much perturbed when, about the two hundred and fiftieth page of his *Origin of Species*, he came to this problem of the neuter insect. As he says, it is a difficulty 'which at first appeared to me insuperable and actually fatal to the whole theory.' In fact, he must here submit a theory which seems plausible, or acceptable as a working hypothesis, or it is the end of his theory of evolution — or, for that matter, any other theory of evolution. And so, while his theory went on the rocks at this point, he set to work manfully to pull it off and get it into some sort of working condition.

He lays aside the idea of animals which vary from generation to generation and which transmit these advantageous changes to their offspring, and supposes instead the ability of a queen, somehow acquired, to *lay eggs* which vary in this advantageous way. Queens

which laid such eggs survived because their swarms had advantages which caused them to survive. As to how such queens came to lay eggs with these peculiar potentialities, and different from the eggs of other queens, he puts the whole stress here on 'spontaneous' variation — by which he means variation which we do not understand and cannot account for. Thus the theory went ahead again, but without having been really cleared up even by this supposition. While he had to account for all neuter insects, he was dealing especially with ants; and among ants the neuter insects in a community are not all alike, but have definite classes or castes, quite different from one another in structure and instinct. Here the theory would have to be stretched pretty far — almost too far. For how did a queen ant, simply employed in laying eggs, get this ability to lay eggs in which the whole intricate plan of the community, with its various instincts and different physical structure, was all latent and ready to spring forth from this egg and that? How does 'evolution' account for such a thing? Darwin never got quite over the difficulty here, as can be seen in his recapitulation, where he refers to it with an evidently dissatisfied mind.

IV

However, all this is a difficult and recondite subject for the layman to employ himself upon, and he would never know his own opinion of evolution if he had to consider and weigh such obscure and questionable facts. If he wishes to bring his mind to the testing-point he must get at it more directly.

Here on this front leg of the bee is that self-threading, combined comb and scraper for the bee's antenna. It is not in the patent-applied-for stage of invention, but is a complete and perfect working device. The whole affair would be quite likely to receive papers from the United States Patent Office; but a lawyer would have to draw up his basic claims pretty carefully to keep some useful point from being stolen. It might be the invention of some assiduous Yankee — though it is doubtful whether he would get it so perfect that it would not need further improvement and repairing.

Considering this now as a mere 'fortuitous' falling-together of raw material, a mere happening or series of coincidences, a result of pure blind chance, the human mind simply refuses to take that position. In anything like this we see preconception. And preconception is mind, intelligent force. It is something quite different from material.

'Darwin considered natural selection, operating by means of small fortuitous individual variations, as the most important factor in organic evolution.'

So says the New International Dictionary, very correctly including the *fortuitous*. Indeed, blind chance is of the very essence of the theory; for the survival of the fittest, as the result of advantageous variation, implies that other animals had variations which did not happen to be advantageous. The advantageous variation is one which happens to coincide with some feature of the environment; and so natural selection is a theory which gives an animal a 'spontaneous' tendency to vary in all sorts of aimless and undirected ways, and then builds the animal up from some primitive or one-celled form by a long series of coincidences. Essentially it is 'fortuitous.'

The human mind, accepting this theory, and starting out to give it definite application, is immediately brought to a halt. A man simply *will* ask questions — it is part of his nature; and so he wants to know whether the

bee's antenna existed first and needed a cleaner for long periods of time, or whether the cleaner happened first and was in need of something to clean. As to the gradual evolution of tools, here is a bothersome thought! Some tools are of such a nature that they are not of use till they are complete. A wheelbarrow without a wheel, a pipe wrench without a jaw, would be an entirely unevolved piece of evolution. The *idea* might be there, but — ! The antenna-cleaner seems to belong to this class of tools. One cannot imagine its progressive stages and see how any one of the imaginary states of incompletion would give its possessor any advantage over other insects in the struggle for existence.

One sees now why evolutionists have more recently taken up the theory of 'mutations,' which is that individuals may acquire new characteristics suddenly, all at a birth. This would be a much better way for such tools to happen — all at once, and overnight as it were, answering the need of an antenna that ought to be cleaned. And so it would appear that the antenna and the cleaner must have been made together — in fact, maybe they were made at the same time the bee was made! But this will not do, for this is not evolution at all. Evolution is opposed to *special creation;* that is its very definition as set down by the evolutionists. We must not imagine any such thing because it is against the law of evolution. So there we are again — the human mind refusing to meet the conditions. For my part I must admit that I am completely frustrated; and so I shall proceed to drop the subject.

Practically, it is like an argument about infinity. Eternity is difficult to admit; a thing without end is beyond the reach of thought. On the other hand it is just as difficult to admit that there could be an end to time or space — beyond which point there would be neither time nor space. Both are impossible.

Evolution, practically, is something in the same line. At first it is a supreme act of faith, under the guise of a 'working hypothesis'; and very soon it has become a sort of theology, disbelieving which you are a heretic. Right here is the ground of complaint as set forth by Fundamentalists and others. They say that evolution has become a dogma, a creed of science, set forth as if it were truth instead of a mere theory. The 'working hypothesis,' which belongs in the laboratory of the trained investigator, has got itself mixed up in our educational programme. It is a school of thought. Young men and women, instead of being brought face to face with the unknowable, and trained in any sort of contemplation or reflection, are wholly neglected in that important department of their natures.

For my part, I cannot contemplate a wasp, a spider, or a bee without being confronted with absolute Mystery. At the end of every telescope, beneath every microscope, at the bottom of every marl pit, is Mystery pure and simple. Science reveals more for me to wonder at, but solves nothing. This may not be religion exactly, but it is a continual reminder of my own position in the universe. And so I think that a system of education which takes the attitude of accounting for all things, or being just upon the point of accounting for them when the scientists have discovered just a few more facts, is not education at all. It stops just short of the truth; and therefore it is not exactly honest.

CURE-ALLS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

It was a chemist's window on a dingy street corner, and there stood in it a portrait of the once famous practitioner whose sign was an uplifted forefinger, and whose slogan was 'While there is life, there is hope.' Beneath, printed in fair large text, was this jubilant couplet: —

> There 's a Munyon pill
> For every ill!

and, reading it, I was made pleasantly aware of the survival of human confidences: not merely the confidences of my childhood, but the confidences of the childhood of the world. For uncounted years mankind believed, ignorantly but not illogically, that Nature, who had provided multitudinous ills for her children, had also provided correspondingly multitudinous cures. The ills she gave open-handedly, mindful of her duty to destroy; the cures she gave grudgingly and under pressure, but they were always to be found for the seeking.

With a still more touching simplicity, we believe in this age of experience that for the evils, spiritual, material, and intellectual, which beset us, remedies are at hand. There 's a pious pill, a social pill, a political pill, for every ill, and they are offered to us at the street corners of life. Their action is assured. Their numbers are as remarkable as their variety. They range all the way from licensing parents, which is warranted to curtail the birth-rate, to a bonus on babies, which is warranted to increase it; from simplicity of living, which is doing without things we do not need, to 'consumptionism,' which is acquiring things we do not want; from Fundamentalism, which is the triumph of the rigid, to Spiritism, which is the triumph of the nebulous. Distinguished specialists offer us private and particular remedies for our private and particular ills. A few years ago an enterprising lady succeeded in persuading a number of Americans who had heretofore been considered sane that if they changed their proper names — she chose the new names — and wore specified colors — she chose the colors — they would grow as healthy, wealthy, and wise as if they got up early in the morning.

Color psychology is playing an interesting part in the rehabilitation of the world. The happy possessors of an aura distinguishable to the medium's eye are very particular about its shade. Readers of *Raymond* — and nine years ago everybody was a reader of *Raymond* — will remember the use of colors, as described in that jocund volume. According to reports received through 'Feda,' a youthful control of volatile disposition and retarded mentality, spirits residing in the 'beyond' absorbed goodness and greatness through rays of parti-colored light. If they were unloving, they stood in pink rays and grew affectionate. If they were stupid, they stood in orange

rays and grew intelligent. If they were materialistic, they stood in blue rays, the most delicate and powerful of all, blue being the light of pure spiritual healing. The simplicity of this device, compared to our cumbersome human methods, could not be too highly recommended; and we were assured that in the coming years the world would learn the curative and educational value of colors, and so be spared much misdirected effort.

Nine years before the revelations of *Raymond*, Achille Ricciardi, an ingenious and enthusiastic theorist, assigned an æsthetic value to colors; and his assumptions are reset from time to time by equally ingenious and far more practical authorities. Ricciardi held that colors have a life of their own, 'a rich treasury of emotive connotations,' and that they not only feed our sensations but control them. He never affirmed that these emotive connotations were alike under different conditions. The moral values of red and blue were the only ones he believed to be beyond dispute. To-day we hear strange stories of rooms painted yellow in which nobody feels cold, and of rooms painted slate-blue in which nobody feels warm; of rooms hung with violet in which people weep without cause, and of rooms hung with orange in which people laugh without reason. One color psychologist informs us that light brown and blue inspire confidence in business ventures, and that green walls and yellow curtains inspire corresponding confidence in religious teaching. Another, equally assured, is of the opinion that a pink kitchen will make a cook contented with her work, and so bring about the radical regeneration of the world.

It is all very interesting, very sanguine, and a little contradictory. From those mysterious statistics that are compiled by people who enjoy an infinity of leisure, and the precise purposes of which are hidden from the profane, we learn that yellow — the delight of the Orient — is regarded with disfavor by American undergraduates of both sexes. These young people can hardly have inherited the aversion of the early Christians for what was once considered a lascivious hue; but a large majority confess to liking it least among colors. Perhaps its arbitrary and wholly fanciful association with a certain type of journalism, as well as with slackers and obstructionists during the war, may lie at the root of this antipathy. I, at least, should be sorry to see it exchanged for pink in American kitchens, were it only for the sake of the child, Henry Adams, aged three, sitting in the sunlight on the yellow kitchen floor, and remembering this first happy consciousness of color all the rest of his life.

II

Applied psychology, autosuggestions, and royal roads to learning or to wealth are among the cure-alls urged upon us by kindly, but not altogether disinterested, reformers. Simple and easy systems for the dissolution of discord and strife; simple and easy systems for the development of personality and power; booklets of counsel on 'How to Get What We Want,' which is impossible; booklets on 'Visualization,' warranted to make us want what we get, which is ignoble. 'Let science cure your ills!' is the clarion cry of one miracle-monger. 'Let culture crown your life!' is the soft whisper of another. The common pursuit of wealth is proffered as a human bond, which it has never been; the individual pursuit of knowledge is proffered as a social asset, which it can never be.

When Dr. Eliot selected his famous

five-foot shelf of books, he little dreamed that it would be lifted to the proud preëminence of a cure-all. For years scholars and readers had diverted themselves by making lists of the best ten books, the best fifty books, the best hundred books, the best books to read on a desert island, presuming we were cast away with a little library of our own selection. Indeed, the Librarian of the University of Pennsylvania has come forward with a list of the best thousand books, which is warranted to keep us profitably employed for the rest of our natural lives. Dr. Eliot was the first to associate measurement with erudition, and the practical nature of this device, combined with the sanction of his name, gave to his list — which was frankly personal — ascendency over other lists, which were frankly scholastic or frankly popular. Literature is alien to the natural man; but the limitations of a five-foot shelf were everywhere understood and appreciated.

With what result? Dr. Eliot has expressed from time to time a veritable enthusiasm for that shop-worn word, 'efficiency'; but it has never been a factor in his intellectual pursuits, and it was certainly not haunting his mind when he compiled his brief and weighty list. One does not grow efficient by reading Jonson, or Shelley, or Marlowe. The irony of fate decreed that his five-foot shelf should, in the course of time, be converted into a five-foot pill-box, the contents of which, when absorbed in homœopathic doses, are warranted to fit us for all the emergencies of life. We are asked to believe that financiers are impressed with the conversation of young men who have read *The Wealth of Nations*, and that pretty girls surrender themselves to the charm of suitors conversant with the *Areopagitica*. *The Fruits of Solitude* lends sparkle to a dinner party; the *Religio Medici* and the *Confessions* of Saint Augustine, books written for the secret pleasure and the secret solace of humanity, assume an unsuspected value when retailed for the edification of society. Education, once defined as 'the transmission of a moral and intellectual tradition,' has crystallized into a compact substance, absorbed without effort and imparted without reserve, as useful as a ready reckoner, as universally popular as a trump card.

Reformatory measures are hailed as cure-alls by people who have a wholesome confidence in the perfectibility of human nature, and no discouraging acquaintance with history to dim it. The Eighteenth and the Nineteenth Amendments of our Constitution were such gigantic steps, reaching so far and involving so much, that five and six years are manifestly periods too short to permit of our forming any reasonable opinion of their value. Indeed, Mr. Brownell has pointed out that the data of human life are unfitted to serve the purpose of theoretic demonstration. It takes more than one generation to test the soundness of men's intelligence, the prophetic vision of their enthusiasms. Senator Borah emphasized this point when he told the Philadelphia Forum that Prohibition had failed in the past because it lacked the sympathy of the nation; but that it would triumph in the future because the sympathy of the nation would be with it.

At present it comes under the head of statutes which Mrs. Gerould has described as passed in the interests of morality, and evaded in the interests of human nature. If it were possible to make a moral law out of a civil law, if it were possible to legislate evil into an innocent thing, or innocence into an evil thing, the path of the legislator would be smooth, and revolutionists —

the purest-minded of them — would be the sinners, and not the saviors of the world. A sumptuary law, to be successful, must be in accord with the temperament of the people. Geneva seems to have liked Calvin's rulings. At least it professed to like them; and the worldlings who found them past bearing fled to more habitable towns.

The Eighteenth Amendment deprived the United States of an enormous revenue. Its enforcement costs the taxpayer anywhere from $10,000,000 to $30,000,000 a year. This is a point worthy of consideration. We ought to get something handsome for that money; we ought to be sure that it is something we want, and very sure that none of the millions are misappropriated. So much has been written on the subject that the public has ceased to read any of it. A glance at Poole's Index from 1919 to 1925 will show that this was the only life-saving course to pursue. Even the phraseology of the writers no longer calls for comment. The anti-Prohibitionist's urbane allusions to wine and beer, the Prohibitionist's invariable use of the terms 'rum' and 'booze,' illustrate to perfection Mr. Henry Sedgwick's analysis of the prejudices and partisanships of words.

'An indoctrinated and collective virtue,' says Santayana, 'turns easily to fanaticism. It imposes irrational sacrifices.' This is the story of all inquisitions, religious, moral, political. Torquemada never dies. He merely turns his attention from heresy to some reprobated form of self-government or self-indulgence. And always his intentions are of the best. Always he offers a sharp remedy for errors to which he is disinclined. Freedom is no less displeasing to him than temperance, which is the child of freedom, the eternal principle of moderation, inherited by Christianity from the noblest forms of paganism, and raised to the glory of a cardinal virtue for the upholding of the dignity of man.

If the Eighteenth Amendment was admittedly a measure of reform, a stupendous cure-all designed for the deliverance of the nation, the Nineteenth Amendment would never have been thought of in these terms, had it not been for the overardent and oversanguine assertions of its supporters. It was a measure of reason, of justice, of legitimate and inevitable progress. Those who had it at heart saw it — very naturally — through a golden haze, and talked about it as the promise of a golden age. Enthusiastic feminists, the ones who did the talking, said, and perhaps believed, that women voters would be more honest and intelligent than men voters, and that women officials would be more honest and able than men officials. They assigned to themselves the glory of 'race-building,' quite as though they built alone. When they were idealistic, they foretold that the religion of women, which is the religion of birth, would replace the religion of men, which is the religion of death. When they were practical, they engaged to clean up politics, clean up vice, clean up streets. The city, the state, and the nation are but expansions of the family, and they were prepared to adopt and mother them all.

Now this is not much more than political parties promise at election time. The essence of electioneering is the repeated assertion that the safety of the country and the welfare of its citizens depend on our voting the Republican or the Democratic ticket. Nobody expects the millennium as the result of such voting, but nobody hesitates to predict it. The enfranchisement of women was hailed as a 'world-changing phenomenon.' 'Elevate' was the word most often

used to express the working of the new freedom, the new influence in public life. Opponents of the measure accepted their defeat with the good grace of those who were at heart indifferent; and the only people to be pitied were the insistent agitators, who, deprived overnight of a perfectly good cause to agitate, were compelled to fall back on a mad medley of reforms, social, international, psychological, pathological — all of them matters with which they profess an appalling familiarity, and which they urge upon our reluctant consideration.

To expect elevation from the rank and file of women voters is manifestly absurd. It is also manifestly unjust. If, being less intelligent, less informed, and less experienced than men, they are not less conscientious, they give sufficient proof of their fitness to cast a ballot. At present there seems to be some trouble in persuading them to cast it. After listening for years to impassioned appeals for the suffrage, I listened last autumn to impassioned reproaches for its neglect. Clubs and societies spent themselves in exhorting women to vote. Badges to be worn by those who had fulfilled this duty were distributed, and the badgeless ones were asked to consider themselves as the moral lepers of the community. An active and intelligent minority, which had wrestled for its rights and won them, faced an apathetic and elusive majority, and compelled it to accept its good fortune.

III

A great and growing moderation is noticeable in the public utterances of American women. Now and then they get a word of bad advice, as when Lady Astor told them they could hold the balance of power — which is, let us hope, as impossible as it is undesirable. Holding the balance of power means selling out to the highest bidder, a very demoralizing process. Now and then an enthusiast like Kathleen Norris, who has not outlived her enthusiasms, finds herself able to speak of women as the crusaders of the body politic. Now and then a hardy fighter like Elizabeth Robins (Parks, not Pennell) asserts with undiminished vigor that the moral power of women is the appointed antidote to the perverted physical power which has hitherto ruled the world. Now and then, but very seldom, a feminist born out of date runs amuck through the formalities of Christian civilization. Less than two years ago a writer in the *Century* lifted up her voice in a spirited tirade against Saint Paul, whose very moderate appreciation of women — 'sex-embitterment,' she called it — stood responsible in her eyes for the failures of Christianity. The 'stuffy asceticism' of the Middle Ages, the 'polluted atmosphere' of the Reformation, the 'follies and brutalities' of our own time — all could be traced back to the Apostle of the Gentiles, and all originated in his imperious masculinity, which the wives and widows of the infant Church were not courageous enough, or discontented enough, to deny.

These varieties of the cure-all doctrine, with which we were once sadly familiar, grow rarer with every year of suffrage and experience. When women have gone one step further, and have secured through legitimate State legislature their equal rights, we shall never hear them again. By that time 'sex-embitterment' will have been relegated to the dustbin. At present it is only very belligerent pacifists who strike the old note of anger and contempt. Even when they are disposed to be moderate, their moderation conveys a reproach. 'In the matter of war, the women's point of view has asserted

itself in clear contradistinction to men's,' wrote Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt a few years ago in the *Woman's Home Companion*. 'It is not that women will oppose an individual war when it comes, but that they oppose the blunders of government which cause war. . . . Women realize that it is nobler to lead a nation out of trouble than to lead it through trouble when trouble comes.'

It is just possible that men, wise men, have realized this for a few thousand years, and have found the leading of nations more difficult than the leading of sheep. We have Mr. Root's word for it — and he ought to know — that 'democracies are always in trouble.' Yet they are 'cure-alls' themselves, very high up in the order of deliverance, and must be extricated with care and tenderness from the consequences of their own blunders. When pacifists, more impatient or more masterful than Mrs. Catt, ask immediate assurance of a world peace, something universal and unbreakable, which will take effect overnight, and last out the century, statesmen sigh and smile, and face with fresh discouragement the difficulties of their task. The demand that governments shall 'instantly' disarm, 'under pain of revolution and overthrow,' sounds business-like; but if the governments have not yet disarmed, who is to bell the cat? The oft-repeated threat that women will refuse to bear children while there is a shadow of war in the sky is practical in purpose, but nebulous in outline. Nature is a strong antagonist. She has two things to do, create and destroy, and she does them with all her might. The procreative impulse is extinguishable in individuals, but not in the race. There is something to be said for as well as against it; but impulses are independent of argument. While middle-aged spinsters of irreproachable morals are bidding men make their choice between war and children, babies are being born so fast that their immediate needs keep the country hard at work providing for them.

An exasperated American politician has said that women's political views defy classification. This is only partially true, and when it is true the reason is not far to seek. Party politics are subordinated in the minds of some women to feminism — the desire to advance their own sex — and in the minds of others to reform. The uneradicated cure-all notion affects their point of view. They attach more importance to the private character of a candidate than men do, and less to the principles he advocates and the work he has done. Where could a woman have been found to echo Sydney Smith's heartfelt wish that Mr. Perceval had whipped his boys and saved his country?

The very able women speakers who pleaded for the Democratic cause before the last elections dwelt largely on moral, and lightly on practical, reforms. They had a great deal to say about the Teapot Dome, — some of them carried around a huge teapot as a symbolic and satiric device, — but very little about taxes and tariffs and the high cost of living. They were passionately aware of political corruption, though naturally disposed to look for it only on one side of the fence; but they had apparently never bought a pair of blankets since the passing of the Fordney-McCumber bill. Hearing them, I thought of those Tudor-ruled Britons who shrugged scornful shoulders when their fat king married and murdered his wives; but who voiced a prompt and stern denial to his exorbitant demands for money. 'Prerogative monarchs,' says Trevelyan, 'are the making of constitutional lawyers'; and the triumph of representative

government is humane taxation. The supreme triumph will come when to humane taxation is added wise expenditure. With the dawning of that day the world and Democracy will be made safe for each other, and the plague of officialism will be healed.

IV

Perhaps a profound distaste for the methods of Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns may have disposed us to concede to Democracy a species of holiness, a curative value, not easily analyzed or proved.

> God said, 'I am tired of kings,
> I suffer them no more,'

wrote Emerson in 1863, voicing his own pardonable weariness, which he never doubted was shared by the Almighty. In 1914 Autocracy gave to the world an object lesson in organized and efficient evil that made Democracy's blundering incompetence seem like the shining of angels' wings. What if the power of the people is apt to degrade public service to a common level of incapacity! What if intellectual inequalities are as distasteful to it as social inequalities! What if waste, corruption, and the miscarriage of justice can be laid to its charge! These sins are not the sins of Cain. They do not cry to Heaven for vengeance; but plead for time, and patience, and renewed confidence in a public conscience, which, though not always an intelligent conscience, is acutely sensitive to direction.

An ingenious theory advanced by Santayana maintains that leadership is immaterial in a pure democracy because of the 'contagious sympathy' of the pure democrats. As soon as the pressure of circumstance necessitates leadership, the pure democracy becomes a rudimentary monarchy. This is true, inasmuch as every government holds in it the rudiments of another form of government. How far the democracy of the United States is a pure democracy, it would be hard to tell. There are those who hold with our kind English critic, Lord Bryce, that we are wholly and triumphantly democratic; and there are those who hold with our caustic Canadian critic, Sir Andrew Macphail, that we are not democratic at all; that in no other civilized country are the liberties of the people more frequently and systematically raided. One thing is sure. Leadership affects us less than does the contagious sympathy of our fellows. It was not leadership which took us into the Great War, — our leaders were men of many minds, — it was the contagious sympathy of pure democrats who, like Emerson, were tired of the ways of kings.

Plato, whose words have a curious fashion of sounding as if they had been spoken the day before yesterday, says that Democracy is 'a charming form of government, full of variety and disorder, which dispenses equality alike to equals and unequals.' Even little lap-dogs, he observes, walk about consequentially, with their noses in the air, and get out of nobody's way. Criminals are treated benevolently. Men condemned to exile or to death are neither exiled nor executed. They 'just stay where they are,' and, when they appear in public, affect the demeanor of heroes.

Translated into slang, this paragraph might appear any day in any newspaper as the observation of a sardonic American humorist. It will be remembered that Lord Bryce admits we are an 'indulgent' people, and that our courts of justice could thole amends. It is also plain to his reluctant vision that Democracy as an institution fails to vivify intellectual life. But he most firmly believes that,

for all its difficulties in a country subject to unresting immigration, it makes for methodical progress, and that it embodies a spirit of hopefulness, not to be found elsewhere. This last asset is our heaviest and our best. To hope unreasonably for immediate results is distressful; but to hope with deep and abiding patience for the future is inspiration and strength. 'The mapped lands and chartered waters of orderly development' lie well within our reach. If misdirected effort sidetracks us, we are not the only travelers through life who must retrace our steps. And if the worst comes to the worst, and the measure of accomplishment is always unfulfilled, then surely everlasting hope is no bad cure-all for the sadness of an imperfect world.

'For every age,' says the melancholy Conrad, 'is fed on illusions, lest men should renounce life early, and the human race come to an end.'

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

Upon returning last summer from a long sojourn among the islands of the eastern Pacific, I decided to break my journey across the continent at Prairie Hills, a little town in Iowa where my aunt Harriet Mason lives. It is a homely sort of place, at the end of a branch line of railroad, and owing to its isolated position and the conservatism of its long-settled inhabitants it still has the aspect and the feel of the eighteen-nineties. My aunt's house is of a yet earlier period. It is a large square brick dwelling surmounted by a glassed-in cupola, with a view to the westward over a dozen miles of upland prairie. A wide hallway, cool on the hottest days of summer, divides the lower floor and, as all the rooms give on it, the mingled fragrance from all of them pervades it — a fragrance of dried rose-leaves, of Pears' soap, of pine-needle sofa pillows, of Civil War *Memoirs* and bound volumes of *Harper's Magazine*. Many a time, in places thousands of miles distant, I have been aware of that perfume, which is composed of scores of ingredients too subtle to define. To breathe it again in reality was almost to doubt the passage of time. I rapped gently at the screen door and, receiving no reply, walked through to the back porch. Aunt Harriet was sitting on the steps, shelling peas into a salad-bowl.

Two hours later we sat down to supper. There was delectable fried chicken, mashed potatoes with giblet gravy, corn on the cob, green peas in cream, beet salad, apple, grape, and currant jelly, hot rolls, strawberry shortcake, and iced tea. 'A pick-up supper,' Aunt Harriet called it. I had dreamed of those pick-up suppers often enough when eating coconuts and fish on lonely islands in the South Seas. I hated to hurry through this one, but there was no help for it. There was to be a meeting at the church of the

Foreign Mission Society and, as of old, my aunt was in charge of the arrangements.

We entered by way of the Sunday School room, where I met the minister, Mr. Williams, and the visiting missionary, a thin, sallow-faced man just returned from New Guinea. He was dressing several of the local young people in the ceremonial costumes of the New Guinea savages: headdresses of brilliant feathers, garments of dyed grass, anklets of human hair, bracelets and necklaces of pearl-shell, sharks' teeth, and brightly colored seeds. They were very self-conscious and plainly dreading the moment when they must appear before the audience.

'Is n't it awful,' whispered Aunt Harriet, 'to think of human beings getting themselves up like that? And think of it, dear! They have souls to be saved just as we have! Mr. Robinson' (the missionary) '*has* saved hundreds of them. He 's lived in New Guinea for nearly fifteen years! He 's doing a wonderful work — wonderful!'

She was busy for half an hour helping with the preparations. Then we took seats in the rear of the church. On the platform above the pulpit a large map of New Guinea had been hung. It was colored a deep and uniform black, save for narrow fringes here and there along the coast. These were dazzling white to show the progress of missionary enterprise on that immense island-continent.

The church was crowded. People were seated in the aisles, standing in the vestibules and at the open windows. After the invocation the congregation sang that old militant hymn: —

> The Son of God goes forth to war
> A kingly crown to gain;
> His blood-red banner streams afar —
> Who follows in His train?

It was splendidly sung, everyone joining in. Aunt Harriet's eyes shone as she added her clear strong voice to the others. The missionary, standing very straight, gazed in rapt listening attention over the heads of the audience. At the conclusion of the hymn he stepped forward, without introduction, and in a quiet, impressive voice and manner he began: —

'My friends, there are those who believe, or profess to believe, that the spirit of the Christian religion is dead. The same view was held a generation, a century, five centuries ago. In every age, in every land, there are doubters, faint-hearts, and there will always be. But I am here to say — and I believe it with all the strength of my soul — that the Son of God goes forth to war at this moment, as triumphantly as He did in the time of the Apostles themselves. A *kingly* crown to gain! To gain? In countless dark places of the earth it *has* been gained to the everlasting glory of the Church. But how mighty are the hosts arrayed against us! How far-flung is the battle-line of the great army of Christ! I have come, this evening, to tell you of one of the farthest outposts of that conquering army; to speak, not so much of what has been done there, but of what remains to do.'

Then in the same simple, deeply earnest manner he told the story of his years among the savages — of the dangers, the hardships and privations, of the opportunities for service. He engaged one's interest, one's respect, by the transparent sincerity revealed in every word and gesture, every intonation of his voice. I could see that he lived only for his lonely mission-station among the coastal swamps; that he would go on living for it, and die for it at last, conscious of a life well spent. He was in the midst of his narrative when there was a slight stir in the crowd at the rear of the church. A slip of paper was passed from hand to hand to my aunt Harriet. She read it hastily.

'Mrs. Wintersteen is very ill,' she whispered. 'They want me to come. I must go at once.' I knew what a disappointment it must be to her to miss the rest of the meeting, but there was not a moment's hesitation. No one ever called on Aunt Harriet in vain.

'You need n't have come, dear,' she said, a little reproachfully, as we were walking toward the Wintersteens' house. 'I don't see how you could! Were n't you interested?'

'Very much,' I replied. 'But I don't like to stay indoors on such a night, and remember, Aunt Harriet — this is my first visit here in ten years.'

'Yes, I know.'

We walked in silence for a little way, and when I left her at the Wintersteen gate, 'Now go right home and don't bother about me any more,' she said. 'You must be tired and sleepy after your long journey. Your room 's all ready, and there 's some nice fresh milk and a cherry pie in the ice box.'

After exploring the ice box I went out on the back porch. The view from that vantage point is beautiful at all times, particularly so by moonlight on a summer night. A short distance beyond the house the hill slopes steeply to the densely wooded bottom-lands along the Chaquaqua River, and on the farther side the prairie stretches away to an horizon, distant and gently undulating, like an horizon at sea.

The night was very still. June bugs droned by and fireflies glimmered through the currant bushes and around the peony beds. The frogs were in full chorus along the river, and a whippoorwill was calling from the wood-lot. I stretched out in the hammock, meaning to pass in review fragmentary periods of boyhood; but instead my thoughts turned to my recent wanderings in the South Seas. The missionary was responsible for that, with his talk of New Guinea and the dark places of the earth. The islands I had visited in the eastern Pacific had been called dark places, too, not many years ago. Now, doubtless, they are shown in purest white on the military maps of the ever-victorious army with the red banner. And yet it was curious to think that at the time when my Aunt Harriet's father, whom I could vaguely remember, was felling trees for his first log-cabin at Prairie Hills, the inhabitants of most of those islands were still heathen. 'There are men living to-day,' I thought, 'who must have been carried as babies in arms to missionary meetings where funds were being raised to Christianize those very places.' What vast changes had taken place in the Pacific in less than a century! Now the blood-red banner streamed beyond horizons far to the westward. Supposing that within another fifty or seventy-five years the vanguard of that great army should overtake the rear guard on the other side of the world — what would they do then? Perhaps the eager pioneers would be appalled at the realization that there were no more heathen lands to conquer. Some, perhaps, would go on through sheer force of habit, sheer necessity. Others would turn and, marching slowly back over old battlefields, would look about them, noting the changes which had taken place. Would they be satisfied in every case? Would they speak as freely then of victories gained 'to the everlasting glory of the Church'?

It was an interesting subject for speculation. I had seen some of their ancient battlefields during my recent wanderings. The recollection of one of them in particular was made the more vivid by a burst of martial music which just then broke the stillness of the night. Evidently the missionary had finished his address. The congregation was singing the closing hymn. It was 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'

II

When I first saw the island I had been traveling for several weeks on a small schooner whose captain and owner is one of the few independent traders left in that part of the Pacific. We had gone from island to island and from group to group, picking up a few sacks of copra or pearl-shell, a parcel of vanilla beans — anything in the way of cargo which might be found at the more remote, sparsely populated places. One evening, the wind coming fair from the southeast, a course was laid for Taputea.

'We might as well go up there now as later,' the captain said. 'I've got some mail for Mr. Cowden. I expect he's wondering what 's become of it.'

'Who's Mr. Cowden?' I asked.

'He's a professor, a countryman of yours. Been coming to Taputea off and on for twenty years. Sometimes he stays for as long as a year, studying crabs or snails, I forget which it is. They're going through some queer kind of evolution, he says. But Mr. Cowden's all right. I've known him since the first time he came out here.'

At dawn, two days later, we could just make out the land, a faint bluish triangle showing above the horizon every time we rose to the swell. It was the peak of Tanifa, the highest mountain on the island, the captain informed me.

'It is n't often you have that view,' he added. 'We're still about sixty miles off. We 'll be at anchor to-night if the wind holds.'

All day, from a perch aloft, I watched the land emerge, changing color as the light changed. At sunset we were close enough to see the surf breaking against the cliffs which rose perpendicularly in many places to heights of more than a thousand feet. Above the cliffs grassy plateaus sloped gently toward the mountains, whose jagged peaks rose clear of a level film of cloud. We coasted along, close inshore, past several deep valleys filled with purple shadow, and at length, rounding a headland, we entered the most beautiful harbor I had ever seen.

It was about half a mile wide, completely landlocked, with portals of sheer rock to seaward, and a broad sandy beach around the inner border. The valley itself, as nearly as I could make out, was of great depth and filled with trees and dense bush. The houses of the settlement were hidden for the most part, but I had glimpses of a few of them — an upper balcony with pillared arches, a diminutive church-spire, the white wall of a warehouse. Soon they were merged in the gathering darkness. No lights were to be seen, and the only sound I heard was the plaintive bleating of goats far up in the mountains.

An awning was stretched over the main boom. I placed my deck chair under it and was watching the last light fading from the sky when the captain joined me. Neither of us spoke for some time. Finally he said: —

'Well — what do you think of Taputea?'

'It seems a very lonely place,' I replied. 'One would think the arrival of a schooner would be quite an event here. Where are all the natives — asleep?'

'Yes, that's it,' he said in his gentle drawling voice. 'They're all sleeping in the bosom of Abraham.'

Of a sudden he heaved his immense bulk out of his chair and stood by the rail, looking toward the land.

'Lonesome? I should think it is! I hate to come up here in these days. Too bad you could n't have seen Taputea forty-five years ago. Even then it was finished, only I did n't realize it. The first time I came was in seventy-

eight. I was twenty, and Taputea was the first South Sea Island I'd ever seen. We came in about this time in the evening, and long before we'd rounded that point dozens and dozens of natives came swimming off to us. I can't begin to tell you what a fine lot they were! Since then I've seen every kind of native in the Pacific, but none of 'em could hold a candle to these. But I remember as we were coming in to the anchorage Captain Pritchard — old George Pritchard, the man I named this vessel after — told me just about what I've been telling you. "This place is done for," he said. "You ought to have seen it twenty years ago." Very likely some other skipper told him the same thing twenty years before that. I'd like to have been the first white man that ever saw the place, back in the old days.

'The worst of it was,' he continued, 'that all through these islands the first white men were nearly always missionaries. I've got no use for that tribe! I suppose it's because I've had to carry so many back and forth. I've heard too many songs of Zion rising over the deep. Little they cared about the old days! What they wanted was the New Jerusalem, with all the inhabitants dressed in white trousers and black Mother Hubbards, going to prayer meeting with Bibles under their arms. They meant well, I suppose, but Lord deliver me from your well-meaning people! He did n't deliver these poor heathen. You can see what's happened — they're all dead. When I first came there were still three or four hundred living in this one valley. Now I could take all that's left aboard my schooner and still have room to spare.'

'But are n't you a little unfair in blaming this on the missionaries?'

'Not at all! Not the least bit! You remember the old song: —

> Shall we, whose souls are lighted
> With wisdom from on high,
> Shall we to men benighted
> The lamp of life deny?

That's the missionary spirit! It always has been and it always will be. They'll save your soul if they have to kill you to do it! They believe there's only one lamp of life and that they've got it; so they snuff yours out.

'I said just now that I could take all the people there are left in this valley aboard my schooner and have room to spare. It's a fact; I could. Do you know how many there are? Eighteen, and five of those are white. There's Mr. Cowden; old La Motte, the government agent; Rudge, the Protestant missionary; Father Gilbert, the Catholic; and Sister Theresa at the convent. The rest are natives, all in a state of grace except two — an old man and woman that live a good way up the valley. They're pure heathen. The missionaries have been trying to save them for years, but they've had no luck. More power to that old couple! If ever they give in — well, Mr. Cowden will have to find someone else to bring him his mail. I'll never come to Taputea again. Hello! There's a light. That'll be Mr. Cowden.'

He walked to the companionway.

'Tihoti! We'll have *kaikai* on deck this evening; and fetch up those sacks of mail out of my cabin.'

I waited with a good deal of curiosity to see this lonely man who had spent the better part of twenty years at Taputea, 'studying crabs or snails.' He hailed us from a distance and came alongside, rowing vigorously. Having made fast his skiff, he clambered aboard with the agility of a boy. He was about sixty, with a white moustache, thick white hair, and a deeply tanned, healthy skin.

'Well, Captain,' he said, 'I thought you were never coming.'

'Yes, we 're a little late, Professor. But you know how it is at this time of year — no wind. Until yesterday we have n't made a fair day's run the whole voyage. Meet my first-class passenger. He 's having a look round the islands. I was just telling him that he 's forty years too late.'

'Later than that, much later. However, Taputea has its attractions even to-day. I would n't have believed it possible to become so attached to a place.'

Then, excusing himself, — 'This is my first mail since last November,' — he emptied on the deck the sacks we had brought him and made a hasty examination of their contents. I noticed that the bulk of his mail was made up of periodicals and parcels of books. These last he examined eagerly. 'By Jove!' he exclaimed as he opened one of them. 'Here 's a piece of luck! Captain, do you remember my speaking of Lieutenant Collingwood, who came to Taputea in the Resolute, in 1832? He wrote a Memoir of that visit. I 've had every bookseller in England and America searching for it, and here it is at last! Edwards, of London, discovered it. That man is a marvel! Give him time and I believe he could unearth the lost books of Livy!'

He was immensely pleased with his good fortune, and talked of it all through supper. He now had everything, he said, which had been written about Taputea from the very earliest days.

'Are there many volumes?' I asked.

'No, not a great many; thirty-odd, not counting the missionaries' records. But they are all extraordinarily interesting.'

'Well,' said the captain, 'I would n't give you three ha'pence for all the missionaries have written.'

Mr. Cowden laughed.

'You may have discovered,' he said to me, 'that the captain is a little violent on the subject of missionaries? Strange, is n't it, that traders nearly always are? They could n't have made a living anywhere in the Pacific if missionaries had not prepared the way, and yet they see red the moment the name is mentioned.'

'You 're right, Professor, we certainly do — and with good reason. I 've never held that traders were any great blessing to savages, but they believe in living and letting live, and that 's more than you can say for the best missionary that ever drew breath. Is n't that so? Come now! What 's your honest opinion?'

'On the question, "The Trader versus the Missionary as a Civilizing Influence"? It 's an old controversy, Captain. It seems hardly worth while reopening it in these days.'

'Well, traders have one thing to their credit — a sense of humor. When I look at Taputea and see what white men have done to it — traders, missionaries, all of us together, in the name of God and the Higher Civilization — I could laugh if it was n't so downright tragical. But take old Rudge or Father Gilbert; they 're still exhorting away and sending up prayers of thanksgiving that the heathen have all been saved. I 'd hate to be left in this place with those two for company! How do you manage, Professor?'

'You forget, Captain, that I 'm not a trader. Missionaries are not my hereditary enemies. Rudge is n't, perhaps, the sort of man I would choose for a companion, but Father Gilbert can be quite interesting if you can start him on matters outside religion.'

'How 's he getting on with his dictionary?'

'Oh, famously! He 's halfway through the letter K now.'

The captain laughed scornfully.

'You know,' he said, turning to me,

'Father Gilbert has been writing his dictionary of the Taputean language for the last twenty-five years, and by the time he's finished there'll be no one left to speak it but himself, Mr. Cowden, and me.'

'You're forgetting Rudge, La Motte, and Sister Theresa. Well, Captain, I must be going. What are your plans? You'll not be leaving at once, I hope?'

'No. I want to take in a supply of firewood, and to-morrow afternoon I'll give the sailors a run ashore. We'll sail sometime Sunday morning, very likely.'

'In that case, what about shore leave for the first-class passenger? Would you like to come?' he added, turning to me. 'There's plenty of room at my house, and to-morrow you might enjoy a walk around the settlement.'

I accepted the invitation with pleasure. It was a warm starlit night, so profoundly still that long after we had left the ship I heard one of the sailors there singing softly to himself. We passed around the end of a ruined pier and entered a river with immense trees overarching it from either bank. Hardly a gleam of light came through the interlacing branches. Presently we brought up before a flight of stone steps descending into the water, where the skiff was made fast.

It was so dark there that I did not see the man seated at the top of the steps until Mr. Cowden switched on his flash-lamp. He was a native, a very old man, naked to the waist, and wearing a pair of knee-length cotton drawers. His white hair was closely cropped, and a band of tatooing across his eyes had precisely the appearance of a mask. He rose as we approached, and stood leaning on a paddle. I noticed then that his whole body was covered with tatooing in curious and intricate designs. When Mr. Cowden spoke to him he made a barely perceptible gesture of assent by raising his eyebrows; otherwise one would have thought that he had not observed us at all, and as we passed he stood gazing sombrely over our heads toward the opposite bank of the river.

My host preceded me through an arched gateway opening into a garden overgrown with weeds. Just before we reached the house he stopped.

'Has the captain told you of the old heathen Father Gilbert and Mr. Rudge have been trying to save for so many years? Well, that's the man. He has no use for any of us, though he tolerates me, after a fashion, because I furnish him with tobacco. You should see his manner of accepting my small favors, like a king receiving tribute from a petty prince. Jove! I feel petty, too, in his presence. You noticed his height? He is six feet four. Imagine this island in the old days filled with men of that stamp!'

He led the way then into a spacious two-story dwelling, with upper and lower balconies all round. It was in a sorry state of repair. Heavy wooden shutters hung askew; the pillars supporting the balconies were crumbling away, and large fragments of plaster had fallen from walls and ceilings. Mr. Cowden occupied three rooms on the upper floor. These had been comfortably furnished, and were in the agreeable state of disorder of most bachelor establishments. When the lamps had been lighted my host sorted over his mail.

'I'll not bother with this to-night,' he said. 'I've only three or four letters to get off — plenty of time to-morrow; but if you don't mind I'll just glance through this volume of Collingwood's. Here are some magazines that might interest you.'

He lit his pipe and stretched out on a sofa with his book, while I turned over

the pages of monthly and weekly reviews, some of which I had read in America long before. There were articles on religion, politics, social questions, criticisms of novels and volumes of poetry, and in all of them I was conscious of a recurring note of cynicism, of disillusionment as plainly discernible as the melancholy laughter of a trombone in a 'Blues' symphony. I made a brief extract in my notebook of one critical article — a review of an anthology of verse called *American Poetry since 1900*. 'There are more than five hundred professional poets,' the critic began, 'practising their trade in America at this moment! So solemn a thought must make anyone pause.' He then paused at length, to consider the contents of the volume, and having quoted and commented through two columns he came to the following conclusion: 'Futility, vulgarity, overconsciousness of the one, blindness to the other — these are the two things that weigh upon our time. With no dreams left that they can agree to value deeply, men either hold dear what is cheap or turn in weariness from all. While we cast our voices across the Atlantic without having anything to say; while we fly across continents in a day without knowing what to do when we have arrived, this is the sort of literature we produce. Wireless and aeroplanes are the poetry of our age, mustard gas and high explosives the stage-properties of its tragic genius; but of memorials outlasting bronze we have raised ourselves but few.'

'Well!' said Mr. Cowden, closing his book with a sharp clap, 'I'm going to have a rare time reading Collingwood. It's interesting to find that he bears out what all the other explorers and travelers have said of the beauty of life at Taputea in the old days. It must have been so. It's impossible to doubt it in the face of such unanimous opinion. Have you read anything about the island?'

'One or two old books,' I replied. 'Otherwise my knowledge is limited to what I've seen and heard to-day.'

'I can imagine what you've heard, with respect to missionaries in particular. I often take issue with the captain on that question; but, you know, I think he's right. I doubt whether there has ever been, elsewhere, a primitive race so utterly and quickly destroyed by the Christian Church as the inhabitants of this island. That's a broad statement. One might talk until doomsday without convincing a churchman of the truth of it. Various causes contributed to the disappearance of these people, but there is not the slightest doubt that the missionaries bear by far the larger part of the responsibility.

'You know, very likely, that the group to which Taputea belongs was among the last in Polynesia to resist the encroaching whites. The natives had an instinctive distrust of us from the first, more deeply ingrained than is often the case with a primitive people. When representatives of the first Mission Society attempted to establish themselves here, the result was utter failure. The two men chosen to work this virgin field were Israel Thompson, described in the record as a "bootmaker," and William Creel, "gentleman's servant and since tin-worker." Nearly the whole complement of saints on the mission ship were fanatical, narrow-minded, ignorant people, with an appalling conviction of the sacredness of their cause. The natives would have nothing to do with them, and small wonder, for they were a proud, intelligent race for all their primitive culture, and they were not long in discovering the truth — that they were superior to the men who had come to them as teachers and preceptors. And they learned as quickly that the purpose of

the missionaries was nothing less than to overthrow their society and to establish in its stead a civilization as joyless as it was ugly and alien. Well, as I have said, the first attempt was a failure, but the missionaries had the horrible persistence of their kind. They came again and again, and when peaceable methods failed they resorted to force. They were landed under cover of the guns of warships. The natives accepted them then because there was no alternative.

'The result was the inevitable one. The missionaries set to work at once to destroy the *tapu* — a system of laws, half secular, half religious, which constituted the only restraints the natives knew. These restrictions were always enforced and rarely violated. They covered every phase of human life, from the insurance of an adequate food-supply to the worship of the gods and the Levitical code governing childbirth or marriage with a relative. All of this was destroyed, as it had to be if Christianity was to thrive; and that is why I say that the Church is as guilty with respect to these people as though it had lined them up in their thousands and shot them down. Take from any nation its religion, its secular law, the tradition and immemorial custom which have all the binding effect of law — what is there left? What happens? Precisely what has happened here.

'Think of it! This wholesale desolation has taken place in one man's lifetime! The old native we met last night has witnessed the greater part of it. He remembers the last of the tribal wars. The Taputeans had wars, of course, but compared with ours they were as innocent as boys' mimic battles. In the old days, although they had bows and arrows, these were only for sport. It was considered ignoble to use them in warfare, which was a man-to-man adventure. And here is another thing to their credit: they abhorred infanticide, the system of birth-control which was practised by other branches of the Polynesian family. Children were welcomed, cherished, and almost spoiled by love. Strangely enough, during their centuries of isolation Nature seems to have adjusted matters so that the men far outnumbered the women. Their marriage customs, which so shocked the early missionaries, were undoubtedly better suited to their tribal life than the monogamy which was the white man's substitute. Each woman had two husbands at least — a young man who was her lover, and an older man to provide for her. The position of women was high among them; they might rule as chiefs in default of men —

'Am I boring you with all this?' he asked suddenly. 'What started me anyway? Oh yes — Collingwood's book.'

'Please go on,' I replied. 'Tell me something more of the people. Cook, as I remember it, called them the finest race in the Pacific. Was that true, do you think?'

'Yes, I think it was. If there were time for you to go through these books of mine you would be impressed by the unanimity of opinion on that point. Every explorer, without exception, who visited the island in former times, described the inhabitants in terms of almost extravagant praise. Naturally enough, the women came in for the larger share of it. Mendaña said they were lovelier than the famous beauties of Lima, and you may remember the later account of Cook's surgeon. He declared the women to be the most beautiful he had ever seen, and that the race as a whole surpassed any nation in Europe in physical perfection. Even the missionaries were reluctantly impressed by their beauty. A droll incident occurred when they first came here.

A group of young women, dressed only in girdles of leaves, swam off to the mission ship. There were some famished goats on board, and in their eagerness for green fodder they soon stripped these nymphs of their light garments. Imagine how shocked the missionaries must have been! But evidently they did n't turn away their eyes, for in their record it is stated that "for symmetry of form these young women might have served as models for the statuary and the artist." Let me make one more quotation, from Collingwood this time. He visited Taputea, as I have said, in 1832, as second-in-command of the Resolute. While his captain was charting the bays and harbors, Collingwood, with two young midshipmen for companions, explored the valleys. He spent six months ashore, living with the natives, and during that time not a single unpleasant incident occurred to mar his relations with them. He must have been an exceptional man, tactful as well as brave. This is a part of what he says of the inhabitants under a chapter called "General Observations": —

'It is not possible to praise too highly the beauty and grace of body of the Taputeans. The men are unusually tall — rarely less than six feet in height — and splendidly proportioned. The women by comparison seem uncommonly diminutive. They are of a pale-olive complexion, with exquisite hands and feet, and their hair would be the envy of the most richly endowed women of England or France. Both sexes have teeth of milky whiteness, due perhaps to their largely vegetable diet. Their features are regular and so distinctly European that one could easily believe this race to be some lost remnant of our own. During my six months on the island I saw no instance of natural deformity, and disease appears to be unknown. The Taputeans have developed a complex and highly organized system of government and religion well suited to them. The communal life as it exists in their valleys seems to me as nearly perfect as any system of human society is ever likely to become. We have nothing to teach the Taputeans which could benefit them in any respect or make them happier than they now are. If for once the nations of Europe could forget their hatreds and jealousies and their eagerness for dominion; if they could agree to unite in protecting these islands, never to visit them, never to interfere in any way with the lives of their inhabitants, there might remain to after time an example of a primitive race living under natural and social conditions which one may truthfully say approach the ideal.'

Mr. Cowden threw the book on the table and walked restlessly up and down the room.

'What a splendid suggestion!' he said. 'Supposing it had been carried out; supposing that England and France and America had joined forces for that purpose. They might have taken the mandate in turns. There is one small island in this group which has never been inhabited, and it is far enough away from the others so that there could have been no intercourse with the natives on the part of the sailors. This might have been made the station for a man-of-war whose purpose it would have been to see that no ships of any nation ever touched at the islands. The natives would have been left wholly to themselves. Once every fifty years or so, a few men of Collingwood's type might have been permitted to spend several months ashore so that the outside world might keep in touch with this primitive civilization. Personally, I should have been content merely to know that it was in existence. And it might have been at this moment — think of it!

'But how absurd for me to be talking like this!' he added with a wry smile. 'What nations could have been found with the forethought, the unselfishness to carry out such a plan? No, no, it

would have been impossible; but we've lost something here well worth preserving, and it can never be replaced — never! Think of the people who were asking, one hundred years ago, as we still ask even more eagerly to-day, "Where is human happiness to be found?" And at that very time ignorant men and women were destroying, in the name of Christianity, the one place in the world, perhaps, where happiness was the rule and not the exception. And the old missionary record says, "The devout intercessions of the Christian world were continually ascending, like incense to Heaven, for the success of the embassy." They were — there's no doubt of it. Well, their prayers were answered.'

'What happened after all the natives had been converted?' I asked.

'What has happened nearly everywhere else in Polynesia. The old life was completely changed, and the natives, exploited by men of superior cunning, lost heart. By 1850 they were rapidly decreasing in numbers. Trade had followed the Word, of course, and disease followed trade. The white colony was growing all this while. In the sixties there were three hundred or more — planters and traders making small fortunes in cotton during our Civil War. The chief difficulty was in persuading the natives to work on the plantations. There was nothing they wanted. Knives, mirrors, cheap jewelry, and gaudy calicoes — the usual inducements of the white man — were worthless here. At last the traders thought of opium, and after that there was no more trouble. The natives would do anything to get it, even work.'

'I suppose this old house is a relic of those days?'

'Yes. There are half a dozen others like it in the settlement. No one has lived in them for years. After the Civil War, when American cotton was again on the market, the place began to run down, and by the late seventies nearly everyone had gone. Old La Motte, the government agent, is the only one left of all that crowd. He must be nearly ninety — in his dotage, of course, and very deaf. The Resident Agency used to be quite an important post. It was abolished in 1901 — there was nothing left for an agent to do, and La Motte was retired on half-pay. But he's forgotten all about that. He thinks he's still in the government employ and goes to his office every day. I'll take you to see him to-morrow.'

III

The sun was an hour high by the time we had finished coffee the following morning. I decided to spend a part of the day in an excursion up the valley, but before starting I went in my host's company to call on Mr. La Motte. The government building was a gloomy-looking structure, so encompassed by the jungle that the air inside was like that of a cavern and the light very dim. The walls of the hallway were covered with the mud cells of wasps, and open doorways revealed high-ceilinged rooms filled with a litter of old furniture, copra sacks, barrels, and packing-cases. We found Mr. La Motte in a large room at the rear of the building. He was seated at a table, writing, his eyes within an inch of the page before him. Mr. Cowden greeted him in a loud voice, but it was not until he touched his shoulder that he looked up from his work. He was frightfully emaciated, quite bald, with a face so pale that it seemed to radiate a faint light. He gazed at us with a puzzled expression.

'You wish to see me?' he asked, in a low colorless voice.

'Yes; you remember me, Mr. La

Motte? Cowden, Professor Cowden. The George Pritchard came in last night. She's brought us a visitor.'

He seemed to be pondering the words, trying to rearrange them in his mind. At length he nodded, smiling wanly.

'George Pritchard? Oh yes, I remember him.' He looked doubtfully from one to the other of us; then, speaking to Mr. Cowden, 'This is his son?'

'No, no — not his son. Merely a visitor. He came by Captain Grey's schooner. You remember, he calls her the "George Pritchard."'

'Oh,' he replied, and was again long silent. 'Of course!' he added; 'you wish to register. Just a moment.'

He rose painfully, went to a shelf filled with ancient ledgers, and stopped irresolutely before it. While he was making his search I glanced around the room. It was musty with the smell of old documents, which were piled everywhere on tables and chairs and scattered over the floor. The walls were covered with faded photographs of sailing vessels, picnic parties, and plantation scenes. In a tarnished-gilt frame above the table was an engraved invitation requesting the presence of Mr. Alfred La Motte at a dinner and ball to be given on board H. M. S. Implacable on the evening of November 21, 1872; and under this was the menu card of the dinner prepared and eaten a half-century ago. Mr. Cowden touched my arm and nodded toward the old man, who was wandering vaguely here and there. Noticing some papers on the floor, he stopped to pick them up. Having collected an armful, he returned to his table and gave a slight start as though surprised at finding us there.

'You wish to see me?' he asked again, in the same puzzled way.

'Some other time, Mr. La Motte. It is n't at all important. We'll call again when you 're not so busy.'

'Yes; you 'll excuse me, gentlemen? I have some very important matters to look into. Come round to the club at four. We have very jolly times there.' And he resumed his chair and began fumbling over his papers.

'I'm sorry I brought you,' said Mr. Cowden when we were again outside. 'But sometimes his mind is fairly clear, and in that case it would have pleased the old chap immensely to have had a visitor. He would have made no end of a fuss in looking over your papers and having you register. Here 's the club, by the way. Hardly worth while going in. It was closed long before my time.'

We halted in front of a decayed wooden building with a sign, 'Colonial Club,' still faintly visible over the door.

'I'll leave you here,' he said. 'A little farther on you will find a path leading off to the left. Follow it past the convent to the river. Then you have only to keep straight on up the valley. Wait a moment! Here 's Father Gilbert, our philologist.'

A robust little man wearing a sun helmet and a black soutane had just emerged from the path I was about to take. He had a long grayish beard and pale-blue eyes, all but hidden under shaggy eyebrows.

'Well, Father, how are you getting on with the dictionary?' Mr. Cowden asked, after I had been introduced.

'Slowly, slowly,' he replied. 'I can't say that I see the end of the K's, but I 'm making progress. And by the way, Professor — you remember our discussion, some time ago, of *kahi*, the word for "albacore"? You said, if I am not mistaken, that it was *kakahi* in the Proto-Polynesian tongue?'

'Yes, I believe it was.'

'Well, I 've been searching out modifications of the word, and I find that it is *kakasi* in the Penrhyn Island dialect — there, you see, the consonants are still retained. But note this! The

Tahitian variant is *aahi*, and in Rarotongan we have *aai*, the pure root form. Is n't that interesting? It is an excellent illustration of my point, that in all the Polynesian dialects the roots are vowel.'

I left them a moment later for my walk up the valley. The path was clearly defined at first. It led through a thicket of weeds and bushes to the convent, a large two-story building with a grass-grown gravel walk before it. All the windows were closed and shuttered save those of one room at the corner. Hearing the sound of voices I glanced in. It was a schoolroom running half the length of the building, filled with rows of empty desks. Sister Theresa, a tiny woman completely hidden by her bonnet and robe, stood at a blackboard with a pointer in her hand, and two native girls, her only pupils, were repeating after her in singsong voices,

'Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty;
Five times seven are thirty-five,
Five times eight are forty.'

They were pretty children of fourteen or fifteen, and one of them had the splendid hair Lieutenant Collingwood had praised so highly in her ancestors.

Crossing the river by a steel girder — all that remained of the bridge — I passed through a grove of mango and breadfruit trees where there were three or four thatched huts. They were evidently occupied, but I saw only one old woman sleeping in the shade of a doorway.

Far up the valley I came upon the house of the old native I had seen the night before. He was leaning against a tree, and his wife lay on a mat near by, her chin propped on her hands. I passed within a dozen yards of them, but neither spoke or gave the slightest indication that they had seen me.

There was no trail beyond this point, but I pushed on, through bushes festooned with spiders' webs, over and around the trunks of trees, walking sometimes in the river and sometimes along the banks. All the way up the valley, on both sides of the stream, I saw great stone platforms on which the natives had formerly built their houses. Most of them were overgrown with trees and shrubs, but they had been so massively built that hardly a stone had been dislodged by the encroaching jungle. Toward midday I entered a ravine so deeply shaded by overhanging mountain-walls that it was nearly free from undergrowth. After following it for some distance I found it blocked from side to side by a terrace of stonework. A rude stairway led to a second and a third terrace, and beyond this was a paved platform, fully one hundred paces long by half as wide. At the back of it, in a recess hewn out of solid rock, was an immense stone image, partly covered with moss. It had fallen from its pedestal and was leaning against the mountain wall, gazing with wide-eyed vacuity at the empty sky.

It was an impressively lonely spot, but not so lonely, I think, as another in the main valley where I stopped for a swim. There the river descended in a series of cascades to a splendid bathing-pool, walled on one side by a flat-topped boulder almost as large as Mr. Cowden's house. Steps had been cut up the sloping face of the rock. These were plainly footworn, and there was another depression at the summit where countless generations of island children must have stood before leaping off into the still, deep water.

I returned slowly toward the settlement, trying to imagine the scenes one would have witnessed in the valley a century ago. Collingwood had estimated its population at twenty-five hundred, and that of the island as a whole at six thousand. Now it was

indubitably a Christian island, but the cost of making it so seemed out of all proportion to the result achieved. The silence of the place, its forlorn and lonely aspect, brought to my mind that dolorous land in Lyonnesse where King Arthur

> glanced across the field
> Of battle: but no man was moving there,
> Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
> Nor yet of heathen.

Indeed, the only living things I saw during my solitary ramble were a few tiny iridescent lizards rustling over the dead leaves, and a species of small dust-colored bird which fluttered soundlessly through the undergrowth. But no — I had forgotten. Late in the afternoon, about a mile above the settlement, I met the native girl whose beautiful hair I had admired as I passed the convent school. She was walking arm in arm with two of the half-caste sailors from the schooner. They saw me from a distance and all three vanished into the bush. When I passed the place I heard a ripple of laughter hardly to be distinguished from the murmur of the stream.

IV

On Sunday morning the captain sent word that we were to sail at ten. I was glad to leave Taputea, although reluctant to part from my kindly host. We had talked as men do who meet by chance, and part knowing they will never meet again. I have not forgotten an observation of his made as we were walking along the deserted grass-grown street toward the beach. We halted for a moment in front of the Protestant church.

'Take a last look,' he said. 'Here you see the result of three generations of missionary effort.'

The service in Mr. Rudge's church had just begun. There were four worshipers — one man and three old women. Mr. Rudge was reading the lesson from a native Bible, rounding off his periods with vigor and solemnity. The church stood close to the beach, and as we waited there for the schooner's whaleboat we could hear the missionary's voice echoing through the empty building.

'Think of it!' said my host. 'What a fiasco this whole civilizing, Christianizing experiment has been! Who has profited by it in any way? Who has been made happier? No one — not a soul. The natives are dead; the island is forgotten by the nation that stole it from them. As the captain said, it would be amusing if it were not so tragic.'

'I wonder what Mr. Rudge and Father Gilbert think?' I said.

'They 've lived here too long to appreciate either the humor or the tragedy. I doubt whether they ever have. Listen! Mr. Rudge can speak for himself. Do you know that hymn?'

They were singing at the church. The words were in the native tongue, but the air I recognized at once.

It was 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'

THE TRUE LIGHT THAT LIGHTETH

BY ROBERT F. FITCH

I

At the same table with me, in the dining saloon of a small coasting steamer, which was slowly making its way among the boats that swarmed in the harbor of Macao, sat a grizzled sea-captain with jaw set and face tense in the effort at self-control. At last the strain became too great and he spoke out his mind.

'You must know of the strike which the Chinese have organized in Hongkong — the men who work at the wharves and who transport in lighters the cargoes from ocean ships to the shore. They have secured a sympathetic strike from every other worker. No one can ride in a sedan chair, no wheelbarrow can be hired for the carrying of loads, no coolies will clean our floors, no boys will wait on our tables, no amahs will tend our children, and no cooks will prepare our food. Even the Governor of the Colony must go to market and his wife must do the household work. The ships cannot unload, nor can they take on cargo. The Chinese have beaten us and in three or four days we shall have to accept their terms. All this is because you missionaries have brought them modern education. We never dreamed they had such a capacity for organization. When education reaches the entire race, they will wipe the white man off the face of the earth and we shall have you missionaries and the Christian religion to thank for the result.'

'And how long have you lived as a sea-captain on the China coast?' I asked. 'For twenty-five years,' he answered. Then I said: 'It amazes me that a man of education should come to such illogical conclusions as those which you have just expressed.' With well-controlled yet evident indignation he reiterated his former statements and said I should soon see the evidence in the harbor.

I too stood my ground. 'I have been studying in the city of Hangchow the history of merchant guilds and labor unions. They have existed for centuries. The Chinese laborer knew and used the principles of collective bargaining, as well as the method of the strike, long before the Christian missionary arrived in China. As a captain, you must know that the cost of living for the Chinese laborer has doubled since the World War; that during the war shipping-prices on this coast doubled and even quadrupled. The Chinese workman knows of these larger profits which he has not shared. He now demands a forty-per-cent increase of wage, and you well know that when the shipping companies capitulate they should in justice give even more than is demanded.

'You also know that this strike has been brought about by the impact of Western industrialism upon that of the East; that the strike has had nothing to do with missionary effort; and that, if anything aside from commercialism has come into the situation, it has

come through strike-leaders who have learned the methods of labor unions in the West. If there had never been a single missionary in China this strike would have happened just the same.

'This, then, is the question: Since the commercial impact of the West on the East will force the Chinese to reorganize their educational system and to send students abroad, shall this reorganization be antiforeign, selfish, intensely nationalistic, or shall it be tempered with the spirit of human brotherhood and international sympathy taught in the Christian faith?'

Then I told him how the Japanese Government, in selecting companions for the Crown Prince on his journey to Europe, decided that such men, in order best to assist the Prince, must have the international mind and international sympathy. Two of the foremost men chosen were Japanese Christians, chosen not because they were Christians but because they met the qualifications. Also, in a recent popular vote in China regarding the foremost statesmen, twelve of the forty-eight selected were from Christian schools and were regarded as Christians, men who, more than the rest, had a broad international vision.

II

The opinion of this sea-captain reflects the attitude of a considerable number of the intellectuals in our own country. Because of this confusion many keen thinkers and leaders of public opinion misconceive the purpose and also the result of Christian missions.

Quite recently a noted publicist and traveler, giving addresses before large audiences in this country, expressed sympathy with the cause of missions but emphasized its one vulnerable point: missionaries had 'speeded-up the East.' This he greatly deplored.

To one who lives in the East no conclusion could be more ludicrous. Steamers, telephones, telegraphs, railroads, modern factories with their long hours of labor — all these have come through the commercial impact of East and West. They have in some cases come more easily because of the pioneer work of missionaries, but they would have come, with all their results in 'speeding-up the East,' if no missionaries had ever lived.

The late Marquis Okuma, one of Japan's greatest statesmen, after years of personal contact with missionaries, — especially Verbeck, the missionary statesman, — gave testimony which is all the more deserving of careful thought since he was not himself a Christian. Speaking of his own country, he said: 'Development has been intellectual, not moral. The efforts which Christians are making to supply to the country a high standard of conduct are welcomed by all right-thinking people. As you read the Bible, you may think it antiquated, out of date. The words it contains may so appear; but the noble life which it holds up for admiration is something that will never be out of date, however much the world may progress. Live and preach this life, and you will supply to the nation just what it needs at the present juncture.'

Another point of view which I regard as pitiably untrue is often defended by the modern intellectual of America. A recent experience of mine, also on shipboard, illustrates this point of view. I had been chatting with a new friend about my studies and travels in various parts of China and in the Black Lama region of Tibet. In my study of Buddhism I have spent weeks in Buddhist monasteries, eating the vegetarian food of the priests, charting their temples, learning their folklore, studying their philosophy, and coming to a high regard for some of their nobler types in

priesthood and laity. All this helps to make conversation on shipboard.

My new friend, after about three days of delightful conversation, suddenly found out that I was a missionary and was so shocked that he expressed himself in this wise: —

'How can you bring a foreign religion to China? The Chinese have their own ancient faiths and their time-honored customs. Do they not resent the idea that you, a foreigner, should come to them, a much more ancient race, and try to destroy their ancient loyalties? Do they not also resent a sense of personal superiority on your part and a certain condescension which you must feel in trying to supplant what they believe with what you believe to be superior? Why should you try to convert the Chinese?'

'And what are you doing?' I asked.

'Selling Standard oil and American kerosene lamps,' he answered.

'And why sell them Standard oil?' I asked.

He was a bit indignant, and said: 'Why not sell them Standard oil and good lamps? See what for centuries they have used for light — a small earthen bowl of bean-oil, in which is inserted a bit of pith wick, the projecting tip being lighted at night to give a weak and flickering flame, with the result that millions of eyes have been ruined or enfeebled while trying to study the ancient classics in the late night hours. Standard oil and modern lamps are much better. I do not see why you ask such a question.'

'Oh,' I said, 'so you are trying to convert the Chinese to the use of Standard oil and modern lamps. Do they not resent the idea that you, a mere modern, should come to them and change the habits of centuries? Do they not feel that on your part there must be a sense of personal superiority and an attitude of condescension? There is but one advantage which I have over you; it is that the light which you bring is but a recent importation from the Occident, whereas the Light I bring shone first in the Orient long centuries ago. There need not be any sense of personal superiority on the part of one who is trying to convert others. But without the idea of conversion — government, science, art, commerce, would become either static or decadent, and society would relapse into a kind of blind ancestral worship.'

In this connection let me relate an experience which I also shared with my friend. Though I was born in China over fifty years ago, and played with Chinese children in my boyhood, it was not till about fifteen years ago that I suddenly came to a conviction which subsequent years have fortified: that the capacity of the Chinese race for physical and moral courage, for intellectual culture, and for religious ideals, is equal to that of the American or any European race. As to extent of territory covered, armies led, and toll of life — conquerers like the Cæsars, Alexander, and Napoleon cannot compare with men like Genghis and Kublai Khan. The World War took its toll of eighteen million lives, but in the Taiping Rebellion, which was fought in China about the time of our own Civil War, the toll of life is estimated at fifty-five millions — thrice as many as were slain of those from Europe, North Africa, and the United States.

The history of China is full of the records of great heroes. I have but to recall the recent experiences of Tan Ts-tung and Liang Chi-chao at the time of the Reform Movement in China. The Empress Dowager had set a price upon these two men. They fled to Tientsin, planning to escape on a Japanese boat to Japan. While waiting for the boat, Tan Ts-tung went to his

friend with these memorable words: 'Liang Chi-chao, you are the greatest literary genius of our country. It is your duty to flee to Japan and to write for the magazines of China, as well as to produce books, advocating the cause of Reform. As for me, since I lack all natural gifts, it is best for me to return to my Empress and submit myself to the death that awaits me, in order that the shedding of my blood may mingle with the literary use of your pen, so that together they may arouse our race to a sense of the need of reform. Alone, in spite of your marvelous gifts, you cannot accomplish the result; but if we are united, the result will be irresistible.' Tan Ts-tung went back to his Empress and suffered the penalty — to be beaten to death slowly with bamboo rods, death not to ensue until after twenty-four hours of agony. But in the midst of physical torture his spirit was jubilant at the thought that his death would count for more than his life. His hopes were verified. The sacrifice of this ardent patriot, high in political life, sent a thrill of horror throughout China and prepared the country for the wonderful message of Liang Chi-chao.

Not long ago, while working in the Congressional Library in Washington, I learned through one of the librarians that within the next few years approximately five hundred works of Chinese philosophy would be translated into the English language. This did not surprise me much, for in my own somewhat limited reading I had come to the conclusion that almost every important school of philosophy in Europe, from the time of Socrates and Plato to the present day, had had its duplicate in similar schools in China. I am also convinced that China has furnished thinkers of the highest order in the realm of pure metaphysics.

When one realizes that at the time Buddhism came to its flowering period in China there were tens of thousands of men and women who left home, commercial and political careers, and all that life held most dear, to retire to caves, hermitages, and monasteries, in order to cultivate higher spiritual values, one can easily see the capacity of the race to sacrifice itself for what it conceives to be higher values.

I know that my own experience is the experience of many other missionaries in other lands. Our affection for the race to which we go, our respect for those who, we know, equal in capacity the so-called advanced races of to-day, is one of the deepest experiences of our lives. We carry this conviction back to the nations of the West. Those Western nations often think themselves superior to the East because in their present achievements in communication, industrialism, armaments, and modern inventions, they are more advanced than is the East. But if Christian principles go not hand in hand with modern progress, then in the future Armageddon of competition, when the East is finally awakened, I see but little chance for the West.

III

Another misconception of Christian missions was recently revealed in the conversation of a friend who expressed his respect for many of the ancient traditions and customs of the Orient, and his fear that so revolutionary a thing as Christianity would overturn the social fabric of the East; that the entrance of Christianity might tear down as much as it built up.

It must be confessed that there have been grounds for this fear. In earlier days missionaries too often judged a race by the lower strata of humanity with which they came almost exclusively in contact. To-day we know that many of the more superstitious

practices of the masses are not believed in by the more intelligent strata, and there is a genuine effort on our part to appreciate those customs of the past which command our respect and esteem, to maintain them as far as possible, but in accord with more enlightened opinion. For example, in parts of China, at the time of the Ch'ing-ming Festival, corresponding to our Easter season, when the Chinese are accustomed to worship at the graves of their ancestors, we now encourage them to go out to their ancestral graves, to repair them, perhaps to have a family feast; and then, in connection with a very simple service, to read from the family documents the history of those who have gone before and whose example we should recall and emulate. On the birthday of Confucius it is the custom, in a number of our Christian colleges, to have a special celebration, to invite men outside the Church, who are prominent in Government and in official life, to address the students, and to have Christian leaders honor Confucius as one of the world's great sages. It is our expectation that, as time goes on, our services and forms will more and more correspond to a Chinese conception of things rather than to a Western conception. The fact that in some of our National Church Councils the missionaries must be in the minority is evidence of our respect for the splendid and able leadership in the Orient. The fact that in many of our local organizations and ecclesiastical bodies the control of funds from America and England is taken out of the hands of the missionary, and put under the supervision of committees where the majority are almost always natives, shows the desire of the man from the West not to use money as a basis of authority. I have known of many cases where missionaries were outvoted — and took pride in the fact — in local matters. To-day in many places throughout the world, if a missionary has little influence through his tact and appreciation, he can no longer have recourse to authority. He may as well retire. This is as it should be.

IV

And now let me speak of that which is yet more fundamental to missionary experience. I almost hesitate to do this lest I be misunderstood. But I believe the time has come to bring this truth out into the open. Throughout the mission fields there is growing, consciously and unconsciously, a new attitude toward the religious faiths of those peoples to whom the missionary is sent.

The Light that comes to humanity is from One Source, but is modified by the media through which it comes, and hence we have the various colors of the rainbow. Dark purple and radiant gold may seem far apart, and so they are in the spectrum; but their Source is One. They may stay apart, or they may unite into a brighter, purer synthesis. It is as Saint John said: 'That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'

Is the teaching of Christ a final synthesis? Is it hostile to the fundamental ideas of other religious faiths? Can Christianity, if it be a final religion, be better understood and appreciated by studying those component truths which are stressed and expanded in the teaching and experience of founders of other faiths?

As a Christian missionary, there have been times when my earlier attitudes were most seriously challenged — yes, and some of them have been overturned. I well recall, in my travels among the Buddhist monasteries in China, meeting a priest of simple dignified mien, who was dressed in rags. He stopped in front of me, looked me over from head

to foot, realized that I was much better dressed than was he. He then said to me: 'I am dressed in rags, and you are well clothed. I wear the garb of a Chinese priest, and you wear the garb of a man from the West. There could hardly be a greater difference in our outer appearance. And yet I feel, in spite of all that my eyes behold, that there is an essential unity between us. There is the Buddha or divine nature in you, and that same nature is in me.'

I have often wondered whether, in my earlier years, I as a Christian missionary could have felt that remarkable sense of sympathy, based upon a feeling of essential unity, with some Chinese stranger. It was a lesson I shall never forget.

Another experience is a recent one. I was conversing with one of the foremost Japanese leaders in the Christian Church, a man especially prominent in educational circles, who has addressed large crowds in India. He said to me: 'In my childhood and youngmanhood I was a Confucianist. The ethical teachings of Confucius, his social and political philosophy, and his conception of a Moral Power back of all things, held me as a loyal follower. When I came to learn of the Christ it seemed as if all that I had formerly known was to flower out into a fullness of truth and experience that would have been impossible otherwise. Almost nothing did I reject of my former beliefs. It was rather like an entrance into a yet larger stream of light. As to the Jews Christ came to fulfill rather than to destroy, so to me He came rather to fulfill than to destroy.'

These two experiences may help to dramatize to my readers an attitude toward non-Christian faiths which I wish to develop.

Animism, perhaps one of the earliest concepts of the human race, insists that back of all material phenomena is a presiding spirit, or energy; that the ultimate interpretation of life is not mere matter and form. Surely this central idea, however ludicrous and crude some of its manifestations and by-products may be, is nearer to the truth than our modern materialism. It is interesting to note that Professor Haldane has told us that before long we shall look back upon this century of scientific thought as the century of scientific superstition when many believed in inert matter as the basis of existence and even of life itself. We no longer believe that so-called matter is inert, nor do we believe in matter itself as it was formerly conceived. Professor Haldane goes on to affirm that he believes we shall more and more realize that the ultimate explanation of the universe is intellectual and spiritual and not based upon contingency. What is this but a reassertion of the underlying idea in primitive animism, except that it greatly expands this original idea? Nay, I would assert that even the materialistic development of science was necessary to the higher development of religious faith.

Hinduism is an expansion of animism. It affirms a basic unity, back of all the outer phenomena of life. It is a unified, reorganized form of animism. It is pantheism. It has given to the Hindu race its subjective powers, its gift of metaphysics. But it has been too subjective, too metaphysical, too independent of the observed and more material facts of existence with which theory must be in accord. As pantheism it has even given religious sanctity to ideas and experiences which are gross. As pantheism it has fixed the various social strata of India, has given India her castes, and has removed hope, as far as this life is concerned, from millions of souls. But in pantheism there is a reach upward, in the more giant spirits of an early age,

toward a sense of unity, of universality, necessary to the future unity of humanity.

Buddhism was a revolt against the by-products and degradations of Hinduism. As modern materialism was a necessary revolt against a religion in danger of becoming static and constricted, so Buddhism was a revolt against caste and the polytheism of Hinduism. Original Buddhism, known as 'Lower Buddhism,' was also atheistic, though at the opposite pole from materialism. In order to spread into Tibet, China, Korea, and Japan, it took to itself more pantheistic and theistic ideas, but these were absolutely divorced from any expression of immorality. Thus it was that it became what is known as 'Higher Buddhism,' a Philosophy of the Achievement of Divinity. Outside of the Christian religion there is hardly to be found a more wonderful emphasis upon Love as the Supreme Virtue, taking up all other virtues into itself and surpassing them all. But Buddhism is pessimistic as regards this earthly existence. Human desires, activities, and occupations are to be shunned, if one is to attain to spiritual enlightenment. Buddhism's highest exercise is to be found in its 'Hall of Contemplation.' I should reject the word 'Contemplation' and call it 'the Process of coming to a sense of Spiritual Reality.' In such a hall the priest will remain for hours in a sitting posture, with eyes closed, removing himself from all sense of outer environment, that his spirit may attune itself to the All Soul of the Universe.

It is true that the masses in Buddhist lands know almost nothing about the philosophy of Higher Buddhism, that very many of their practices in the temples are exceedingly crude and some of them are objectionable; but, as far as I know, none of these practices in themselves have any tinge of immorality. As far as I can see, the fundamental teachings of Buddhism mark a great advance in the spiritual illumination of the race.

Original Taoism is also a great advance in religious thinking. To-day, in China, its observance among the masses has degenerated, more than any other faith in China, into superstitious practices, many of which Lao-tse would wonder at as much as we do. It has its underlying unity in the 'Tao' of the universe.

This Tao corresponds very closely in its basic idea with the Logos of Saint John. Change, complexity, modern civilization, inventions, all are the *mechanism* of things. They may be very wonderful. But they are like the many facets to the diamond, worthless unless there first be the diamond. Life's purpose is rather to free the diamond of its rough exterior, so that it may come forth in purity and in beauty and thus grow into divinity. The world is one through its union with the Tao. The thoughts of Lao-tse were far beyond the thoughts of the men of his day and most of his followers have prostituted them to selfish ends.

As the colors of the spectrum develop from primitive dimness to a larger light, the change is fascinating. Just as when the sun, rising at earliest dawn, begins to illumine the far horizon, and the outline of things begins to appear, until at last all becomes more clear and the whole earth is radiant with light, unimpeded, glorious. Yet even then there may be clouds that pass in the sky, or our sight may be dim.

V

I have spoken of Hinduism, Buddhism, and Taoism. All these have carried us higher and higher into a metaphysical comprehension of things. But they are in danger of going too far.

Midway in our spectrum is the philosophy of the Golden Mean, the common-sense philosophy of Confucianism, needed by the race when Confucius came and needed by humanity for all time. In the 'Great Learning' of Confucius there is a marvelous mystic sense of a Supreme Power back of all things, of which or of whom can be predicated practically all of the attributes of the Shorter Catechism in its definition of God. But Confucius is rather concerned with life itself, not only in its individual existence, but in its social and political relationships. There is as it were a Stream of Life into which we are born, universal and sacred. The justification of our existence is in proportion to the manner in which we fit into and subserve the Stream.

This conception is in striking contrast to the extreme individualism of our American life, an exaggerated individualism which for the time being is necessary to us, but which in its extreme manifestations is impermanent. In Confucianism the 'Princely Man' begins with personal cultivation which is to end in the capacity to bring social harmony to mankind. His goal is the 'Ta-tung,' the Great Unity, the Great Harmony for all under Heaven, which is his vision of Internationalism, an Internationalism which has a comprehensive and also a spiritual basis. The solidarity of life, the sacredness of the family as furnishing the initial experience in social solidarity — these are mighty concepts which have held that mighty race together throughout the centuries and which will tend to swing the more volatile and crazier elements of humanity into line. Confucianism has had its wrong emphases, its evil by-products, but basically it is sound, and when its unnecessary and extreme outposts have been worn away its core will remain as a permanent contribution to the religious experience of mankind.

Into these various and distinctly colored rays of the religious spectrum of humanity, Mohammedanism seems to come with a virility suited to its mission. While certain races have progressed, there are yet others which are still in a condition of primitive dimness. Mohammedanism picks up the backwash of humanity and puts it on a higher plane; it is no longer to serve images of clay and other human fetishes, but the Will of Allah. The exotic, exuberant, and often lawless habits of primitive tribes are awed and forced into subjection before this supreme conception. Under the tutelage of this faith certain races were harnessed and directed, and have made considerable achievements in education and in the arts — as witness the Moors.

About the time that a certain measure of light came to the race through Gotama, Lao-tse, and Confucius, there also came to the Jewish race, through its great prophets, a rich flowering-out of inherent monotheistic ideas. Before this time the ideas of the Jews were racial and limited, but now they began to take on concepts of universality with a moral grandeur and ultimate vision of things that shall ever be a precious heritage to the race. It is true that in the Christian Era these larger concepts seemed again to be lost, and Jewish Nationalism, with its hatred of Rome, expected an earthly Jewish Kingdom which was to dominate the whole earth by a sword, not so different from the sword of Mahomet, but vastly different from the spiritual sword of the great prophets of the chosen race. But for several centuries before Christ there was already a grander, more radiant light in the imagination, passion, and vision of the Jewish race. The final

gleams of that light, so different from the divided colors of their former spectrum, were so surpassingly unique and brilliant that it dazzled them; they closed their eyes in agony.

I mean to say this, that in the teaching of Christ we have a White Light. If Christ were to meet Gotama, Confucius, and Lao-tse, He would love them and they would love Him. He would not consign them, as some of us have done, to regions of torture and of eternal suffering. It is because we have put a smoked glass between Him and humanity that His Light is not ready to illumine the earth.

Humanity cannot even know its ultimate redemption until it lives and functions by a light that is white, hence ultimate. Even in that light it will go on growing, but it will never be content to live again in the less radiant shades of existence.

Christianity is at war with the things that are bastard in other faiths. It is also at war with the things that are bastard in its own organized life. But it realizes that there are many basic and imperishable things in other faiths with which it is in sympathy. Let me say this: my realization of the religious impulse in humanity as coming from an Energy that is universal to all life has given me a greater and a more reverent conception of the Christian faith. Compared with what I once saw, I see a transfigured Christ, who came not only to fulfill the Law and the Prophets of Hebrew life, but to fulfill the law and the prophetic experience of universal life in all nations.

VI

What is that conception which Christ emphasized and exemplified? It is His belief that back of all the ebb and flow of life, back of its seeming tragedy and chaos, is an Energy at work which has a Father nature. This concept transcends the present achievements of science and the ordinary experiences of humanity. It is a concept so high, so all-comprehensive, that it has been abused and misunderstood by many followers of Christ. It is so staggering that He who saw it saw it as the result of a unique spiritual insight and of an intellect that was unique. By 'unique' I mean an intellect that could see the terrible, seemingly hopeless facts of experience in others and in Himself, and yet harmonize them with that concept of Fatherhood when the heavens were black, men were malignant, and His own heart was broken.

Let me relate briefly three experiences in my life which have challenged this concept and this faith.

Once I was in a junk, in a typhoon, in the China Inland Sea. An anchor was lost, the windlass was torn away. Before we could drop a reserve anchor I was carried out on a fishing dike and beaten against it time and again. I felt sure the junk would capsize, and I held to a plank, that in last resort I might plunge into the sea. Yet I was a mile from shore, and in that fearful surf should have been churned to pieces long before reaching land. After twenty-four hours of such experience the junk was finally driven over green fields, and we had to get twenty men to dig a canal to get us back to sea. But during that awful storm, on a craft that was quivering and creaking from stem to stern, with the boatmen on the rear deck bumping their heads in an agony of terror before a little clay image of the Goddess of Mercy, with death before me and my loved ones not far away, the question came to me, as I looked above, about, and beneath me: 'Is it possible to believe that back of all this demonstration of chaotic fury there is a Power such as Christ conceived Him to be?'

I know not how it was, but I said: 'I can,' and then peace came to me in that fearful demonstration of wrath and I was ready to go or to stay.

Another experience was in the Province of Shantung, when I went on a tour of a large famine-district in behalf of the International Famine Relief Committee. For about two weeks I tramped, or rode in a Peking cart pulled by a mule that was a famished skeleton. I went through an ocean of misery. I saw villagers climbing up bare trees in the dead of winter, gathering the few remaining dead leaves from the branches for food. I saw groups of people digging up the ground to discover roots of trees that had disappeared for a decade. One day I heard a foreigner scoff at the idea of the Chinese being in the midst of a really severe famine, because, said he, 'the dogs are well fed; the people cannot be lacking food.' Then I saw and photographed what he had not seen — dead bodies thrown over a city wall to the valley of death below; fat, well-fed dogs, feeding on the carcasses of human beings. I saw an aged, white-bearded grandfather leaning over the bones of a baby that still could wail for food, striving by the heat of his body and with the few remaining fragments of dirty cotton wadding to keep warmth and life in that helpless little thing. I asked myself again and again the question: 'Is it possible to believe that back of all of this human tragedy there is a Power such as Christ conceived Him to be?'

On another journey in the heart of China, under more peaceful conditions, while traveling in a houseboat in comparative comfort, evening after evening I went to the top of a high hill, each time under new conditions. I could count about fifty villages on the plain. The twilight deepened, and on the stillness of the mountain air came the sounds of the life below. I pondered the nature of that life — one generation the same as the generation before, and all without any apparent intelligibility or spiritual motive. And again I asked myself the question: 'Is it possible to believe that back of this unceasing tide, with an ebb like unto its flow, there is a Power such as Christ conceived Him to be?'

There was no answer in the storm, or on those famine oceans of misery, or in the still plain below. But One who experienced the seeming hopelessness of life more than ever we have could sing a hymn and then go to Olivet. And that hymn was one of the ancient Psalms, a hymn of praise to God for His goodness and for His mercy to the children of men. Was it not a colossal assumption without any apparent evidence? Was it not a colossal presumption?

But I believe that Jesus saw to the heart of the universe and to the heart of man, as no one else has ever seen. His last words began with the word 'Father,' and He saw that humanity would some day attain to a new social creation, a new brotherhood, a divine kingdom, in harmony with the spiritual meaning of the universe; and that the only Power that could accomplish the ultimate and tremendous result was a Power for whom the truest definition was the word 'Father.'

That which is most spiritual cannot force itself. It must come by growth, by experience, and by illumination. So our Father in Heaven, not by any process of contingency, but by a spiritual process of necessity and of inevitableness, is bringing humanity more and more into harmony with the realm of the spirit.

'That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' That Light, the Logos or intelligence, the highest expression of

which is Love, has ever been at the core of the universe and has expressed itself as a continuous impulse or Energy in all humanity ever since humanity began to be. It has shone in the dimness of primitive savagery, it has ascended in ever-brightening rays through media more and more fit for its transmission. It has found its ultimate synthesis and brilliance of illumining power in the experience and consciousness of Christ.

It has its work to do and will not cease till the last shadows of existence are dissipated. On the Island of Puto, one of the famous Buddhist resorts of China, I have seen this well-known inscription carved on a great rock: 'All Life within the Great Universe shall become Divine.' The prophet Isaiah said: 'For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth.' Of Christ it was said: 'He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.'

To complete that unity, that fulfillment of humanity, it is necessary that there be a religious basis. Otherwise a mechanistic growth will bring our destruction. There must be world-sympathy, world-coöperation, and mutual sacrifice. It must be in harmony with the moral order and, what is infinitely more significant, with the Moral Energy of the universe, who is God. It must be Christian. But when I use this word I refuse to identify it too closely with the concepts of organized Christianity. Organized Christianity has even in our day far too much of the letter; it is impossible for the religious life of the future to be as narrow as the organized Christianity of to-day. As long as we are compartmental in our thinking in our various denominations, exclusive in many respects toward each other, and thanking God that we are not as other men are, we shall never be able to present Christianity as a universal faith. As long as Christianity is compartmental in its attitude toward those other beams of light which have come from one and the same Source, it cannot present itself to humanity as a universal faith. It is only when Christ is regarded as One who came, not only to fulfill the Law and the Prophets of Hebrew life, but to fulfill the law and the prophetic experience of universal life in all nations, that His followers, in love and in sympathy toward all mankind, can make Him the Light of a Universal Faith.

And what is the object of that universal faith, mediated to us in Christ? It is the revelation and fulfillment of an Energy of the Spirit, a Father Power in the universe that will never cease its work until it harmonizes all existence, and brings to birth a New Earth, a Divine Kingdom, all comprehensive, in unity with itself and with the Universal Heart and Mind.

'SELLING IT'

BY A SOCIAL WORKER

I HAVE an extensive acquaintance among bootleggers. Not, let me hasten to admit, among those plutocratic gentlemen who arrive in limousines at the doors of great office-buildings to solicit orders for 'genuine pre-war and imported stuff'; my acquaintance is among the men and women who manufacture the liquor up narrow dirty alleys and who sell it in small delicatessen-shops and cigar-stores.

I know them fairly intimately, for I know them through the social work I do with their children, and so am regarded as a family friend; and I know how much romance, how much power and plenty, 'selling it,' as they term it, puts into their dingy lives.

I am a social worker, not a propagandist, and I speak entirely without malice or preconceived opinion. What I have learned on the subject of Prohibition — and bootlegging — has been because it is continually under my eyes, because it is part of the existence of these boys and girls whom I am trying to help. There is little reticence about the matter; the children, and indeed the parents, are quite willing to tell one all about it — even to the best methods of evading the police. For those to whom the information might be useful, I may state that it is useless to bribe the police; they take the fifty dollars, but 'they don't give you no warning no more.'

There are many bootleggers for me to know; opposite our Neighborhood House, which is in the heart of the polyglot foreign district, there are three small shops in a row, all 'selling it.' Scattered up and down the block there are nine more, and up the four small alleys opening off the block there are more. How many I do not know, but at least two to each alley.

And all this in spite of rigorous law-enforcement. Ours happens to be the city recently declared to be the dryest in the United States, and the police are under a strong director who dismisses for the slightest neglect of duty. There are raids without number. And yet —

Law-enforcement is like going out with a shotgun to destroy a mosquito. These little businesses are so small, so insignificant, so slippery, that it is almost impossible to catch them, or, catching them, to break them up. A shop is closed and its proprietor is fined and sent to prison. Immediately a new shop opens next door, run by his wife or his brother, or by his eighteen-year-old son. The new shop is raided. Grown wary, the acting proprietor has taken care that there is nothing for the police to find but half a gallon of whiskey, a little homemade wine, parts of a still. In his turn, he of course has to pay a fine, which he can very well afford to do. The little shop makes so much money that a fine or two is a very small overhead expense. The man comes home, and a friend calls several times during the evening, each time with his pockets well filled; perhaps he carries a bundle as well, and business is ready to begin again.

The profession is carried on so that the risks are slight and the chances of

detection are few. And even if he is caught it does n't make much difference to the bootlegger. He can afford the fines and he accepts a term in prison with the same philosophy that other people accept a sojourn in the hospital — unpleasant but necessary. The little shops sell 'it' — as whiskey is always delicately referred to in humble bootlegging circles — by the drink or the small bottle. There is never more than a gallon on hand in these little shops. Occasionally there is a small still and a little is manufactured; but as a rule it is distilled in small quantities and in private homes. This is brought all day long to the distributing centres.

A buxom widow of my acquaintance, a German Jewess, runs a small delicatessen-store. Her son of twenty and her thirteen-year-old daughter help her. In the little kitchen back of her shop she sells whiskey by the glass to the rowdies of the neighborhood and to college boys; occasionally the car of a prosperous-looking man of sporting proclivities will stop there. Her son has a car in which he dashes up to the door every half-hour or so, his arms full of packages. He has established a number of small stills tended by boy friends of his — less progressive souls who are glad to be in the bootlegging game without the responsibility — in the cellars and garrets of their homes. What is not sold in the shop is taken at night once or twice a week to the nearest large seashore-resort. In dull times the widow clears five hundred dollars a week, in good times more. Her expenses are light: the upkeep of the car, the cheap and adulterated materials used in making the whiskey, the few bottles she fills, the wages of the boys who tend the stills. These have to be heavy, of course, for there is always danger that they may blow themselves up, and a certain amount is lost through the boys selling it on the sly. The widow complains that 'you can't trust nobody no more.'

Time and time again the widow's shop is raided by the police, and the widow in her best feathered hat and fur coat rides away in the patrol; but little whiskey is ever found, and there is nothing that can be legally proved to connect her with the chain of small stills.

As does the widow, so do her neighbors on either side of her. Not until her friend and rival across the street, Mrs. Donelli, had been hauled into court for the ninety-third time and had been 'away' — the polite expression for a jail term — several times, did she grow discouraged. Now she has retired from bootlegging, and with her earnings has set up a prosperous butcher-shop in another neighborhood. Her daughters, swathed in handsome fur cloaks, with the latest in hats atop, parade back and forth from their home to the butcher-shop, and drop in on their old friends to discuss the happy and romantic days when they too were selling it. Black Joe, who has one of his numerous stills up one of the alleys, has progressed to a limousine and a white chauffeur. He no longer sells it by the drink; his whiskey is now sold by the case, 'imported stuff' with forged labels on the bottles.

The conditions under which the whiskey is made are foul and dirty. The dirtier the court or alley, the less chance there is for the sniffing official nose to detect among odors rich and rare the peculiar acrid odor of raw whiskey being distilled. The materials are, of course, the cheapest possible. If the customer feels that he has been cheated in his drink he can scarcely complain into the ear of authority. One shudders to think what these poisonous compounds must do to the human system.

If bootlegging is bad for the consumer, it seems to be of great benefit to the bootlegger. It is like a socialist's dream gone mad. It is as though the great fortunes of the brewers and distillers had been confiscated and split up among the submerged, for which in good Red fashion they neither toil nor spin.

By a curious paradox the lawbreaker is lifted into the 'good citizen' class. From being a social problem, a drain on the relief organizations of the city, he stands on his own feet. He achieves a new decency. He ceases to live with his entire family and a boarder in one room. The children go to school with clean and whole clothes — galoshes and overshoes on his family's feet are usually the first sign to the observant that a man has gone into bootlegging. The children are better nourished, the cheap and sensational movies are abandoned for the higher-priced ones showing 'The Thief of Bagdad' or 'Peter Pan'; the public bathhouses with their fee of from five cents to a quarter are patronized oftener. Daring souls, after they have bought fur coats and an automobile, even install a bathtub. There is a little shy contribution to charity and plans are entertained for the children to 'make the education.'

Nor is there any feeling of shame about the matter. Rather is there pride and self-satisfaction. Most of the bootleggers are foreign-born, without any inherited love for America or respect for her institutions. If Americans make these, to them, silly laws, which the Americans themselves don't pretend to obey, why not profit by so delightful a state of affairs? This, indeed, is the America they came here looking for, a land in which a great deal of money can be made with practically no effort at all. The only thing that does worry them is what they consider the capitalistic greed which makes them pay fines and serve in prison when the proprietors of the big hotels and committees of rich men's clubs go scot-free.

The bootlegger is a big man to his friends, able to take his place with the ward-boss as a dispenser of benefits. He is generous and he builds up an atmosphere of good will. When he is forced to go to prison, he is regarded with sympathy and the respect due to a sufferer in a worthy cause.

The children of the bootleggers have a not unenviable position among their mates. Here and there a youthful nose may be turned up at them in disdain, but there is a certain envy in that disdain. The son of the widow mentioned above is engaged to a well-to-do young Jewess of a respectable Jewish family. Before his engagement he 'took out,' with the entire consent of their families, two pretty, respectable young high-school girls, Christians — girls that he would scarcely have met if it had not been for the prestige of his car, his good clothing, his ready money, his supposedly dangerous and dashing life-work.

Of the absolute lowering of standards, of the twisted point of view, of the distaste for honest work and contempt of authority, which all this money made so easily, this pleasant reward of unrighteousness, is going to give the boys and girls, it is dreadful to think. The little boy who told me that the greatest thing in the world is to be rich, and that the easiest and best way in the world to get rich is 'to sell booze to bums,' expressed an opinion lamentably common.

Those who are trying to set in motion an effort to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment will have two factors to fight: the sincere and earnest believers in Prohibition, — there seems to be little doubt that in some parts of the country it is a success, — and the bootlegger.

FOOL O' THE MOON

BY AMY LOWELL

THE silver-slippered moon treads the blue tiles of the sky,
And I
See her dressed in golden roses,
With a single breast uncovered,
The carnation tip of it
Urgent for a lover's lip.
So she dances to a stately
Beat, with poses most sedately
Taken, yet there lies
Something wanton in her gestures,
And there is surprise of coquetry
In the falling of her vestures.
Why?

Out of old mythology,
With a pulse of gourds and sheepskins,
Banging bronze and metal thunders,
There is she,
Wonderfulest of earth's wonders.
As for me,
Head thrown back and arms spread wide
Like a zany crucified,
I stand watching, waiting, gazing,
All of me spent in amazing,
Longing for her wheat-white thighs,
Thirsting for her emerald fire,
My desire
Pounding dully from my eyes.
And my hands
Clutch and cuddle the vast air
Seeking her where she's most fair.

There,
On the cool blue tiles of heaven,
She is dancing coolly, coldly,
Footsteps trace a braid of seven,
And her gauzy garments fleet
Round her like a glittering sleet.
Suddenly she flings them boldly
In a streaming bannerall
Out behind,
And I see all.
God! I'm blind!

And a goodly company
Of men are we,
Lovers she has chosen,
Laughingstocks and finger-posts
To the wise, a troupe of ghosts
Swelled by every century.
Mad, and blind, and burnt, and frozen,
Standing on a hilly slope
At bright midnight,
And our hope
Is in vain, or is it not?
Legend knows the very spot
Where the moon once made her bed.
But the pathway as it led
Over rock-brows to that valley
Is an alley choked and dead.
One by one our fates deceive us,
One of hundreds will be shown
Ferny uplands whose great bosses
Of tall granite hide the mosses
Where our Lady's lying prone,
All her stars withdrawn, alone.
So she chooses to receive us,
Out of hundreds, only one.

Such a vale of moss and heather
Spreads about us, hither — thither.
Hush!
Shall I tell what befell
Once behind that bush.
When the rattling pods at noon
Made a music in September.
Shall I say what I remember —
While the long sea-grasses croon,
And the sea-spray on the sand
Chips the silence from the land?
Hush, then, let me say it soon.
I have lain with Mistress Moon.

THE HARSHEST THING IN THE WORLD

BY C. E. ANDREWS

As the lamplighter turned into the little street, the long pole over his shoulder cut the streak of ten-o'clock twilight that glimmered between the old black houses down the rue de Lappe. He stopped to say, '*Messieurs — dames!*' to the sabot-makers and the butchers' families who sat chatting at their doors, surrounded by legs of mutton and strings of sausages, pots full of scraggy flowers, and cages with thrushes that had gone to bed. He nodded to the proprietors of the little bars through the old iron grilles in front of their windows, and remarked, 'It makes warm this evening!' as he turned up each crooked gas-lamp that threw pale gleams on the house walls and the cobbled street and lighted the passing faces of young workmen and their girls as they strolled and straggled from one little dance-hall to the next. In nine places down the tiny street the glimmering sign BAL tempted young Parisians to their favorite Saturday-night amusement, and under each sign a warm flood of gay light shone out upon the knots of loafers who found vicarious joy in watching the dancing from the doorways and listening to the shrill squeal of accordions.

One of these little *bals de famille* had a rear window open to give the dancers air. The window gave on a black alleyway that led to a blacker courtyard full of rubbishy wagon-wheels and old pushcarts that stared vacantly up at the stars. Beside the window, just out of the light, stood a man intent upon the dancers as they whirled past for a

second or two. His thick neck slouched between his big shoulders, his black cap was pulled at an angle over one eye, and a half-smoked cigarette stuck over his ear. He watched the dancers slip into the spot of light and out again — faces serenely impassive, faces with passionate smiles, healthy complexions of boys who worked pressed against the rouge of girls who did not, dark eyes intense with love, a kiss on a white neck, the grin of a happy grocer's-boy, the fat smile of a pork-butcher's wife, plumbers looking like Apaches with a half-inch of cigarette sticking to the corner of their mouths, shopgirls who looked like joy-girls in their bargain-sale waists and their high heels, and a pair of little blue soldier-boys dancing together very happily.

Suddenly among the couples flashing past the lighted window came a big fellow with a close resemblance to the man watching outside, one of the *forts aux halles* who unload barrels and stack boxes and carry quarters of beef till the gong sounds at four in the morning at the great central markets. The girl was a plain little person, unrouged and unadorned, and her eyes were like two wilted blue flowers. She had the air of one who accepted life as she found it, and dancing was one of its few pleasant elements. The big fellow with her did not hold her as tightly as the other men with their black caps and their half-inch of cigarettes held their girls, but he was very careful of her, and when his thick red hand stopped clutching her waist for a moment to push a careless dancer out of the way the careless dancer moved quickly and murmured, '*Pardon, m'sieur.*' For the politeness of the rue de Lappe is perfect, up to the moment when it may cease altogether.

As the couple whirled past the window the man outside took his hands out of his pockets, came forward into the light, and stared jealously at them. Each time they came by, his eyes glowed narrowly and his fists clenched hard as he looked now at the man's face and now at the girl's, and then at their dancing bodies. They were not dancing like lovers, but how could he know? A skein of doubt spun in his brain and was winding itself round his heart. All the evening he had gone from one dancing-place to another all down the rue de Lappe, and watched expectantly for the girl whose image had filled his mind during the last four months. He had even looked in at the Auvergnats' ball, where the country people hop about and stamp their feet to the sound of the squealing bagpipe; and he had been to the Three Columns, where there are more men than girls, though he knew she would be superior to such places. He had spent his last franc over at the gay Petit Balcon, watching the whirling dancers with a hungry heart.

He knew she had no money when he was suddenly taken away, and he had wondered and wondered how she could get on. And with the wondering was a doubt. Now he had discovered her again, and the doubt was winding itself around his heart.

In a few minutes he left his place by the window and went round to the door of the little *bal de famille*. He shook hands with madame the proprietress at the zinc bar and received a cordial nod of the head from the shirt-sleeved accordion-player, who sat enthroned on a high box, calmly staring at the electric-lighted ceiling as he squeezed out a merry piece about 'The girl who got her hair cut,' and accompanied himself with jingle bells on one active ankle and a pedal bass-drum worked by the other foot. Louder than the energetic work of the musician came the scraping sound of dancing feet, sharply punctuated by orders to the bar from the

hot-faced waiter: '*Un bock, deux diavolos, et un rouge.*'

The man gave a hitch to his shabby corduroys and his red-cotton sash, sat down at a table, and, avoiding the eyes of the dancers, stared self-consciously at the sign painted on a large mirror: 'One pays after each dance. Ladies must not smoke. Men do not dance together.'

But the little blonde opposite him was puffing a cigarette, and the two little blue soldier-boys were doing an exaggerated shimmy called the Java. Half of the couples were doing the Java. But out of the corner of his eye the man saw that his girl and his brother were not. The music stopped, and madame's husband, satchel in hand, exclaimed: —

'Let's pass in the money, *s'il vous plaît!* Let 's pass in the money!' And the men handed him five sous as they went to their tables.

As the couple came by, the man jumped up and exclaimed, 'Marcelle!'

Marcelle, with a start, cried, 'Look, Jean, it's Lulu come back!' She rushed to the table and kissed the man on both cheeks. The big Lucien — or le Gros Lulu — returned her kisses with a clumsy pat between her thin shoulders, conveying a sense of marital proprietorship which there were no documents to justify. His brother Jean greeted him with an affectionate kiss and the jealousy unwound itself from around his heart.

'How pale you look, Lulu,' began Marcelle. 'The last time you were up at the *Centrale* they put you to work outdoors. Did you get the solitary this time, *mon chou?*'

'*Ça y était, ma chérie.* I hit a keeper with a shovel one day and they put me on bread and water for a month. I could n't help it. The *mec* made me mad when he told me to quit thinking about my girl 'cause somebody else had her now. So I biffed him one on the bean. It was kinda dull, though, in the solitary, *sans blague!*'

'And what were you thinking about your girl, *mon petit chou?*'

'I was wondering how she got on, poor little kid, when the *flics* came and pinched me so sudden.'

Here Jean interrupted with, 'Let 's go over to old Gaillard's place down the street. It 's quieter and we can talk all tranquilly. This music makes such a racket. *Ça fait un barouf!*'

And so the three filed out, shaking hands with madame at the bar, strolled past the countrified gayety of the Auvergnats' *bal* with the sniffy air of born Parisians, and were dazzled with admiration of the celestial glitter of the great Bousca Bal with its noisy orchestra and its cheery bar.

'Never catch me in there again,' said Lucien. 'He 's of the police, Bousca. It was he who told 'em where I was that night. Tells on everybody. That 's why the *flics* let him alone, the dirty mackerel.'

As they passed a street lamp Lucien stepped quickly out of the glare into the shadow and remarked to Jean: —

'You have n't seen him around, have you, the big *mec* I almost finished? I don't want to meet him to-night, for I have n't bought a knife yet. Will you lend me your pigsticker, Jean?'

'I don't carry one now for a while. The *flics* are always searching a fellow,' replied Jean, stealthily slipping his five-inch pocketknife from his coat to his baggy velvet trousers where it could not be casually discovered.

'*Ça ne fait rien,*' said Lucien. 'If he comes around me I can knock him out with my bare fists. I was ready for murder that night. If anybody calls my girl names he 'll get his, '*cré nom!*' And just as they came to Père Gaillard's bar he wrapped Marcelle in a crushing embrace that made her breathless, and she

called him *petit cochon* as she warmly returned his kisses.

Jean watched the embrace with a tightening of the muscles of his throat.

'Come, come,' he said, pushing his brother and Marcelle inside, 'let 's sit down *en famille* and have a coffee.'

Père Gaillard, a shaggy old chap with a big white moustache, shook hands with the three as they sat down at a little round table, which he wiped off with a very black rag.

'Glad to see you back, *mon ami*. I was sorry they got you, though you did cause me a heap of trouble. *Parbleu!* Did n't they ask me questions and write a notebook full about it! But I did n't tell 'em anything — *reste tranquille*. And they did n't close my place, because I 've always before prevented any trouble from happening. But, *mon ami*, you 've a terrible temper when you get stirred up. Not but what I am on your side — *reste tranquille*. The *mec* did use an ignoble expression about mademoiselle. You could n't stand that; you were quite right. *Ah oui*. But you almost finished him. In the hospital over two weeks, he was. But that 's the way it is when one is young and in love. *Ah oui*, I don't blame you — *reste tranquille*. But four months was a long time for one little word, eh? May I offer a little glass of something with your coffee? *Trois fines? Bon!* Here 's to the happy reunion!'

And once more Lucien and Marcelle enjoyed a long embrace, and once more they called each other 'little pig,' and 'little cabbage,' and 'little bug,' and Père Gaillard remarked that Lucien was very *vache* and nudged Jean in the ribs, but Jean only pulled at his moustache and tried to smile.

'But where did you get this dress, *chérie?* It 's new; you did n't have it when I went away,' said Lucien, observing the simple dress with its few bright ribbons.

'You do remember things, don't you, *cher ami?* Yes, it 's new. You see, I tore the old one when I tried to pull you and the *mec* apart when you started to fight. I just had to have a new one. Do you like it?'

'But you have n't told me what you have been doing, poor little one. You 've been square?' he asked, gripping her slight shoulder roughly.

'Yes, Lulu, I worked in the factory until I was laid off. Then Jean lent me two hundred francs to keep me going till you came back. That was a month ago. And now you are back again, *chéri*, and I am very content. I 'm glad you like the dress. You 'll pay Jean the two hundred francs when you get a job. And I 'll help, when the factory opens.' She slipped her arm around his neck and he played with her ear and nodded.

'*Oui alors!*'

Then Lucien struck a sulphur match and watched it burn and smell.

'*Oui alors* — when I get a job,' he repeated.

'Oh, I 'm in no hurry — *ne t'en fais pas*,' muttered Jean, without looking up. And then a silence fell between them, broken by Marcelle, who leaned her head on Lucien's arm and purred like a contented kitten. But the skein of doubt began winding itself again around his heart.

'Jean was very good to me, was n't he, Lulu, while my man was away?'

The match burned out. Lucien struck another, watched its blue sputter, and then lighted his cigarette. It drooped from the corner of his mouth and the thin column of smoke wavered uncertainly before his sharply squinted eyes.

'Men don't lend women two hundred francs for nothing!' he exclaimed sulkily, drawing away from Marcelle.

'Oh, Lulu,' she cried, '*c'est injuste!* Why do you spoil our first evening by

saying things like that! And Jean is your brother, too! *C'est injuste!*'

Jean interposed.

'Don't let your jealousy run away with you, Lulu. You are not fair to her. You know she has been on the square with you ever since you have been together. There 's nothing between us. I swear it. I lent her the money out of friendship. *Je le jure!*'

'There is never friendship between men and women — only love.'

'Lulu, you are not reasonable. I had to have money because I had no work. I thought it was all right to go to the *bal* with him sometimes because he is your brother. And it was four months, Lulu, and I was lonely.'

'I won't believe Jean ever lent money out of friendship. Men don't do such things. They don't do such things!'

Lucien's voice became hard and the muscles in his thick neck twitched convulsively; the doubt twisted itself more tightly around his heart.

'Oh, Lulu, *mon cher*, I swear it 's true. I've been your girl ever since you were gone. You must believe me. You make me afraid when you look like that! Be reasonable, *cher ami!*'

'Reasonable! I know the world. Women are like that. Always the same. You are just like the rest of them! *C'est fini.* I won't have anything more to do with you! You can go with him.' And his eyes glared with anger, not at his brother, but at Marcelle. 'The months in prison I have thought about you! When I was in the solitary there was nothing in my mind but you. My brain was full of you. The cell was full of you! And this is the sort of girl I almost killed a *mec* for insulting!'

'Stop! Stop, Lulu! Don't!' cried Marcelle, throwing one arm tightly around his neck and stopping his mouth with one hand.

Lucien brutally pulled away her arms and jumped to his feet, sending his chair with a crash to the floor. Old Père Gaillard tried to calm him with a '*Reste tranquille, mon gars, je t'en prie!*' But Lucien with a sweep of his arm pushed the old fellow over against the bar, and stood staring at Marcelle with fists clenched, his eyes bloodshot with anger.

'Men don't lend women two hundred francs for nothing!' he roared. And his neck felt choked with great blood-beats muffled by jealous anger.

Marcelle cowered in her chair like a she-hound before the threatened whip of her master. She stood up, trembling frailly, and whimpered, 'Only out of friendship, Lulu, I swear it!' She tried to put her hand on his arm. But the jealous animal gave her a blow in the face which sent her spinning backward out into the street.

Père Gaillard rushed between them and pulled down the corrugated-iron front with which the bar was closed for the night, shutting Lucien inside and the girl out.

'You have wrong, Lulu, to strike your girl like that. She 's a good girl, I swear,' interposed Jean, who had leaped to his feet and stood with one hand in his pocket fingering his knife. 'You have wrong! And you are a damned brute!' he added, ready for Lucien's expected attack.

But Lucien did n't attack. He turned to the bar with '*Viens vite, Père Gaillard — un coup de blanc.*'

The old man nervously poured a glass of white wine, which Lucien drank at a gulp. Then turning to Jean he said gruffly, 'Come, Jean, what 'll you have to drink? That 's all over. No family quarrels over a woman! Let 's sit down. A bottle of sparkling, *patron*, and come and join us. I 'll pay you for it next week.'

The old man joined the two brothers, shaking his head and muttering, 'Ah,

mes amis, what is the harshest thing in the world?'

'I know, *grandpère*,' said Lucien with a bitter smile. 'It's bread and water for a month. No mistake about that!'

'*Non, mes amis*, it's not that. Oh no, not that. It is love. *C'est l'amour*,' he growled through his moustache, and rubbed one dim eye with the back of his hand. 'That's the cause of all the trouble, quarrels, bread and water, and the police. They'll be closing me up if you don't stop, Lucien.'

Lucien laughed and patted him on the back, and filled the three glasses again.

'No, being thirsty is the worst thing in the world. Drink up and don't worry, *mon vieux*. That's why you got old so soon. You are always letting things worry you. You ought to take life as it comes. There's nothing really in it to bother about, *mon ami*. A glass of your good wine drowns all. What stuff they gave us in the pen! When it was n't bread and water it was wine sour as vinegar. It's always so. We change government every few years, but the jails are always the same old holes. Never do anything about them. *Ah oui*, it's good to be out again.'

The three men went on drinking and talking. Lucien's eyes sparkled with good nature. He seemed to have forgotten what had just happened. Then in a pause in the talk came the faint squeal of the accordion in one of the *bals de famille* down the street. It was playing, —

Rien de plus charmant
Qu'un petit amant . . .

Lucien beat time to it, nodding his head, and suddenly remarked: 'Oh, I should like to dance to that. It's a grand tune.'

The other two men said nothing for a moment, and in the interval came the muffled sob of a woman outside the iron front of the wine shop. Lucien got up suddenly and went out the back door behind the bar into a passage that led to the street.

In a few minutes he reappeared with his arm around Marcelle and tried to dance with her in the tiny space in front of the bar. She protested, smiling woefully with one badly blackened eye while she dabbed her weepy nose with a dingy powder-puff. But Lucien was not to be resisted. He made her drink a glass of wine and by main force dragged her out the door again and down the street, toward the seductive accordion that continued to squeal merrily.

Jean and old Gaillard sat alone, silently puffing their cigarettes, Jean staring into his empty glass. Presently he got up and went toward the door saying, '*Oui, grandpère*, you are right about the harshest thing in the world. It's love.'

He went down the rue de Lappe, past the other little bars and the gay and noisy *bals de famille*, till he came to the one where he and Marcelle had been earlier in the evening. He went into the dark passageway and stood outside the open back-window and watched the dancers whirl by, warm faces with eyes full of fun and eyes full of passion. Marcelle and Lucien were there, doing a most outrageous Java, her sadly blackened eye concealed completely against his collarless shirt.

Jean watched them dance passionately by the window and tears came into his eyes.

'*Ah oui*,' he murmured to himself, 'the harshest thing — *c'est l'amour*.'

SOLDIERS, INDIANS, AND SCHOOLS

BY LEO CRANE

I

It was a hot sweltering desert-day in July when I proceeded westward from Oraibi to survey for the first time the contentious pueblo of Hotevilla, Chief Youkeoma's retreat. I did not expect to meet this strange personality, but his very name caused me to have an interest in so rare a character: You-*ke*-o-ma, or 'something quite nearly complete' — as one might say, 'almost perfection.' An American Dalai Lama.

These Hotevilla cliffs have little of dignity; they picture chaos, as it was left by the rending and scarring of some violent earthquake in the ages gone. The pueblo itself was on the westernmost edge of the mesa. There, where the rocks dropped away again in huge broken steps, overlooking the vast Dennebito Wash country, the Hopi built their curious little houses of stone and mud. If not balanced on the edge of a precipice, apparently they are not happy. Fatalists — when the aged or blind plunge over it is regretted, but not grieved about sufficiently to disparage the site. Alcoves of the mesa benches were fenced with cottonwood boughs, and served as hanging balconies for burro stock. They had no cattle, few sheep, and fewer horses; but in those things that do not run counter to the traditions, such as corn meal and burros, they had great wealth.

There was one man with me, and he advised against going into the village. Indeed, I was not inclined to insist on it, for coincident with our topping the last rise the roofs of the highest houses had been posted with guards, watching, watching us in an ominous manner — a custom that has prevailed for many years, and one that causes the stranger to feel a trifle less than comfortable.

'Very likely they feel that we slipped up on them,' I said to my companion.

'Not at all,' he replied. 'They have been expecting you for days. They knew when you arrived at Oraibi yesterday. Be sure of it, old Youkeoma has gone underground and will remain in hiding until the coast is clear. Those watching fellows simply want to know where you go and when you depart. If we sought to take off a kid or two to school there'd be a fine row. They know we have no backing. I'll bet they knew when you left the Agency and started out this way.'

All of which proved to be true.

We sat on a baking sand-hill and surveyed the place. It was simply a dirtier duplicate of the other pueblos. And if there is a place in America where aroma reaches its highest magnitude, then that distinction must be granted Hotevilla on a July afternoon. The sun broils down on the heated sand and rock ledges, on the fetid houses and the litter and the garbage, and all that accumulates from unclean people and their animals. Multitudes of burros and chickens and dogs. Hosts of dogs. Lank, slinking, half-starved, challenging dogs. Poisonous-looking dogs that would attack one.

The smell of cooking arose from the houses, a muttony odor — although it may have been burro-haunch — mingled with smoke and the thick incense of smouldering cedar. In and out of the doorways the women passed at their tasks, and one sat weaving a reed plaque. They were all indifferent, with a contemptuous sullen indifference, to the stranger. There was a perfect swarm of children, wary, watching children, ready to dart and hide, long-haired and dirty, and most of them as nude as Adam.

When it grew near to sunset the men began returning from the fields, plodding in with their sacks and staves and huge planters' hoes. Many of them were aged, their long hair matted and snaky-looking; but there were enough of the burly thickset fellows to give any official pause if he contemplated dictating to that outfit. Especially would an official pause in dictation at the time of which I speak, for the Hopi had defied two former superintendents and for several years had done exactly as they pleased, in utter disregard of all admonitions emanating by mail from Washington. Of course official Washington had not worried, and for the rest of the world the Hopi do not exist; but the example to about fifteen hundred other and disciplined Hopi and to several thousand unregulated and undisciplined Navajo, all in constant touch with these rebels, was not good. The Agents reaped the effect of this timid policy, and it had given them concern.

The Hopi had so acted at other times, and the methods adopted to correct them had not been of the happiest. Officials had threatened and, when the native did not stir, had offered bribes.

'Your bones will bleach in the sun!' one set had promised — to be followed by: 'Won't you come in and be good, for a nice new contract-stove?' Now the bleaching process had affected only those so unfortunate as to die naturally, and the Hotevilla people were content with their *piki* stones and adobe fireplaces. The Indian *does not respect those who seek to buy him. When a threat proves as empty as it is boastful, he is strengthened in no small degree.* Washington has been much given to bluffing and buying.

The Indian Service had not greatly concerned itself about these strange people until 1887. Between 1847, when the Hopi were acquired as one of the blessings of the Mexican War, and 1887, when the first school was planted in Keams Cañon, — forty years, — they had lived practically as undisturbed as since their coming from the cliff and cavern dwellings in the northern cañons of the Utah border.

In 1890 the defiance of the Oraibi first caused notice. Old Lo-lo-lo-mi, their good chief, had been to Washington, and had agreed to place the children of his faction in the school. His counsels were disregarded by the opposition; in fact they imprisoned the old man and threatened him with death for this lapse from the traditions. Lo-lo-lo-mi was 'too good,' as his name implied. The Sub-Agent, Mr. Ralph Collins, arrested several of the war-chiefs and sent them to their Agent at Fort Defiance. When they returned they busied themselves making more trouble; so troops were sent to pacify and coerce them, and the first great blunder was made by an army officer. This officer accompanied Collins to the Oraibi mesa. They were warned that the hostiles had armed and meant to fight. Believing this to be so much bluff, they ascended the mesa to the pueblo. A war-chief, who had refused to attend a council, stepped out on one of the terraced houses. He was painted for the occasion, carried a rifle, and looked the part of his office. He was joined by a

medicine man, who wore a raw sheepskin that dripped blood and besmeared his body. These two, knowing of many sympathizers within the hovels, dared the whites to combat and greatly abused them. The two white men prudently retired after an abortive parley.

Then came five troops of cavalry. The commanding officer invited the hostile headmen to a council below the mesa, and gave his word that they would be respected. They came, but stubbornly refused to change their minds as to this white man's educational propaganda. They were then seized and bound as prisoners; and were afterward marched up the pueblo trail as a screen for the soldiers. This was rank betrayal, and the effects of it live in the Oraibi country to this day.

'Some white men do not keep their word.' And at Oraibi, or at least among unreconstructed Oraibans, who are now the Hotevilla, it is wisdom to suspect all white men.

Collins, the civilian and Sub-Agent, had no part in this. He advised against it and deplored it. It would have been better to risk a bit of bad marksmanship, for which the Hopi is noted; it would have been better to beat a few worthless war-chiefs and medicine men to death, if that were actually necessary. One can forgive a battle — but betrayal rankles in the heart.

The prisoners taken at this time were sent to Fort Wingate. In a few months they were released on promise to be good, but when they returned from captivity they too refused to keep the parole given. The goose of an officer had produced a flock of ganders, and his work was to live for nearly decades. In 1894 troops were again in demand at Oraibi, and nineteen of the Indian leaders were sent as prisoners to Alcatraz Island. They were imprisoned about eight months, and returned impenitent.

In 1898 the Hopi suffered from smallpox. It was not so bad as that epidemic told of by the Spanish, but it was severe enough. Superstition and fright, combined with fatalism, are hard things to conquer among a people who know nothing of vaccination, who trust no stranger, and who prefer to die unassisted by aliens. Troops were necessary, to effect quarantine and to cremate bodies. In 1899, say the records, troops came again, and once more prisoners were sent to Fort Defiance.

All this time internal dissension was at work among the Hopi, and in 1905 these differences reached a climax. This quarrel involved nearly everyone within reaching-distance. Matters did not improve, and by 1906 the trouble had increased to the point where troops were necessary once again. They came. They rehearsed their parts perfectly, and prisoners were taken. A special inspector was sent in to observe matters, and he found himself in a very embarrassing position. The one hundred captives had arranged a hunger strike. Receipts for their prison mess equipment had been demanded of them, in strict accordance with the farcical methods of accounting then in vogue. The true Hopi hostile, loyal to high priest Youkeoma, had never signed for anything. He is reared to be wary of the white man's papers. As he cannot read them for himself, he classes everything in the nature of a document along with the white man's word, as illustrated by the first army-officer who betrayed him.

'If they won't sign, let them starve,' said the soldier in this case, and he was not at all worried about it. But the special inspector was very much worried about it. He had to be more careful of his civil job; so he managed early one morning, with the seductive aroma of boiling coffee and the alluring scent of fried bacon, to develop a hungry

Judas among the younger men, who signed for the whole lot; and lo! by such means all tribulation was avoided.

So we had reached 1911, with the same old situation burning on the Oraibi mesa, save that the hostiles were now in a pueblo of their own, and could be dealt with, however justly or unjustly, without affecting those who had never actively resisted the Government. It was sheer nonsense to begin again the farce of supplication and argument, of cheap bribes and equally impotent threats. No bones had 'bleached in the sun,' and there were not enough native police and loyal employees to risk an attempt at coercing this sullen horde. I returned to the Agency and wrote a very impolite report. Anything of truth that the Indian Bureau does not wish to know is impolite.

I recited the facts, and recommended that, as the Government had found it necessary to send in troops so many times before, and always after much backing and filling and abortive negotiation, — all to the amusement of the savage, — why not send troops now, and quickly. This recommendation was dated July 28, 1911.

Government moves with a truly fearsome swiftness. It required until September 27, 1911, for the Secretary of the Interior to request the Secretary of War to detail cavalry to our distant point.

Another month drifted by, and on October 28 the Secretary of War detailed Hugh L. Scott, then colonel in rank, as an officer of Indian experience likely to have influence with these strange people. Under date of November 15, I was directed to coöperate with Colonel Scott — and as no allowance was made for the fact that it was winter, and mails were likely to be delayed along the one hundred and five miles of wagon-transport, the great Indian diplomatist and his officers and men had reached the Moqui Agency before my orders! Four months had been devoted to the delicate untwisting of red tape that a telephone conversation between Departments and a telegram to the nearest post would have settled in twenty-four hours' time. How comfortable if those Hopi had been Ute, Apache, Navajo, or Sioux!

II

If you seek information on an Indian Reservation concerning things outside the line of routine, never ask the Agent in charge. He will have the important papers locked away from prying eyes, and will likely comment that it is none of your business. Why invite this rebuff?

Go to the mess-cook, the farrier, or the seamstress. They will have had all the essential details from some other post, from a mess-cook, a farrier, or a seamstress, who will have zealously garnered it from some leaky official, or mayhap from the telegraph-operator. Who told Sitting Bull that Custer had divided his command? By long odds it was a camp cook.

And when the school disciplinarian asked me one morning, as he was checking his watch with my chronometer, 'When do you expect the troops?' I knew that an unusual order had issued.

He was correct in his assumption, for the laundress had been notified. Now I do not presume to assert that the Secretary of the Interior had notified the laundress — but she knew. Perhaps some other laundress had found the order in the Colonel's wash. Anyway the column arrived just when she predicted.

It made a striking picture filing down the long cañon hill-road, black riders against the sky and yellow sand,

the field flag and troop pennant fluttering; and there was about it a certain campaign-note that caused as much consternation throughout the back country as if war had been declared, with Kit Carson back in the saddle.

Those of the wavering Hopi who lived apart from Youkeoma but leaned toward his policies when they dared, and who had been awaiting developments, began to rush their belated children to the schools. The smiling 'friendlies' industriously continued minding their home-affairs. And the Navajo, after one excited survey from the opposite mesa wall, completely disappeared from the landscape. Not a Navajo was to be seen about the Agency for a very long period. Their old chiefs, such as Hostin Nez and Billa Chezzi, could recall the captivity at the Bosque Rendondo, and the younger men had heard them tell of it. This was no time for argument with the Nahtahni, and while they had lost nothing in the back country, still it invited a peaceful hegira far from the tents and bugles of that column.

The whole affair was against all tradition. Three former Agents had argued and threatened and waited in vain, and the third had lingered helplessly at this post until revolt blazed out to singe his beard. Now this new Nahtahni had said very little; in fact, he had seemed depressed and a trifle bewildered. But here came the soldiers, a very different sort of 'Se-lough' from those three uniformed natives he was thought to depend on. The effect was immediate and lasting. And more than one official, having actual knowledge of conditions among the isolated Navajo, has agreed with me that such a column should file through that country every little while. There would be in both Indians and white men more of respect for the orders of the Government and fewer murders in lonely places.

And then I found the famous Colonel Scott seated at one end of my desk. I apologized for being so ignorant, having received no Departmental orders, and supposed that he would be thoroughly informed. Aside from the request that he coöperate with the Agent in this little frontier-squabble, it appeared that his mission was a survey, and action would await further instructions. Quarters were arranged for the officers and a camping-place for the men, and then the Colonel and I sat down to a discussion of conditions among the Indians of the Reserve. Having read of his career among the warriors of the plains, I felt that the less I said to this experienced soldier and tribal expert the better would be my chances for making no mistakes. I hoped to create an impression of wisdom by keeping my mouth shut.

But Colonel Scott would have none of that. He had then, and has to this day, a most disconcerting method of propounding a question and then boring one completely through and through with a pair of gimlet-like blue-gray eyes that pierce as if made of steel. He could see that I was very green and young at the business of being an Indian Agent, but he would not permit me to retreat before his age and superior rank.

'I propose first to go among these Indians, and learn something of their reasons for this refusal to obey the wishes of the Department,' he said. I remained silent.

'I will go alone,' he said.

I said nothing.

'You do not think they will receive me unpleasantly?'

'Oh, no!' I hastened to make up for lost time. 'They are peaceful enough, so long as they are permitted to have their own way. Very likely they will receive you with much of courtesy and even hospitality.'

'That is as I thought,' said the Colonel, who has always gone alone into hostile camps — a method of conciliation that would give most people pause. 'I will reason with them,' he continued, 'and I believe I can bring them to a sensible view of the matter we have to adjust.'

I said nothing.

'What do you think of my plan?'

'Why, sir, I would not presume to suggest — '

'That is not the question. You should be somewhat familiar with these Indian people by now. Will my plan succeed?'

His eyes punched through mine, straight back into the brain, out through the skull of my rear elevation, and I knew they were drilling on through the stone wall immediately behind me.

'Considering the experiences of former Agents, and even soldiers, Colonel Scott, and — '

'Do you think my plan will succeed?'

'It is a very good plan to try, Colonel. It has been your method with other tribes, and it may prove successful here.'

'But what do you think?'

There was no way of avoiding the truth. He would have it.

'You will not succeed.'

He studied a moment or two.

'I have dealt with unreasonable Indians,' he said, slowly.

'So I am informed, sir. But you have not dealt with the Hopi Indian, who is a religious fanatic; and since you pressed me for an opinion I had to give it. I can ask only that these people be not promised anything that will not be fulfilled. That has provoked half the trouble of the past. The Department has threatened them, and then curled up. They are accustomed to being betrayed by soldiers. They will talk endlessly; but if you expect to bring a Hopi to reason without a show of force, it is too much. You will not accomplish it.'

Whereupon the Colonel seemed satisfied that he had procured an answer from me, and next day he departed for the pueblo of Hotevilla, with an interpreter and a striker to attend him. His extraordinary knowledge and uncanny skill in the sign language would avail him nothing among the Hopi, for few of the Southwest Indians use this method of conversing. The deserted mission-house was placed at his disposal. The troop remained encamped in Keams Cañon at the Agency.

That night the mail brought those belated orders, in duplicate, from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to me, and from the Secretary of the Interior to Colonel Scott. I read them with amazement and a complete mixture of feelings. They had been drawn without deference to the facts, and were as completely garbled a set of instructions as one could imagine. By merely accepting the conditions imposed, the Indians could win, and the whole expedition be reduced to farce. Washington had been so careful to preserve a shield between it and the sentimental critics of the country that, no matter what I proposed doing and no matter what the officer agreed to assist in doing, the fat was in the fire if those orders were recognized.

And here were more than one hundred men, with mounts and extra mounts, and a pack-train, and a wagon-train en route with additional supplies. Hay for the horses was being purchased locally at sixty dollars the ton, and oats in proportion; and these were but two items of the expense. A very costly piece of humor, indeed.

But the Colonel was at Hotevilla; and there he remained for ten days, talking, talking, talking, when he was not listening to Youkeoma. I had one

report from a messenger, who found the old chief seated in the centre of the floor, facing the Colonel on his camp-bed, the interpreter to one side. It was the seventh day, and Youkeoma, in the recital of his traditions, had reached a date only four hundred years removed. To give the old chief credit, he never weakened. The Colonel, sitting bolt upright, would go into a doze, finish a nap, and pick up the thread of the discourse immediately on waking, to continue as long as daylight lasted.

Of course there were breaks in this programme. They invited the officer to a rabbit-hunt, and gave exhibitions of their fleetness in running and their skill with the rabbit-club or Hopi boomerang; and he witnessed some of their ceremonies. But the end of it all was talk — so many words arranged one after the other; one string in slow, even-toned English, studied, level, monotonously imperative; the other in imperturbable Hopi, rising and falling like Chinese, started with a long intake of the breath and finished in whispers when Indian lungs were exhausted.

Ten days of it. Priestcraft and sorcery, superstition and cruelty, differ very little among primitive peoples. The Hopi beginnings were very like our own. And in the ages past they had outtalked many enemies. The old man flattered himself that so long as the Colonel listened he was gaining credence; and that when the officer became completely hypnotized by weariness he would capitulate, and cry, 'You win, old man! For God's sake, give me a rest!' Whereas Colonel Scott was awaiting a reply to a telegram forwarded through me four days after his arrival at the pueblo. He had recommended to the Secretary of the Interior that the children of the village be removed to schools, without further regard to this old fanatic and his sacred traditions. Youkeoma had confirmed my view of the situation. At the same time, Colonel Scott had written to me: 'There is no use in arguing with a lunatic. If the Secretary says "Take the children," come on with your transportation and police and the troops.'

These messages were carried by riders to the nearest telegraph-point. To have sent them by the archaic mail-route would have courted long delays. Hotevilla was forty-five miles from the Agency and the railroad eighty miles south of that, so a round-trip required two hundred and fifty miles of riding.

On the eighth day answers were received in duplicate, repeating the original conditions. Realizing that the buck was being passed in strict accordance with our traditions, I forwarded the Colonel's copy to him by messenger, and ordered all necessary wagons to Oraibi. The lieutenant commanding the cavalry put his men in motion a little before midnight, to reach and surround the pueblo before dawn of the next day. Guided by Indian police, and following the shortest trails, they went directly to Hotevilla and had about it a picket-guard before the wondrous piece of white-cotton cloth, holding the hearts of all the people, swung up out of the East.

III

I found Colonel Scott at an early breakfast in the little mission-house, and reported to him that all things were right and ready save one.

'I am directed to read this telegram to Chief Youkeoma, and, should he have brains enough to seize on its provisions, this whole affair will spell failure.'

'Well, can't you do these things?' he asked in surprise.

'No one of them can be carried out. The placing of the children in the boarding-school at the Agency is made

contingent on certain equipment being at hand for their comfort, and the Office knows perfectly that such equipment is not at hand. I informed the Office to that effect some time ago, and the Office has not corrected the situation. Then parents are to be given the privilege of selecting the school in which their children shall be placed, either at the Cañon or at one of the local day-schools. The day-schools are not close enough to permit attendance. The Indians know it. Should they accept the day-school proposition, it would require a troop of cavalry to get the pupils in each morning. Moreover, this whole attitude is equivalent to indulging a group of contentious savages in the belief that they are to be consulted, and that they shall have the privilege of decision.'

'What do you propose to do about it?' he asked.

'Why, sir, since it would appear that Washington has none, I would supply a bit of intelligence and read it into these orders. And there would be a result.'

'Are my orders the same as yours?'

'Exactly the same; they are in duplicate.'

'Well, I am a soldier, and I do not break orders.'

This came in a tone of utter finality, and I could see that it would be useless to advance argument.

'Very good, sir. Then I suppose you will withdraw your men. This thing will go by default.'

But the Colonel had studied old Youkeoma for ten days, and actually he disliked as much as I did the accepting of stupid instructions issued by a Department that has a long record in buck-passing. And he felt that our dilemma might be dissolved by permitting the obdurate Indian to hang himself on the horns of it.

'Let us have in Youkeoma,' he said. 'And you propose to read the telegram to him, stating plainly that these are orders from Washington. If he does not at once accept the conditions, will you be prepared to collect the children promptly, with a squad of soldiers and your police?'

'I do not think I shall need the police, and I do not want the soldiers in the village. If you will keep the picket-guard as it is, and have a squad ready in case of trouble, I will go into the houses with two employees who know the people. I will bring out the children for medical examination. But I certainly do not propose to enter into debate with each savage as to schools, bedding, and commissary matters.'

'Will you wish to make prisoners?'

'Not unless there is positive resistance. That has been done before, and I cannot see that any good resulted. It simply indulged the ringleaders in their idea of persecution.'

'Very good. Have the old chap in.'

Youkeoma came wrathfully into the council-room. His anger was like that of a trapped animal; his eyes gleamed with hatred, and he fairly quivered with rage. All morning he had fumed, realizing that he had wasted ten days of perfectly good oratory and traditions. He squatted on the floor.

'This is your Agent,' said Colonel Scott. 'He wants to shake hands with you.'

I held out my hand to him.

Youkeoma looked me over carefully, and drew his blanket around his shoulders as if he had been insulted.

'I am done with white men,' he said. 'I will not shake hands with you or any other white man.'

'Here is a telegram from Washington. It must be read to you.'

The interpreter explained.

'I do not care to hear anything from Washington.'

'But I must read it to you' — and I straightway began. The interpreter

translated the first sentence and the second — then the old fellow stood up. He waved his arm toward the soldiers outside, and cried angrily: —

'You have your men here; why not go ahead and do what you want? You can cut off my head. Why don't you do it? I will have nothing more to say to you. I am through with white people.'

And he stalked from the council-room, the maddest man in Arizona; and that was the last of him for many months.

'Now, Colonel, if you please, I will search the pueblo. Will you lend me your flashlight?'

'What do you want with that? It's broad day.'

'I shall have to crawl into every corncrib and cellar in the place, and none of them have windows.'

He directed that soldiers accompany me through the village, but at the first house I asked them not to come inside. They remained in the street. This method was followed throughout the search. The two employees who had some knowledge of this population entered with me.

'There should be three children in this house,' one would say.

There were never any children in sight. The long, narrow, principal room would seem to have no doors leading from it. Racks of corn, carefully piled, lined the walls, and blankets and folded skins. The employees, having assisted in such matters before, began lifting down these blankets and piled furnishings, usually to reveal a small door, and beyond this door would loom the blackness of a corn-cellar. The flashlight showed more corn racked up, melons in piles, and filled sacks; but no children. I would scramble through the little trap to make a closer investigation, recalling how Judge Hooker had walled up his brood when the Hopi of the First Mesa protested against education years before.

In the first of these places there was no room for hiding between the sacks, and when I moved against them I could feel the corn they held. I prepared to leave the place, and was at the opening when I heard a sigh, as if someone had long held his breath and could hold it no longer. Back I went. No one among the melons or behind the racked corn. I began moving the sacks. Three were filled with corn on the cob; at the fourth my hand grasped the top of a Hopi head. It was like the jars of wine and the hidden thieves.

From the sacks we delivered the three children of that household.

When they appeared in the main room, laughing, the father caught them in his arms; and when they were taken from him the mother proceeded to play the same trick. It was easy to break his hold on them, but not so easy to handle a woman without giving grounds for complaint as to rough usage — a charge the Hopi like to make. But those children went into the street, notwithstanding all this hokum, and other employees took them before the physicians. There were three doctors present, the army surgeon and two physicians of the Indian Service. Each child received a thorough examination, and only those fit and above the age of ten years were taken from the village.

I do not know how many houses there are in Hotevilla, but I crawled into every filthy nook and hole of the place, most of them blind traps half-underground. And I discovered Hopi children in all sorts of hiding-places, and through their fright found them in various conditions of cleanliness. It was not an agreeable job — not at all the sort of work that a sentimentalist would care for.

In but one instance was real trouble

threatened. On coming from one cellar, I found the head of the house sitting in the centre of his castle with an axe at his feet. He protested against the removal of the children, and grasped the axe as if to use it. The men with me promptly removed the implement, and threw him into a corner.

By midday the wagons had trundled away from Hotevilla with fifty-one girls and eighteen boys. Our survey of the place in July had warranted an estimate of one hundred and fifty pupils, but in the five months that had elapsed an epidemic of measles and its terrible aftermath of bronchial pneumonia had swept the town.

'Where are the others?' the interpreter asked of a villager.

'Dead,' he replied, solemnly.

So much for expediency and Departmental delay.

Of those taken, nearly all had trachoma. It was winter, and not one of those children had clothing above rags; some were nude. During the journey of forty-five miles to the Agency many of the ragged garments went to pieces, and the blankets provided became very necessary as wrappings before the children reached their destination. It was too late to attempt the whole distance that afternoon, so the outfit went into camp at the Oraibi day-school, where a generous meal was provided, and the next day their travel was completed.

IV

Across the great Oraibi Valley was the pueblo of Chimopovy, perched on the highest of the mesa cliffs. And this place had a suburb, dominated by one Sackaletztewa, a direct descendant of the gentleman who had founded the original Hopi settlement after their emerging from the Underworld. Sackaletztewa was as orthodox as old Youkeoma, and it was his following that had given battle to a former Agent and his Navajo police. I proposed to Colonel Scott that Chimopovy should be visited.

'Take the troop to-morrow morning, and finish it up yourself.'

So next day the same scene was enacted. It was a short job, only three children being found; but here occurred something like resistance. All the protestants congregated in the house of Sackaletztewa. When I entered, a man opened a little cupboard of the wall and produced a packet of papers. They were offered to me as documents of great value. And they were strange documents — letters from people of the country who had read in newspapers of Youkeoma's visit to Washington and his defiance of the Government. I suppose such persons have nothing better to do, and write letters of sympathy to the members of every Indian delegation that parades itself eastward in feathers and war-paint to present a fancied grievance. I recall the words of one of these papers, from some weak-minded woman of Indiana: —

> Chief Youkeoma, you are a noble man. Do not let the Government have your children. Their schools are not the place for your Indian lads, who know only the hunt and the open spaces. Resist to the last gasp. Die rather than submit. . . .

Very like she is now writing scenarios. Of course this correspondent had read Fenimore Cooper, and was filled to the neck with the story-book idea of Indians — lithe, clean, untouched by disease, and painted by romance. The Southwest has no such Indians; and Indians, whether lithe or not, are seldom clean, and never romantic. She knew nothing of filth and trachoma and child-prostitution, while the Hopi had brought such things to a fine degree of perfection. And she lived in Indiana.

Now there is a very wide difference

between demanding the rights of Indians — rights that should be sacred under agreements, perhaps, and foreign treaties, such as those of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico — and inciting them to warfare and rebellion when teachers and physicians are striving to recover them from ignorance and disease. There is a vast difference between arguing that a title confirmed by three sovereign governments be not attacked for the sake of political loot, as in the case of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and denouncing the educational system of the United States and advising a group of benighted savages to kill in a distant, lonely desert.

That writer from Indiana should have been a field-matron for a while. I have no sympathy with this type of sentimentalist, and I deported some of them from the Hopi desert country when they appeared with their box of theoretical tricks.

I handed back the documents, and asked where the children were. Accompanied by my Tewa policeman, I entered a small room off the main house and found the three mentioned surrounded by relatives. The room filled up to its capacity and a harangue began. At Hotevilla we had not listened to argument, but here I thought it best to placate them, to explain things, rather more in line with the moral-suasion programme outlined by Washington. All talk led to one definite answer, growing sullenly louder and louder: 'You cannot take the children.'

We had to make an end. When I proceeded to lift one from the floor, in a twinkle two lusty Indians were at my throat. The Tewa came to my assistance, his face expanding in a cheerful grin as he recognized the opportunity for battle, and three or four others draped themselves around his form. The sound of the struggle did not at once get outside. The Tewa began to thrash out with his arms and let his voice be heard. An employee peered inside and set up a shout. Then in plunged several very earnest fellows in uniform, and out went the protestants, scrambling, dragging, and hitting the door-jambs. The Tewa followed to see that these things were properly managed, he being the local and ranking officer in such affairs.

That night I joined Colonel Scott at the Agency.

I had advised strongly against the immediate recall of the entire troop, and had expected that a sergeant's squad would remain for some months to return runaways and to preserve discipline among those who might risk the power of my army of three policemen. It was not improbable that a band of Hotevillans would come to the Cañon to demand their children, once the soldiers were withdrawn. They had staged this play before. But trouble on the Border called. It was then I sought the Colonel's counsel. For a time he evaded a direct statement of his views, but I was insistent, and he said: 'I would never permit an Indian to remove his child from the school against my orders to the contrary. They would find me sitting on the dormitory steps. Other methods of prevention you will have to devise yourself.'

He concluded with the words: 'Young man, you have an Empire to control. Either rule it or pack your trunk.'

V

Now you will please not strive to conjure up a harrowing scene of terrified children, removed from their parents, lonely and unconsoled. They were not babies. They were nude, and hungry, and covered with vermin, and most of them afflicted with trachoma, a very unpleasant and messy disease. Some of them had attended this Cañon

school in the past, that time before their parents' late defiance, and they knew what was in store for them — baths, good food, warm clothing, clean beds and blankets, entertainment and music, the care of kindly people. There would be no more packing of firewood and water up steep mesa-trails, and living for weeks at a time on flint corn, beans, and decaying melons. There would be meat not cut from hapless burros and excellent bread of wheat flour, gingerbread even; and toys and candy at that wonderful time the Bohannas call 'Christmas.' There would be games for both boys and girls, and no one at this school would interfere with their innocent Indian pleasures. Their parents would be allowed to visit them and bring piki bread; and the parents very promptly availed themselves of the privilege.

So there was nothing of exile or punishment involved in this matter; and if you have any true regard for childhood and defenseless children there will be seen a great deal of protection and happiness in it. I fancy that many of the girls — especially those who had reached that age when the maternal uncles, the ogres of the family, assign them in marriage as the old men please — had been counting the days since the news of the troop's coming.

It was a busy time for the corps of school employees when the wagons arrived. Seventy-two children had to be recovered from the dirt and vermin that had accumulated during their long holiday. The less said about this the better; but I should have been amused to see the critics at the job of hair-cutting!

Those children spent four years at the Cañon school, without vacations. When the school departments were closed in 1915, because certain buildings showed weaknesses and I feared their collapse, the Hotevilla children, having reached eighteen years of age, might decide for themselves whether or not they wished further education. With few exceptions they elected to attend the Phœnix Indian School. They had no wish to visit Hotevilla, and very frankly told me so. To illustrate their standpoint — Youkeoma's granddaughter, an orphan, was not of age so to elect. She feared that I would consult the old man about the matter, and she knew that he would insist upon her return to the pueblo life. So she secreted herself in one of the wagons that would carry the older pupils to the railroad, and went away without my knowledge.

FRANKLIN AND LIGHTNING

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

A LONGER and more comprehensive caption would be 'What did Benjamin Franklin know about thunderstorms, and what do we know to-day?' A flash of lightning, like any other flash, holds the eye and compels attention. But, as in case of the spurt of light when a gun is fired, we listen for the report; and later give some thought to the size and make of the gun, and perhaps to its deadliness as a weapon. So, then, we can best study lightning in connection with its source, the thundercloud; and to understand that better we must go back to the storm of which cloud, flash, and report are but incidents.

Briefly, lightning is an equalization of electric strain along a given atmospheric path. It has been defined by our leading American authority on lightning, Dr. F. W. Peek, as an electrical explosion. He should know, for, like Jove, he is keeper of the thunderbolts, what we may call 'near lightning.' In the high-voltage laboratory of the General Electric Company at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, one can see the outcome of years of work with various ten-foot-long lowbrow streaks of lightning, deadly enough to suit the most carping critic. These are summoned, measured for the work in hand, and then sent forth to do it.

Truly this gives a categorical answer to one of the questions that stumped poor old sore-troubled Job: 'Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?' At Pittsfield and also at Schenectady the answer is: 'Yes! We can send them with voltage of a million and current of ten thousand amperes giving for short periods a power of several million kilowatts. And a kilowatt is considerably more (33 per cent) than a horse power. These flashes are warranted to split large wooden posts, puncture metal, break down air and water gaps, give such snappy reports that the listener jumps, and in brief do all the things that a not entirely grown-up flash of lightning can do!' And it is not conducive to long life to stand near them.

While we may accept the definition given above, — the electrical explosion, — which does define the flash itself, perhaps a better conception is given by antedating the flash a little and picturing a state of strain in the dielectric, the air, followed by a break or rupture and a quick readjustment. Indeed a lightning flash may be said to resemble an earthquake, for the latter is only a slip along an earth fault-line or path of previous fracture. So, in a way, a flash is to the air what the sudden break is in the earth crust. Furthermore, just as the seismograph picks up the feeble tremors or waves of earth motion, so the break in the air causes electromagnetic waves in the ether (if there be one) and these are picked up in places far distant by radio receivers. Thus a severe thunderstorm in the heart of Africa may cause stutter and splutter in the Sunday-afternoon sermon broadcast from Brooklyn or elsewhere. If on the golden

sands of Africa's sunny fountains the heathen could turn on thunderstorms at pleasure (and enough of them), they could (and perhaps would) muffle, muddle, and muzzle all the missionary sermons of the wide, wide world.

But Franklin knew naught of this. He invented, discovered, and suggested much in science, particularly in the field of electricity; but even his most admiring followers — and we are in that class — cannot claim that he heard the first radio-message. And yet, in some of his experiments with Leyden jars, we of to-day can see operating the same etheric wave-transmission which makes radio possible.

And what is a Leyden jar?

Ten years before Braddock was defeated and a young volunteer officer named Washington saved the retreating column from total destruction, someone in Pomerania made a glass jar with a cork pierced by a long nail. When the jar was half-filled with water and held in the hand, it could be brought near the pole of an electrostatic machine and charged. Removing the hand and touching the head of the nail produced a little spark and a feeble shock. Later, metallic coatings inside and outside were used instead of water.

Writing from Philadelphia to Peter Collinson, Esq., F. R. S., London, on March 28, 1747, Benjamin Franklin, Esq., says: —

> Your kind present of an electric tube with directions for using it, has put several of us [meaning the Library Company started by Franklin in 1730, when he was twenty-four years old] on making electrical experiments in which we have observed some particular phænomena that we look upon to be new.

He promises to communicate details in a later letter, saying that probably someone on that side of the water has hit on the observations. He ends with a sentence in which we read a forecast of much that did come to pass: —

> For my own part I never was before engaged in any study that so totally engrossed my attention and my time, as this has lately done; for what with making experiments when I can be alone, and repeating them to my Friends and Acquaintances, who from the novelty of the thing, come continually in crowds to see them, I have during some months past had little leisure for any thing else.

Oh, rare old Ben! Even then a public character, disseminating knowledge.

April, May, and June passed without the promised letter; but during the second week in July Franklin found time to write, and almost in the opening sentence says: —

> The first is the wonderful effects of pointed bodies both in *drawing off* and *throwing off* the electrical fire.

This discovery, if such it can be called, long dominated Franklin's views on the nature of electricity. Strangely enough he did not himself devise the experiment demonstrating the 'throwing off' effect. His esteemed and ingenious friend, Mr. Thomas Hopkinson, discovered this by chance and communicated it to Franklin. There were also certain experiments with *pinwheels* (Yes! Newton played with soap bubbles and Franklin played with pinwheels; both to some purpose) which seemed to show an *afflux* and an *efflux* of electricity. These did not originate with Franklin, but were made and communicated by another of his 'worthy and ingenious friends,' Mr. Philip Syng. Evidently the Library Company had an open season, that spring, hunting this new electrical fire, coaxing it from glass globes rubbed on leather cushions, bottling it in coated jars, chasing it away from insulated shot, always sparking, tickling, shocking themselves or admiring friends.

With all their astuteness and originality they failed, however, to detect the discharging power of a certain kind of light, — the ultra-violet rays, — though they did reflect sunlight from a mirror and found that it produced no result. They also tried light from an open fire and found that it did rob the charged cork ball; but later concluded that, as with smoke from a candle, it was the current of smoky air which facilitated the discharge. But the greatest entertainment was in 'electrising' — Franklin's word for our electrifying — themselves and others. One person stood on wax and rubbed the tube, which was of green glass, about twenty-seven or thirty inches long. Another person on wax drew the fire. Both were thus electrified; and a third person standing on the floor could present his knuckle and get a spark from each. And so they tried to puzzle out the problem which has required one hundred and seventy-eight years to answer, and still is not entirely solved: 'What is electricity?'

Small wonder these Colonial physicists could not give a satisfactory answer. It is only within the past five years that an acceptable explanation of electric force has been obtained. The underlying conceptions are entirely at variance with those held for a century. Only now is man beginning to understand the true nature of electricity. What is known as the quantum theory provides the clue, and the structure of matter is as an open book to those who can follow the processes of radiation and energy-transfer in the orbits of electrons.

The luminiferous ether and the Newtonian law of attraction wave us a farewell greeting with classical dynamics and physics as they all depart from the heights they held so long and so well. *Sic transit gloria mentis;* the greatest generalizations of the human mind give way to modern requirement.

But back to our Colonial experimenters.

'As the vessel is just upon sailing,' writes Franklin, 'I can not give you so large an account of American Electricity as I intended.' Note the word 'American.'

In a brilliant lecture (Sixteenth Kelvin, February 5, 1925, Institute of Electrical Engineers, London) Jeans notes the difference between the engineering type of mind of Britain and the more metaphysical Continental mind. It was something more than a coincidence that Newton, Kelvin, Maxwell, and Faraday were all British, while Boscovich, Einstein, Bohr, and Weyl are not. One wonders who best represent the American type. Franklin, Edison, Thomson, Steinmetz!

Our earliest investigators had a certain humor of gallantry. They developed the electric kiss. Thus, let a gentleman and lady stand on wax, one holding the electric phial. Let them kiss. When their lips approach, 'they will be struck and shocked.' They made counterfeit spiders of burnt cork and linnen (*sic*) thread; and these wriggled their legs 'in a very entertaining manner.' And finally the 'worthy and ingenious' Mr. Syng made a simple and effective electrical machine, because the Europeans used a heavy, clumsy affair which made rubbing the tube a fatiguing exercise.

Then on September 1, 1747, Franklin could not forbear writing another letter to Collinson about M. Muschenbroek's wonderful bottle. He finds that the electrical fire is 'crowded into the substance,' that is, the glass; and he begins to talk about positive and negative electricity.

Now appears upon the scene another experimenter, the 'ingenious' Mr. Kinnersley. Why Franklin dropped the

'worthy,' we know not, for they were good friends; and Kinnersley loaned him a large electrical machine. They made magical pictures. 'Having a large metzotinto with a frame and glass, suppose of the KING (God preserve him) take out the print.' Then follow minute directions about pasting gold leaf. We wonder what he really meant when he adds, 'Hold the picture horizontally by the top and place a little moveable gilt crown on the king's head.' (This time *king* is in lower case.) Evidently kings are not different from other people when it comes to electrical shocks. The picture being electrified, if a person touched the inside gilding with one finger and with his free hand tried to take off the crown, he would 'receive a terrible blow and fail in the attempt.' Surely a satisfactory result to all good royalists. If the picture was big enough and highly charged the consequence might perhaps be as fatal as that of high treason. Oh, rare old Ben! But at any event they were able, in 1750, to kill a hen. (Whether the hen remained killed, our philosopher fails to mention. In all likelihood the bird got up after being stunned and indulged in choice hen profanity regarding the experiment.)

Then, hot weather coming on, it is proposed to put an end to the experiments for this season 'somewhat humourously in a party of pleasure on the banks of the Skuylkil. . . . A turkey is to be killed for our dinner by the *electrical shock* and roasted by the *electrical jack* before a fire kindled by the *electrified bottle*, when the healths of all the famous electricians in *England*, *Holland*, *France*, and *Germany* are to be drank in *electrified bumpers* under the discharge of guns from the *electrical battery*.'

Oh, rare old Ben! Where were the Prohibition agents? Notice that the bottle and bumpers were *electrified* while all the rest of the outfit was only electrical.

And now we come to thundergusts. There is no date to the long letter, written perhaps in 1749, but there is one sentence which is characteristic. Franklin was ever awake to natural phenomena. He set forth the view that after a thunderclap the concussion or jerk given to the air shook down the rain, not only from the two clouds, but from others near them. This makes Franklin the Father of Rainmakers. It does seem as if rain-gushes were caused by thunder. Such seeming relationships die hard; and there are still many who believe that concussion produces rain. We know, however, that it has no such effect.

In the long letter of July 1750 he draws the conclusion that 'the fire of electricity and that of lightning are the same.' And he proposes an experiment. On the top of some high tower, place a sentry-box big enough to hold a man and an electric stand. An iron rod passes up thirty feet, pointed very sharp at the end. The rod is to draw the fire from the cloud and the sparks are to electrify the man. There is much more — many, many pages — and he concludes: —

> But I shall never have done if I tell you all my conjectures, thoughts and imaginations on the nature and operations of this electric fluid.

There are some strange entries in the letters of 1750. One, dated July 1750, contains matters which were reported to Franklin only in June 1751. Probably a letter was begun one year and not finished until the following year.

It is evident, however, that in 1751 Franklin had clear-cut ideas of the power of lightning, for he wrote to C. C. Esq. at New York (Colden?), though he was exceedingly busy. He

thinks the greatest known effects of common lightning may be *exceeded.* Who but rare old Ben would have dared to say that? But as yet this has not been done.

So we are got beyond the skill of Rabelais's devils of two years old, who he humorously says had only learned to thunder and lighten a little round the head of a cabbage.

In the spring of 1752, Franklin at Philadelphia and Kinnersley at Boston were busy discussing certain experiments with the latter's sulphur-globe machine, which he loaned in February to Franklin.

In the meantime the Opinions and Conjectures had borne fruit. In Europe the suggestion of drawing sparks from the iron rod in the high sentry-box appealed to certain French investigators. At Marly on March 10, 1752, at 2.20 P.M., as a storm cloud passed overhead, the iron rod was touched by the finger of the insulated man. Sparks were seen. M. de Lor then erected a rod ninety-nine feet high, and on May 18 was able to get sparks. But the strongest sparks occurred without either thunder or lightning. Little did he suspect, when the sparks were seen during the space of an *Ave* and a *Pater,* that he was receiving the first radio-message. Far-distant flashes of lightning were broadcasting their signals, and this rough but effective antenna picked up the impulses. The sun soon shone out clear and the sparks ceased. The experimenters on radio transmission during the solar eclipse of January 24, 1925, will please note this earliest of experiments on fading.

London did not propose to lag behind Paris; and so W. Watson, F.R.S., tried to get sparks. There was, however, only one thunderstorm that summer and it contributed nothing, for the rain wet the apparatus and there were no sparks. But the worthy Mr. Canton had better luck. On the same July afternoon, with a tin tube and wires, he felt and heard sparks after the third or fourth thunderclap; but these grew weaker and ceased in two minutes. These reports were published in due time in European newspapers. The printed accounts could hardly have reached Philadelphia in less than two months and it was after this that the famous kite-experiment was proposed. It is evident that the date June 1752, sometimes given (as in the *Britannica*), is of doubtful authenticity. Franklin made no mention in his own paper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette,* of any kind of kite-experiment until October 19, 1752, when the same letter addressed to Peter Collinson appears with minor alterations to suit home consumption. In this letter he does not explicitly say that he himself flew a kite, and the letter as a whole, particularly the latter sections, states only what may be done.

This is not to be regarded as unusual or in any way prejudicial to his fame as a scientist, for he generally followed this method. In August 1752, writing to Dr. B—— of Boston, in connection with inoculation against smallpox, he said: —

Business sometimes obliges one to postpone philosophical amusements. Whatever I have wrote of that kind are really as they are entitled but Conjectures and Suppositions. . . .

And again, —

I own I have too strong a penchant to the building of hypotheses. They indulge my natural indolence. . . .

A concluding sentence in this smallpox correspondence has a direct appeal to some of us: —

I am sorry to hear that the number of your inhabitants decreases.

Well, he himself at the age of seventeen decreased the population of Boston by walking away from the city of his birth toward Philadelphia, the city of his adoption. In his will he remembered both cities generously.

Whether Franklin ever flew kites during thundergusts is uncertain, and it is greatly to be wished that some corroborative evidence by someone who saw these flights may yet be found in old journals and diaries. It is strange that Kinnersley, lecturing in various cities, made no mention of what would have been a capital experiment. Franklin himself apparently thought little of it, although in his autobiography he speaks of it as a capital experiment. It is hard to believe that emphasis would not have been placed upon both date and place at the time. Dr. Stuber's story, which is the basis of the popular conception of the experiment, contains so many contradictions that it is charitable to regard it as the recollection of one old man concerning what another old man told him about something that happened a long time ago.

However, whether Ben did or did not fly kites during thunderstorms is not of much consequence; for his fame is secure and he well deserved the recognition accorded him for his work in electricity. There is an artistic element in the popular conception, mythical though it be. There is a suggestion of Prometheus stealing the fire of Heaven. Poor Prometheus paid the penalty for his temerity. So, for defying the lightning, did Ajax the Lesser — or the Greater, for Ajax seems to have been a big chief away from home, and a small person at home. But Benjamin in due time became the hero of the schoolbook. Rare old Ben, how he would be amused at being thus featured!

Contrary to popular belief and textbook statements, the identification of lightning as electricity was not determined by any kite-experiment. Franklin himself demonstrated this two years earlier than the date of doubtful authenticity given above, June 1752. It was this which led to the conception of the lightning rod in 1750. The function of the rod was to draw off the charge. The effect was illustrated by a pasteboard tube, an iron punch on the floor, a pair of scales, an electrical machine, a wire, and a needle. And rods had been placed upon the Academy and Statehouse spires previous to the experiments in France, and of course previous to the suggestion of using a kite.

Franklin speculated much on the nature of thunderclouds. He studied the effects of lightning and gave sensible advice. Indeed nearly all of his directions for behavior have stood the test of time. His speculations, however, have not, nor is it to be expected that they should. But through it all runs a vein of humor, as when he says: —

> I must own I am much in the *dark* about *light*.

Someone may ask, 'Is it possible to fly kites in a thunderstorm?' The answer is: 'It is exceedingly dangerous.' It has been done and the experimenters have escaped. On the other hand, when kites could not be reeled in quickly enough with the approach of the storm, fatalities have resulted. One experience may be briefly given here. (A more detailed account can be found in the *Popular Science Monthly*, October 1897, p. 739.) August 9, 1892, at Blue Hill Observatory, a kite was sent up at 11 A.M. and kept in the air until after dark. A thunderstorm developed about sunset, but still far in the west. Whenever a finger was held near the insulated kite-wire, there was a perfect fusillade of sparks. As the storm drew near, the incessant sizzling and sparking threatened to burn out the large

multiple quadrant electrometer used to measure the voltage. As the Observatory might be jeopardized, one of the four men present proposed to cut the kite string, which was wired, and let the kite go. To touch the string was to receive a severe shock. One of the party broke the connection between the electrometer and the Mascart insulators. As he did this, the others outside saw a flash in the west. The one inside saw only a brilliant flare-up in the electrometer and felt a severe blow across both arms. The kite wire was finally grounded. The flash which was nearest to the Observatory was, so far as could be ascertained, 4500 feet distant; and so the discharge which the observer felt must have been either an induced current or perhaps one of the many minor discharges which branch out from the main or trunk line discharge.

On other occasions steel kite-wire has been fused, men severely shocked, kite destroyed, and everybody thankful to have escaped alive.

Lightning is not an ordinary battery or dynamo current. It does not obey the usual law of ohmic resistance. The time curve of discharge has a very steep front; and consequently there are many peculiar effects, not like those of ordinary currents.

And there are all kinds of thunderstorms. Some pass quickly and do little damage. Some more slowly and do much damage. In London on July 9 and 10, 1923, a remarkable storm occurred, and during the six hours of its duration 6924 flashes were recorded. At the present price of ten cents per kilowatt hour, the bill for energy at two dollars per flash for this storm would have been $13,848.00.

The schoolboy's definition of the difference between lightning and electricity is 'You don't have to pay for lightning.'

What, then, should one do or not do during thunderstorms? Remembering that the Law and Commandments were given on Sinai after a severe thunderstorm, we may paraphrase the Decalogue as follows: —

1. Thou shalt not be overanxious. There are a thousand flashes that do not strike mortals for one that does.

2. Thou shalt not fear horizontal flashes.

3. Thou shalt not stand out in the open (not attempt to fly kites). Nor remain on the beach, nor in an open field. Get hence.

4. Thou shalt not stand under a tree with thick foliage — more people are killed in this way than any other — nor in the doorway of a barn or at a window in proximity to a chimney.

5. Thou shalt not laugh at thy maiden aunt's nervousness during a storm. It does not help.

6. Thou shalt not tie stock to wire fences.

7. Thou shalt not go to bed or try to stand on glass. There is not one chance in ten thousand of thy being injured in an ordinary residence.

8. If thou art near a person who has been struck, thou shalt make every effort to restore him to consciousness. Try artificial respiration. Don't give up. Get a doctor as soon as possible.

9. Antennæ of radio outfits should be grounded outside. Aerials are sometimes struck and wires melted, and fires may thus be started.

10. If thou art in a trolley car and fuses burn out, try to keep calm. The danger is over and, while it is unpleasant, thou art more frightened than hurt. Finally, if thou livest in the country, get good lightning-rods on thy house and barn. Dwellings in city blocks, however, are practically immune. When traveling in automobiles, do not stop under trees, nor remain at rest on hilltops.

THOROUGHBREDS AND BLACKGUARDS

BY PETER BURNAUGH

I

THAT rare master in the mating of thoroughbred-blood lines to produce great race-horses, Major Foxhall Daingerfield, was known to deliver himself, when certain unethical procedures on the turf came under his notice, of the cynical observation: —

'How strange so noble an animal as the thoroughbred should make blackguards of all who associate with him.'

The blanket character of the Major's explosive indictment was grossly unfair, if only because it included himself; he was a kindly man whose passionate love for a great horse was hardly stronger than his tenderness toward an inglorious one. But he was, I fear, an exception, and a poor apostle. A racing-world which avidly accepted its heritage of his genius, successfully applying the breeding-principles which had made his success, found it expedient to forget the less practical precepts of his philosophy. It was a world somewhat embarrassed when suddenly brought face to face, not long ago, with a pronouncement very like the Major's — and from a source not so easily disregarded.

The occasion was not without its drama. In Kentucky, home of the thoroughbred horse, and in that particular Blue Grass section of the state where so large a part of the population derives its living from the production of race horses, the biennial drive of reformers for repeal of the law safeguarding racing was on, and moving strongly.

As so often is the case in lawmaking bodies faced with a 'reform' question, the proponents of racing had the sympathy of a majority of the members of the State Legislature, but not the assurance that they would vote as they felt. The clergy of the state, apparently, was solidly behind the reformers; and the outlook was dark for the sport of kings.

At the crucial moment the Reverend William T. Settle, Episcopal rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Lexington, publicly gave his support to racing; the uncertain senators, bolstered by this happy opportunity to cite ecclesiastic warrant to their constituencies, did likewise, and racing won the day. Sometime thereafter the Reverend Mr. Settle called the racing-men about him, I am told, and gave them some very straight talk on what he would expect in the way of clean sport to justify the courageous stand he had taken in opposition to his brothers of the cloth. The particulars of his talk are still unrevealed, but may be inferred from the rector's first remark to the assembled horsemen, which comes to me from one who was there.

'Gentlemen,' he began, 'it has often occurred to me how noble a sport horse-racing might be, but for the owners, the trainers, and the jockeys.'

That remark crystallized a feeling that had steadily forced itself on me in a period of several years devoted to daily reportings of affairs of the turf.

Such service has afforded a very comfortable living, and has become more remunerative of late with the growing interest in horse-racing throughout the country. It has become more and more a service of pleasure, too; for appetite for a good horse-race is not appeased by feeding, while the years have brought an increasing fascination in tracing the traits, the high qualities, and the deficiencies of horses of the past as they reassert themselves in their sons and daughters on the turf to-day. To me no sport equals it. And since a frugal nature has precluded any unlucky plunging that might have soured an original passion, I may approach it still as an eager enthusiast.

The point of view, then, is that of an intensely interested observer who has come upon a remarkable phenomenon: the almost invariable degradation that occurs in men through association with an animal whose very contact, you would think, ought to breed honesty, fairness, and a spirit of kindliness.

The nobility of the thoroughbred horse is presumably unquestioned, even by those who have discovered an occasional rogue in the breed. It has a well-nigh universal appeal to the heart of man.

I have heard that Mr. James R. Keene, trained as he was in the battles of Wall Street to conceal his emotions, 'threw himself on a sofa and shook with sobs' when he received the cable saying that Colin had gone lame in England. I have seen an aged horseman, with tears in his eyes, soundly cane a young buck who had written in a newspaper that one of his selling-platers, a notorious quitter, 'had a heart the size of a peanut.' And at the Derby once I saw a woman steal away from a party of celebrities and disappear; they found her some time after, her arms clasped about the neck of the Derby winner. Years before she had romped in the fields with the brown colt's grandsire.

In our part of Kentucky, at least, *Black Beauty* was accepted as a sound zoölogical treatise no less than as an excellent story. The inevitable motto beseeching divine blessing on the household usually shared space equally with a steel engraving of some equine hero, and some such inscription as: —

> Après l'homme, le cheval le plus noble animal
> Est rendu par ce Seigneur si juste et si égal.

Pleasant Blue Grass hills are dotted with tombstones erected over the bones of Futurity and Derby winners; and I well remember that our village preacher found inspiration for a sermon, which was quoted many a day after, in a newspaper poem by some unknown scribbler named Riley, which read: —

> I love the hoss from hoof to head,
> From head to hoof and tail to mane;
> I love the hoss, as I have said,
> From head to hoof and back again.
>
> I love my God the first of all,
> Then Him that perished on the Cross;
> And next my wife, and then I fall
> Down on my knees and love the hoss.

It was for shame, said he, that a 'foreigner' should have to teach us the need of recasting that old gasconade: 'A Kentuckian bows the knee only to his God, his sire, and his ladies'; and closed with the conviction that this Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, though apparently a resident of another state, probably had been born a Kentuckian.

These things I recall because they speak the love and devotion which the nobility of horses arouses in men. The extent to which men can harden themselves to that nobility is quite beyond understanding.

II

A certain amount of deception is to be found, and is condoned, in all sports. Racing may not lightly be

ruled out of court because it breeds deception, unless we also rule out tennis, for instance, because Mr. Tilden threatens a Lawford and surprises with a lob; or football, because the Harvard team finds effectiveness in a fake formation. Indeed, I know of no sport in which artifice contributes so little to success. To the man with true sporting-instincts, no other game holds such inducements for laying the cards on the table and playing to win from the start.

But, I hasten to add, by success in the sport of racing I mean the winning of races — big races, if you like, where the winner's purse is a fat one. Certainly that is where the best horses are to be found, and the true sportsman wants to beat the best. For the matter of that, I see nothing reprehensible in a desire to win a Preakness rather than a Paumonok purely because the stake is ten times as valuable.

When the object is primarily to beat the bookmaker rather than the other horse, however, then the entire color changes. Sport becomes a sordid business, and the sportsman becomes only a sport. It is then that the horseman begins to compare so unfavorably with his horse.

The first step is concealment of the true worth of one's horse. The mechanics are obvious: when everyone thinks your horse will win, his odds are one to five; when no one thinks he will win, his odds may be one hundred to one or more.

Now I maintain that there is something distinctly sporting in the quiet preparation of a horse, and the 'putting him over' at long odds in his first appearance in public. It 's tabasco to the game. The matter of fooling the clockers — those eagle-eyed fellows with stop watches who line the rails at the first break of dawn to observe workouts — is a royal sport in itself.

Too often, however, that spice sharpens an appetite for long odds based on less defensible strategy. Since odds are in indirect proportion to the public estimate of the horse, and the horse has already revealed his quality in public, the plan suggests itself to restore public uncertainty by having him mix bad races with good ones; or, after he has definitely established his maximum powers, to make him run above that maximum by the use of unnatural devices.

It is easy to trace the development of trickery, deceit, and insensibility to kindliness in their natural growth from such practices. I am inclined to fear that they are steadily increasing on our race courses. We do not hear so much, nowadays, of fiery challenges and caustic acceptances. The match race, epitome of sportsmanship, has almost passed from the turf. The proud sportsman who owned he had a good horse, and defied his associates to trot out a better one, now too often courts contempt for his horse for the longer odds that contempt will bring. He declines matches, and 'scratches' from races when the issue appears to narrow into a match.

It is pleasant to think of a racing-world with more Johnny Harpers in it. It was Uncle Johnny who brought the immortal Longfellow to the turf with an open challenge, and sadly laid him away under the apple tree by his window when his career was ended. A cot in his horse's stall was good enough for him, and no man's wager against his horse went begging while his money lasted. He made his own 'book,' and warned each and every one that none lived greater than Longfellow, while he accepted the money they proffered to bet against him.

'But,' said a young man once, after watching his money disappear in Uncle Johnny's satchel and waiting in vain

for a slip, 'how will you remember me when I come back after the race?'

'Son,' replied Uncle Johnny, 'you ain't comin' back.'

III

On an average, it takes a novice about a month to become casual about the cruelties he sees inflicted on horses on the race track. It is a short time, especially since so many of those cruelties are needless.

A horseman will tell you that use of the whip is indispensable to getting the best out of many horses. That is probably true. The human race has no monopoly on indolence, and it is just another evidence of their humanness that many horses need occasionally to be reminded of the task at hand. But, also like human beings, horses resent prodding when doing their best, and are likely to show that resentment with a pointed refusal to try at all. Your horseman will also tell you that scores of potential victories are turned into defeats in this manner. 'He went to the whip and tossed the race away' is one of the most common expressions to be heard where racing is talked.

There is no doubt that the horse suffers keenly from a stiff application of the 'whip' — actually a leaded, ramrod sort of instrument capable of raising great welts. He remembers it, too. One of them remembered it on a spring day at Lexington when, being led to his stable there after having raced through the winter at New Orleans, he spied, lying on the ground, a Negro jockey who had given him a particularly vicious clouting in a race on the Lexington track the previous autumn. Rearing, the horse came down with both forefeet on the boy's chest.

Fred Taral, premier jockey of the nineties, had good reason to know that the great Domino remembered his whip. A most complacent horse in his younger days, Domino always became so infuriated at the sight of Taral, after that rider's cruel finish in the dead-heat match with Dobbins, that it was necessary to blindfold the horse whenever Taral mounted him afterward, and eventually he was retired to the stud farm with a reputation as a savage. He wanted to bite and kick everyone in sight. But within a fortnight after his arrival there he discovered that he was in friendly hands and became the gentlest of animals.

It is significant that the most conspicuously successful horseman on the American turf in the last two or three decades, John E. Madden, compels the riders of a majority of his horses to go to post without whip of any kind. When Mr. Madden boosted Winnie O'Conner into the saddle on Yankee in the Futurity, that jockey insisted on having a whip. 'Well, if you must,' said the whimsical Madden, and, going to a near-by tree in the paddock, stripped off a switch about three inches long and handed it to the jockey. O'Conner threw it down in disgust, went out, and won the Futurity. He admitted afterward that with a whip he probably would have lost the race in the tight finish.

Riders seldom seem to realize that a horse may be as anxious to win as they, and may know a great deal more about it. At least four jockeys who rode Exterminator during that horse's notable campaign have told me that the easiest way to win a race on him was to let him win it himself. Application of the whip to force him to 'make his run' before he was ready had almost no effect. When the proper time came he went for his prey, and usually got it. I am quite sure that no person in grandstand or paddock had any keener thrill of competition than Exterminator and Boniface themselves had when

those two old Trojans hooked up in their several historic stretch-duels.

The cruelties to crippled horses, particularly observed on the steeplechase courses, are even less understandable. Visitors to New York tracks must often have seen a horse led for a long distance, sometimes completely across the infield and out of sight, hobbling along in obvious pain on a leg that has been injured, perhaps broken. There is but one remedy for a race horse with a broken leg — quick death. And lest the finer sensibilities of the spectators be offended by the sight of it, he must hobble off in misery to a less conspicuous spot for the execution!

Occasionally, however, the break is at the hip, leaving the cripple powerless to move. It was in such an instance two years ago that a novice was sent to the infield with a pistol to dispatch a horse, at the finish of a big steeplechase stake. On the third shot, after two misplaced bullets had had no greater effect than to regale the crowd with the spectacle of a wounded and crippled horse trying to defend himself against a man with a pistol, he was finally put away.

Even bullfight audiences, rapacious as they are for gore, cheering when sharp horns sink into the flesh of a blindfolded horse, will not tolerate a prolongation of the poor animal's pain, once the bull has struck. In Seville you will see a perfect barrage of bottles from the gallery when a picador attempts to remount a wounded horse. It is not pleasant to think we are less humane than they. Eventually, perhaps, all tracks will have ambulances, as some now have, equipped with slings and other appliances to lift an injured horse from the ground and bear him painlessly away.

The question of whether the entire steeplechase-game is not too cruel to justify its existence is not so easily answered. I may only say that the frequent falls and injuries make the watching of it an unpleasant duty for me. But at least our most hazardous courses in this country are smooth lawns compared with the course for the annual world-classic at Liverpool, the Grand National, where only three or four horses finish from a field of thirty or more — the others left scattered about the course, a panorama of bruised bodies, twisted legs, and broken necks.

But whether it be flat racing or steeplechasing, it is not the unavoidable casualty that is most bewildering — it is the premeditated cruelty. It is the assumption that ownership of horses carries the privilege of treating them with the same mechanical consideration that would be given to a racing-automobile; the cruel custom of racing-associations in permitting tracks to become hard as flint, jarring the horses from hoof to mane so that an amazingly small percentage of them stand up under two seasons of racing, presumably for no other reason than that hard tracks mean sensational track-records and therefore front-page publicity; the patching and repatching of the stove-up victims of these hard tracks, in an effort to 'get one more race' out of them; the practice of 'nerving' horses, a neat operation which kills all pain in an infirm foot by the simple expedient of removing the nerve, and does no harm — until the nerved parts rot and the unfortunate animal throws his foot completely off, perhaps in the midst of a race.

IV

Strangely enough, the one offense which racegoers and racing-officials are least willing publicly to accept, and which trainers most vigorously deny, is one of the most common and, to some limits, the most defensible.

I refer to the use of stimulants.

The question is a broad one, as broad as that which ranges from the morning cup of coffee to the opium habit. There was, for instance, that great English cup horse that had a notable racing-career extending over several years, but always required his ale and porter before giving the best that was in him. The Prohibitionists may say that he would have raced with even greater success without it, but I doubt it.

But what becomes of the horse when he is dosed, as a reckless trainer once confided about a horse of his, 'with enough nitroglycerin to blow up the grandstand'? What has become of the respect for horses when trainers debate over the merits of the respective drugs they use? And where is the noble sport of racing when the race itself becomes, not an issue between the blood of St. Simon and the blood of Lexington, not even a test of riding-skill between a Sande and a Maiben, but a Drug Store Derby between Heroin and Cocaine?

On the effectiveness of drugs in defeating form I take leave to quote the Honorable George Lambton, fifth son of the Earl of Durham. In thirty-two years as trainer for the House of Stanley (Lord Derby) he has won every great race on the English calendar, crowning his career last year when Sansovino won the Derby, an achievement for which the Earls of Derby had been striving for a hundred and forty years in vain.

In his *Men and Horses I Have Known* Mr. Lambton writes of a mare he bought at Newmarket in 1896, after she had beaten one of his own horses that he fancied.

'She was pouring with sweat, looked very bad, and I thought that I could improve her. That evening, when I went to my stable, my head man remarked that the mare I had bought was a wild brute and had been running around in her box like a mad thing ever since she came home. This was the first doped horse I ever saw, although at the time I was quite unaware what was the matter. I gave the mare a long rest, and got her quiet and looking well, but she was no good. Charlie Cunningham bought her for jumping, but could do no good with her. He afterward put her in the stud, where she produced a dead foal.

'But in 1896 doping was in its infancy, and it was not until 1900 that it began to be a serious menace to horse-racing. Even then, although there were mysterious hints of its wonderful effects, few people knew much about it, or really believed it. After 1900 this horrible practice increased rapidly, and by 1903 it had become a scandal. I myself was still skeptical that any dope would make a bad horse into a good one. But very strange things occurred, and one constantly saw horses who were notorious rogues running and winning as if they were possessed of the Devil, with eyes starting out of their heads and the sweat pouring off them.

'Three veterinary surgeons then told me that the practice was increasing very much, that it would be the ruin of horse-breeding and ought to be stopped. Then there occurred a case when a horse, after winning a race, dashed madly into a stone wall and killed itself. I then thought it was about time something was done, and told one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club what my three friends had said. He was skeptical as I had been, and declared he did not believe there was anything in it. At that time I had in my stable some of the biggest rogues in training, and I told the Stewards I intended to dope these horses. They could see for themselves what the result was.

'The first horse I doped was a chestnut gelding called Folkestone. This

horse had refused to do anything in a trial or a race. He was always last and would come in neighing. I first of all doped him in a trial. He fairly astonished me, for he jumped off in front and won in a canter. I sent him to Pontefract, where he beat a field of fourteen very easily, and nearly went round the course a second time before his jockey could pull him up. He won a race again the next day, was sold, and never won again. I had told my brother, Lord Durham, who was not a Steward of the Jockey Club at the time, what I was doing. So much did he dislike this doping that he was inclined to object to my having anything to do with it. But when I explained that my object was to open the eyes of the Stewards, he withdrew his objection, but begged me not to have a shilling on any horse with a dope in him. To this I agreed.

'I obtained six dopes from a well-known veterinary surgeon. They were not injected with a needle, but just given out of a bottle. Their effect was astonishing. I used five of them, and had four winners and a second. Not one of these horses had shown any form throughout the year. One of them, Ruy Lopez, who had previously entirely defeated the efforts of the best jockeys in England, won the Lincoln Autumn Handicap with a stable boy up, racing like the most honest horse in the world. At the end of the Liverpool meeting I had one dope left. I had made no secret of what I was doing, and Lord Charles Montagu asked me to give him one of these dopes for a horse called Cheers, so I gave him my last one. Cheers had run badly all year. The following week he beat a big field for the Markeaton Plate with the dope in him, including a horse of my own, Adrea Ferrara, which I very much fancied.

'By the following year, doping was made a criminal offense. Some people think there is a great deal going on now. I don't believe it: the penalty is too severe, although it is possible there are trainers who will take the risk.'

The thought comes that perhaps opposition to horse-racing, and the laws occasionally enacted through the efforts of that opposition, may be partly responsible for the reprehensible ways of so many who are engaged in it.

Our turf-governing bodies are so enmeshed in the political alliances necessary to them if they are to avoid obstruction in the courts and legislatures that discipline and regulation are often impossible. Offenses, rather than being thoroughly aired and denounced by public punishment, are too often hushed up in the fear that they will furnish food for the reformers. Star Chamber inquiries bring forth mysterious verdicts, and by rumor the offense becomes worse than it actually was. Thus the vicious circle.

V

Racing in America has had its splendid days. The overworked young-and-growing-country apology with which we still explain away so many of our national *gaucheries* is nowhere cheaper than when used to justify our racing when it is not what it ought to be. Our turf has too many fine traditions for that. They reach back to the time, even before we were a nation, when the man who was to become the country's symbol of integrity, and its first President, participated in racing and served as steward at numerous race-meetings.

All the world knows how England's Lord Rosebery placed the winning of the Derby on a parity with the winning of the Premiership; but in Maryland they will tell you rather of their own Governor Bowie of the seventies, and how he forgot his politics when Crickmore ran for the Dixie Handicap.

The Governor mated his mare Katie with the noted stallion Eclipse and confidently predicted a great racehorse as the fruit of the union, because 'Katie wanted me to have a good hoss so bad she broke three wagon-tongues and five sets of harness when I tried to make a work mare of her.' Katie's yearling was turned out in the Governor's hundred-acre cornfield, and neighbors remonstrated with him for 'wasting a thousand barrels of the finest corn in Maryland,' but the Governor replied that he hoped to raise a colt worth more than all the corn in Prince George's County. And he did, for when Catesby, Katie's son, won the Saratoga Stakes the Governor refused ten thousand dollars for him.

But that is only half the story. Eight years later we find Catesby's son, Crickmore, carrying Governor Bowie's colors in the Dixie Handicap. It is Maryland's greatest race, inaugurated in 1870 at the opening of old Pimlico with the Governor as president of the racing association. Crickmore wins, and all Maryland toasts a Maryland-bred son of a Maryland-bred sire who 'has shown the New York gentlemen that we can breed a race horse once in a while.' And when a henchman comes up with a message about the state election, the Governor cries: —

'Oh, the Democrats will sweep the state; Pinckney White 'll win. But confound your politics! A man who has won the Dixie Stakes with a colt of his own breeding does n't think of anything else.'

State rivalry found its warmest expression, and sportsmanship reached its highest level, on the race courses of that period. In Washington diplomacy shared attention with the thoroughbred, and high Government officials accepted it as an honor when called upon to serve in the stand at the nearby Benning course.

It was at Benning in the eighties that three United States Senators — Hearst of California, Wolcott of Colorado, and Wetmore of Rhode Island — were Stewards for the afternoon when the Clerk of the Course reported that a gentleman from Virginia, who was to take part in a special race for amateurs, was not in good condition to ride.

'Tell him to mount,' directed Senator Hearst. 'No gentleman from Virginia ever got in a condition where he could not ride a horse.'

From the Virginia valleys came powerful Eole, who bowed to Governor Bowie's Crickmore in the famous Dixie Stakes, and later to the great Hindoo in the Coney Island Cup. Strangely enough, both Hindoo and Eole, like Governor Bowie's cornfield prodigy, were sired by horses (Virgil and Eolus) that had been reclaimed to strengthen the thoroughbred family after having been consigned to inglorious ends as buggy horses. The strict disciple of the Stud Book may deplore such things, just as the strict disciple of the Book of Etiquette doubtless deplored Messrs. Phil and Mike Dwyer, of Brooklyn and vivid memory, who owned Hindoo. But note their rugged sportsmanship, as set down by W. S. Vosburgh in his *Racing in America*, wherein he recounts the amusing controversy between the two Dwyers and Frederick Gebhard, owner of Eole, following Hindoo's victory: —

'Mr. Gebhard was terribly disappointed, as he thought his horse unbeatable. Social feelings entered into the controversy. Mr. Gebhard was aspiring, while the Dwyers prided themselves on being no better than their neighbors. "If you will come to the Union Club, I will match Eole against Hindoo for five thousand dollars a side to run the race over," said Mr. Gebhard. "If you will come over

to our *butcher shop*, we will match Hindoo for *ten thousand* a side to run the race over," replied Mr. Dwyer.'

Nor is all sportsmanship on our race courses ancient history. We need not go to the dim past to find the courtly Captain Cassatt climbing into the Stewards' stand at Belmont Park, immediately after a race won by his most beloved filly, Flying Fairy, demanding that she be disqualified for bumping another horse on the stretch turn — and roundly abusing the officials when they permitted the result to stand and tendered him the purse! It was only the year before last that Admiral Grayson won the admiration of every racing-enthusiast when he sent his colt, My Own, to Belmont Park in the belief that he was to race against the English Derby winner, Papyrus, and took the verdict without a whimper when he learned that it was not to be.

Dr. Grayson had been the chief sufferer in the hopeless mess that had been made of the eliminations to select the American color-bearer for the international match, and had taken his colt into retirement in Maryland, smarting from the snubs of the Jockey Club. Then the emergency came. Zev, the selection of the committee to represent America, had 'gone wrong.' There was not another three-year-old available that was considered in the same class with Papyrus. Dr. Grayson immediately ordered My Own out of his stall and put him through a long hard workout over a heavy track, with full knowledge that such hurried conditioning might mean the end of his racing-days; a special train was sent, and the next morning the colt was at Belmont Park, luckily fit and ready to run. But in the meantime Zev had undergone a miraculous cure, and a fresh decision to place America's hopes in his care after all was unhappily not accompanied by notification to Dr. Grayson, who learned from a newspaper, en route to the track for the race, that his colt was not to run in the most talked-of turf-event the country had ever known.

Some time later the Jockey Club voted Admiral Grayson a very fine silver cup in testimony of his sportsmanship. Being a sportsman, he doubtless accepted it without untoward comment. At any rate his affection for horses and his ambition to breed a great one had not been touched, and last October he had the pleasure of seeing Sarazen, a son of his own horse, High Time, crowned king of American thoroughbreds with a victory over the best horse France has bred in a generation.

And so we find, in any year, some traditions worthy of the old ones, some examples of what racing might be if men were as fine as the horses they race. It is only that they come less often, it seems, in times when the horse must struggle against a public opinion that would restrict his activities to more commercial pursuits.

Certainly the nobility of the race horse is more truly upheld in England, for instance, where racing is strongly entrenched and strongly governed under the patronage of the King himself, than over here, where the sport ekes out an existence under a kind of temporary and semilegal license.

The Englishman takes his racing straight. Pope may sing how 'Newmarket's glory rose but England's fell,' and John Bright may oppose the Queen's Plates and express his complete pain and disgust when the House adjourns for the Derby, but Sheffield men still walk eighteen miles to Doncaster and eighteen back again, feeling well rewarded if they bring home a handkerchief that has wiped the sweat from the St. Leger winner. They like to tell how Queen Anne — who, as

Dean Swift wrote to Stella, 'drives furiously like a Jehu and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod' — was much put out when her Pepper and Mustard both failed to win back the gold cup she had given to be run for, but died peacefully when her Star was successful, in four four-mile heats, on the afternoon before her passing. They are proud who were at Epsom to pat King Edward on the back when he led his victorious Minoru through the Derby throng, and saw him smile later inside his cordon of police when a wag shouted, 'Never mind, Teddie, we 'll come and bail you out.'

They approve Bismarck's remark to Disraeli, 'You will never have a revolution in England so long as you keep your racing,' and they are sure that the splendid groan to which Disraeli confessed in his memorable 'blue ribbon of the turf' passage was evoked not so much by news of the defeat of his cherished West Indian motion as by the Derby victory of his still more cherished Surplice in the colors of another.

Small wonder that political writers seriously considered a Tory restoration, with Lord Derby as the new premier, when that die-hard leader won the Derby last summer!

Such support for racing affords the governing bodies of racing the background for stern discipline. That stern discipline, perhaps, is the cure our turf needs for most of its ills.

PROCRUSTES REDIVIVUS

BY MORGAN BARNES

If the observation of Socrates to the effect that the unexamined life is not worth living is applicable to modern school and college, the philosopher would surely hold high the educational life of to-day. From kindergarten to university the course is covered with catechetical hurdles. In spite of the perils of plausible analogy it is perhaps not too much to say that teachers have become so occupied with halting the procession periodically to measure the distance traversed that destination and the interest of the march are all but excluded from consideration. Examinations, evaluations, reaction-records, intelligence quotients, mental-age norms, percentiles, and all the shibboleths of modern devices for determining the indeterminable have come to command what seems a disproportionate degree of consideration in our pedagogical procedure.

One must not, be it said at the outset, minimize the distinguished and invaluable service that serious students of child psychology are rendering to the race, or undervalue the immense contribution they are making to the better understanding and more effective operation of that blundering business, the educational process. The explorers of this too little known field deserve grateful recognition, and their findings should be recognized and respected. The reverse is too frequently the case. Persons of little intellectual seriousness, whose mental finger-tips have

never even touched the heavy tasks that constitute the real concern of the thinking teacher, are apt to laugh lightly at his painstaking toil and belittle his painfully reached conclusions, dismissing them with the ready gossip of depreciation. Such is not intentionally the temper of this paper. Its purpose is to raise the question whether the tendencies to weigh and measure what must forever remain an imponderable, immeasurable, inscrutable essence — the human mind — are not in our day being carried to extremes, and whether too great importance is not being attached to the appraisal, in cold fractional figures, of the activities, achievements, and possibilities of the human spirit, an appraisal on which not infrequently depends an individual destiny.

Before me lies a recent pamphlet dealing with 'Intelligence Quotient Values.' Much painstaking research has been devoted to its preparation, and it is held in high esteem by those who are *du métier*. The publisher's note says: —

'. . . These tables have a valuable use wherever intelligence quotients are to be derived from intelligence tests. By their aid intelligence quotients can be determined from scores on any test for which mental norms have been established, without translation of mental and chronological ages into months, and without the labor and inaccuracy involved by arithmetical operation. . . . Standard mental-age scores are given, and if these scores are inserted in the corresponding mental-age columns, intelligence quotients can then be read directly without translating the test scores into mental ages.'

This process, if it could be operated in the case of weekly school-ratings, would amazingly simplify the task to which I have known a detail of two teachers to devote an hour's work weekly with a comptometer, that of adding and averaging grades of pupils in order to award equitably certain prerogatives and privileges that accompany or flow from various resultant percentages. The table of cerebral logarithms, this convenient graduated noöscope, would certainly have been labor-saving, but one may be permitted to wonder, in the case of both operations, what the intelligible result of all this number-juggling is. The figures are imposing but unconvincing. It may be magnificent, but is it either science or sense? Will any kind or amount of arithmetical treatment render equitable and accurate appraisals that must in their nature be inexact and conjectural?

But the new appeal from mind-measurer drunk to mind-measurer sober will preclude 'the labor and inaccuracy involved by arithmetical operation.' Might it not reasonably be accepted that anything so volatile, so fluid, so unevenly functioning, so freakish and fugacious as the activities of the human mind is as impossible of arithmetical audit as are emotional potentialities and emotional reactions? Can you measure patriotism in pints, integrity in inches, religion with a thermometer? Is not the fine faith that we pin to the findings of the professional mind-measurer often more credulous than intelligent?

In elementary education modern practice is rapidly shearing the written examination of its fateful finality, but the secondary schools — schools from which as a rule the pupils go to college — are still in its inexorable grip. The fetish of figures has fascinated us, and regardless of the fact of 'uncontrolled variables' we are committed to the dogma of academic salvation by statistics. That there is real educational value in written tests as training in the marshaling and application of resources (perhaps the real end of all

educational effort), as goals of endeavor, to a limited degree, or as deterrents from dawdling, none will deny. That they afford absolute and final criteria of either capacity, achievement, or promise, some are not quite ready to agree. And surely some may be pardoned for thinking that those expert assessors who profess to appraise spiritual values in hundredths pay thereby rather startling homage to their own acumen.

Perhaps nowhere in the whole field of American education does this general acceptance of these fundamentally fallible statistical data disclose itself so strikingly as in the practice that admits our youth to the opportunities and privileges of college or excludes it from them — at least in theory — upon a more or less artificial assessment, in figures, based on a single written test of achievement in each of a number of specified subjects. These tests admittedly concern themselves solely with attempting to determine the amount of the candidate's acquired information, leaving unregarded the more pertinent and significant elements of the emotions, the will, and the indefinable and classification-defying constituents that go to make up what we call character. The question has come to be, not whether the candidate is adequately endowed and equipped to enter with interest and profit upon the opportunities of college life, but whether he has received a factitious rating of 60 or more in a sufficient number of prescribed subjects.

An effectively organized and powerful institution now directs and controls the admission processes of practically all our colleges. To drill and regiment youth to meet its exactions is now the ministry of the preparatory-school teacher. The standardization that it enjoins levels the purpose of study. It dictates and defines subject and treatment. It controls and colors policy and practice. It prescribes selection, proportion, and emphasis. It has come, justly or not, to be almost the absolute dictator of the teacher's future professionally. No matter how valuable inspirationally the latter's instruction and personal influence may otherwise be, no matter whether his work 'broad and deep continueth,' if he fails to 'get results in the College Boards' he has slight chance of continued service and none of advancement. All this may be for good or ill, but it is certainly the case.

The schools cannot properly be blamed for this situation. They have no choice. So long as our colleges insist on these examinations as the exclusive conditions of admission, so long will our schools be mainly more or less pleasantly environed tutoring schools or cramming seminaries for the examinations that overloom and dominate all present educational effort. The question raised by protestants against the tyranny of tests, whether preparation for these annual ordeals is not excluding the aims and interests of real education, is a fair one. To assume to determine by a single written test a boy's or a girl's ability and fitness to continue profitably the collegiate study of a certain subject seems almost as reasonable as to decide on a boy's fitness for a baseball team on the basis of his success in a single fielding-chance or on the outcome of one attempt to hit.

The varying character of the examination-matter and the uncertain and uneven ratings that inevitably obtain in history, English, and modern languages, indeed in all subjects except the 'exact sciences,' emphasize the unfairness of accepting such ratings as final and fateful dicta. Every teacher, moreover, knows that some pupils are temperamentally at a disadvantage in taking the tests. On one girl whom I

know, a girl of excellent ability and promise, the immediate prospect of the examination has a hysterical effect. Many candidates in my own experience and under my observation grow almost mentally numb at sight of a test paper. Few face the dreaded ordeal with equanimity. The importance we attach to the numerical evaluation of a test so taken is undue.

The examination papers themselves, though prepared with most commendable care, not infrequently lay themselves open to serious and not always unjustified criticism. In mathematics both problems and ratings approximate equity. It will readily be seen that, given a working knowledge of fundamental operations, when once a pupil has mastered a type of problem he is likely to have little trouble with similar problems, the 'passing' of a test is highly probable, and the highest rating, 100, not infrequent. In modern languages, on the other hand, the passage assigned for translation may consist of subject-matter the vocabulary of which is outside of the pupil's acquirement, and he is apt to fail. And, speaking of the modern-language papers, I have often wondered why a bit of delicate, unsubstantial, imaginative, *insaisissable* French verse, for instance, should be subjected to the indignity of attempted transmutation into barbarous Franco-English schoolboy jargon, for I have never seen any other kind of examination-paper 'translation' of poetry.

It certainly needs a 'Heaven-sent moment' and a poetic skill beyond what might reasonably be expected of 'Candidates who offer French Cp. 4' to do much in English with these verses from a recent paper: —

Ainsi, quand la fleur printanière
Dans les bois va s'épanouir,
Au premier souffle du zéphyr
Elle sourit avec mystère;

Et sa tige fraîche et légère,
Sentant son calice s'ouvrir,
Jusque dans le sein de la terre
Frémit de joie et de désir.

Ainsi quand ma douce Marie
Entr'ouvre sa lèvre chérie,
Et lève en chantant ses yeux bleus,

Dans l'harmonie et la lumière
Son âme semble tout entière
Monter en tremblant vers les cieux.

What requirements would a 100 rating have to fulfill? And what version shall be rated 61 and pass, or 59 and fail?

Here is a group of 'required' questions in the United States History examination last June which have been the object of much criticism in that they violate the generally recognized pedagogical principle of avoiding *suggestio falsi:* —

Rewrite correctly any of the following statements that are false: —

(*a*) Texas was admitted to the Union in 1850.
(*b*) The Fourteenth Amendment granted suffrage to the Negro.
(*c*) In 1846 the United States acquired Oregon up to the parallel of 54° 40′.
(*d*) The western boundary of the Louisiana Purchase was fixed in 1819.
(*e*) President Johnson was impeached in 1868.
(*f*) The Platt Amendment provided for the government of Porto Rico.
(*g*) Military districts were established in the South by the Civil Rights Act.
(*h*) The Maine boundary dispute was settled in 1842 by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.
(*i*) Daniel Webster supported the Compromise of 1850.
(*j*) Stonewall Jackson was killed at Shiloh in 1862.

No simple task, that of estimating the 'percentage of error' in the rewritten assertions, yet the Readers accom-

plished it. Reports show that out of 3374 candidates 1721 passed with ratings above 60. One boy of my acquaintance, who happened to have read a biographical sketch of John Hay the night before the examination, covered himself with glory and made his academic salvation sure by his brilliant 'killing' of another required question in the same paper: 'Give an account of the public services of either John Jay or John Hay.'

In a recent English paper the first 'clause' to be classified limited a verbal noun. According to classroom definition and rule it must be 'adjectival,' yet in actuality it was clearly 'adverbial.' It is only fair to state that the Readers decided after conference to penalize neither classification.

As to ratings, in spite of varying results due to the different personalities and different reactions of Readers, the penalties imposed are absolutely fair in intention and actually as equitable as the appraisal of disability can in its nature be. The general objection of overmeticulousness might be urged, though the degree of this is necessarily a matter of opinion. In my own case, a few years ago, three points were deducted in rating a Latin paper because a defensible answer failed to accord with the one agreed upon by the Readers after discussion. I suffered disability also because a rather carefully made English translation of a passage of Spanish prose contained 'repetitions which were not synonymous'; because I failed to add 'in past time' to the word 'imperfect' in explaining a tense in the name of which 'past time' is implicit; because of 'vagueness' in the given meanings of certain Latin root-forms; for omitting some superfluous details in accounting for case-constructions; and for 'infelicitous phrasing' in Latin prose.

To pick these flaws in a mechanism that must command admiration for effective performance even though the validity of its purpose be questioned is a rather reprehensible business. One cannot read the minutely detailed and exhaustive Report of the Secretary and be unimpressed by the painstakingly compiled array of bewildering statistics that attest the seriousness with which the Examiners and Readers approach and execute their thankless task. The College Entrance Examination Board accomplishes the impossible as nearly as this can be done, and the unfavorable criticism that seems so unappreciative and ungracious is directed not so much against the activities of the Board as against its claims and the blind acceptance of its decrees by college admission officers and committees. This criticism is spreading and is not always petulant and unintelligent. A nationally known writer on educational subjects, a teacher whose interest in educational progress is keen and constant, recently declared to me that he would rather have his own boy forgo the advantages of college life than have him subjected to the blighting influence of deliberate and exclusive preparation for the present system of entrance examinations.

Personal experience *in loco* candidate leads to the conclusion that the results of these tests are misleading and inconclusive in that they present only a partial and one-sided estimate, and that a very fallible one, of a youth's equipment for college opportunity — the estimate, namely, of his mental acquirement. The emotional and volitive elements, considerations perhaps more pertinent and essential, are left out of account.

Aside from considerations of inadequacy and inequity, the emphasizing as final of what should be incidental, and the constant stress upon the utilization of acquired facts for immediate ends,

are reducing learning to the level of the pseudoeducation of the crossword puzzle; and knowledge, like the isolated and unrelated word, is sought not for its own sake, or for its bearing upon mental and spiritual development, but merely to fill for the moment an arbitrarily created gap in a more or less artificial scheme.

But shall we abolish admission examinations and open the college gates to the ill-equipped, the incompetent, and the indifferent? Not at all. The alternative to present practice is not indiscriminate admission or even admission solely upon certification. The solution would seem to be a combination of written test and certification. It is reasonable to assume that the teacher is better acquainted with the capacity and character of his pupil than is a total stranger who inspects a single written paper and renders final judgment thereon. Let the college, therefore, permit unfavorable rating in a limited number of the Entrance Examination Board's subjects, or even in intelligence-tests, to be supplemented, modified, or offset by first-hand favorable information from the candidate's teacher regarding his general ability and the probability of his profiting by college opportunity. May not freshman year be a fairer testing-field than school, and is it not more desirable that a few students be 'dropped' because of unfitness than that several should be by doubtful process debarred from college privilege?

Certainly the schools must somehow be emancipated from the tyranny of these tests and rescued from the Procrustean practice that now undeviatingly regiments and standardizes the antecollege intellectual training of youth. Until rescue and liberation come, the teacher must renounce opportunity to lead his pupils by the living waters and continue wearily to thresh his yearly dole of grammatical and textual straw, 'for they 're sure to ask you this in the College Board.' Instead of awakening an absorbing and transforming interest in the language, literature, history, art, and folklore of a contemporary or past civilization in another land, he will go on drilling subfreshmen in exceptions to grammatical rules, 'for they always give you something on this,' and showing them how to transcribe sounds into written characters so that an examiner may be enabled to evaluate their pronunciation! Let us hope that sometime a teacher may have time to teach.

Faith in figures as measures of the undimensioned is slow to be renounced, and the fiction of the examination's vital and final significance is inveterate. But may there not be educational as well as theological One-Hoss Shays?

THE VICTOR — WHO?

BY FRANCES LEFEVRE

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Lutz deftly lifted the stove-lids and balanced them with her usual care on one corner of the kitchen range, she did not at once, as was her wont, bend to lift the scuttle of coal, but stood and stared at the bed of fire. Behind her the nickel-plated kerosene lamp, shaded so as to concentrate its full light in a small circle on the red table-cover, left the greater part of the room in darkness, thus mercifully subduing to neutral shades the inharmonious color combinations scattered over the walls and furnishings of the kitchen.

Mrs. Lutz, a member of the Mennonite Church, in good standing, had long ago learned to suppress both in her dress and in her home that love of vivid color which is a Pennsylvania Dutch woman's birthright; but she had never quite succeeded in having her kitchen 'plain.' Every hue and shade, tint and tone, namable could be found in the ugly wall-paper; the calendars tacked here and there, testifying to the poor taste of local merchants; the 'tidies' tied securely to the backs of rockers; the brightly painted flower-pots in the uncurtained window; and the scalloped-edged paper that trimmed the shelves in the old-fashioned corner cupboard. But the lamp was merciful and shadowed all of this; the red glow of the open stove alone caught here and there a vivid color on the wall and, striking upward, illuminated and made rosy the large countenance of Mrs. Lutz. It accentuated the puzzled frown that was so at variance with the calm resignation suggested by her dress, the plain dark gown and snowy white cap of the Mennonite faith. For a few minutes she stood thus, slightly irritated; then sighed resignedly.

'Ach, vell, it takes all kinds of people for to make a vorld yet, and mebbe, Mary Lutz, you ain't the dumbest person I know anyhow oncet.'

Freed of this, Mrs. Lutz shut out from the room the glowing light by covering the bed of fire with coals, noiselessly put the stove-lids in place, and turned to face the rear door as it opened to admit a young man. A fifty-pound lard-can filled with water, which he carried with difficulty, he at once placed upon the stove and turned to face Mrs. Lutz with a smile on his pleasant boyish face; but he met no smile in return. With her hands on her ample hips Mrs. Lutz raised her protest with the threatening intonation of our fireside prophetesses.

'Now, Art, mind vot I tell you. You vill catch colt.'

'Oh, I don't suppose so. I've taken a bath in winter all my life.'

'Ach, no! Not sich vetter?'

'Sure thing. Many a time.'

'But ain't you got sick already yet?'

'No. Never. Bathing's good for a fellow, you know.'

'I can't see for vot you vant to vash every veek yet. Don't vashin' all over make you turribly itchy? It alvays does me.'

'I've never noticed that it does.'

It was impossible not to smile broadly now, and before his good nature Mrs. Lutz relented. Moreover, Arthur Leigh was her boarder and the village schoolteacher, a combination no true Pennsylvania Dutch woman would ever be irreverent enough to oppose for any length of time, no matter how firmly convinced that he was in the wrong.

'Vell, now, mebbe you're right.' She smiled approvingly across the stove at his sturdy figure. 'You don't look as if anythin' might be ailin' you; but I vould n't like to take a chancet the vay you do. Mebbe the good Lord's only bein' merciful to you in your dumbness.'

'There are times when I sure hope He'll be merciful to me for some reason or other.'

'Yes, ain't? I feel so too sometimes.'

Here Mrs. Lutz relaxed her two hundred pounds into the tidy-backed rocker and resumed her knitting, which Leigh's announcement to bathe had interrupted a few minutes before. In spite of her apparent acquiescence, the old lady was not fully convinced of Leigh's safety; but respect for her boarder's 'booklearnin'' made her cease her protestations against bathing. A fear that perhaps she had gone further than good manners allowed made her uneasy. From time to time she cast rapid glances over her silver-rimmed spectacles at Leigh, who had resumed his reading at the table. Her uneasiness growing greater, she finally attempted to make amends, in that caressing, kindly tone of voice so fundamentally characteristic of her kind that education and training never entirely eradicate it.

'Ach, now! Mebbe I ain't been polite enough. I ain't mannered, I know; but I don't vant to hurt your feelin's for nothin' yet. Sometimes now I vish I'd 'a' let pop built a bathroom in the house oncet, but I vas n't goin' to let on I vas dirty, yust to be stylish, and have all the neighbors talkin' about my bein' tony yet. Pop vas for it, right or wrong; the Lutzes never vas no savers; but I put my foot down after I seen cousin Maria's in Lancaster yet. Yust one great big vite dish here — another great big vite dish there — vite dishes — all — every place. "Pop," I said oncet, "I ain't vashin' in no vite dish and neither is my man. Dishes is for eatin' off; not for vashin' in." Pop vas awful much upset at first; but he give in ven he knew my foot vas down oncet. Vell, I did n't know then I'd be takin' the teacher to board yet, and you'd be so much for vashin'. I don't hold for this much vashin' myself. Still now I vish we had a bathroom. It would be kinda nicet for you, ain't?'

The rising inflection of the last word notified Leigh that it was again time for him to nod and smile, a reaction that scarcely disturbed his line of thought and one that was almost involuntary on hearing that caressing, questioning 'ain't.' He had laid aside his book and sat regarding the garrulous old lady.

How unique she was! What a picture Rembrandt would have made of her! Her gray gown and white cap in the one spot of light, melting into the shadowed background, were a proper setting for her face with its low broad forehead and gray hair parted over it; her large cheeks, ruddy and wholesome as winter apples; her mouth, in spite of her sixty years, still straight and firm. Leigh's eye followed the strong line of her lips and the stubborn curve of her chin; then he smiled, for here was the physical expression of that stubborn will which no one, saving himself, had successfully crossed during the six weeks he had been her boarder, and which was to his youthful masculinity an irritating challenge. He had succeeded in getting his bath; but her opposition had grown with every performance. Leigh had often tried to estimate just how many

weeks it would take for her to subdue him to their bathless state unless he asserted himself firmly, once and for all. He felt sure that by the end of the school term she would have him as thoroughly under her power as she had her husband, a small apologetic ineffectual man whom Leigh had longed to aid on more than one occasion.

'It is a bit unfortunate you don't have a bath,' Leigh admitted after a few moments of silence.

'Me? A bath! Mebbe you think I ain't clean? I'm yust as clean as you are. I vash oncet — twicet — or maybe three times a year. I ain't dirty. I ain't —'

'I beg your pardon. You misunderstood me. I only meant to say that if you had a bathroom I should not need to occasion this trouble every Saturday night.'

'Ach, the bother ain't nothin'. I vas only tryin' to keep you from hurtin' yourself.'

After a slight pause she uttered the remark that Leigh had heard every Saturday night since his arrival.

'I vonder vot's keepin' pop so late at the store yet. I yust vonder vot he got for the eggs.'

The old lady rose and peered through the uncurtained window into the poorly lighted village street.

'Ach, if Mrs. Hess ain't settin' at her vindow again, vatchin' her neighbors, so she'll have something to schnoffle about in church to-morrow. She ain't even smart enough to make the light out, so ve can't see her.'

'Oh, hang Mrs. Hess! I would n't let her worry me the way she does you.'

'Now, Art, you should n't talk that there vay. It ain't nicet, and it ain't for your own good.'

Moving from the window to the stove, she tested with the tips of her fingers the temperature of the water heating with a low monotonous singing.

'My! The water's heatin' nicet.'

Leigh awoke to realities. 'Where'll I get a tub, Mrs. Lutz?'

'You stay settin'. I'll get you one.'

'No. I'll get it.'

'No, you von't. I'll have no man dopplin' about in my cellar, gettin' it all mixed up oncet.' She settled the matter without delay by hurrying out of the room.

II

Scarcely had Mrs. Lutz left when the rear door opened quietly and a man slipped into the room, looking strangely small in his broad-brimmed hat. The man did not advance into the room, but, having closed the door behind him, stood hesitating, as if uncertain whether he intended to stay or not.

'Vhere's mom?' he asked in a low worried tone.

'She's just now gone into the cellar to get me a tub. She's been wondering about you and the price of eggs.'

As if encouraged by the friendliness of Leigh's voice, Mr. Lutz came to the table, placed his basket upon it, and began to remove his thick woolen gloves, regarding Leigh questioningly all the while. After a pause came a nervous confession.

'Art, I done somethin' this evenin' oncet, mebbe I'll vish yet I'd done somethin' else first.'

Leigh looked up in surprise; he was not accustomed to being the confidant of his landlord.

'Mebbe you stopped by Vinklebach's store to-day and seen those new smoke-pipes he has for sale?'

Leigh nodded.

'Vell, here's one.' Shamefacedly Mr. Lutz brought from his coat-pocket a new pipe and held it out for Leigh's inspection.

'But I thought Mrs. Lutz does n't let you smoke!' Leigh exclaimed.

'Ye-e-s, I know; but I vas thinkin'

you vant to smoke, *I* vant to smoke. Ain't that two against one? Ain't this my house, and don't you pay board?'

Mr. Lutz was becoming unusually emphatic; the sound of his own voice seemed to give him courage.

'That's all true; but do you suppose Mrs. Lutz will see things that way?'

'Ven I thought of vot mom vill say, I almost oncet did n't buy it,' Lutz confessed.

'I don't see why you should n't smoke if you want to. Great Scott! You ought to be old enough to be your own boss.'

'Yes, and I am goin' to be my own boss. I'm goin' to have my own vay this time. It ain't good for no vife to be alvays havin' her own vay and bossin' her man. It ain't right.'

'Vot's that you say, Abe, about bossin' a man?' Mrs. Lutz demanded from the doorway where she stood, a large wooden tub gripped firmly against her bosom. At her appearance and threatening tones all courage departed from Mr. Lutz as completely as gas from a punctured toy-balloon.

'Art and I vas yust talkin',' Lutz explained, and hurried at once behind the stove, where he removed his outer coat and hung it on the wall.

'Yust talkin'! If that ain't all some people seem good for! There's your tub, Art.'

She placed it on the floor before the stove and then stood surveying it reflectively.

'Ach, my! I never thought I'd be livin' to see the day ven my vashtubs vould be bathtubs. I yust vonder how Mrs. Hess vould talk if she knew of your carryin' on, Art.'

'Great Scott! Mrs. Hess again! I believe you are afraid of her. I'd see her further before I'd let her worry me the way she does you.'

'Now, Art, you should n't talk that there vay,' Mrs. Lutz protested. 'It ain't nicet and it ain't for your own good. It don't do to let them get something to talk about you here, if you vant to stay at your school.'

'Yes, you have to be careful vot you say or the school board vill learn you oncet like it did Lem Hentzel, he vot taught before you,' broke in Mr. Lutz, glad to keep the subject of conversation away from himself as long as possible. 'Lem vas mighty tony and stuck up; he came from a mile below Lancaster, and vent one term to Millersville Normal, so he thought he vas smarter than ve, and vas alvays makin' fun at us. The school board did n't like his tony airs, but they could n't get no hold on him till Sally Lane come home from Philadelphy with her hair short, ven Lem said right out he believed it did n't make no difference to God if a voman's hair vas long or short; so the school board told Lem they vas n't goin' to have a teacher vot denied the Scriptures like that, and Lem got his valkin'-papers. But then I guess you can take care of yourself.'

'No, it's doin' Art good. He alvays can't stand the vay I take on about Mrs. Hess. He must learn how it pays to be careful yet. Pop, you mind Fanny Shenk — a little, sort of peaked girl that came down from Readin' to teach one term? Everything vas goin' nicet and ve all thought the teacher vas a good one until after she vent for supper one night at Dan Hostetter's; he's president of the school board and awful close. There she ate only the insides of the pie and not the crust, and Dan said any voman that'd vaste a piece of pie like that vas too sloppy to learn his children or any other children. So you see, Art, it ain't yust anybody can teach at Maple Grove and you best be careful of sich a place ven you have it.'

At this point Mrs. Lutz became conscious of her husband, who had not yet removed his hat.

'Pop, ain't you learned any manners yet?' she asked, as with a movement deft and quick she removed his hat and placed it on the table. 'Vot did you get for the eggs?' she demanded as she remembered the all-important Saturday evening occurrence.

Slowly and reluctantly, as if he felt the shadow of his doom upon him, Lutz drew his purse from his pocket, opened it, and began counting.

'Ten dozen eggs at twenty-five cents a dozen is two dollars and fifty cents, and sixty-three off —'

'Pop, ain't you right any more? Mrs. Hess got forty-five this morning yust.'

But Lutz persisted.

'I can't help for vot Mrs. Hess gets. Twenty-five cents is all I got for a dozen, and that's two dollars and fifty cents, and I paid sixty-three cents for groceries, and there's all I got left.'

Lutz placed the money on the table and turned to warm his hands above the stove, without looking at his wife, who eyed him carefully.

'They said eggs were getting cheaper and I guess the price has come down a good deal to-day,' Leigh asserted, trying to defend the little man and avert what he knew would come; but Mrs. Lutz did not turn to him; she still eyed closely her husband, who fidgeted about the stove.

'I dare say he's right,' Leigh again interposed, rather to break the silence than to impress his landlady.

'Right? There ain't nothin' right about it. That new storekeeper could cheat you out of your eyeteeth, Abe Lutz. I'm goin' up to the store right avay oncet. I'll see if they can cheat me. You're a great man, you are, Abe Lutz!'

'It ain't no use, mom.' In his nervous eagerness Lutz advanced into the light. 'Eggs are yust twenty-five cents a dozen. If you go up you'll only make talk for the town. Eggs were comin' down fast to-day.' But his apparent eagerness betrayed him.

'Now, pop, you yust up and tell vot you are hidin' from me. You spent something again unnecessary.'

'No, I did n't. Did I, Art?'

'Now, Art, you've been helpin' him in his dumbness again. My patience vill get all some day.'

Here at last was Leigh's opportunity; now, perhaps, he might successfully defy his tyrannical landlady and win contentment for himself and freedom for Mr. Lutz. He rose to explain, forgetting that in explanation lies defeat.

'You see how it is, Mrs. Lutz. Winkleback got in a lot of new pipes —'

'A *pipe!* A *smoke-pipe!* Abe Lutz, did you go and buy a stinkin' old smoke-pipe to lay around the house?'

'But it won't drop ashes about the house the way cigars do. It'll —'

'No, it von't, for Abe Lutz ain't smokin' any pipe here. Pop, you go and take that pipe right avay back and get the money you gave avay so dumb. I vonder you ain't ashamed of yourself, actin' so childish.'

'I ain't takin' no pipe back.' From the stove, where he stood with his eyes fixed upon the floor, Mr. Lutz declared his ultimatum.

'Vot!' Mrs. Lutz had difficulty in believing her ears.

'I ain't takin' no pipe back.'

'Really, Mrs. Lutz,' began Leigh ineffectually again, 'the pipe is quite a bargain. It's saving money to buy it.'

'It's savin' more money to take it back. I think a vonderful lot of you, Art; but you can yust keep quiet now. Abe Lutz, let me see that smoke-pipe.'

For a moment only, her husband hesitated; her outstretched hand was too imperative to be longer ignored. Slowly he drew forth the pipe and held it up to view, but did not relinquish it.

'Shame yourself, Abe Lutz. Spendin' money for somethin' like that. A man

like you, conwerted, and so fond of vordly wanities. Now right avay oncet you march back to the store and get your money.'

But Lutz stood transfixed.

'Pop, vot's ailin' you? Don't you hear me?'

Silence.

'Ain't you takin' the pipe back?'

'Nup.'

'Vell, I declare to goodness!' For a moment only was the wind out of her sails; then she came back with renewed vigor. 'This is your doin', Art. You stiffed him up to this. He ain't never been like this before. Pop, ain't you got the sense you vas born mit? An old man like you to vant to smoke a pipe like that! Yust think how the people vill laugh behind your back. That smoke-pipe's for city folks and not for an old man like you.'

For a long moment there was silence.

'Vell, pop, ain't you goin' to take that pipe back?'

'Nup.'

'Give it here, then; I'll take it back.'

She advanced as if to take the pipe by force; but her husband dodged quickly and was behind the stove in a minute. Mrs. Lutz stared in dumb amazement. Could she believe her eyes? Had the walls of the house fallen or the Angel Gabriel sounded his horn just then, she could not have been taken more by surprise. She relapsed into the great rocker and stared at the unbelievable; but not for many seconds. Her German temper rose and her eyes began to snap. She opened her mouth to begin; and at that very moment came Leigh's inspiration. With all the volume he could muster, he began singing, 'If I had a scoldin' wife, as sure as I was born.' Whatever Mrs. Lutz had meant to say was lost in her amazement, which, great as it was, grew almost boundless when she saw her husband, his face alight with a triumphant grin, go to her corner-cupboard, remove therefrom two pie-tins, and accompany Leigh's singing with his own cracked voice and the beat of the pie-tins. Amazement gave place to puzzled concern.

'Vot are you two men tryin' to do?' she shouted at the top of her voice, but was unheeded, if not unheard.

But the old lady was by no means beaten yet. Either the sight of her pie-tins so roughly and carelessly handled, or the irritation engendered by her inability to make herself heard, roused her temper and caused her to forget and lay aside her usual ponderous dignity, to advance toward her two opposers with the intent of physical mastery. The men were small and far more agile than she; while they passed easily and quickly between the stove and the wall, the table and the rockers, she made her way with difficulty about the room and found the passage behind the kitchen range impossible. Yet her efforts were not without some results; the men by their exercise and vociferous singing were winded, so there came a lull which offered her opportunity for expression.

'Land o' Goshen! Ain't you two men right any more? Vot you tryin' to do?'

Whatever more she said was drowned in a burst of song, if one could call it such. The cracked voice of the old man rose high in the old Brock Boer song. 'A grum und a graut, das wage raut' shrilled above the lower tones of Leigh's 'I'd take her down to New Orleans and trade her off for corn.' Then Leigh began an old nursery song, and 'Uncle Rat has come to town' vied with 'Schmit, Schmit, Schmit; nem di Emily mit.' Above the songs the tin pie-pans rattled away.

'Abe Lutz, I can't hear myself. Stop that dumbness,' protested his spouse, as she made an unsuccessful effort to grasp the tail of his coat.

But the little man dived behind the

kitchen range and struck up 'Lieber Augustin.' Again Mrs. Lutz dived; again her husband eluded. Finding herself near Leigh, she attempted to lay hold on him, but unsuccessfully. So energetic was she, however, in the next few seconds that the men retreated behind the stove, winded. There was a lull in the storm.

'Art, hear me oncet. Don't help pop in this dumbness. I'm sure he can't be all right in his mind any more.'

There was sorrow and consternation in her face. Leigh almost yielded, yet glanced toward the window and tried to peer outside. Would his plan fail in spite of the neighbors? His glance toward the window made matters clear to the woman.

'Ach, Gott in Himmel! The neighbors vill hear you oncet! Vot vill they say, pop? How vill they talk of you? Art, they'll say you vas drunk, and you von't have a school any more.'

The men began again with increased vigor and volume.

'Land o' Goshen! You vant the neighbors to hear you oncet?'

Then, as if determined to do all in her power to save their respectability, she hastened to the window to draw the shade.

'Lieber Himmel! Mrs. Hess vill hear you!'

She looked out of the window, and turned. Horror was written large on her countenance.

'Stop! Stop! Mrs. Hess is comin' over already,' she shrilled.

The two men exchanged triumphant glances and went boldly on.

'Ach, Gott! Keep your old pipe, Abe Lutz; only don't make me be ashamed before my neighbors that I have sich a dumb man yet.'

Somehow the men heard this and stopped.

'You von't never say anythin' about my havin' that smoke-pipe?'

Before an answer could be given there was a rap on the outer door.

'Put those pans avay, pop. Fix your coat and hair, Art,' energetically whispered Mrs. Lutz.

For a moment Lutz threatened to begin his singing again.

'No! No, pop! I ain't never sayin' anythin' against your pipe again. I guess I have to let you be some kind of a fool or you ain't satisfied.'

III

With a rapidity one would have thought almost impossible in so large a body, Mrs. Lutz replaced the pans in the cupboards, straightened both coats, put her husband's hair in order, adjusted her own cap, and went to open the rear door. The two men exchanged a smile of triumph and sank into the nearest chairs. At the door Mrs. Lutz was greeting her neighbor, a tall, keen-eyed, thin-lipped woman.

'Good evenin', Mrs. Hess. I'm awful glad to see you. I vas yust sayin' a vile back I visht you'd step over a minute or two oncet.'

'Good evenin', everybody.' The quick eye of the visitor took in every detail of the room at one glance. 'I can't stay long, Mrs. Lutz. I vas settin' there to-night ven I yust remembered my coffee-grounds vas all, and John's Mamie is comin' from church to-morrow. Could I lend a cupful from you, I vonder? It's 'most too late to go to the store and this vas so handy.'

'Ach, yes. That vas right. I like to be neighborly ven I can.' She went quickly to fulfill her neighbor's request.

Mrs. Hess turned toward the men.

'Vas n't you singin' before I came in? I like to hear young people sing' — this to Leigh. 'Yust go on.'

'Why — er —'

'Ach, no. Art vas n't singin',' Mrs. Lutz asserted from the cupboard where

she was getting the coffee. 'Pop vas yust showin' how they used to sing and dance at barn-raisin's ven he vas young. Art ain't never heard nothin' like it; he's awful much interested in our vays.'

But the men did not quite escape.

'Vy, Mr. Lutz! I'd 'a' thought so near the Sabbath you'd be thinkin' profounder thoughts then that. It ain't good for one's soul to be thinkin' much of the vicket days of youth.' Then, turning to Mrs. Lutz again, 'You ain't doin' your vashin' to-night yet, are you? Vot you got a vashtub up and heatin' so much vater for?'

'Ach, Art uses that.' This quite casually from Mrs. Lutz.

'Vot for? Vot do you vant mit so much vater?'

'Oh, I use it for my ablutions, you know. I find the ablutionary arts much neglected in this community, and therefore it is essential that I, as a teacher, lay much stress upon all abluent practices,' explained Leigh.

'My! Ain't it vonderful the new things they teach in school these days! I said more 'n oncet, I can't see vere the vorld's comin' to.' Mrs. Hess spoke with the wisdom of Solomon and a resignation equal to Job's.

'Yes, ain't? I think Art's vonderful smart to see so quick vot Maple Grove needs already,' affirmed Mrs. Lutz as she handed the coffee to her neighbor.

'Vell, I must go now.'

'Ach, can't you set a bit?'

'No. I must go. I'll see you oncet to-morrow in church, ain't? My, Mr. Leigh, you look sort of varmed up.'

The attack was sudden and unexpected. Leigh was at a loss. Here was an opportunity to say many of the scathing things he had often declared he would say to this lady some day; but for some reason they remained unsaid. He was again rescued.

'Ach, yes. I had Art helpin' me lift the pots and pans in the cupboard this evenin' when I changed the papers on the shelves. He's a good hand at helpin', bein' so young, but the stoopin' and pickin' up is heatin'.'

'Vot did you get for the eggs, Abe Lutz?'

'Forty-five cents — yust vot you got,' volunteered Mrs. Lutz before her husband could open his mouth.

'Vell, I guess I must be goin'.'

When the door at last closed upon her there was ominous silence in the room until her footsteps died away upon the walk; but the air tingled with triumph. Safe at last, Mr. Lutz brought the front legs of his chair to the floor with a bang and exploded.

'By crackee! That vas a good one, Art. Ab-ab-lotions 'll bother her for the next whole month. But bad as she is ve can't say as how she ain't some good. Can ve, Art?'

He gave his wife a sidelong glance as he reached for his pipe and drew it forth, to gloat over lovingly.

'It's about time you vent to bed, pop,' was all his better half vouchsafed.

It was impossible, though, to retain this lofty attitude when the two men handled, stroked, and examined the pipe in the full glare of the lamp.

'Ain't you two men feelin' smart now! Vell, I only hope that bein' that kind of a fool vill keep you from other dumbness for a vile.'

Then Leigh attempted an apology and thanks which he thought were due his loyal champion.

'Mrs. Lutz, I hope you won't be angry. I —'

'Ach, no. Vot's the use. Ven a voman lives mit men she must expect to put up mit a lot.'

'I just want to say it was great of you to help a fellow. The —'

'It's about time you vent to bed too, Art.'

And Leigh went.

CONVERSATION BALNÉAIRE

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

I INDICATE the evening sea. I say,
This endless silence edged with unending sound!
I say, This colorless where colors sway
and swim like lustre in a pearl, this drowned
moonshine, this shallow of translucent air,
this bubble that the winds break, the clouds change,
this smooth, this vague, this sea!
You merely stare.
You turn your face to me. You say, It's strange,
unreal almost. I don't know what they mean,
these waves, this water. If I shut my eyes
it's gone — like that — as though I'd never seen
the sea at all.
And I, But realize
how many more have looked on it as we,
lovers.
Your eyes change. You say, The sea!

THE MOTOR MENACE

BY HERBERT L. TOWLE

Of all causes of accidental fatalities, automobile 'accidents' rank first. According to figures published last fall and widely quoted, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company estimated a total of 83,772 accidental deaths in the United States in 1923. Automobiles were responsible for 15,714, accidental falls for 15,382, railroad accidents for 8078, and all other causes for considerably below these figures. Recent estimates put the motor fatalities of 1924 at 19,000 dead and 450,000 injured. Of the dead 5700 were children. From the rate of increase, it is likely that 1925 will see some 20,000 persons killed by automobiles — their own or others.

Nor does the last figure include some 2000 deaths and fatal injuries at steam-railroad crossings, for the majority of which — as the records indicate — automobile-drivers themselves will be to blame. So deeply is the habit of chance-taking ingrained that not even the menace of an approaching train can check it!

Compared to population, the motor death-rate has increased from one per 100,000 in 1910 to probably eighteen in 1925. There will be somewhere near a million accidents all told — major and minor — in the United States this year. Not less than 500,000 persons will be injured (the Hoover Conference estimated 678,000 in 1923). And the property damage is anyone's guess: estimates range from $100,000,000 to several times that sum.

There are two bright spots in the picture. First, the death and accident ratios to number of cars (not population) have steadily decreased. Fourteen years ago, the death-rate was 3.3 per 1000 cars; but there were only 600,000 cars then in use. This year, with 18,000,000 cars and trucks registered, and with traffic congestion far worse, the death-rate will be about one per 1000 cars.

The second bright spot is the aroused state of the public mind. Clearly, motor-drivers as a class are growing more careful, not less. But, clearly also, there are far too many deaths; and the universal cry for a remedy is more than justified.

This demand does not stop with penalties for recklessness. It observes that far too often persons injured by automobiles, through no fault of their own, are deprived of redress, because the car-owner has neither liability insurance nor property. Financial irresponsibility has become one of the major problems of the automobile.

A dozen years ago, when motorists were few, ownership implied both skill and earning power, usually with the responsibility that those qualities bring. It was not hard, then, to avoid one's neighbors on the road.

To-day cars are priced anywhere to 50 per cent below 1913 figures. The skill they require is negligible. Used cars are a drug on the market. Any young fellow may purchase an old high-power car for a few weeks' earnings, and 'burn up the road.' And the traffic congestion in and near all

our large cities is almost beyond belief.

Instead of money and a taste for mechanics, the greatest need of the owner to-day is for the social feeling that accords courtesy and fair play to one's neighbors on the road. It is the lack of this quality, among a minority of the newer class of motorists, that accounts for most of the avoidable accidents.

Before going further let us note that by no means all motor accidents are the motorists' fault. Complete statistics on this subject are sadly lacking; but such as are available tend to show that automobilists are little more to blame for accidents than are pedestrians and horse-drivers, and many accidents to children could not be prevented by any care on the driver's part.

Traffic density is itself an important cause of accidents. If a driver must avoid fifty vehicles or pedestrians in traveling a mile, he is fifty times as likely to hit something as if he meets only one. The ratio of car registrations to mileage of improved roads has multiplied probably at least five times in the last ten years. That is gradually being changed; and the funds that many States are raising by gasoline taxes could not be better spent than on improving more roads and thereby diluting traffic. But it will take years to ameliorate the situation very markedly. Meanwhile we must deal with things as they are.

I

The general subject of accident-prevention may be approached from four angles: —

1. Carelessness of other road-users.
2. Traffic hazards and highway engineering.
3. Policing and criminal penalties.
4. The driver's own mind.

Doubtless the most exhaustive discussions of accident-prevention have been a three-day conference at New Haven, April 9 to 11, 1924, under the joint auspices of Yale University and the State of Connecticut, and Secretary Hoover's National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, at Washington, December 15 and 16, 1924. These conferences delved with especial thoroughness into phases 1, 2, and 3 above. They made also some effort to deal with phase 4, — the psychological aspect, — but chiefly with the thought of educating the driver by degrees to a sense of his responsibility.

As this paper deals mainly with the reckless driver, phase 1 above-mentioned cannot be given the space it deserves. But no study of motor accidents would be complete without mention of the reckless public. A comparison of all available figures leads to the conclusion that human heedlessness is much the same, in or out of a car. Nearly one half of all pedestrian injuries are chiefly the fault of the person hit. Jaywalkers cross the street with noses buried in newspapers; impatient shoppers buck the traffic signals; children dart into the street with minds intent only on their games; factory workers and country folk amble over the roadway, oblivious of vehicles and calmly relying on their equal rights before the law.

If you ask for a remedy, I can only suggest that the custom which made the common law is likely sooner or later to change it. Vehicles have no rights on sidewalks and paths; pedestrians who are injured in the roadway should be required to show that they were not obstructing traffic, in order to have a legal claim. For children, playgrounds in cities have become imperative.

Taking now the second subject, traffic conditions, we observe that modern highway engineering aims at

making the roads handle maximum traffic. This calls for speed with safety. A narrow, rough, or steeply crowned road is dangerous at all points; therefore the modern concrete road is at least eighteen feet wide, — twenty is much better, — and crowned just enough for drainage. But, in any road, intersections and turns are danger points, which cut down capacity and contribute to accidents. So the aim is to provide wide, plainly marked intersections, with clear vision across them wherever possible; and wide, easy bends, banked for the expected speed. Wide roads reduce collision risks. Roads wide enough — forty feet or more — to permit four lanes of travel are increasingly needed near large cities. Side spaces for tire-changing and so forth are essential if the road's full capacity is to be utilized. All signs should be visible by the light of head-lamps. Rural turns should be marked dead ahead — if not by fences or billboards, then by some standard danger-signal.

Danger points should be plainly marked by standard signs, and no signs liable to confuse the driver should be permitted. A uniform color-scheme for both signs and traffic signals is recommended by the Hoover Conference: red for 'Stop,' green for 'Proceed,' yellow for 'Caution' — with a rule that those colors should not be used for any other signs.

New England is painting warnings of railroad crossings and so forth on the concrete road surface itself, where the headlights cannot miss them, and other states are taking up the idea. Mountain roads are guarded, on the outside of turns, by strong steel cables. Posts and fences, bridges, culverts, and other objects are painted white for visibility at night.

By-pass roads, enabling through tourists to avoid the congested districts of cities, are a reality in a few places, and are planned in many others. Segregation of fast and slow traffic on certain main highways is a possibility of the near future, to be effected either by making separate inner and outer lanes, like a four-track railway, or by prohibiting slow vehicles from using certain roads. It is evident that two-lane roads on which both slow and fast vehicles travel cannot be used to anything like their capacity.

In cities, traffic congestion can be eased by zoning, improved pavements, and other devices. But there is no real cure except to limit the 'vertical' growth which brings thousands of shoppers and office workers into streets meant for hundreds.

Third among 'angles of approach' come policing and criminal penalties. As these are intended to be deterrent, they cannot really be separated from the fourth 'angle' — the driver's own mind. But policing implies external compulsion to do a thing in itself unwelcome. It is sometimes wisely used; but it sometimes results in arrests and fines for merely technical infractions. Drivers on much-patrolled roads get into the habit, not of protecting other road-users, but of merely avoiding arrest. Too much policing tends to weaken, rather than increase, the motorist's sense of responsibility.

In cities, fines for traffic-law violations are necessary. But elsewhere penalties for speeding, not blowing horns, and so forth, are liable to be merely vexatious. Most car-owners have a decent regard for other people; they will often wreck their own cars to avoid striking someone. What is needed is to inspire the thoughtless few with the same desire — if not out of regard for others, then out of regard for themselves.

This would be accomplished if every culpable accident carried with it,

automatically, a suitable and sufficient penalty. And that penalty should not be one arbitrary thing — it should be suited to the owner's condition and mental type.

The solid business or professional man is seldom a trouble-maker. As his time is valuable, he is likely to drive fast when the way is open; but his sense of responsibility keeps him from knowingly taking chances. As he has property, he can be sued; and even with liability insurance he hates the thought of appearing in court. As for jail or suspension, he tries to avoid giving even a pretext for such penalties.

The new-rich owner, made arrogant by success, and the spoiled sons and daughters of rich parents, are another matter. They have property, but without responsibility. As they are thoughtless and selfish rather than willfully criminal, it is difficult to suppose that jail terms will ever be meted out to them save for really serious offenses. The best way to treat them is to take them off the road for a sufficient term. That, by the way, cannot be done merely by revoking a pocket license-card. The car itself must be impounded, — at the owner's expense, — the license plates removed, and the police notified to arrest the owner if he is found using another car. It may even be necessary to check up on the police, owing to local 'pulls.'

However, these measures will not often be needed, for the owner with property is not our biggest problem. Indeed, the small home-owner with a family is considered by the insurance companies their very best risk. It is the happy-go-lucky chap with no property except his car — itself perhaps not yet paid for — who is our main problem. His car means a lot to him and his wife and children, — fresh air and sunshine and green fields, — most of the things that make life worth living. Nobody has ever taught him to feel very much obligation toward strangers. What wonder that he goes out for a good time, and lets the other fellow shift for himself!

Criminal penalties seldom bulk large in the thoughts of these owners. They have little imagination; they are not conscious of criminal intent; their minds are merely centred on themselves. The idea that they are wronging the public by driving a potentially dangerous vehicle, with no means of making good any injury they may cause, hardly enters their thoughts.

Here, then, we face the fourth aspect of our problem. How may a desire to protect the public be inspired in the minds of these irresponsible drivers?

Bear in mind that one half of all car-owners have incomes of less than $2000 a year, and that one quarter earn less than $1500. If you have the misfortune to be hit by one of these knights of the road, what chance have you of getting him to pay even for the flowers?

The difficulty of the problem lies in its very humanness. The tonic effect of rapid motion and changing scenes is beyond dispute; and no class benefits more by it than those whose 'lizzies,' 'road lice,' and battered ex-'kings of the road' swarm the boulevards every Sunday and holiday. But there are too many among them whose natural selfishness or mental limitations make them public menaces.

Such are the persons who regard the rules of the road as meant for others, not for themselves; who do the wrong thing in a crisis; who see no harm in a drink — or several drinks — before starting; who enjoy taking chances with traffic; who hold that, because their own defective headlights have 'never bothered them,' other drivers may do the worrying.

II

Less than 20 per cent of all car-owners carry liability insurance; and even in cities of over 100,000 population, where the hazard is greatest, only about 40 per cent are insured. The majority of the uninsured urban owners are probably judgment-proof; and no insurance company wants them as risks, for they would regard insurance as an added license for recklessness.

Said a well-known educator to me recently: 'Four of my own friends have been crippled for life by being hit by automobiles. The last fellow actually laughed when my friend told him he ought to pay for the damage he had done. "I have no money," he said, "I am not insured. You can't touch me!"'

Not long ago a Philadelphia architect, whose work had been of priceless value to his community, was fatally crushed in a collision with another car. The woman who drove the latter may not have been to blame; but she had no assets, and the car itself was not paid for.

Lately — also in Philadelphia — two women walking home were struck by a car running rapidly with defective headlights. One was killed, the other badly hurt. The owner, a youth, tried to get away unidentified, but was held by a passer-by. In court he said he had just bought the car for $47.

Everyone knows of similar tragedies. Not all are due to wanton recklessness, but the victim's utter lack of recourse is far too common.

In short, it seems impossible to discuss accident-prevention and compensation separately. Even if we tried to do so, we could not ignore the present temper of the public, which has caused, as these lines are written, some sixty bills to be presented to the legislatures of twenty-seven States — all aiming to give financial recourse to victims of motor accidents.

Compulsory liability-insurance was first proposed in this country about six years ago. Certain cantons in Switzerland have required it for periods up to twelve years, and a national law is reported likely to be passed there. For Switzerland, at any rate, the system cannot be called a failure.

But it is feared in this country — with seemingly much reason — that the assetless, selfish owner who makes most of the trouble will abuse the privilege of insurance. He will have two conflicting thoughts in the back of his mind: the law may 'get' him, but his insurance will protect him. And these two thoughts will subtly contend for mastery while his driving-habits are being formed. What he will do in the swift unconscious reactions of a crisis will depend on the habits already formed, and possibly on which thought is uppermost at the moment. He may — as we have seen — even be so hardened by lucky chance-taking as to race trains for crossings.

It is easy to understand the apprehension of the insurance companies that compulsory insurance will bring more accidents instead of fewer, with a consequent need for raising premiums to an unknown extent. And if it be urged that the companies will be expected to refuse to insure bad risks, thereby forcing them off the road, the reply is that, in effect, to do so would make them assume a judicial function which the public would not tolerate. Rejected applicants would raise a cry of discrimination, political attacks on the companies and on the Motor Vehicle Department would follow; and a demand for State insurance, with all its possibilities of inefficiency and waste, would be the logical result. On the other hand, accepting bad risks and charging higher premiums

to make up the losses would lead to protests and the same final result — State insurance. A pleasant dilemma!

Incidentally, the demand for compulsory insurance comes chiefly from the cities, and there seems a real injustice in compelling rural owners — even at rural rates of premium — to contribute to relieve a situation which they have done nothing to create. It should at least be possible for a responsible owner to establish his responsibility without paying for insurance which does not benefit him.

An eminent insurance-lawyer of Boston, Edward C. Stone, has proposed to accomplish this by a law which would, in effect, say to the automobile owner: —

'You may take out liability insurance or not, as you please. But if you do not, and are unable to meet a judgment for any accident in which you are found at fault, your license will be immediately canceled. And, even if you do meet the judgment, the proceedings will be reported to the Motor Vehicle Commissioner, who may suspend or cancel your license if in his opinion you deserve that penalty.'

The merit of this plan lies in the assumption that there are many careful and at least morally responsible owners who do not feel the need of insurance, and whom it would be unfair to tax (in effect) for someone else's fault. Rural and small-town motorists, especially, would come under this head. Certainly they are mostly responsible property-owners, and live where traffic hazards are least. The Stone plan is worth trying.

But even the Stone plan differs from straight compulsory insurance chiefly in the number of policyholders involved. In one form or another, it seems wholly likely that what amounts to compulsory insurance will be enacted into law, in one or several States, within a year or two. It will be done on the principles: (*a*) that road-users injured without their own fault should not be deprived of compensation when the car-owner has no property; and (*b*) that the benefits of automobiling are so great that society will do better to bear the losses of such culpable accidents as cannot be prevented, rather than bar large classes of owners from the road because of their having no property.

So the problem becomes, not to fight compulsory insurance, but to find a way to make it work so well that there will be neither complaints from owners not benefited nor a demand for State insurance. And that, of course, means effective prevention of recklessness. The naturally thoughtless or selfish owner must have a motive for carefulness, regardless of insurance.

'Every accident,' it has been truly said by Motor Vehicle Commissioner Stoeckel, of Connecticut, 'has its origin in a wrong act of mind.' To this we might well add that most accidents for which the driver is responsible result from a wrong attitude of mind. Assuming that he is mentally competent to operate a motor vehicle in traffic, it is safe to say that a sincere desire to protect the public would eliminate very many of the so-called 'accidents.'

As already mentioned, policing and fines have a limited value with the thoughtless owner, but chiefly to prompt him to avoid arrest. Jail sentences are more effective. But both judges and juries are still too lenient with intoxication and similar offenses, especially with drunken drivers lucky enough to be arrested before they have hit something; and the irresponsible driver usually figures that he can 'get away with it.'

New Jersey deals with the drunken driver more effectively than most

States. A minimum jail-sentence of thirty days is mandatory for the first offense, and the maximum is one year for the first offense and five years for subsequent offenses. According to Motor Vehicle Commissioner William L. Dill, of that State, there are few second offenses where the first offense is strictly dealt with; but often the first offender can persuade the magistrate to reduce the charge from intoxication to speeding or reckless driving — and those are the ones who go and sin some more.

'Only the other day,' said Mr. Dill to me, 'I talked with a magistrate whose boy now lies in a Trenton hospital with a broken back, the victim of a drunken driver. He said to me, "I have sentenced hundreds of car-drivers for intoxication, and every time I did so I felt profoundly sorry for the man I sentenced. But I shall never feel sorry for them again!"'

When local magistrates everywhere realize their responsibility, thinks Mr. Dill, the drunken driver will cease to be a problem.

Suspension and revocation of license — together with impounding of the car — are penalties which the Motor Vehicle Department can apply, regardless of the local courts. Here again the fear of suspension is not likely to worry the wage-earning owner very much. It may even mean a chance to save money! But at any rate it will take him off the road, for a time or permanently. If he is definitely unfit to drive, — if he is addicted to liquor, if his nervous reactions are slow, if he loses his head in a crisis or runs away after an accident, — he can be banished from the road for good, once his tendencies become clear.

However, those drivers who are either vicious or mentally unfit are few compared with those who are merely thoughtless. These latter, at least, can be taught care. And the prospect of suspension, not merely for actual criminality, but for carelessness, will undoubtedly influence them if it be 'rubbed in' often enough.

Right here compulsory insurance opens a possibility. Most of these thoughtless owners are now untouched by any restraining influence save the sight of an occasional policeman. But if every owner becomes a policyholder, with merely nominal agency-expense to the insurance companies, the latter will be able to spend something to educate him. A monthly or quarterly leaflet on the motorist's duty to the public, on the usefulness of keeping brakes and steering gear in order, and on the dire and certain penalties of carelessness, is bound to have effect. There is great value in repetition!

To be successful, this plan requires a close and constant check-up of the record of every owner. Every arrest, every settlement by the insurance companies, every proceeding both criminal and civil, should be reported to the Motor Vehicle Department, there to be card-indexed for inspection by the insurance companies, and for action by the Commissioner if needed. And every sentence for intoxication or other aggravated offense should be reported to the insurer. For the companies should still be free to reject or cancel policies, although looking, in most cases, to the courts and the Motor Vehicle Department to deal with offenders.

An incidental but important need is for traffic courts, handling nothing but motor-vehicle-law violations. These, especially if supervised somewhat by the State, will render much more uniform decisions than purely local courts, each a law unto itself, could do. They are strongly urged by the Hoover Conference. Judges, also, would render fairer civil verdicts than juries.

III

To sum up: fines, jail, suspension and impounding, and, finally, permanent revocation of license, are the means thus far discussed for restraining the naturally irresponsible drivers, especially the warped, selfish minds that think only of their own pleasure, and to whom the law is merely a restraint to be fought or evaded. There remains the question whether they will be effective.

The plain truth is that few students of the problem think that they will. The Hoover Conference recommended free application of those penalties, and they are urged by Motor Vehicle Administrators, but it seems to be mainly in the nature of a pious hope, for lack of something better. Long jail-terms make hardened criminals; they would do more harm than good where criminal intent was lacking. Even manslaughter, unless due to intoxication, is not likely to bring long terms. The youth above mentioned, who killed a woman with his forty-seven-dollar car, got only nine months in jail, plus revocation of license.

Are we, then, to conclude that the task of educating the thoughtless and selfish is after all hopeless? Is there no penalty that will appeal sufficiently to their imagination and self-interest to overcome the lure of chance-taking? Is nothing left save to take them off the road or to await the slow process of self-education? If so, the task of regulation is beset with difficulties. And the prospect of enforcing financial responsibility is certainly not encouraging.

An ingenious suggestion from a Connecticut insurance man deserves mention at this point. Mark the offender who has been found guilty of negligence, he proposes. Require him to turn in his license plates, and to receive a new number, with plates of a color — red — reserved for the special purpose. Brand the careless driver in the eyes of the world.

This would certainly work with some; but it would be least effective with the thick-skinned individuals who most need restraint. Moreover, paint is not hard to get. A plan of more general force is needed.

I must now talk in the first person. There is a workable plan, I am convinced. While it is here put forth on my own responsibility, it is favored by at least one well-known Motor Vehicle Administrator, who hit on it independently, and who sees in it a means whereby the thoughtless or selfish owner may be induced to prefer careful driving of his own will and choice, rather than under the threat of police power. Further, it has actually been tried on a small scale abroad, and is reported to work well.

And what is it? In essence, it is simply the common-sense plan of requiring owners whose records show a tendency to recklessness to assume a fair share of financial responsibility out of their own personal pockets.

You've seen boys playing ball in a vacant lot. The chance of a birching if windows are broken does n't scare them. Neither does the prospect of being chased off the lot. But tell those boys that they must pay for breakage, and they become careful instanter! Tanning à la birch is not permanent, and there are other vacant lots; but lost dimes mean sundry marbles and ice-cream cones gone forever.

In the canton of Vaud, Switzerland, containing the city of Lausanne, the law requires that the owner shall personally bear the first 10 per cent of any judgment up to the specified limit, and shall insure the rest. Accidents blamable on motorists are not numerous in Vaud!

Suppose that Nick Belloni, who has shown a disposition to think himself above the law, were informed that to retain his license he must deposit with the insurance company a sum equal, let us say, to three months' pay, for 5 per cent of any judgment up to the $10,000 maximum — said deposit to be available also to other creditors if the State constitution so required.

Can't you picture Nick's sudden interest in the welfare of the other fellow? At one stroke we have accomplished the three things most desirable in any plan of prevention-plus-compensation: —

1. Made Nick want to avoid trouble.
2. Compensated his victim, if any.
3. Put as much of the cost as possible on Nick's own shoulders, where it generally belongs.

Space forbids a detailed discussion here of 'owner coinsurance.' But psychologically — for the irresponsible chap of small means — the principle is unassailable. It is the general rule today where fire and theft are concerned, not only in regard to automobiles, but in regard to all property; the owner is never allowed to insure for the full value. I am told it applies to marine cargoes where the record of losses is unfavorable. And, in effect, it applies to workmen's compensation insurance. Why should n't it be applied to a thing so full of temptations as auto-driving?

The problem, of course, is to apply the principle to the near-assetless class of trouble-makers. Let us see how the plan would work in the case of Nick.

On applying for a license, Nick passes an examination for physical fitness, ability to read English, and knowledge of the motor-vehicle law of his own State. He knows what the carburetor is for and how to adjust the brakes. He passes the driver's test.

Next the financial-responsibility law is explained to him. He can either deposit $10,000, cash or collateral, with the Motor Vehicle Department, or take out insurance. Incredible sum! He protests violently. He, Nick Belloni, is a poor man, and insurance men are robbers! However, he has already heard of the law, and in the end he grudgingly pays his premium.

With the policy Nick gets a leaflet, which the insurance man is careful to see that he can read and does read. From it Nick learns that if he is arrested and fined, or even let off with a warning, the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles will know about it the very next day, and that the fact will be engraved, as on the Book of Judgment, on a record-card bearing Nick's name. Further, if he hits anyone, awheel or afoot, he must report all the circumstances to the Commissioner forthwith, for entry on that same card. If he does n't, the Commissioner will learn it anyway, and Nick will pay a fine for failing to report.

Still further, the leaflet informs Nick that if the record on his card becomes too black the Commissioner will notify the insurance company to cancel Nick's policy within ten days. Unless he takes out a new policy within that time, his license also will be canceled, and a policeman will call and take away his card and number-plates. His career as an automobile-owner will be ended.

But to get that new policy he must deposit $500 with the insurance company. Yes, a mortgage on his house will do, or his savings-bank pass-book if it shows $500 or more on deposit. That sum will be used to meet 5 per cent of any damage claim up to the $10,000 limit; and if any of it is paid out Nick must replace it immediately or lose both policy and license. Further, Nick must settle all claims up to $25, and the first $25 of larger claims, out of his own pocket.

'But, blood of the saints!' sputters Nick. 'What if some drunken fool stumbles in front of me, and I can't stop?'

'The insurance companies know the best way to handle such things,' he is told. 'Generally it is better to settle out of court: juries have a way of awarding money to the fellow who is hit, even if he was drunk or careless. In fact, the insurance company has so much more at stake than you that the law gives us the right to decide whether to settle or defend suit, if the amount involved exceeds $50. But the best way not to lose money is to hit no one.'

So this is the way it feels to have money! One is exposed to suit by every loafer in the street — by the father of every child chasing a ball! Nick's rage cools after a time, however, and he realizes that the insurance man's advice was sound. The best way to keep his rainy-day fund intact is to keep that card in the Commissioner's office clean. After all, he is assured, it is most often the motorist who is at fault.

If Nick, being human, is inclined to forget, the insurance company is not. Monthly or quarterly the postman brings a bulletin, embellished with photographs of cars driven not wisely but too fast, and containing a little sermon about that $500 and how easily it can all be lost.

If Nick is a reckless young bachelor — as is most likely — that money means the wherewithal to keep his car. If he has a family, it means the rent if work should be slack. It means next winter's coal, or shoes for the *bambini*. Every time he is tempted to overtake another driver on a curve, or to hog the right of way, his $500 rises before his mind. Before the dangerous lure of speed can snare his weak will, Nick has become a careful driver. And it has been done without a single arrest, and with no especial policing, simply by insisting on the principle that *responsibility is personal*. Nick never forms the habit of chance-taking that leads to grade-crossing wrecks. Withal, the other drivers whom Nick meets on the road are as careful as he.

It is not claimed that the insurance men favor the Swiss idea. For one thing, to them 'insurance is protection,' and this is decidedly something else. But, beyond that, they fear the spectre of State insurance so sincerely that it is hard for them to show enthusiasm even over a method of reducing losses, if that method involves compulsion to pay for insurance. It is such a short step further to argue that if the State compels insurance it should furnish coverage at 'cost'!

No one can blame the insurance men for feeling thus. If the public decides, nevertheless, to compel insurance, it should be with a clear resolve to keep government and politics out of business. Nobody believes that State insurance would in reality be cheaper than private insurance, once the selling expenses were reduced by making the latter compulsory. And State insurance at a loss — to be covered by taxes — should not be tolerated.

But financial responsibility is a crying need. And owner coinsurance, replacing the endless effort to legislate people into being good by a simple, automatic incentive, might be the one thing most needed to make compulsory insurance fair to the insurance companies and a benefit to the public.

Admittedly, the formula for applying the coinsurance principle will not be simple. Questions of constitutionality will have to be settled. Details will have to be adjusted to local needs. The motor trade will not welcome the idea. But a diminishing death-roll seems certain to result; and, beside that, special interests count for little.

THE BURNING QUESTION OF SPAIN

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

To-day the history of the world brings Spain to the same crisis as in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella; once more she hesitates between domination and ruin. The Sovereigns, who, having adopted Columbus from Liguria, gave the Americas to Roman civilization and the children of Europe, opened to the unity of Aragon and Castile the kingdoms of the world and their glory. Spain's own dotage or death was the exchange she made for the mastery of continents. Her constitution fell away from these sorts of sleeping-sickness which spread from the exotic luxuriance of imperialism: megalomania and the loss of enterprising men. In the time of Napoleon she collapsed, and for fifty years after his downfall her story was that of a house divided against itself. Competing royalties, republicans, reactionaries, noble adventurers, unwise priests, and ambitious generals in turn prevented her from finding a succession to either the Hapsburgs or the Bonapartes.

A hundred years ago the throne of Spain was disputed among the factions, first, of the liberal monarch Ferdinand VII and of his successors who finally retained it; second, of the brother of Ferdinand, Don Carlos, who wanted to revive the Salic law in his own favor when Isabella, the grandmother of the present King, was Ferdinand's only child; third, when Don Carlos had failed, of a party who gave the throne to Amadeo of Savoy, a brother of Humbert of Italy; and fourth, when Amadeo was removed after a few months' reign, by republicans like Castelar, who were in power when Isabella's young son, Alfonso XII, returned to the throne in 1875. He had already died before his only son was born, the son reigning since his birth in 1886 as Alfonso XIII.

The present King realizes how Spain, if her spirit revived, might use to glorious advantage the inheritance of her traditions and her language. An example rises before her on the one side with the rise of Italy to a life of sure and certain hope, which grows the more as it is realized. The importance of her language and traditions in countries so rich in resources as Chile, Mexico, or the Argentine, remind her of the part of Britain in a not altogether dissimilar commonwealth of nations of hardly greater promise.

'Africa begins at the Pyrenees' was the taunt Gauthier flung at Spain. 'Not Africa, but America!' is her proud retort, and just after she had lost her last colonies Luis Morote saw something inspiring in the survival from her Empire: 'Her speech, civilization, art, genius, and racial spirit,' he wrote, 'will last forever, and constitute the greater Spain of the planet, the moral and mental country of eighteen nationalities, nearly a whole continent, which, however separate politically, must still for writing and for speech, for song and for love, continue to use the tongue of

Castile.' Language is indeed a link stronger even than blood; and Spanish unifies already a population of a hundred millions.

To what range might the influence of Spain not extend, if to this grand survival she could add the universal civil enterprise of Britain? And might she not add it, if Italy can arise with an American exuberance? The double comparison incites the inheritors of the adopted country of Columbus. She has now had a stable monarchy for fifty years, and much has come with it. On the other hand, her congenital diseases of inertia, of division, of intrigue, of unrest, of wars vainer even than their victories, arrest her growth and threaten to disrupt her altogether. The grand question of her destiny is expressed in the terms of the domestic strain of the second year of her dictatorship.

Spain's difficulties were those of Italy. It is true she had kept out of the Great War, and so did not have to face either a collapse of the currency or the disillusionment of the people as a whole. But a government incapable of turning to full advantage the changes of modernness in the country — this there was in Spain as there was in Italy. The government in so-called power could not command stable enough majorities to administrate effectively. Lawlessness showed itself during the war in providing oil and shelter for German submarines; after the war in the formation of unions to murder employers, in indiscriminate shooting in Barcelona or Bilbao, in general strikes, in holding up banks and terrorizing juries, in bringing out indecent publications and selling them to students at universities and even to boys at school, in maintaining gambling-dens and playing unlawful games in the taverns and cafés, in bringing in tobacco or spirits without paying customs duty, or even in obtaining a sinecure in a government department at a comfortable salary. When these things can happen, when justice is a question of bribe or terror, trade can hardly be flourishing, and it is not very surprising that, when Italy cured herself of political paralysis by a revolution against parliamentary government, Spain followed a year later — that is to say, on September 13, 1923 — by establishing a dictatorship on the same lines as Mussolini's. The dictatorship is known as the Directory.

The Director is the Marqués de Estella, more often known as General Primo di Rivera, a nephew of the captain-general or military governor of Madrid who helped to establish the present King's father, Alfonso XII, on the throne in 1875. From that time Spain had indeed made much progress, but during recent years the difficulties of government in Spain, as in Italy, had brought things to a crisis which threatened to destroy not only the monarchy but the country itself. Not only was the tradition of public service rotten, but education was so backward that Spain would need sixty thousand more schools to put her population on an equal, in this matter, not with Germany, but with Yugoslavia. She suffered, furthermore, from four chief diseases which were ravaging the country, diseases which General Primo di Rivera gave as his reasons for seizing the government: first, the separatist movement in Catalonia; second, the growth of communistic unions and of revolutionary societies; third, a failure to balance either trade or the budget; fourth, the war in Morocco.

II

General Primo di Rivera has not yet found a final solution to any of these problems. The war is an old business

— it began when Spain accepted the Rif at the Conference of Algeciras. The Berber tribesmen of the Rif — a hilly chain, with peaks as high as six thousand feet, extending from east of Tetuan to south of Melilla — have been harassing for many a long year the five hundred thousand native inhabitants of Spanish Morocco who speak Spanish and have been for centuries on friendly terms with their conquerors. In these hills of the Rif it is practically impossible to attack the tribesmen, and a guerrilla warfare drags on, draining Spain, as war drains all countries, both of brave men and of good money. The Berber tribesmen, under Abd-el-Krim, were worked up to new attacks after the King had spoken, at the Vatican, of Spain always being ready to fight for the Cross; for after the King's speech an attack on Spain could be made to look to Moslems like a Holy War. Spain went into the war long years ago without considering what means she had to wage it, or how impossible it is to wage any war without a strong government. And a guerrilla war never finishes. Almost any compromise would be better for Spain than to continue the war. And since the capture of the allied chief, Raisuli, at the beginning of the year, and the speech in which General Primo di Rivera announced his gradual withdrawal, which naturally encouraged the enemy, Spain has in one sense suffered disaster, but in reality she has consolidated her position. And, when all is said, this is not a war on the grand scale. The whole of Spanish Morocco — a little strip of country, with Tetuan as the centre of administration, and Melilla and Ceuta the chief ports — is roughly equal in size to Massachusetts.

The movement in Catalonia is not a new thing either. The danger of insurrections in its capital, Barcelona, goes back to more than two centuries ago, and since then, whatever party gained an advantage, there was trouble in Barcelona, not because it was more backward than the rest of Spain, but because it was wealthier and more progressive. Barcelona is, like Milan in Italy, a capital of industry and commerce. An old town, with an old cathedral and an old market, known to all readers of the *Atlantic* as the place where Columbus announced his discovery, Barcelona has more than survived the danger of new continents developing on the other side of Spain. It has doubled its population in the last ten years. It is the head of a province, which in its four departments of Gerona, Lérida, Barcelona, and Tarragona — being less than a tenth of Spain — produces more than seven tenths of the industrial output, has seven tenths of the wealth, and pays, therefore, seven tenths of the taxes of the whole country with its forty-nine departments. Rougher than either the French or the other Spaniards in their looks and their manners, the people of Catalonia have a different language, a different character, different customs from the rest of Spain. They are thrifty, industrious, and enterprising; especially hard at a bargain, they are often called the Jews of Spain. They are not merely industrialists in the sense of workers in factories — their agriculture covers the sides of their hills with the silver of the olive, fills their cellars with wine, and enriches their markets with the finest produce of the garden.

And yet they have for two hundred years been in recurring insurrection. Catalonia never quite amalgamated with Aragon, of which it was long a part, and it never was congenial to Castile. Captured several times by the French, it never quite forgot the advantage of being one with the North of the Pyrenees. In 1714 its enthusiasm

for Spain was so well under constraint that Philip V deprived it of its privileges. Like Lombardy under the Austrians or Ireland under the English, it never reconciled itself to the change; and the sense of rankling showed itself even more clearly than in Lombardy or Ireland, in disorders, conspiracies, and revolutions. When Don Carlos was competing to disinherit Isabella, when Isabella went into exile, when Amadeo came from Savoy, when the republic was established, Barcelona rose in insurrection. But at the restoration, in 1875, of Isabella's son, Alfonso XII, it seemed happier. 'I wish to be king of all the Spaniards,' he had said at Paris on his way to take possession of his kingdom, and he entered it at Barcelona. A deputation met him before he landed, and his talk to them was all of commerce and industry. He was proud, he said, to be Count of Barcelona rather than King of Spain, and as he left Catalonia for Madrid he said he wanted to make all Spain a Barcelona.

Few Spaniards have lived in Barcelona without feeling a sympathy for the claims of Catalonia. And when the Marqués de Estella went from his post as Captain-General of Barcelona to be Director at Madrid he sought to give them all possible concessions. Already a great concession had been given to the province in a sort of regional Parliament called the *Mancomunidad*, which united the councils of the four departments. It was given power over education, communications, and social welfare. It made great advances, the most important of which was that it organized at Barcelona, on really modern lines, a rival to the University, the Instituto di Studios Catalanes, appointing for the most part foreign professors. That is a step which arouses feeling in many countries, sometimes even in America. 'Are n't we good enough?' is a bitter question not easy for tact to answer when better men have been appointed. And the injured pride became a mixture more of fear than of envy when in 1918 the chief Catalan politician, Señor Cambo, pressed for self-government. Self-government is a big step toward independence, and when Señor Cambo's plea was refused the extremists grew furious. Señor Cambo, finding himself unable to control them, retired over the French border, and waited for a chance to return and moderate. He has since returned.

When the Marqués de Estella failed, on account of the nationalism in the capital, to carry out the liberal policy he brought with him from Barcelona, the fury of the Catalans drove him far in the other direction. He dissolved the Mancomunidad which gave Catalonia the means of all her privileges. He closed the Instituto which the Mancomunidad had made so modern and so cosmopolitan. He suppressed the provincial organizations. He forbade the old songs which used to accompany the national dance, the Sardana, because a reference to Spain was often not in any of the words of the songs. He established a rigorous censorship over the newspapers, and for months the Catalan newspaper of Barcelona, *Publicitat*, appeared every day with a blank in the space of its leading article. The inevitable result was furious indignation. Instead of asking merely for local self-government, or for the restoration of the privileges they enjoyed centuries ago, the younger Catalans began to demand emancipation from Spain altogether. Señor Maciá, who had, owing to the hotheads, displaced Señor Cambo as leader, retired over the French border to Perpignan to organize revolutionaries; the responsible leaders dropped out, the young men took charge, and in a fury of provincial

patriotism which generally showed itself in hatred of Spain, as Ireland's patriotism had sometimes shown itself in hatred of England, the masses of inexperienced partisans — students, clerks, and mill-hands — met in noisy meetings, or talked in wild anger of the madness of being enslaved to Spain. So general was the feeling that little boys in Barcelona would refuse a piece of candy if the paper wrapper was tinged with the scarlet and yellow of the Spanish flag.

All through the autumn and winter of 1924 the difficulties remained, but the repression tended to relax. The appointment as Civil Governor of that courtly general, Milan del Bosch, in place of General Lossada, was a great concession. On March 20, General Primo di Rivera, in an edict containing hundreds of pages, announced his solution of his greatest problem. It shows a statesmanlike spirit. The Mancomunidad is not to be revived, and nothing will be allowed which could be used as an organization to cleave Catalonia from Spain, but the four departments are to be allowed to unite to make their own arrangements about trade and transport. In a word, they will be allowed to use their own skill to develop their trade; they can keep their languages and their customs; they will not be allowed to make their fury into a propaganda for separation or to employ officials who are other than Spaniards. Home rule in any matters which do not menace Spain — that is the Director's medicine for Catalonia. The extremists have tried to spit it out; the province as a whole has already swallowed it and feels better for it. Catalonia smiles in the summer breezes more freely than in the mild sunshine of her winter. Her people are suiting their temperaments to the charm of their climate.

The only person who was able to cope with the revolutionary societies and their terrorist gangs was General Martinez Anido, who is now working under the Directory. These gangs involve a complicated story, the motives of some being anticlerical, some communist, some international. But their power was so great that at one time they committed twenty-one murders in thirty-six hours, and in a few years five hundred employers were shot, poisoned, or kidnapped. This gives some idea of the power they had before the Directory began to deal with them. Their favorite weapon in Spain as in Italy was the strike; and strikes that hold up trains, paralyze posts and telegraphs, or cut off electricity, are as irritating to the general public as those that arrest work are ruinous to business. The Directory took with these revolutionary secret societies exactly the same line as Mussolini had done. 'Syndicalism' is the word the Fascisti of Italy give to their plan of remoulding economic life on the guild system of the Middle Ages. Syndicalism is used in Spain for the secret societies which threatened the existence of both individuals and the established order. The Directory declared it would not tolerate them and handed over one or two murderers to summary execution. There was no more trouble. The situation was for all the world like that of an unruly class in a school. The approach of a disciplinarian reduces it to instant order. The Director's supreme achievement is to guarantee calm.

In Spain the strength of the Government has been assisted by a very interesting institution of which hardly anything has been heard outside the country. It is a society of civilians, not to attend the sick or bury the dead, like the *Misericordia* in Italy, but to maintain public order. It is known as the *Somaten*. The Somaten is in fact

the model of the Italian Fasci — groups of coercive authority outside that organized by the Government or the municipality. But the Somaten remain in civilian clothes, though they carry a stick or a revolver. They very soon showed their strength when a soldier seized the dictatorship, and they do under him much what the Fascisti had done under Mussolini. In Spain, as in Italy, parliamentary government had failed; it could not control administration. In each country the king's government had to be carried on by other means, and the means found was a dictator, assisted by a band of private citizens. So irregular a system depends upon a capable head and a spirit of sanity in the people, and those are difficult to guarantee. But so far it is proving less intolerable than ineffectiveness, and it will remain at least until something better can be suggested. There is no prospect of that yet.

General Primo di Rivera's last and most complicated trouble is that of finance. Spain's trade has long been improving. Her exports to America have doubled in the last twenty years, and have increased with all her neighbors. She made a hundred million dollars out of the war. Yet the peseta has declined in value from five to the dollar before the war to seven to the dollar now. The chief reason for this is that the budget failed to balance. The deficit in 1922–1923, before the Directory, was approximately 1,000,000,000 pesetas, or roughly 143,000,000 dollars for a population of not much more than 20,000,000 — a ruinous figure. Much of it, of course, was due to the war in Morocco, from which nothing was being gained. The Director has been able to reduce the deficit by forty per cent. If he could stop the war in Morocco, the great problem should not be difficult. And with sound finance, and the traders free to develop their resources, with Barcelona beside them for an example, Spain should not be unsuccessful. Indeed it is the position of Barcelona which makes it certain that Catalonia will not dig the ditch of a tariff between herself and Spain. She owes her position, first to her being able to supply Spain with textiles, and secondly to her taking a toll from imports and exports. Spain's resources in minerals, especially copper, in wines not known so far, with the exception of sherry, promise more than she is yet making.

At the present time, trade is not good. In March one of the chief banks of Bilbao failed, the Credito de la Union Miniera, following the failures during the winter of the Bank of Barcelona, the Bank of Vigo, and the Bank of Castile. And though the directors of the Union Miniera are in jail, the failure of banks implies a general commercial strain. One of the reasons is foreign competition, helped by depreciated currencies. The other is America's tariff wall, which left Almeria last summer with grapes to the value of 50,000,000 pesetas on her hands. America's commercial treaty with Spain, which expired and was renewed on May 5 for an indefinite period, enables her to bring motor-cars and many other articles into Spain at generally half the regular duties. But America does not, of course, stimulate Spanish trade by a similar concession; and at the present moment Catalonia is particularly suffering through the textile industry.

And, in spite of her position and the immense improvement in her hotels in the last ten years, so that everywhere one can get excellent accommodation for from three to five dollars a day, including food as well as lodging, Spain is not yet making her tourist traffic pay as Italy and Southern France make it pay.

III

But the grandeur of Spain was never exactly due to those things which make for wealth, and therefore power, in the modern world. Only now is she identifying civilization with comfort. An enterprise like that on which Columbus sailed, the introduction of a system of military efficiency into religion like that of the Society of Jesus, a painter of truth like Velasquez or like Goya, a satire like that of Cervantes, a system of religious mysticism like that of Santa Teresa, a story of such exquisite sympathy and delicacy as Valera's *Pepita Jiménez*, a gorgeous monument like the Escurial, Gothic cathedrals like those at Seville, Toledo, or Burgos, the city of Segovia, or the cloister at Salamanca, or a collection like the Prado at Madrid, draw year by year thousands to admire the grandeur and the fascination of Spain. But they do not guarantee her success in giving prompt attention to a business order.

Her attractions are wild scenes, grand monuments, gorgeous galleries. A spirit of adventure, a sense of the desert and both the crescent and the Cross, attract many who want something other than the exquisite accords of Italy's serenity. There is still a sense of novelty in Spain. The peasantry is as sturdy as Italy's, and has much of the industry and of those unbought graces of life which still linger on in what we call the Latin countries. Life there is still an art, and its daily offices are finely done. But yet a sensation of ineffectiveness returns to us at the thought of restless nights in inns off the beaten track, of the sanitary arrangements of the houses of Toledo, or the rumble of the carriages between Alcoy and Játiva.

Dignity and variety and passion — these are there; and Spain's greatest men even to-day are known of everywhere: Miguel de Unamuno, General Primo di Rivera, King Alfonso, Señor Blasco Ibáñez, and Cardinal Merry del Val. They represent five great movements or powers in Spain: liberal culture; administrative efficiency; the Monarchy at the head of a great old aristocratic system; extreme eagerness for reform, change, revolution; and, not least among powers in Spain, the Catholic Church.

What are the inherent weaknesses with which they have to cope? A rather low birth-rate, for it is only twenty-one per thousand against Italy's thirty-two; but still the population of Spain is steadily increasing. Large tracts of barren soil, for two fifths of the country defies the heroic industry of the Spanish peasant; and this means that Spain, which in square miles is almost as large as France, is in reality as small as Italy. But, as both Unamuno and Altamira pointed out long since, the country is not receptive enough to the example offered in other countries; the need still remains to harmonize the ideals and genius of Spain with all that is good and sound in modern civilization.

To this plea of Altamira, Ricardo Macías Picavea in *Il Problema Nacional*, published as long ago as 1900, added a very acute observation. He said that in the Spanish character there were two defects: first, the predominance of passion over will so that the Spaniard prefers imagination to common sense, and takes the idea of doing a thing for having done it, Spain finally becoming the land of 'to-morrow'; second, the preference of friendship and affection to justice, so that, as we saw, a place could always be found for a friend in need of favor at the cost of someone who was not a friend. The consequence of the first fault was that nothing was done, the consequence of

the second was the reward of inefficiency, and finally an absolute corruption of public life. The faults in their original moral valuation are not so very unlovely; apply them to the life of a nation, and they mean its ruin by laziness and intrigue.

Is there then some radical defect in the Latin character, or is there something hostile to progress in the strong influence which the Holy Roman Church still holds over Spain? An institution so varied and so unchanging as that Church, so vast and yet so versatile, cannot explain Spain any more than Spain can explain it. There were times when its life seemed to be incorporated with that of a monarchy like that of Charlemagne or Charles V, but in America its breath is the very spirit of democracy. The tawdriness of its altars is a byword among cultured people, but yet it mastered and made its own the most cultured age the world has ever seen — the age of Michelangelo. In the bracing modernness of New England and in the tropic antiquity of Ceylon it is in our own times daily securing new conquests. Its position is unchallenged in Europe's three busiest areas — Belgium, the Ruhr, and High Silesia. It cannot explain away the lethargy of Spain.

Yet it is true that Spain clings to Catholicism with a tenacity that hints a very close relation between its life and hers. The priests are everywhere, and their hold is strong. The fervent spirit of Ribera and the warm piety of Murillo, the holy fame of Saint Francis Xavier or Saint John of the Cross, mingles with the vast and not undisciplined institution which has glorified the Peninsula with churches and pictures which leave in the memory a glory like the flash of jewels, and a fragrance everywhere the same as that of the incensed coolness of the Mosque at Córdoba. This is the institution which Spain represents by the great Cardinal who was for ten years Secretary of State at the Vatican and is now the head of the Holy Office.

A few moments with Cardinal Merry del Val are sufficient to recall all that is great in the history of the Church in Spain — its urbanity, its dignity, its ready sympathy, its profound knowledge, its passionate devotion. But what unites it to the soul of Spain is its scope for intensity. That both gives it its power and explains its difficulty. For in Spain, as sometimes elsewhere, it finds among its servants many who suffer from the human deficiencies of bigoted and conservative natures, and these have been able to exploit its hold over passionate temperaments in the interest of their prejudices. So violent is the prejudice of a certain type of reactionary ecclesiasticism in Spain that fault has been found with King Alfonso for his knowledge of his country and for choosing a Queen who, though the most devout of converts, began life as a member of the Episcopal Church. When it is remembered that the Pope signally honored the Queen by giving her the Order of the Golden Rose, it is seen that the difficulty is due to a few bigots, and must not be confused with the official attitude of the Catholic Church. Catholics and Protestants are in fact on unusually friendly terms in Spain.

Alike with regard to the Monarchy and to the Church, Vicente Blasco Ibáñez shows prejudice at the other extreme; and the illogicalities of the book he has just published, called *Alfonso XIII*, prove it for the shallow and worthless diatribe it is. It is indeed surprising that a man with all the vigor and the imagination of Señor Ibáñez should unite himself with the forces of revolution and use both his fortune and the prestige of his genius to rob his country of the advantages

it owes to its courageous, agreeable, enterprising, and liberal sovereign.

More valuable as a critic of affairs, though still more hostile to the King, is Don Miguel de Unamuno. For many years Rector of the University of Salamanca, he has won his reputation as a philosophic thinker. His difficulty is in reconciling the power the Church has to satisfy both the will and the instinct of life, with what he considers the failure of dogmatic theology to satisfy the reason. That is a problem familiar to all modernists. But the peculiarity of Unamuno is that he is more modern than the modernists — the modernists fear the danger of believing too much; the Spanish professor fears still more the danger which comes from another quarter, 'from seeking to believe with the reason and not with life.'

The problem of Spain, therefore, is not only temperamental, it is intellectual. It is to reconcile the indisputable glory and sanity of her traditions, and the loyalty of her people to their religion, with what is greatest in the modern world. That has not proved impossible in Italy; and let us hope it will not prove impossible in Spain. It requires an eagerness of life which combines the fact of human nature with the highest speculations and desires of which it is capable, and the definite decision in thought and action in which they find expression. Spain provides for this a profound thinker on social problems who is still comparatively young, and who is not yet known as he deserves. He has lived long in London, and has published one book in English — *Authority, Liberty, and Function*. He is Don Ramiro de Maeztu, and it is an excellent sign that such a man is one of the regular writers for Madrid's chief newspaper, *El Sol*. As for the works of Señor de Maeztu, however, they are too profound in their expression to capture the mind of his country. Spain's charter of freedom from her own inherent faults, from her incapacity to revive the enterprise of her great days, is still the King's speech to the Pope. The Spaniards, for all their faults, never failed to leave in all their traces a tradition of Christianity which is still strong; and Spain as a whole still thrills to the King's declaration that the Cross is the banner of culture and of prosperity, of civilization and of progress. It is only when the people as a whole are inspired by an ideal of this kind that they will be free from that old weakness explained to them in the *Idearío Español* by Angel Ganivet, the weakness they owe to a genius who, judging them by himself, sets them a task beyond their power.

Can anyone inspire them so? Will the Directory maintain its strength and its vigor long enough? Will the King arouse the soul of Spain, so that, freeing its intensity from the lethargy of conservatism and bigotry, from the slavery of faction and intrigue, the country will find itself one with reviving Italy, and not with the dwarfed and diseased republic which nestles into its side? Is Spain to share the decrepitude of Portugal or the exuberance of Rome? The issue is obscure, but the question is not less fascinating because we cannot solve it. It gives both to Spain's old romance and to the complicated questions of her dissimilar provinces a pregnancy of interest in which thrilling visions and half-forgotten dreams keep pressing and mingling their tides with those of the most immediate issues. It makes the children of her enterprise ask an unnatural question: Is she worthy of us? The answer depends on her relation to her own great men.

TREATY REVISION

BY WILLIAM MARTIN

I

THE main topic in Europe at the moment is the question of the revision of the Treaties of Peace.

It will be remembered that, early in February last, the German Government declared its readiness solemnly to recognize the frontiers of France and Belgium as established by the Treaty of Versailles, and to guarantee those frontiers against all aggression. Simultaneously the German Government offered to undertake not to seek to modify 'by force' the eastern frontiers of Germany, but reserved itself the right of negotiating with Poland on the subject and, if necessary, of claiming rights conferred under Article 19 of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

This offer on the part of Germany, which raised implicitly, and for the first time in public, the question of a revision of the territorial status quo in Europe, met with instant support from a certain section of the British press, and from public opinion in neutral countries.

The idea of treaty revision is in itself neither new nor abnormal. Despite diplomatic phraseology, there has never been any such thing as an everlasting treaty. But some surprise is permissible that the question should so soon have arisen — after less than five years — of the revision of treaties which were held to constitute a definitive solution of European problems. Treaties have, as a rule, been longer-lived than five years.

The Treaties of Westphalia (1648), which brought the Thirty Years' War to a close, were an epitome of the political wisdom of the seventeenth century. They fixed the frontiers of Germany, established a balance of power between the great Powers of Western Europe, and put an end to the wars of religion which had devastated the Continent for more than a century. These were signal services to Europe. And yet the Treaties of Westphalia lasted no more than fifty years in their original form. Early in the eighteenth century they were thrown once more into the melting pot by the War of the Spanish Succession, and they were finally revised by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

This new settlement of Europe lasted, despite several severe shocks, until the French Revolution. The wars of the Revolution and the Empire ended in various treaties which had little or no permanent value, since they rested solely on the military power of France. But in 1814 and 1815 the Treaties of Vienna and Paris made a new settlement of Europe which their authors hoped and believed would be final.

The Treaties of Vienna and Paris were based on the assumption that the only aggressive — or, as we now say, the only imperialist — Power in Europe was France, and that every precaution should be taken to protect her peaceful neighbors against her. It was for this reason that the Belgian fortresses were handed over to the Nether-

lands. In 1830, however, the Belgian Revolution compelled the Powers to relinquish this precaution. Whether they would or no, the Powers who had built up the Treaty of Vienna were compelled to place it anew on the stocks and to grant the Belgian people the freedom which they demanded.

Later the development of Germany, the supremacy of Prussia, and the aggressive principles of Bismarckian policy shattered the very foundations upon which the settlement of 1814–15 rested. Little by little the revolutionary disturbances of 1848, the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and the Russo-Turkish War of 1878 undid the work of Vienna and Paris and, when the World War broke out in 1914, little more than the memory remained of the treaties of 1814 and 1815.

The above summary is an indication of the essential weakness and of the precarious nature of treaties. Time goes by, situations change, and there is nothing stable under the sun. History is no more static than is life. When the Treaty of Vienna was concluded, Napoleon III's pet principle of nationality and President Wilson's pet principle of self-determination were alike unrecognized. The only principle which weighed was that of dynastic rights, as interpreted in the political theories of a Talleyrand or a Metternich. Nevertheless, the idea of the rights of peoples, once launched by the French Revolution, lived on in the world. It was before long destined to reappear on the surface of politics and to provide the first shocks to the laboriously erected edifice of 1814–15.

Here we may recognize the first factor in the essential instability of treaties — namely, the moral factor.

But there is also another factor — that of the balance of power at a given moment. Treaties of peace after a war are almost always based, not on justice, but on victory. Now victory, however fair an index it may be of the material superiority of the victor at a given moment, may be fortuitous in character and due to ephemeral causes. France, under Napoleon I, was the greatest Power in Europe; but she succumbed to a coalition. So also the Germany of to-day. She has succumbed to a powerful coalition; but she remains herself powerful, even more powerful than any one of her potential adversaries taken singly. So soon as there is any relaxation of the bonds of union in which the war united the Allies, the problem of material force arises afresh and must be stated in other terms. The effect of this is that, once again, the very foundations of the Peace Treaty are called into question. This is inevitable after any war in which a coalition is engaged.

II

Are the 1919 Treaties such as to be able to withstand this process of evolution?

It is doubtful whether they are, and that for more than one reason.

1. The Treaty of Versailles was concluded on the morrow of the Armistice, and in all the intoxication of triumph. Germany was crushed and starved. The Allies were, on the whole, united — although they did not see eye to eye on every detail. The war mentality was still uppermost and there were few, if any, limits to what could be done with Germany.

Since 1919 the whole situation and outlook has changed with extraordinary rapidity and to an incredible extent. Germany has passed through a period of indescribable chaos, only to revive once again. She has not recovered her former predominant position, but she has to some extent reëstablished her economic power. On the

other hand, the Allies have gone their own way and each one of them has now to deal with Germany singly. America has retired, like Achilles to his tent. Great Britain has returned to her colonial and imperial preoccupations. The various States which once composed the alliance against the Central Powers have not the same interest in compelling the execution of the Treaty of Versailles, and France — which has the greatest interest of all — is by no means the strongest among them.

Thus the whole Peace is the expression of a balance between essentially unstable forces. France has but forty million inhabitants to face Germany's sixty millions. Poland, crushed between the millstones of Germany and Russia, is in a position of decided military and geographical inferiority, with frontiers open at all points to invasion.

Take now the case of Hungary. Hungary dominated her neighbors for centuries, not so much because of the force of mere tradition as because the Magyar race and the Magyar sense of nationality were among the strongest in Central Europe. Thus the Peace, which has in effect subordinated the wolves to the sheep, is no adequate expression of the real power of the signatory States.

An attempt has been made to balance the comparative weakness of the victors by the disarmament of the vanquished. It has been thought sufficient, in order to secure a lasting peace, to deprive Germany, Hungary, and the other Central Powers of their arms, while leaving the Allied and Associated Powers their full complement of military strength. The first result of this was to compel the new States of Central Europe, such as Poland and Czechoslovakia, to establish powerful armies and to saddle themselves with the burden of a heavy debt, entirely disproportionate to their real financial resources.

The energetic pacifism of a statesman like Mr. Beneš, for instance, is largely due to his conviction that his country cannot for long bear the crushing burden of her military expenditure.

Nothing can be more certain than that this method of securing equilibrium is futile.

History shows that it is impossible to disarm a nation. For all his power, Napoleon I could not prevent Prussia from reconstructing her army after Jena. Great Britain, in a century of effort, has not succeeded in disarming little Ireland. To imagine that in such circumstances it would be possible, by means of a system of external control, however rigorous and painstaking, to secure the disarmament not only of Hungary, but also of Germany, is a pure illusion, and this fact is being more and more recognized to-day.

It is true that Germany and Hungary are at the moment disarmed as regards war material, and in comparison with those who might in the future be their enemies. But they both remain in possession of their reserves of manpower, and the evolution of military science may one day put them in a position to reconstruct their military power rapidly. Hence the alarm of the victorious nations, who feel that their own strength is inadequate to withstand a counter-offensive on the part of their beaten enemies.

2. It is well known that, in its broad outlines, the Treaty of Versailles was drawn up on the basis of Wilsonian conceptions of policy. It endeavored to secure for all peoples the right of self-determination. It was in pursuit of this ideal that the Treaty created new States and dismembered the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

But President Wilson had to take account of certain insuperable obstacles and of certain inevitable facts. He was unable to delimit the frontiers of the new States as he would have wished. Moreover, the right of self-determination is impossible, in practice, if followed to its logical conclusions, and this for three reasons.

The first reason is that the districts in question were districts in which it was virtually impossible accurately to determine the wishes of the inhabitants. Plebiscites would have been useless. The authors of the Treaty were thus compelled to make up their own minds and to act upon their own decisions.

Being unable to ask the various peoples what they wanted, they proceeded on hypothesis, on the basis of the external factor of language. In practice, the right of self-determination has become the right of States to annex peoples of the same tongue as themselves. In Switzerland, for example, the linguistic frontier has moved two or three times in the course of centuries. If any attempt were made to draw from such movements even the smallest deduction as to the patriotism of the population, the resulting conclusions would be utterly fallacious.

This is what happened with the post-war settlement. Wherever plebiscites took place, they supplied irrefutable proof that the argument from language is false. In East Prussia, for instance, a Polish-speaking population voted 97 per cent in favor of Germany. In Upper Silesia, although the majority of the inhabitants are Polish-speaking, the vote went in favor of Germany. The same thing happened in Central Schleswig, where the prevailing language is Danish. If the peoples of Austria-Hungary had been asked to express an opinion, it is certain that the map of Europe would now be very different from what it actually is.

In the second place, it is impossible to carry out to the full in practice the principle of the right of peoples to self-determination. Many districts in Central Europe are inhabited by an inextricably confused tangle of races. The Treaty, therefore, — and it could hardly do otherwise, — created new nations; and these new nations were composite entities. It is not too much to say that the number of irreconcilables in Europe from the racial point of view is no less great than before 1914. The inevitable result has been the creation of new irredentist movements.

Thirdly, the authors of the Treaty were compelled — or thought they were compelled — to take account of certain factors alien to the principle of self-determination; thus economic, strategic, historical, and diplomatic considerations all contributed to hinder the full application of the principle.

Take, first, the example of Hungary. Before the war that country was composed of a central plain surrounded by mountains. The plain was inhabited by the Magyars, the mountains by other races. At the foot of the mountains runs a circular line of railway on which stands a series of large and purely Magyar towns, which serve as outlets for the mountain valleys. Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and the Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom represented that, without the railway and the outlets, the mountain districts granted to them could not exist, economically speaking, and could not be defended. This point of view was adopted, and thus districts with a total population of several million Magyars were added to the territories of three States. For the same reason three and a half million Germans have been given to Czechoslovakia — since it was represented that it was impossible to cut the country in two and to take away its main industrial resources.

Poland pleaded that she needed an outlet on the open sea and, as no portion of the Polish race touches the sea, there has been created, between Germany and her Province of East Prussia, the famous 'Polish Corridor,' inhabited by Germans, which is a geographical monstrosity and a prime cause of the present political instability of Europe.

In order to allow Poland to play the part assigned to her in the new balance of European power, and to replace Russia as a counterpoise to Germany on Germany's eastern flank, Poland has been given Russian and Ukrainian populations to the east, which accessions of territory have made her nearly twice as large as she would have been had she been constituted on a purely linguistic or ethnological basis.

Finally, President Wilson himself was so absorbed by the problem of Fiume that he allowed the German-inhabited South Tyrol to be handed over to Italy. This annexation had been one of the provisions of the Treaty of London, and was based on purely strategic grounds.

But the decisions which were most disastrous for the peace of Europe were not taken during the Peace Conference, or in the presence of President Wilson. After his departure, on the very morrow of the Peace, at a moment when no one would have accepted the responsibility of renewing the war, there took place certain sudden and violent seizures of territory. The Italians occupied Fiume, which President Wilson had refused them. The Poles took Vilna in the same manner, and induced the Conference of Ambassadors to grant them the whole of Eastern Galicia, which is inhabited by a population of Ruthenians, who hate them. Finally, Bessarabia was allotted to Rumania for historic reasons; but Russia has never recognized this decision, in which she is directly interested.

It is thus easy to indict the Peace settlement from the territorial point of view. These mistakes, however, were inevitable, because of the inextricable tangle of conflicting interests and because of the complexity and immensity of the problem and the sheer inadequacy of human understanding to grapple with it. Is it certain that those who most severely criticize the Peace could have done better?

Moreover, the consequences of these errors would not have been so serious if they had not been accompanied by a deplorable spirit of nationalism and protectionism. The Peace drew new frontiers across old-established economic units, and artificially segregated populations which had been for centuries accustomed to live together, to work in common, and mutually to supply one another's requirements. A change of this nature could clearly not be accomplished 'in a night' without a considerable shock. The least that should have been done was to maintain so far as possible the old economic relations between the populations thus severed. What happened was exactly the contrary. The new States thought, rightly or wrongly, that the best means of ensuring their national unity was to surround themselves with customs barriers. They sought to destroy the old complexities which were due to the natural play of economic forces, in order to transform themselves into complete and self-sufficing national units. In a word, their object was to establish their economic, as well as their political, sovereignty as completely and rapidly as possible. So far from imitating certain free-zone systems, which are a heritage from the past, and of which several examples are to be found in Europe, they preferred to shut themselves behind a barrier of protective tariffs and import and export prohibitions. Communications were suddenly

interrupted. Traditional currents of trade were turned aside, and all this naturally aggravated the sufferings, regrets, and hatreds arising out of the separation.

Such is now the situation of Central Europe. Mr. Beneš, the Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, recently summarized it as follows in a speech before the Council of the League of Nations: —

'From Finland in the North through the Baltic Republics, Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Austria, down the valley of the Danube to Constantinople and Southern Greece, there are regions where thousands of conflicts may break out, beginning to-day by the murder of a frontier guard or the desecration of a flag, and easily ending to-morrow in a terrible war.'

3. To causes arising out of territorial and military instability there must now be added a third cause, the consequences of which are no less serious — namely the problem of Reparations.

At the moment when the Treaty of Versailles was concluded there was a general idea that, after a war like the Great War, the world would need economic reconstruction and would require to replenish its exhausted stocks. Thus a period of great prosperity had been foreseen. It was thought that industry would not be able to meet the demand for goods, that it would be able to make unlimited profits, and that the volume of trade would grow steadily. This was an historical error. All great wars, and in particular those at the beginning of the nineteenth century, were followed by long periods of economic depression. But the error was a general one at the time, and on it was based the whole system of Reparations. No figure was high enough to frighten the authors of the Treaty, because they thought that Germany should be in a position to export everything she could manufacture and to manufacture everything she wished.

It will be remembered how, during the spring of 1921, the situation, which had until then seemed to justify this optimistic prediction, suddenly changed. A complicated series of economic reactions suddenly arrested exports and imports in all countries, and it seemed impossible to ask Germany to pay what had been expected of her, or even considerably lower sums.

The conviction of this impossibility did not immediately take root in people's minds. It was thought that with good-will it would be possible to carry out the Treaty. It was thought also — and this was the most serious mistake of all — that the prosperity of one nation could be founded upon the ruin of another. This was the guiding idea of Interallied reparation policy until the London Conference of 1924.

But at last the inadequacy of the results obtained, the gradual but ever more catastrophic depreciation of the German exchange, the disastrous reactions which this depreciation threatened to exercise on the internal economy of other nations, and, finally, France's urgent need of receiving something, however small, led the Governments to a proper appreciation of the facts. Thus began, so far as the Reparations chapter is concerned, the real revision of the Treaty of Peace.

III

It is somewhat surprising to note the agitation of a certain section of European opinion, above all in France, whenever the words 'treaty revision' are pronounced. As a matter of fact, treaty revision has already begun and has been going on for a long time in various ways.

In the first place, the two texts of the Treaty, — English and French, — both

of which are authentic, were not identical on various points, and each has had to be revised to suit the other.

Secondly, certain Articles have been shown to be inapplicable and have had to be, at least tacitly, abandoned.

Thirdly, certain Articles have proved to be contrary to the interests of the Allies, who have therefore let them lapse.

Fourthly, other Articles have been violated or tendenciously interpreted, and this is equivalent to revision.

Finally, certain Articles have been formally modified, either by the Allies themselves or by the Allies in agreement with Germany.

This is not the place in which to undertake a complete study of all these amendments, whether they are de jure or de facto. In 1922 the Reparation Commission published a synoptic table of the Treaty and of the jurisprudence which has interpreted or amended it. This work is contained in a large volume, and there is no Article in Parts VIII and IX of the Treaty which has not been appreciably modified.

It will be sufficient here to recall one or two facts.

Take first of all the territorial clauses, which are the easiest to carry out and to supervise. What has become of Article 34 of the Treaty of Versailles concerning the views of the inhabitants of Eupen and Malmedy? Article 42 was modified by the Allies when they requested Germany to maintain certain fortifications on the right bank of the Rhine. Article 43 was violated when Germany sent her troops into the Ruhr to put down a Communist revolt. So also the occupation of the Ruhr by France has been considered, although for other reasons, a violation of the Treaty. The whole chapter concerning the Saar Basin and its government by the League of Nations has been modified in various ways. Poland has complained on more than one occasion that the provisions of the Treaty concerning the status of the Free City of Danzig have not been interpreted in their proper spirit. Article 88, concerning the plebiscite in Upper Silesia, has given rise to acute controversy. Germany unceasingly complains that Article 89, concerning traffic facilities through the Polish Corridor, has not been applied. Article 99, concerning the Memel territory, was not applied for several years, and still gives rise to discussion.

Part V of the Treaty (military, naval, and air clauses) was modified in 1922, when the Allies stated that they would be satisfied if Germany carried out certain conditions considerably less severe than those contained in the Treaty itself. So also the Allies authorized Germany for internal reasons to increase the numbers of her 'Security Police.' Finally, Article 213 has been interpreted by the League of Nations in a way which has profoundly modified its sense.

Part VIII of the Treaty, concerning penalties for the authors of the war and for war criminals, has not been carried out.

As regards Reparations (Part VIII), modifications may be noted in Articles 233, 235, 236, and 239; in Paragraphs 12, 16, 17, and 18 of Annex 2; and in Paragraphs 1, 2, and 3 of Annex 3. Annex 4, concerning deliveries in kind, Annex 5, concerning coal deliveries, and Articles 249 to 270 have been revised. Article 297 has been modified by the renunciation on the part of Great Britain of certain rights which were hers under the Treaty. Finally, the Dawes Plan has introduced general ideas and obligations of an entirely different nature into the whole of the chapter.

Article 386, which submits all disputes concerning the regulation of international transport to the League of Nations, has been violated by France,

and Germany has not protested under it.

Article 393 has been amended by legal methods, and many other Articles of Part XIII, in particular the important Article 405 on the ratification of Labor Conventions, have not been exactly applied. So, too, Article 435, on the question of the free zones of Haute-Savoie, has given rise to long discussions and is at the moment under Franco-Swiss arbitration.

This summary enumeration shows that it would be a grave mistake to suppose that the Treaties of 1919 are inviolable, that they have not been in any way modified, and that they cannot be touched without collapsing. On the contrary, the truth is that revision is only one of the various methods by which treaties evolve. It is the most apparent and obvious, and the least frequent; and the Treaties, although they have not been officially revised, no longer exist in the form in which they were conceived.

It may be presumed that, as time goes on and according as situations change, the process of diplomatic revision will be hastened and accentuated.

Take a concrete case as an example. It will be remembered that Germany, in expressing her desire to become a Member of the League of Nations, pointed out that her disarmament under the Treaty of Peace would prevent her from assuming all the obligations of Members of the League such as are contained in Article 16 of the Covenant. The Council of the League of Nations gave the correct legal reply that it was impossible to make differences between Members and to create privileges within the League.

If, therefore, Germany enters the League it will be on an equal footing, with the same rights and duties as the other States. But is it not clear that, in this case, the reasoning may be turned round and that, when she can no longer invoke her disarmament in order not to be forced to carry out Article 16, Germany can at least invoke the application of Article 16 as a reason for not executing the disarmament clauses, so as to obtain some revision of them? It must be admitted that the argument is very strong. If there are equal duties, there should, it seems, be equal rights and equal resources; and any supplementary arrangements which Germany may make for the security of her former enemies, and any proofs which she gives of her will to peace and her good faith, must necessarily lead toward a revision of the military clauses of the Treaty, which are based on the hypothesis of German aggressiveness and bad faith.

This is what alarms those people in France who have no confidence in Germany.

IV

On an important point the Treaty of Versailles has introduced an innovation. Whereas in the past all political treaties were supposed to be perpetual, and it was left to time or force to make the necessary readjustments in them, the Treaties of 1919 have expressly provided for a procedure for revision, and even for more than one procedure.

Article 26 of the Covenant runs as follows: —

> Amendments to this Covenant will take effect when ratified by the Members of the League whose Representatives compose the Council and by a majority of the Members of the League whose Representatives compose the Assembly.
>
> No such Amendment shall bind any Member of the League which signifies its dissent therefrom, but in that case it shall cease to be a Member of the League.

This procedure applies only to the Covenant of the League of Nations, and has already been put in practice

on several occasions. Article 4 of the Covenant, concerning the election of nonpermanent Members of the Council; Article 6, concerning the allocation of expenses; Articles 12, 13, and 15, concerning the judicial procedure for the settlement of disputes; Article 16, concerning collective sanctions in the case of a violation of the Covenant; and Article 25, on the procedure for amendment, have been successively modified, although the amendment of Article 6 has alone come into force, since the other amendments have not been ratified by all the Members of the Council of the League of Nations.

Article 422 of the Treaty of Versailles provides for a similar procedure for the revision of Part XIII of the Treaty concerning the International Labor Organization. An amendment to Article 393, which was adopted by the International Labor Conference, has not yet been ratified.

But, apart from these particular provisions, Article 19 contains an entirely new and very important principle in international law. 'The Assembly,' says this Article, 'may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.'

This Article, the great merit of which is that it applies without distinction to all treaties, including the treaty of which it is a part, was due to a suggestion originally made by the Fabian Society in London.

There has as yet been no occasion to apply Article 19. It is, therefore, impossible at the moment to attempt any appreciation of it from the legal point of view.

All that can be said is that the Article lays down three principles. The first is that the Assembly alone, to the exclusion of the Council, is competent to apply Article 19. The second is that the decisions of the Assembly are not compulsory upon members of the League of Nations. The third principle is that, like all the recommendations of the Assembly, these decisions may be taken by a simple majority vote, the representatives of the parties concerned not taking part.

It would be premature to go beyond the affirmation of these principles. The procedure is not fixed, and it has often been asked whether Article 19 could work in practice.

Once only, hitherto, the question was raised in the League of Nations — by Peru and Bolivia. These States asked the Assembly to recommend the revision of the Treaty of Ancón which they concluded in 1883 with Chile and which had since been submitted to the arbitration of President Coolidge. The question was considered by a Committee composed of Mr. Scialoja (Italy), Mr. Urrutia (Colombia), and Mr. de Peralta (Costa Rica).

In giving its opinion, the Committee stated that the Assembly of the League of Nations could not by itself modify any treaty, since the amendment of treaties remained the exclusive competence of the contracting States. The Assembly could therefore only request the Members of the League of Nations to proceed to a further consideration of certain international situations. The Committee then continued in the following terms: —

> Such advice can only be given in cases where treaties have become inapplicable — that is to say, when the state of affairs existing at the moment of their conclusion has subsequently undergone, either materially or morally, such radical changes that their application has ceased to be reasonably possible, or in cases of the existence of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

It will be seen that this interpretation is restrictive; but it has no legal force. It would, however, be an exaggeration to think that Article 19, even though limited, has no value. It might in some future crisis afford the ideal solution of a dispute. It is not easy to use and it is not desirable that it should be frequently invoked; but it is none the less a great triumph for the most modern conceptions of international law, and an essential part of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

Speaking generally, the tenor of the Covenant is conservative. Article 10, in particular, gives countries which possess a given territory a guaranty that such territory may in no case be taken from them by force. Strictly interpreted it means that the existing frontiers of Europe cannot be modified by war. Article 16, which is the sanction and support of Article 10, has a similar meaning. Taken separately, therefore, the object of these Articles may be said to be to crystallize Europe in the situation in which she has been placed by the Treaties of Peace. The Geneva Protocol further strengthens these provisions by declaring all war illegal and by substituting for force in all cases an arbitration which can rest only upon existing law and existing treaties. If, therefore, Article 19 of the Covenant did not exist, no modification of the present territorial arrangement of Europe would be possible, since the status quo could not be changed either by force or by law.

Happily, however, the authors of the Covenant foresaw this. They saw that there must be a corollary to Articles 10 and 16 and that, in order that the Articles could be applied in the spirit and in the letter, there should be some means of modifying legally and peacefully international situations which became intolerable. This is the meaning of Article 19.

V

It has been seen that, politically speaking, the revision of the Treaties would appear to be inevitable. Legally it is possible; but is it desirable in existing circumstances?

It is understood that Article 19 remains. It would be impossible at the moment, when Germany is of her own initiative making a great effort to enter the League of Nations, to forbid her to appeal to one of the only Articles in the Treaty of Peace which is favorable to her. But the question arises, is the present a favorable moment for appealing to the Article?

In such a matter nothing could be more disastrous than overhaste. Europe is just recovering from a long and painful crisis, and could not at the moment bear a further operation. She must be left the time, first to get rid of her fever, and then to recover her health. It is only later that account can be taken, in the light of experience, of her real requirements. What the peoples of Europe chiefly lack to-day is the feeling of security. They are living in constant apprehension of another war, and this anxiety is exercising a paralyzing effect upon them. It is preventing them from coming together and from working in common for the reconstruction of the Continent. A premature revision of the territorial clauses of the Treaties, or merely a campaign in favor of such revision, would still further diminish the feeling of security, would increase the instability of public opinion, and would ultimately have an effect the very opposite of the one intended.

This danger may be prevented by the Five Power Pact proposed by Herr Stresemann. In itself the idea of this Pact is undoubtedly good. It affords a welcome solution of the problem of French security, and nothing could be

more imprudent than peremptorily to reject it.

But it would seem, from the speeches of certain German statesmen, that the offer is accompanied by certain implicit reservations with regard to the Polish frontiers. There is nothing surprising in this. Germany is solemnly and voluntarily recognizing the inviolability of her western frontiers. She is offering to conclude with Poland an arbitration treaty which can rest only on the basis of existing international law, and she promises not to seek to modify her eastern frontier by force. It may easily be understood that in these circumstances she wishes to appeal to Article 19 of the Covenant, and German statesmen do not think that they can wait any longer to say so. They are pursuing a twofold end: in the first place, they wish to reassure their own public opinion, which might accuse them of weakness or even of treason; secondly, they wish to create in Anglo-Saxon countries a state of opinion which is favorable to their claims.

But, for these very reasons, Polish opinion has been profoundly disturbed. Poland, which has just achieved financial reconstruction and which is still at grips with all the most serious questions raised by the creation of a new State made out of portions which have been divided for more than a century, cannot certainly, without serious dangers for her internal life, tolerate the prospect of a further mutilation. It may easily be understood that the fear of a new partition is an ever-present nightmare with her. There is no question here at issue whether the frontiers given to Poland are or are not wise. In the opinion of the writer, they might, on certain points at least, have been drawn with greater prudence. But to have made them different at the outset is one thing, and to remake them to-day is quite another thing. It is too soon. Time alone will make the situation clearer.

What do we know of the future? In a few years a better appreciation of the economic interests of countries may lead them to collaborate. They may even succeed, on certain disputed frontiers, in establishing free economic zones. They may even come to reduce the inconveniences of those artificial frontiers, which hitherto they have endeavored to augment. In a word, when men's minds grow calmer these questions may solve themselves.

That is why two ideas which are only apparently in contradiction should not be forgotten. The first is that any revision of the territorial status of Europe is premature at the moment. The second is that revision of the Treaties of Peace is both possible and necessary; but it should not begin with frontier modification. That would be to put the cart before the horse. When certain economic or military clauses of the Treaties have been revised, and when collaboration between those who were formerly enemies has been shown to be workable, it will be much easier to deal with the great questions the solution of which is at the moment impossible.

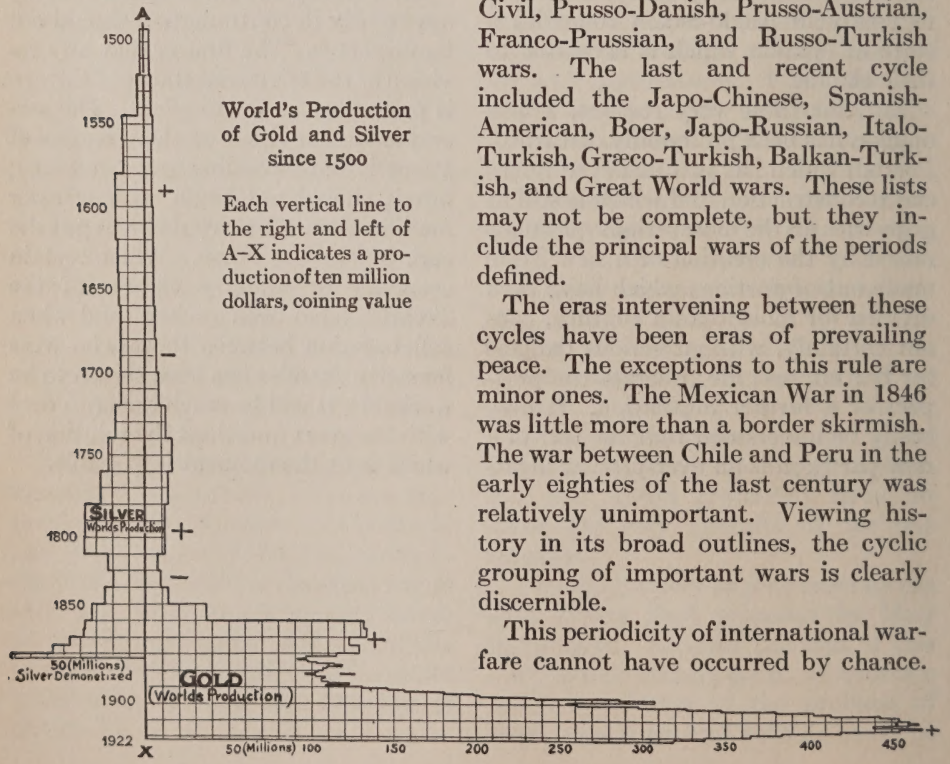
THE ECONOMIC CAUSE OF WAR

AN HYPOTHESIS

BY EDWARD BEACH HOWELL

ONE of the most obvious facts about international wars, at least those of modern times that must be financed, is that they occur in cycles. From this category must be excluded mere tribal conflicts, and also such military operations as those of Great Britain in the Sudan and in Zululand, and of the United States among Western Indians.

During the last two hundred years, to go no further back, three such cycles have occurred, the first between 1701 and 1814, the second between 1854 and 1877, and the third between 1894 and 1918.



The first cycle included the War of the Spanish Succession, the First Seven Years' War, the Second Seven Years' War, the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the Napoleonic Wars. The second cycle included the Crimean, Franco-Austrian, American Civil, Prusso-Danish, Prusso-Austrian, Franco-Prussian, and Russo-Turkish wars. The last and recent cycle included the Japo-Chinese, Spanish-American, Boer, Japo-Russian, Italo-Turkish, Græco-Turkish, Balkan-Turkish, and Great World wars. These lists may not be complete, but they include the principal wars of the periods defined.

The eras intervening between these cycles have been eras of prevailing peace. The exceptions to this rule are minor ones. The Mexican War in 1846 was little more than a border skirmish. The war between Chile and Peru in the early eighties of the last century was relatively unimportant. Viewing history in its broad outlines, the cyclic grouping of important wars is clearly discernible.

This periodicity of international warfare cannot have occurred by chance.

It indicates an economic cause that works in cycles.

In the physical sciences, the periodicity of phenomena is regarded as a fact of great significance. When yellow fever was the great scourge of tropical countries, it was known to be a seasonal disease. It spread with the coming of summer and abated with the first frosts of autumn. It was this periodicity, perhaps more than any other clue, that led to the detection of the Stegomyia mosquito as the disease-carrier. In other words, in looking for the cause of the periodicity of the disease, the cause of the disease was discovered.

So if we are successful in ascertaining the cause of the periodicity of warfare we may expect to identify also the economic cause of war. We must look not only for a cause operating in cycles, but also for one that operates in irregular cycles. In other words, the cause, when found, must explain the irregularity and speeding-up of these cycles during recent decades. In addition we must look for a world-wide cause, since the tendency to warfare, when the war cycle recurs, is too general to be traced to any one nation or locality.

I

In searching for a cause of war that answers to these various tests, there are certain causes popularly assigned that must be excluded. Human depravity must be excluded, for human depravity, such as it is, shows no world-wide periodicity in its manifestations. It is a constant quantity. For the same reason the ambition of rulers must be excluded. If the ambition of Napoleon tends to explain the Napoleonic Wars, it cannot account for the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the other wars of that cycle. For a similar reason we must exclude military and naval armaments, since they reveal no such cyclic arrangement. Military preparations are fairly constant. Armaments are always somewhere being strengthened.

It would be accurate to say that the periodicity of warfare is due to the periodicity of the war complex, meaning thereby the resultant of those psychological tendencies that are conducive to war. Every era has its own psychological trend. The Germans call it the *Zeitgeist*. The English call it the spirit of the times. Everyone whose memory goes back thirty years or more knows that the war which was possible in 1914 would have been quite impossible in 1894, or even in 1924. The mood of the world in 1914 was entirely different from what it was at either other date.

But having traced the war cycle to the age psychology, the solution itself needs solving. What underlying cause or condition produces the varying world-mood that makes war possible if not probable in one era and improbable if not impossible in another?

I am not aware that economists have answered this question or even recognized the facts upon which it is based. So I am unable to cite authorities in support of the hypothesis herein suggested. My hypothesis is based upon what was to me a chance discovery made in the course of investigating another subject. This discovery was that for at least two hundred years last past the war cycles have practically coincided with the eras of rising prices, and the eras of rising prices have in like manner coincided with the peaks in the production of the money metals — gold and silver during days of bimetallism, and gold alone since then.

I present herewith a chart of the world's production of gold from the discovery of America to and including the year 1922, which shows the peaks and the valleys in the production of

the precious metals during the period covered. The world's production of silver is shown only from 1492 till its demonetization by the United States in 1873. At that time it ceased to be basic money and, while it is still used as a money material, its current value is measured by gold.

The production of gold is shown on the right of the line A–X and that of silver on the left. Each vertical line to the right and left of A–X indicates a production of ten million dollars, coining value. Each decade from the year 1500 down is indicated by a horizontal line.

There have been four well-defined peaks of production which I have marked on the margin by the sign for plus. The first occurred during the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries. It was due partly to loot from the New World, but principally to the discovery of the silver mines of Potosi and the almost coincident discovery of the method of recovering silver from its ores by the use of quicksilver. The second peak occurred during the eighteenth and the first decade of the nineteenth centuries. It was due to the progressive development of mines in Spanish America, and fell off rapidly when Spain lost her American colonies in the early part of the last century. The third peak followed the placer discoveries in California and Australia near the middle of the nineteenth century. The fourth peak reached its pinnacle in the year 1915. It has been due principally to the gold discoveries in South Africa and Alaska and the cyanide process of reducing gold from its ores. The valleys of production are marked in the margin by minus signs.

With this chart anyone can make the same discovery that I did. If he investigates the historical facts of the period covered thereby, he will find that the eras of rising prices have coincided, barring possibly a slight lag, with the ascending peaks of money-metal production, and that falling prices in the same manner have coincided with their descent. He will also discover that the war cycles have coincided quite closely with these peaks.

The business of owning and operating gold and silver mines used to be a governmental function. They were reserved from all grants of land. When the gold-miners of 1849 exploited the placer deposits of California, they were technically trespassers on the government domain. But there had been such a gold famine for many years preceding that the United States was only too anxious to have the exploitation continue. In 1866, however, the United States abandoned its former policy of reservation and passed its first law permitting the location and purchase of its gold and silver mines. In most of the British Colonies the same freedom of exploitation and purchase has been permitted.

This change from governmental to private operation has resulted in the quicker exhaustion of newly discovered mines. It is the policy of mining companies to work out a deposit as quickly as possible, thus saving on the 'overhead.' The cream of the placers of California and Australia was taken out in twenty years. The Klondike was exhausted in less time. Nome has been decadent for many years. South Africa is reported to have passed the peak of its production.

This speeding-up of the work of gold-mining during the last seventy-five years has resulted in greater and more frequent peaks of production and intervening valleys of shorter length, but the peaks still coincide with the eras of high prices and of wars, and the valleys with the eras of falling markets and of peace.

II

It is fair then to conclude that in the recurring peaks of money-metal production we have found the cause of the recurring war-cycles and hence the economic cause of war itself. The chart shows that this cause has operated in irregular cycles and more frequently during the last seventy-five years. Moreover, it is a world-wide cause, for nothing else affects so many people in so many places as a change in the value of the world's basic money.

Gold measures the prices of commerce, the market value of all accumulated wealth, the monetary consideration of every contract, and the value of all kinds of credit money, whether made of paper, silver, copper, or nickel. Even in the case of depreciated paper-money, it is gold that measures the extent of the depreciation. Let a new and important source of gold be found, such as was the Rand thirty years ago, and presently the whole commercial world will feel the change. The price index will slowly climb, and the rising market will bring hoarded money into active circulation.

If it were possible, by human agency, to alter the force of gravity, so that the pound, ton, or kilogramme would mean one thing one year and an entirely different thing the next, the whole world would combine to prevent by law any such interference. But, while standards of weight are beyond the reach of human tampering, the standard of value is not. Nothing is more certain than that an overproduction of gold will cheapen the world's money and will bring an era of rising prices in every nation using gold as money.

The reasons assigned for the rise of prices — the 'high cost of living' in popular phrase — during the twentieth century are legion. There is scarcely a man afflicted with such poverty of thought as not to possess a fluent explanation of the cause of high prices. But here is one fact that is worthy the attention of every thinking man: the entire world's production of gold from the discovery of America to the close of the year 1923 was, in round numbers and in American money, nineteen billion dollars; of this aggregate amount, *more than one half has been produced since the year 1896*. Such a stupendous production of the money metal in so short a time is without precedent in all human history.

If it pleases a man to have his pet theory as to the rise of prices during the twentieth century, I should not refuse him. If it pleases many men to have many differing theories, they are within their rights. But Professor Jevons more than fifty years ago dealt with that kind of folk: —

> I have only to ask those who think that the growth of population, the increase of demand, or the progress of trade is the cause of the rise in prices, whether population, demand, trade, and so forth, were not expanding before 1849, not so rapidly as since, but still expanding; and how it is that causes of the same kind have produced falling prices before 1849 and rising prices since? . . . It may be safely said that the odds are ten thousand to one in favor of a real depreciation of gold. The meaning of this is that the chances are ten thousand to one against a series of disconnected and casual circumstances having caused the rise of price, — one in the case of one commodity, another in the case of another, — instead of some general cause acting over them all.

If a cheapening of the world's money produces those psychological reactions that generate war, then the wise thing for the world's statesmen to do is to stabilize the world's money. We have laws to protect against counterfeiters and similar gentry who would debase our money, but the nations have given

the gold-miner carte blanche to cheapen our basic money by overproduction if he can, and the world's experience since 1896 shows that he can. Some attention should also be given to the men who waste gold in the unnecessary gilding of things.

For fourteen years before the war, Great Britain had permitted the most reckless overproduction of gold in South Africa. The resulting rising markets of that era enormously stimulated British commerce. But they stimulated the commerce of other nations as well, and brought about that commercial rivalry, that intoxication of prosperity, and that desire to grab territory, which were the root causes of the war. As a result of its lack of vision, Great Britain came out of the war with an enormous debt, with its financial primacy threatened if not lost, with its commerce greatly impaired, and with the gold of South Africa in the vaults of the United States. If this gold had been kept in the storehouses of nature and paid out into the channels of trade as it was really needed, it might have given the world the glow of an even and normal prosperity for a century to come. Instead, it was dumped as it was produced, in disregard of its economic effects, and the commercial frenzy thereby produced was followed by the frenzy of war.

The place to stabilize money is at the gold mine and in the factories where gold is wasted. I have no sympathy with those economists who claim that the government must permit everyone to use gold freely in any and every way he may please in order to preserve its value as money. If it should be found that the restriction of the unnecessary uses of gold in the arts cheapens it, that would be a desirable thing to know, since such an effect could be easily remedied by curtailing the production at the mine, a very wise thing to do if we are to consider the future welfare of the race.

For more than thirty years the writer has been a mining lawyer in the largest mining district of the United States, if not of the world. My clients have been largely gold-miners. It has been my business to show them how mining deposits can be located and titles acquired from the government. I am sure that no one would profit more from the stabilization of the value of gold than the gold-miner himself. And it seems to me a most feasible thing to accomplish, but I can see how it will require international coöperation, at least between Great Britain and the United States, the two principal gold-producing countries.

III

We use a thermometer to let us know the condition of things in the distant furnace. The price index is the thermometer of gold-production. Between 1873 and 1894 the price index was warning us that the production of gold was scant. After a few years of approximate stability, it began to warn us that gold was being produced in excessive amounts. The nations of the world gave no heed whatever to these warnings. They seemed and still seem to regard the price index as a matter of only academic importance.

The cyclical fluctuations in prices herein referred to should be distinguished from the seasonal price-fluctuations that largely counteract each other. There is the same distinction between them that there is between ocean waves and ocean tides. Both are waves in the last analysis, but the former are local, and their force is quickly spent, while the latter are broad movements of the whole ocean's surface, lasting for hours.

Seasonal fluctuations in prices are bound to occur under the most stable

money. They are not detrimental but rather beneficial in their economic effects. They give life to trade and bestow their rewards on the keenest trader.

But it is otherwise with cyclical price-movements. They last for years, abnormally stimulating trade and industry on their rise and abnormally depressing them on their fall. They are essentially evil in their effects, and tend to breed social discontent. In so far as they are due to fluctuations in the world's supply of gold, there ought to be some cure for the evil, and I am optimistic enough to believe that a cure will be found when the ailment is correctly diagnosed. Both diagnosis and cure, however, are rendered the more difficult by conflicting class-interests. Men see quickly what it is to their interest to see. Farmers generally, being producers and property-owners, rejoice in rising prices, while wage- and salary-earners complain. If the latter can maintain the wage scale and continuity of employment, they view falling markets with great satisfaction. Hence the two classes see opposite sides of the economic shield, and agricultural sections work more or less at cross purposes with industrial centres. Stable money, based on a stabilized gold supply, would minimize this conflict and do more than anything else could do to bring lasting contentment to both classes.

The tidal-wave price-fluctuations of the twentieth century have caused and are still causing many economic effects other than war, which I cannot point out here. My present purpose is to show that high prices are not so much caused by war as war is caused by high prices, and that in causal effect an era of increased basic-money production precedes both.

Among the many wars of the last four centuries, three stand preëminent as wars of excessive destruction and exhaustion — the Thirty Years' War, the Napoleonic Wars (considered as a single martial era), and the Great World War. Each of these, like an army of furies from Hell, bestrode the summit of a great money-metal production. And as the last of these terrible conflicts recedes in the near background of memory it becomes mankind to inquire why the very culmination of the most stupendous gold-production of all time should find the leading nations of the world springing at each other's throats in the most deadly and destructive conflict of all human history.

When once that inquiry is rightly answered, we shall then know the economic cause of war.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BALTIC SUMMER

As a fashionable watering-place, the glory of Narova-Joesuu has departed, but the sands are still as yellow and the sea is still as blue as they were in the days before the war, when the gay aristocracy of Russia and wealthy German nobles came to summer on its shores.

We are sitting on the sunny beach by a wide bay of the Baltic Sea. The long curve of wooded shore, edged with golden sand that stretches to the left of us as far as we can see, is Esthonia, the little land that is thrilled with its new freedom and is struggling to build a Utopia under difficulties. And off to the right of us curves a long, low, wooded, golden-edged shore that looks exactly the same as the curve that is Esthonia. But it is Russia. We look at the Esthonian shore with a feeling of familiarity. But with what a feeling of baffled curiosity we look at Russia! It is as if we stood at the gates of something great and mysterious and different, unknown and unknowable, which we may not enter. For in Esthonia we may come and go as we please, if we have paid ten dollars for a visa and given our family histories and a few marks to the police in the town we may wish to visit. But the borders of Russia are well guarded. Few may enter and few come out. Esthonia is filled with Russians wanting to go home. At the Russian consulate in Tallinn there are rows and rows of Russians who have come to ask for visas. Many of them fled from Russia in the days of the Revolution, and now that times are better they want to go home. Some of them wait months for permission from Moscow for them to enter, and many of them are denied.

The nearer we have come to Russia the more we have felt this great sense of mystery about the land across the border. When we sailed from the River Emba into Peipus Lake, which is on the border, people pointed to the far shore and whispered, 'There is Russia!' And so they do here.

But not everyone in Narova-Joesuu wants to enter Russia, and the sense of being on the edge of the unknown seems to interfere not at all with the gayety of Esthonia on a holiday. The beach is swarming, for all the summer visitors at Narova-Joesuu spend their days on the sands, coming with linen towels as large as bed-sheets over their arms and undressing quite openly on the beach. They splash in the surf and lie for hours on the clean sand. Near us a half-clad family are taking their ease, the women embroidering, the men dozing; two children with nothing on but straw hats are busily building a castle in the sand. A stout gentleman, quite naked and comfortable, sits not far away, reading a book. Even when they are dressed for the afternoon no one bothers to wear stockings. To have bare ankles under a gown of ruffled voile and to undress on the beach are quite proper; but once, when we wore well-tailored knicker-suits on a long hike — Oh, those two Amerikanskas!

There are dozens of decadent-looking houses on the wooded roads along the sea beyond the village, most of them garishly embroidered on the outside with gingerbread woodwork and abounding in pergolas and balconies.

Many of them were once the summer homes of now poor Russian and German aristocrats, and we hear of former owners paying meagre board to live in their once beloved homes, now degenerated into decrepit pensions.

No summer boarding-house anywhere in the world has ever been an ideal place to spend a holiday; and since Russian boarding-houses seem particularly swarming and noisy, and their four heavy meals a day even less appetizing to us than boarding-house meals in other parts of the world, we decided, after one night in a particularly dreadful place, to seek some spot where we could view vacation life on the Baltic from a little greater distance.

A mile or two out, on the wooded road that follows the seashore, we found a quaint apartment with windows that look into the woods and a balcony where we have our desks and eat our breakfasts. It is over a little country grocery-store, kept by a flat-faced Esthonian woman who sells us fresh eggs, milk, berries, white bread, and new butter. She thinks we should eat black bread and more cheese, but — well — Amerikanskas! Her husband is a cab-driver and keeps his droshky in the back yard. And there is a maid, Eina, who giggles hysterically every time she comes near us and shakes her head sadly because we drink so much 'cold cooked water.' None of the establishment speaks any English; in fact, we have found no one in all the town who does. But with our few words of German and fewer still of Russian we manage to satisfy all our wants and make fast friends of those who can giggle with us over our gestures and mistakes.

Esthonia is a land of three languages, and the little village is a curious mixture of old Russian and German influences and the ardent nationalism of the Esthonians. The boat schedule is in Esthonian and Russian, the moving-picture posters are in Russian. The police station buzzes with the blue and bright-green uniforms of the new Esthonian *politsei*, who ask you very solemnly for the first name of your father and ten marks, please, when you register there. The people in the shops, where fresh strawberries and sugary kringles are, speak three languages readily, changing from one to another with an ease acquired from long usage.

The white beach is just through the woods from us. We fry steak over our beach fire in the evening, and walk for long miles along the sand at the water's edge. And every little way, through the tall trees that line the shore, we see great empty houses, their windows blind, their paths grass-grown, their hedges uncut. Last night we rested in an old summerhouse at the end of a gravel path all choked with weeds, and watched the sun go down and a black fishing-boat put out to sea.

The shell of the days that were so full of gayety is broken, but the song of them is still distinct for those who listen.

THE PENALTY OF POISE

My wife has an impenetrable poise. I have n't. Nobody has ever successfully challenged her social omniscience. Nobody has ever, even ironically, accused me of possessing the most remote or elementary knowledge of the principles of social equilibrium. I am blunt and brutal. There is nothing tenuous or delicate or skillful in my handling of a social problem. Smash! Bang! I 'm in it or out of it, all in a minute, and the swath I cut is as clean as if a well-directed bolt of lightning had cleared a path before and behind me. My wife picks her way daintily, with utmost charm, discretion, and skill.

A dear old lady whose face was

familiar, but only vaguely, came up to her the other day and, in that irresistible and ingratiating manner old ladies have who want to be slightly risqué and confidential, said: 'I don't blame you for being so fond of my grandson! I am, too!' There was not the slightest trace of alarm or anxiety or puzzlement on my wife's serene countenance when she said, 'He *is* a dear, is n't he?' She had n't the slightest notion who he was, but there was no betrayal of that or of her lack of affection for him. 'He is so like my son whom I lost at just his age,' the fond grandmother said, and her willing and accomplished conspirator took her first cue from the feeling of emotion she got through the emphasis the old lady put upon the age of her grandson. He must have been a promising youth, prematurely and perhaps blessedly lost before the flirtations of a slightly older woman had lured him too far. With a conscience utterly free from guile, but with frank knowledge of the charm a 'slightly older woman' has for an inexperienced and impressionable boy, she began to search her mind for her recent victims of a tender age. A procession passed before her, and she quickly and adroitly made a composite picture of them, drawing upon miscellaneous recollections in order to have a representative background for her next observation.

She might have saved all this mental effort by saying at once, 'Which grandson?' to the old lady; but then, she might have had only one. That would have been unpardonable in my wife's code. She might have said, 'I am almost equally fond of all your grandsons,' but that would not have met the grandmother's fine discrimination in grandsons with so prompt and equal appreciation. I suppose she had to say, 'He *is* a dear,' and then pick her way daintily and dangerously. She was definitely compromised. She acknowledged her fondness for one particular grandson. Now was time for a moment's reconnoitring. She plays generalities very skillfully.

Following the note of age innocently admitted by the reminiscing grandmother, my talented wife said, 'It's a fascinating age.' This made her feel aloof and secure. It might be an age she could look down upon. Whatever age it was, she conveyed definitely that she was an indulgent and harmless patroness, not a participant in any contemporary pastimes or pleasures. 'I 'm afraid sometimes he is too frequent a visitor at your house,' the cautious old lady said; and there might have been a note of reproach, gentle as she was. This was helpful. There were certainly not many impressionable youths, of a dangerous age, who paid visits often enough to make their dear old grandmothers anxious. She could think of a few, but pairing them off with grandmothers and checking the grandmothers against the accusing one in front of her was too much even for her practised art. There was nothing to do for the moment but deprecate the old lady's anxiety and say that his visits were always enjoyable and never too frequent. There was a slight risk, but it had to be taken. It turned out to be a veritable trap — for the acute though gentle old lady said that it did n't worry her so much as it did his mother. This was a decidedly uncomfortable attitude for her to take, and my immaculately hospitable and cordial wife began to think the whole conversation was a well-planned piece of malice and meanness. 'And his mother would n't mind his coming so much, if he were n't quite so informal.' It was now time to stop such insinuations. She would be saying words like 'intimate' next. So my resourceful wife brought me into the conversation in the smoothest, most natural way.

The mere mention of my name cast at once an atmosphere of propriety over the incident and immediately established all those trembling elements like loyalty, trust, confidence, frankness, in their proper conjugal places. She said, 'My husband is just as fond of him as I am, you know, and he probably takes great delight in his informality. Nothing shocks him, you know.' This was a very congenial turn, and with it soon came complete relief. It seems that both the old lady and her grandson approved of me enthusiastically, and when she said 'Billy adores him,' my highly strung social diplomat felt that the ultimate solution was not far off. A 'Billy' and one who adored me — simple enough, no matter who he was, what his age, or who his grandmother was. 'And I think the thing that won his heart was the cunning little rake your husband made for him. He loves to rake leaves.'

'Billy 's a great help, Mrs. Allen, and the most charming little boy of six I ever knew. We both love him dearly.' Her poise is impenetrable, but its penalties are exacting. She had to confess to me that she had had another narrow squeak and she had to listen, not to my compliments upon her intricate and admirable handling of a treacherous situation, but to an intricate and equally admirable explanation of how I should have gone about it in *my* manner. This always leaves her with that imponderable question in her mind: Is poise a social grace of absolute beauty and, like virtue, its own reward, or is it a trap that sooner or later will catch the wariest?

THE VINEYARD MOSAIC

It was a warm October day and there was little to do in the dreamy Italian village of Castiglioncello. Italy is ever a place for dreams more than deeds; but the visiting American, after the manner of his countrymen, must always be seeking pretexts for activity, even in that leisured land. We had already explored the old Roman wall by the sea, the Etruscan mound, and the little Etruscan Museum, piled with the snow of its alabaster relics. There seemed little else to investigate, until, in the very midst of our sojourn, word came that an old peasant, in his vineyard just beyond the village, had but yesterday chanced upon a Roman relic. We were eager to see the place at once. Surely this peasant-antiquarian must feel as the elected of the gods, the chosen of the saints. To discover a fragment of Rome in one's back yard! The glory of it! The vistaed splendor!

So, near sunset-time, when the spires of the cypresses were beginning to take shadow against a golden sky, and the sparrows flittered up in gusty flocks from the ancient Italian dust to the tops of the ilex trees, we began our little journey of exploration. Homeward-bound villagers passed us on the way, and each face had a smile of greeting or a friendly radiance that was in itself a salutation. In a little field, just before we reached our destination, a peasant was ploughing with two white oxen and the plough of long ago — a great, simple, pointed piece of wood. He paused for a moment as we approached, and with a low gracious bow of his head, as if he were doffing a plumed hat, he accosted us with '*Felice sera*' (A happy evening). '*Felice sera*'! It lingered on the evening air like the benediction that it was. It carried with it all the music and all the grace of Italy. And it evoked faintly troubled memories of our casual, curt 'Good evening' and 'Hello.'

A little farther on we came to the house of our archæological peasant. The sound of our voices brought him and his wife and several kinsfolk to the

door. The peasant was an old man with a tawny, corrugated face, whose welcoming smile cut enormous chasms and knolls on his cheeks. His old wife had a similar toothless, cracked, venerable countenance, the kind that endows an onlooker with the painter's longing. They seemed relics themselves of the Roman days or even of the Etruscan — veritable genii of the soil. Surely, through the two thousand years since Roman days — the mere sixty or seventy generations, so slowly evolving in Italy, so very slow in peasant clay — the type could not have very greatly changed. We were looking, perhaps, upon the seventieth descendant of a peasant who supplied wine to the table of Augustus. Not impossible. And how appropriate that he should find himself the custodian of a Roman mosaic!

He would be very glad to show us the fragment, he said. His ancient face beamed and warped and cracked with kindly humor, perhaps also a trifle venal.

We followed him over the cobblestone walk and the sod of the vineyard to the very edge of the little plantation of the russet vines, while his wife hobbled slowly behind and two or three grandchildren romped around us on the way. He told us that he had been digging to extend his vineyard, making trenches for new vines, when his shovel struck that which was not earth or stone.

It was almost dusk when we came to the sacred spot and looked down into the shadowy trench upon a little plot of glimmering white mosaic pavement with a dimly discerned square-pattern border of inserted black. It glowed with delicate beauty against its crude dark trough of new-turned earth. It brought up, with subtle enchantment, the ubiquitous glory of Rome out of the sepulchre of the centuries.

After a moment of silent marveling, we turned to the fortunate peasant.

'How wonderful to find it here, in your very vineyard!'

But his eyes hardened strangely, and with a shrug of his shoulders he exclaimed: 'No, no! I do not like it. The Government has stopped all my digging. I cannot dig any more in my own vineyard. And what becomes of my new vines and my new wine? I like my new wine better than old mosaics! The Government should pay me for it, or take this thing away.'

'Or take this thing away'! The profane words sent a shudder through the sacred Roman air. The sentiments sounded like the shabby expression of narrow cupidity anywhere, the wide world over. Ever the same human nature, even in Italy, over a Roman shrine. Oh, unworthy discoverer! Oh, unconsecrated custodian!

'Here are some other things that I found down there,' continued the peasant, ignorant of our falling estimate of him. Stooping to a pile of dirt, he picked up a broken piece of pottery — and a skull. The perfectly intact white teeth of the skull gleamed in the purple dusk. The pattern of a Roman face looked out at us. Those sockets might have held eyes which looked on Cæsar or Augustus. Over those white teeth the grandiloquent Latin language surely flowed once.

But the peasant was thinking other thoughts. The skull which he held awkwardly in his hand lacked Yorick's inspiration for him. Into our reverie he broke thus, while his old wife smiled raggedly beside him: —

'I said to my old woman, when I found this here skull, "You keep these teeth. They may come in handy sometime. You have hardly any left."'

As his mouth broadened in a rustic grin, his bony old wrinkled face looked not unlike the countenance of the skull.

Brothers under the skin! Great, great, seventy times great-grandfather and son. Perhaps, after all, this ancient Roman ancestor was a numskull, too, before he was a skull. But he had evoked great visions.

When we turned homeward, the hunter's moon was shining, not over fresh golden fields of corn and pumpkins, and virgin prairies, and the young farmsteads of America, but over the venerable vineyards, the mellow gardens, the hoary olive-trees, and all the myriad fragments of lost beauty lying in the ancient treasure-house, the marble tomb of Italy.

MORNING CARAVANS

It was sunrise, but the village on the eastern slope lay still slumberous in the kindling light. It breathed gently wisps of blue breath, and pressed against the hills, and slept. Above it, into the intense blue of the sky, flared the gold crests of the hills.

The village gateway faced due east toward Peking, so that as I looked back through its ancient arch I saw the sun rise. Between the gateway and the rising sun the whole plain exhaled a saffron breath, a haze of fine gold-dust, through which the sun shot dizzying darts.

I turned away to rest half-blinded eyes upon the little town which in a higher, unperturbed air rose in ruddy, unwinking peace. Its one street was deep with dust, but as yet no traffic stirred it, and no breeze. Not the slightest film obscured its painted repose.

From the gateway this single street ran, for a little, clear of houses like a country road, and then was drawn in tightly on either side by twin rows of shops. It mounted steadily, the tiny shops climbing beside it, and then vanished to all appearance into the heart of the gold hill.

Only one person was in view. Beside the road, a sweet-potato seller stood chanting his wares, accompanied by the bubbling and bumping of his sweet potatoes in the iron kettle over glowing charcoals. I bargained, to be sociable, and with a potato in each hand, tugging at their skins with my teeth, passed on up the yellowing road.

What gold-and-blue calm! Nothing, one felt, ever happened here — nothing save the day's incessant weaving of light and shade.

Suddenly the canvas cracked, my painted village sprang to life. From an abrupt turn in the road, where it had seemed to dive into the hills, swung a caravan of camels. Swiftly, surely, with the pace of long traveling, they came down the town. Haughtily they bore their heads and stared into the face of the rising sun. Their eyes glittered; a rich glow washed over their dusky coats.

And now the entire village was alert. For camel-drivers were dashing into shops, slamming down a cash or two, snatching up a twist of pastry, a cake of meal, and rushing out again to their camels.

Caravan after caravan swung down. The whole town was vibrant with the noise of rapid bartering, the clang of camel bells, the *sluf-sluf* of hoofs under swirls of dust, the shrieks of children, the cries of caravaneers, the barking of the village dogs.

But at length the last caravan passed out the eastern gate and vanished into the shimmering mist of the plain. The little village, as if it had in sleep tossed through a vivacious dream, sank again to dreamless slumber. The dust sifted down, the huts and the hills slept.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

It is with unusual pleasure that we begin this number with two names that have adorned the *Atlantic's* pages for more than a generation. **Charles D. Stewart** is a many-sided lover of life, a wise student of Shakespeare, and a successful novelist. In a recent letter Mr. Stewart writes us: 'The very first bees of this season made their appearance a couple of weeks ago, at a time when there were no blossoms and no pollen to gather. But there were some maple trees which had been cut down last year to make room for a new road, and this spring the sap began to rise in those stumps with the first warmth of the sun. And the bees that had gone out for the spring "cleansing flight" found those stumps and just fell to on the treasure of sweet sap. I caught one and brought it home and put it under the glass by way of looking again, with my own eyes, into the points dealt with in the *Atlantic* article.' ¶Author of many notable volumes, **Agnes Repplier** of Philadelphia has made the essay her own with papers whose incisive skill and dexterity approach perfection. Among friends a delightful raconteur, Miss Repplier has sent us this valiant chronicle: 'An acquaintance of mine, returning late to her apartment, found that it had been entered by a burglar whom she had evidently interrupted before he could carry off his spoils. Sure that the man was somewhere near, she flung open a window, and saw him crouching on a bay-window roof outside. Being a person without fear, she reached for a weapon, caught up an *Atlantic Monthly*, and hit the burglar on the head with it, whereupon he slid down the water pipe and was gone. A triumph, I take it, for your magazine.'

* * *

The purpose and efficacy of missions have been challenged by **James Norman Hall**, who sends us from Papeete his pitiable picture of a desolate South Sea battlefield. His account recalls that dolorous land in Lyonnesse where the great King Arthur

> . . . glanced across the field
> Of battle: but no man was moving there,
> Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
> Nor yet of heathen.

As though in answer to this charge, the mails brought us the manuscript of the **Reverend Dr. Robert F. Fitch**, President of Hangchow Christian College, wherein, speaking as with the tongues of men and of angels, Dr. Fitch affirms the supreme ideal of missions. These papers recall the missionary journal which appeared in the *Atlantic* of last November. ¶In her testimony a **Social Worker** presents evidence which demands an impartial hearing. In substantiation of the author, we have been allowed to print this letter from Mr. Edward L. D. Roach, Secretary of the Committee of Seventy of Philadelphia: 'The author of the following article is known to me. I have carefully scrutinized the article and find that the facts are not exaggerated.'

* * *

It is with sorrow that we publish our final contribution from **Amy Lowell.** Conspicuous in the art of modern poetry, Miss Lowell was, as well, a discriminating critic and a vivid and sympathetic biographer. Her death deprives American letters of a courageous, indefatigable, and gifted artist, and the *Atlantic* of a proud contributor. In her last letter to us, Miss Lowell described 'Fool o' the Moon' as 'one of my most successful poems in my readings. In fact, I think it has been more successful than almost anything I have written except "Lilacs," "Patterns," and the "Sonnets to Duse."' Since her first appearance in 1910, the following poems of Miss Lowell's have appeared in the *Atlantic:* 'A Fixed Idea,' 'A Japanese Wood Carving,' 'The Dream of St. Ursula,' 'The Starling,' 'Absence,' 'Patience,' 'A Tulip Garden,' 'Fireworks,' 'Merchandise,' 'Castles in Spain,' 'Dried Marjoram,' 'Prime,' 'Autumn and Death.' **C. E. Andrews**, Professor of English at Ohio

State University, has spent six months of the past year poking about the 'impossible places' of Paris, and making fascinating acquaintances in the slums and markets. **Leo Crane** has severed his connection with the Indian Service after twenty-two years, during the last fourteen of which he has been laboring as an Indian Agent on the Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado frontiers. The opening chapter of Mr. Crane's experiences appeared in the June *Atlantic*. ¶At the Blue Hill Observatory of Harvard University, its director, **Alexander McAdie,** has had opportunity to study the wonder of the heavens and the astronomers. We predict that his advice to the thunderstricken will be cut out and hung up in conspicuous places. ¶A native of the Blue Grass country, **Peter Burnaugh** speaks with authority on the affairs of the turf. Mr. Burnaugh is the racing-expert on the staff of the *New York Evening Mail-Telegram.*

* * *

Morgan Barnes, a master of the Thacher School, Ojai, California, gives us a just estimate of the cause and effect of college entrance examinations. **Frances LeFevre's** story breaks all rules regarding the risibilities of *Atlantic* readers. **Archibald MacLeish** is writing and living happily in Paris with a wife and Nine Muses to keep him company. ¶Protection from that most dreadful disease of contemporary life, reckless driving, is wisely recommended by **Herbert L. Towle** of Philadelphia. His facts strike a note of warning audible above the din of motors and klaxons.

* * *

From early days, Americans have returned Columbus's call with interest. To travelers and stay-at-homes alike, the position of contemporary Spain poses a question which has been intelligently and fully treated by **Robert Sencourt,** an English observer and essayist. **William Martin,** an editor of the *Journal de Genève* of Switzerland, has had opportunity for a close and impartial inspection of the Peace Treaty. ¶From history **Edward Beach Howell** has drawn up an intelligent hypothesis which in these bellicose times is a matter of immediate political importance.

In justice to an old and distinguished contributor, we quote from an acknowledgment which appeared in a recent number of the *World's Work.*

In the *Life and Letters of Walter H. Page,* Vol. I, p. 60, the statement is made that Mr. Page, as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* changed the title of an article on the Kentucky mountains by Dr. William G. Frost, President of Berea College, from a commonplace one submitted by the author to 'Our Contemporary Ancestors.' This title has long been regarded as one of the happiest in the history of American periodical literature, and for this reason it is to be especially regretted that a mistake was made in attributing the authorship to Walter H. Page. Dr. Frost, who wrote the article, had already used this expressive phrase in describing the Southern mountains, and used it again as the title of his well-known *Atlantic* article. Its exclusive authorship is his own, and the biographer of the *Life and Letters* can only express his regret that he was misinformed into ascribing it to Walter Page.

* * *

We publish the following letter for its graphic picture of that indecision which is now holding sway in the minds of many seniors 'safe in the wide, wide world.'

HANOVER, N. H.

DEAR DAD,—

These long spring days up here certainly compensate for the dreariness of the winter. Spring football begins to-morrow and is to continue for four weeks, up to Spring Prom, May tenth. Played baseball out on the lawn most of yesterday afternoon and if the stiffness I feel to-day is any measure of my condition, there are hard days ahead. But I can't help looking forward to shaking off the winter's accumulation of fat.

Last Sunday, while sitting in the library, you said something about 'the future' — what I expected to do after college. We started to talk it over, and then I decided that probably the best policy would be for me to wait and write. I was reminded of the fact that sometimes the channels of thought between the two parties are quite different. In that case, you get the better of the argument — you unsaddle me with one well-aimed remark, and I'm licked. Writing is one sure way of getting the floor and keeping it.

Well, the whole point is that I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm trying to find out and have been for the last three years, but it seems the more I learn, and the more my interests widen, the less conviction I have — that's the curse of growth. I think if I had not come to college I

should have been a happy and contented bread-earner, a man of convictions, with a keen, unflinching eye, and a big bull head, happy and successful — as Ed says, too dumb to know I could lose.

But when a fellow gets a taste of college, a big enough one, he is apt to learn so much more than he expected to that it 'throws' him. I like to dip into things here and there. I have a lot of interests and get a 'kick' out of many things. In this respect, college has broadened me, but I'm afraid that sometimes such broadening comes at the expense of depth. College is liable to make of one an all-around dilettante. All this seems to spring from book-knowledge, so much of which experience and reality seem to deny. The reading of too many books 'tends to falsify the cosmic values.' Books give you a set of beautiful, poetic ideas that do almost everything for you except feed your stomach. All this I know, but the fact remains that I've got a number of these pretty illusions about life and how it ought to be lived, and I hate to go into the mill of business and have them knocked out of me.

In myself I see a high and a low strain. To go into business, commuting and so forth, is to accept the low. To me, the city is depressing and grows continually more so. Everyone looks the same, does the same, thinks essentially the same — everything is sameness and conformity. In all this, Dad, I do not mean to wax ethereal; it's just supposed to be representative of the kind of thought that's been running through my mind since I struck college. I am at a disadvantage putting this kind of stuff to a man who has been in business for fifty years — I take that into consideration. But far be it from me to see you as one of the hard-headed variety. I do not believe you were ever intolerant of a difference of opinion. Here is a test for tradition.

My plight is that right now I am at that age where, not having tried anything, I feel I could be a success at anything. Cut my field of choice down to any one thing and I believe I could make a 'go' of it. I have a rather high opinion of my capabilities. But the question is not one of 'success' but of happiness. In what field would life have the most meaning? A man has only one life; it is not an obligation to anyone; so why not live it the way he wants to? I have for some time harbored the illusion that I could write, be a critic, go into teaching and aim for a professorship in Philosophy or in English, or even go into the ministry. I could run a good modernist church.

It is one thing to 'think' and another thing to 'do.' Would n't it be awful to make the plunge and then be dissatisfied or fail? You see, in considering a profession I am at a disadvantage. There is the influence of precedent to overcome, and that precedent is always whispering to me that it would be so much easier to just drift into 'business' and forget it all, and have my home, and my car, and my daily chores, and live and die and amount to nothing!

And a second point: the æsthetic professions require a very distinct temperament, and temperaments are not only expensive, but very elusive. The problem before me is to determine, once for all, just how deeply rooted this mood of mine is. It has not been a passing fancy — that, at least, is true. Some such revolution of attitude as I have undergone is usually characteristic of everyone who goes to college, but it usually passes off after a few months, leaving behind a slightly more sophisticated victim. With me, however, the change has stuck, and it seems to grip harder and surer as time passes. Perhaps that fact may be taken as a measure of the future.

After looking back over these pages, it seems as if I've proved very little — but all I set out to do was to give you some picture of the situation in which I find myself. I hope I have done that. In the last analysis, there is only one thing I am sure of. I do not want to go into business. I should like to take a shot at writing, perhaps with an incidental connection with a publishing house, or at teaching, or, lastly, at the diplomatic service, which I did not mention before. The feeling I have is a desire to spread my wings — to clear out and lead a life of freedom — to do something different. But I don't know where I'm at and I'll admit it. Is there anything you can suggest? You've left the thing up to me so far and I'm glad of it — I've had a chance to do some thinking on the subject — but it seems as if I'm approaching the end of the rope. Will you tell what *you*'d like me to do?

Affectionately,

* * * BOB

Bliss Perry's disquisition on fly fishing has evoked considerable applause and some criticism. Fellow anglers show their pleasure by relating their favorite yarns, one of the most believable of which we reproduce.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wonder whether any of your readers of Professor Perry's 'Fishing with a Fly,' in your May number, can equal this.

A year ago last September, the members of our small fishing club had had a very disappointing season. One afternoon I discovered a small open space among the lily pads at the foot of one of our lakes and, casting in my fly, had it instantly taken by a large trout. There followed in quick succession seven others, total weight eighteen and a half pounds.

During the next three days several members tried the same spot without getting a rise. On the fourth day I went down again and struck eight trout, landing seven weighing eighteen pounds. The eighth got tangled in the lilies and broke away. All of these were taken on a dark Montreal.

Last year, during a four weeks' stay at the club, I tried this same place time and again with a dark Montreal and every other fly in my book without getting a rise.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM H. CROSBY

The critics resent the implication that one must be either a son of Izaak Walton or a sentimentalist.

BRYN MAWR, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I note with pain that your distinguished contributor, Bliss Perry, in his truly delightful paper on 'Fishing with a Fly,' is on the defensive for his favorite sport. Why otherwise does he scout the non-fisherman in his simple unvaunted enjoyment of nature? It is apparently the rare fisherman who can resist the temptation of a fling at the 'sentimentalist' while exulting in the fish 'flopping in the basket'; and yet this attitude seems somewhat gratuitous and the epithet inaccurate.

Must one be dubbed a sentimentalist because he takes his pleasure in the natural world without the destruction of vertebrate life, being provided with perfectly good lunches by a paid butcher?

I am not disposed to belittle what the man with the rod or the gun sees, but I cannot suffer in silence the assumption that he who does not carry these admirable instruments of pleasure sees less. There is conceivably an occupation (or preoccupation) other than fishing or gunning which trains the eye to the perception of every contour of hill and valley, to every form and coloration of rock and boulder, to every graceful movement of wild life, which indeed quickens the senses and the interpretive powers of the mind quite beyond 'mere passive receptivity,' and which contributes to a joyous ecstasy (equal, I humbly believe, to that contributed by the rod and gun, though I am loath to measure another's emotions) that truly is not without sentiment — and what joy is? — but which scarcely makes of one a sentimentalist.

It might be noted in passing that the lower courses of 'the brook in the Heart of Greylock,' enticing to the fisherman, are less enthralling than the headwaters of this same stream, presumably unvisited by the fisherman, deep sunk in the heart of the mountain, eternally twilighted, surrendered to an unabashed and vigorous nature. How frequently, I wonder, have the fishermen of Williamstown experienced the rewards of a trackless climb in moments spent on the quartz ledge summiting the Dome? Why, finally, assume that the man without a rod or gun goes into the woods 'to peep and botanize (*sic*) and name all the birds'?

F. BASCOM

* * *

This thrifty lesson in home economics is in accord with the highest authority in the land.

GOSHEN COLLEGE,
GOSHEN, IND.

DEAR EDITOR, —

My wife and I were especially interested in Ida L. Albright's discussion of 'The High Cost of Babies.' We fully agree with her main arguments concerning the abuses of their sacred privileges by the medical fraternity, but regret that Mrs. Albright revealed a very weak spot in her own armor. We fear that she is not a reliable champion of the cause of the people against medical profiteers.

Mrs. Albright's weakness is in the handling of her home finances — or, rather, how the family income managed to vanish so mysteriously. When the Albrights had been married seven years, he was receiving four thousand dollars. They should have already saved a few thousand dollars, at that rate, before the prolonged illness of their child. But then his salary had jumped to nearly eight thousand dollars. If they had started with nothing after that spell of sickness four or five years ago, they should have saved twenty-five thousand dollars, or more, by this time, after living comfortably.

I base my estimate upon the fact that the ordinary preacher or college professor can rear a family in comfort on a salary of two thousand dollars, and have a good home, automobile, and so forth, free of debt. That leaves a margin of nearly six thousand dollars for the Albrights to go on. If they cannot pay all those exorbitant doctor-bills and still save a few thousand a year, they need to have a guardian appointed to administer their finances.

Now I do not wish to have this little lesson in home economics for Mrs. Albright overshadow my hearty approval of her suggestions along purely medical lines. I would favor state control of public health by putting doctors on the civil-service list and fixing a sliding schedule of salaries and bonuses to pay them in proportion to the percentage of freedom from sickness within a prescribed district. Then the specialists would be required to serve rich and poor alike, without mercenary motives.

Sincerely yours,
ORVILLE T. RODMAN

Conciliatory advice from a mother who is a physician.

PHILADELPHIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Being a mother, and also a physician, may qualify me to disagree (though I may also sympathize) with the mother who wrote to you in the May number as to the 'high cost of babies,' and family in general.

It seems rather unfortunate that the young parents encountered such high-priced specialists, rather than the practical physician, who keeps pace with changed conditions in medicine and manner of living. Both my husband and myself have practised many years and also raised a healthy family in a large city. We have met all varieties of patients, with and without incomes, more or less appreciative. Together with many other physicians, we call on specialists when there is need of technical skill in extreme cases. Otherwise a knowledge of human nature as well as medical knowledge, together with commonsense, brings success in the treatment of most bodily ailments. Certainly, before developing as a specialist, there should be a few years of practical knowledge, besides hospital practice. As to set prices, it is the physician's privilege to be guided by the patient's income. Medical ethics prevent advertising other than by G. P.'s (grateful patients). Outside of the palatial offices mentioned, the equipment, books, and so forth, require a large outlay, even for an ordinary doctor, so fees must necessarily increase. Moderate incomes can be served by able doctors even though they are not specialists.

Sincerely,

A FAMILY PHYSICIAN

* * *

A businesslike defense.

MASON CITY, IOWA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the language of the street, 'How does D. W. Fisher get that way?' — the mood he was in when he wrote 'Seven Centuries of Civilization,' appearing in the April *Atlantic*.

His entire thesis seems to have been founded on the major premise that what was of the Middle Ages was perfect, while what is of to-day is perfectly putrid; that the one was mediæval and therefore right, that the other is modern and therefore wrong.

Mr Fisher's implication that there is no ethics or morality in modern economics and business, that — on the contrary — both are wholly imbued with the principle of either unholy and unrestricted competition or an equally immoral monopoly, is not justified. On the contrary, general business of to-day is militantly moral. Business men are fashioning for themselves codes of ethics and rules of action that are far in advance of the legal codes established for their regulation. It is true that there are many cases of glaring criminality in the conduct of modern business, but the percentage is marvelously small.

Mr. Fisher would have us canonize a civilization that was steeped in illiteracy and that was founded on the social, legal, and economic inequalities of feudalism and serfdom, whose history is written largely in the chronicles of wars between barons, feudal lords, and piratically competitive independent cities. In the same breath, as it were, he would have us pillory, if not burn at the stake of our hot scorn, a civilization builded on the principles of universal suffrage and education, political and legal freedom and equality, freedom of contract and sacredness of property rights; a civilization that renounced slavery and serfdom, and in which even voluntary labor by all ages and sexes is safeguarded and regulated, in which workmen's compensation and insurance, and extensive participation in ownership by workers, are common and voluntary practice.

All of which simply shows that Mr. Fisher does not really know the facts about modern man, modern business, or modern civilization.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES A. KING

* * *

We hope that many do not die of it, but we feel obliged to tell the story.

NEBRASKA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In a Mid-West college town a few ladies were discussing a fatal accident which had occurred in the neighborhood, and from that drifted on to their own preferences for meeting death. After all the rest had expressed themselves, one quiet little gentlewoman remarked, 'I have always said that I hope to die sitting on the porch dressed in my best gown with the *Atlantic Monthly* in my lap.'

J. E. V.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1925

A WOMAN IN WALL STREET

BY ONE

I

My husband had refused to listen when I suggested that I might help to restore a margin that had been wiped out; and as I had never had a day's business experience in my life, and was not of the type recognizably commercial, I knew it would be hopeless, even if he listened, to try to convince him that I could earn enough to be of any use. So it was with an ostensible object quite different from the real one that I left home and began my search in New York for a job.

What were my assets? Several years of college and university training, many years past; a novel published; a good deal of experience in public speaking, though only as an amateur; wide travel, but entirely for pleasure. An unimpressive list to present to the hard-headed business man. However, I had developed a taste for tackling the thing that looked impossible, and people had been, wherever I found them, my field of observation. In some way or other this last should make me of use. Just how, I had little idea. I was ignorant of the very existence of such a thing as an employment department and had never heard of welfare work. Perhaps it was as well for me that I did not know there was nothing the average business man believes in less than a 'knowledge of people.'

Wall Street!

The name at once electrified and frightened me. I knew no one in the company to which I was going to offer my services, and the fact that it was ranked as one of the greatest banking investment houses in the world did nothing to quiet my beating heart as I entered its vast marble entrance hall, white and cold and inhospitable as a morgue.

A burly man in uniform stepped forward and, when I told him I was interested in selling bonds, conducted me to the desk, one of many, of a young man with a mop of long curly hair, turning gray, a brainy long-nosed face, and a good-natured though rapid-fire manner which I found rather disconcerting. This keen young man, I found later, was an assistant sales-manager. After a brief talk, he asked me to step into an adjoining chamber which, from its dark paneled walls and august portraits, appeared to be the Board room.

Presently a middle-aged gentleman arrived. I had no idea of his rank. His ruddy face, topped with sandy hair, was amiable, and he talked in a very

affable, leisurely way calculated to put me at my ease; but to my intense chagrin I found great difficulty in controlling my voice.

'So you want to sell bonds? Do you think you can sell?' he asked. As I look back, my assurance seems highly audacious, as I had never sold so much as a ticket for a charity concert.

We talked awhile, and then he seemed to be going over something in his mind. 'Well, we'll see,' he said at last. 'Come back to-morrow about three.'

The next day he began at once: 'How would you like, instead of selling bonds, to be put in charge of the employment and general problems of women in this company?' It would pay, he said, in time at least, as much as I could make selling, unless I proved a phenomenally successful saleswoman. In the end I was turned over to a good-looking young giant of about thirty, a Mr. Barney, recently created office manager.

Day after day I went by appointment to see Mr. Barney, arriving promptly, and always waiting an hour or longer before he was ready to receive me. I began to be anxious. Perhaps my age was an obstacle. Finally I took the bull by the horns. 'You want to know how old I am,' I said, laughing lightly, to hide my inner tumult, 'only you're too gallant to ask. Well, I'm not yet wholly atrophied — or I believe not. And if I'm still growing, that's all that matters, is n't it?'

Mr. Barney's rather sullen face lit up with a sudden boyish smile.

'We'll let it go at that,' he said.

To admit I was forty-six would, I knew, toll my death knell in Mr. Barney's young ears.

'We're not undecided about you,' he assured me one day; 'but we have n't made up our minds whether we're actually going to have an employment department. Some of the executives are still to be convinced that it's necessary.'

What a revelation! I had supposed business, particularly 'Big Business,' made its decisions quickly. But at length the matter was settled and my salary was broached for the first time.

'What do you think you should start with?' Mr. Barney asked, rather uneasily, I thought.

'That is for you to say,' I insisted, a more astute move than I was aware of, and he named a figure larger by half than I had expected. I tried to conceal my delight.

Everybody I talked with about employment work had advised me to see Miss Douglass, one of the first recognized employment managers in New York, a pioneer in the field. I found the reception room outside her office crowded almost to suffocation.

'You won't mind,' she greeted me with a gracious smile, 'if I eat my lunch while we talk.' A tray with sandwiches and fruit was before her on her desk. 'It saves time, though I suppose it's a wretched way.'

Miss Douglass was different from the other women or men I had met in this new profession. She seemed full of joy, abounding in happy impulses. It was hard to realize that she had battled her way up from girlhood in the grime of the New York business world.

She entered enthusiastically into my prospects. In her low, soft, rapid voice she told me a few things that she thought, from her own experience, might be of value.

'For a woman to make her way in a man-made institution, her work must grow, oh! so quietly, as a plant throws out its leaves, noiselessly, till before the men are aware what has happened she has attained her stature among them. Your maturity is no drawback — it's an advantage. The business

world needs mature women, though it is so loath to admit it.'

Her last words, as she grasped my hand, were almost in a whisper: 'And don't be afraid! Don't be afraid!'

What was it I was not to be afraid of? I could not get her last words out of my mind. What did she mean?

Later I knew. In the years that followed, there were few mornings when I did not repeat to myself on waking the warning of that wise and gracious lady — 'Don't be afraid!'

II

I was given a desk in plain view of Mr. Barney's, hung up my hat and coat, and began my first day. His stenographer was to take my dictation as well as his. Dictation! I had never dictated. What was I to dictate and to whom? It was one of the minor frights of an agonizing day, but I found almost immediately that here was a place where you asked no questions. You watched, listened, and survived if you could.

The telephone on my desk rang. Someone was talking, but to my dismay, what with the roar outside and the unaccustomed click of typewriters all around, I could not make out a word that was said. The others in the room seemed to be hearing perfectly. Was I to admit that I could not? At twenty I should have had no hesitation in doing so. At forty-six I did not dare.

'Yes, yes,' I answered in a low voice, and hung up.

I had hardly taken my fingers away before it rang again. I concentrated my whole attention, but with no better result, except that now I could catch a suggestion of impatience at the other end. I felt faint, almost sick.

At the desk behind mine sat a Mr. Waterman, who like myself had entered the company that day, to assume charge of the employment of men in the newly created employment department. Mr. Waterman had been a teacher, also a salesman. His jovial easy-going air struck me as slightly incongruous in this dignified environment, but I had reason to be grateful to him when my telephone rang for the third time. As I made the same strained effort to hear, he came to my side and, shielding me with his broad back from many watching eyes, said in a voice not to be overheard, 'Try this,' and showed me how to shut out the sounds that were bothering.

And now the job-seekers began to arrive. Heretofore the chief clerk, the secretary, anybody had done the hiring. Nothing could have been more haphazard than our start. We were given no instructions, almost no information of any sort except that a certain number of workers were wanted — typists, stenographers, file clerks, and so on. One of the first questions an applicant asked was, 'What will the job pay?' and this was the last thing we could find out. A list of employees with salaries paid them was open to our inspection, but the salaries were in code, and when we asked Mr. Barney for a key to the code he was plainly annoyed. New in his own position, he was extremely vague as to wages, knew none of the starting rates, and seemed to question our right to know them. Mr. Waterman and I found ourselves in a perplexing position.

About noon, when almost everyone had left the office for lunch, we discussed our predicament. We talked in low tones, but a small dapper man across the aisle, assistant chief clerk, — known in the company as 'the English Sparrow,' — had caught something. Crossing to us now with long strides, he began in the deep sonorous voice so often a compensatory gift to undersized men: —

'I'll tell you the whole thing. Listen to me! You want to get everybody as cheap as you can. That's the game. Name the least figure you think they'll take. If it don't catch 'em, raise a little. There are n't any regular rates. Why, in one department there's fifteen guys gettin' different pay and all doin' precisely the same thing. There'd be merry hell, of course, if they found out. But you want to warn everyone you hire that salaries are confidential,' he added with a slightly pompous air. 'They're liable to find the company can get along without 'em if they go blabbing what their pay is.'

My commercial education had begun.

Each morning, before I got off my hat, applicants began to arrive — the high-heeled mincing miss, carrying her vanity case; the painted girl with roving eyes, who chewed gum without pause and whose parrot phrase, 'Chance for advancement,' inevitably met my inquiry, 'Why did you leave your last place?' Sometimes flower-like girls, with deferential manners and vague ambitions, arrived in limousines, accompanied by their maids. A young Russian woman who spoke eleven languages wanted a place in the foreign department. A poetess not without fame wanted any sort of job in which she could earn enough to keep from going hungry. There were middle-aged women, worsted by life, a bit drabbled perhaps, sensitive and apologetic, and the unforgettable well-bred girl who had sunk to the depths and done time in Bedford Reformatory, struggling to start again.

As one after another took the chair at my side, I smiled and shook hands. Some of them looked surprised. But it did no harm that I could see, and enabled me more quickly to thaw out an applicant and learn something about her. I soon found myself taking my lunch, as I had seen Miss Douglass do, off a tray on my desk, for the lunch hour was the time when the best class of applicants came, those already in a job and seeking to better themselves.

Meantime I was getting acquainted with the company's executives, the lesser ones who headed departments. If I displayed my ignorance of business at every turn, they were tactful enough not to seem aware of it. They were furiously pressed in the wild tempo of Wall Street, all distracted with internal troubles of their own departments, without exception deathly afraid of the higher executives, and only too glad, it seemed, to find someone with whom they could talk over their problems. In hurried daily visits, now to one and then to another department, I was instructed in their respective routines so far as I was able to grasp them. In those early days in Wall Street I stood in the most profound awe of all commercial knowledge.

One morning, a few weeks after I had entered the company, I had an unexpected call from Mr. Wells, the affable gentleman who had suggested I take charge of the employment of women instead of selling bonds. He was assistant to the president, it seems, and it was the first time I had seen him since I had been taken into the organization. My heart had begun to beat fast when I saw him approach. 'How absurd!' I said to myself, but I could not help feeling agitated. Everyone around me lived in a state of constant dread.

Mr. Wells did not sit down. 'How many Remington-Wahls have we?' he asked, in a casual, pleasant enough tone.

Remington-Wahls! What in heaven's name were they? In my former protected private life I had never even heard the term.

'I don't know how many,' I was forced to answer, hoping my face was not coloring.

He started away and then came back. 'What about the Hollerith machines? Keeping them supplied? We've always had trouble getting key-punch operators.'

Hollerith machines! Key-punch operators! They might have belonged to the Neolithic Age for all the words conveyed. I do not know what I replied. Six months later I should have realized that Mr. Wells was only strolling around, asking a question here and there, to appear interested. But in those early days the nature of man in business was still as profound a mystery to me as the Remington-Wahl and the Hollerith machine.

Before seven that evening I had stuffed my unmechanical and unmathematical head with such knowledge of those machines as I could take in, and, what was more important for my purpose, had found out why it was difficult to get people to run them. Mr. Wells had done me a service.

If by day I was trying to get better acquainted with this intricate organization of which I had become a part, by night I was seeking out the theory of my job. Little had then been published on the new profession of what someone had called 'human engineering.' But this comparatively little was sufficient to keep the light above my bed burning till two or three every morning. There was so much to learn.

With what delight, then, I found that a course in Employment Management was to be given in the city, and by a group of men reputed to be authorities on the subject. It was to be an evening course, so I could avail myself of it. Believing that my position as employment manager would render me eligible, I laid my qualifications, with no misgivings, before the academic gentleman who received me. He cleared his throat. He was afraid my preparation was not adequate. I admitted I had no degree, but my credits for college and university work were more, in the aggregate, than is necessary for a degree. When he still refused me any encouragement, I asked if I could come to hear the lectures, paying the fee, and asking for no certificate or endorsement of any kind. He was afraid not, and definitely ended all my hopes with a final dry 'Sorry!'

It was a keen blow, and I had hardly recovered from its sting when one evening, long after closing-time, Mr. Barney, staying late also, summoned me with a lift of his head. What had I done wrong? To my surprise, as I came up he blurted out: 'I want you to know we're delighted with your work. Holy Moses! The way you handle the crowd is a marvel, and everyone leaves you with a smile, whether she gets a job or not.'

Here was balm for my recent wound, but it was the English Sparrow who deserved some of the credit Mr. Barney had given me. At the end of a frantically busy Monday he had come to my desk and asked, 'Do you mind if I tell you something?'

'Why, no,' I answered, not too cordially. The little assistant chief clerk's busybody manner annoyed me when I was tired.

'I know it's none of my business,' he began, 'but you're making a lot of applicants hopping mad. You don't take 'em in order.'

'How can I, with such a mob?'

'Oh, well, it's none of my business, of course; but I thought maybe you'd like to know.'

The little whippersnapper, telling me how to run my job! I tried to dismiss the incident from my mind, but it stuck. All of a sudden, on my way home, a light broke. I *was* handling the waiting crowd badly.

Next morning I noticed my neighbor, the assistant chief clerk, fidgeting even

more than usual. It was not long till he crossed the aisle. 'I want to beg your pardon,' he started. I stopped him. 'Don't you dare! You did me a great service. I'm going to work out a system that will take care of applicants in order, or admit I'm unfit for this job.' He looked a trifle foolish as I ended warmly, 'Thank you more than I can say. I consider you my friend.'

It was the beginning of my alliance with the English Sparrow.

III

The first 'first-line' man I met was the treasurer. Mr. Barney acted as escort. It was apparent that Mr. Barney felt it was something of an event for me to meet a man of such rank. And, indeed, I felt it an event myself. The treasurer proved to be a grave bald-headed man of the fewest possible words. He indicated a chair. He did not, of course, rise to meet a mere employment manager. I have forgotten the occasion of the call. What I shall never forget is that I had great difficulty in keeping my voice from trembling as I answered the treasurer's questions or volunteered remarks. In vain I reminded myself that the treasurer was an ordinary man, by no means so distinguished as men of my social acquaintance in whose presence I had always been perfectly at my ease. What caused this difference in the way they affected me?

It was, I think, in part the solemnity with which executives in big business more or less consciously surround themselves. Part of my fright was due to my ignorance of business. Inside the International Investment Corporation it was difficult to remember that there was any important knowledge in the world except that of business. Then, besides, I had been inoculated with the all-pervasive fear that haunted every corner of the vast building, fear of the bread line or its equivalent, fear of not measuring up, of getting 'kicked out' — a phrase I heard every day.

The president, at this time, I had only seen. I was in the domestic sales department, talking to the metropolitan sales manager about the sort of private secretary he wished me to secure. The new girl was to be as wise as Socrates, as beautiful as Cleopatra, as steady as a churchwarden. Suddenly the sales manager's eyes became riveted on the centre aisle. The air had become charged. 'Mr. Maynard,' the sales manager said in a low voice and, following his glance, I saw approaching between the marble balustrades of what was known as 'The Great White Alley' a man who suggested a lion more than any other human creature I had ever beheld. Truly magnificent!

The president fairly exuded power. 'The worst-hated man in Wall Street,' I had been told, 'the most feared, and the most admired.' I could believe it all. If I had trembled in talking to the treasurer, what should I do when I reached the formidable chief executive, if I ever did? The test soon came.

The assistant treasurer had for some time past been withholding from employees who had been discharged a certain amount due them by contract. Not all discharged employees realized that the amount was due them, but those who did began to complain to the employment department of unfair treatment. I made up my mind to go straight to the assistant treasurer, thus giving him an opportunity to change what was an illegal as well as an unfair practice. When I told him of the growing dissatisfaction with this manner of settling their final pay with employees, he laughed nervously, and admitted it was 'a thing we have been getting away with.' Just who 'we' was I did not know, and thought it unwise to

inquire. But the assistant treasurer made no promises and the practice continued. Finally I suggested to my associate, Mr. Waterman, that we lay the matter before Mr. Barney.

'Let it alone!' Mr. Waterman counseled. 'They don't expect a thing like that probed. You'll get fired for your pains, though of course on some other pretext.'

When I still urged that we should do something, Mr. Waterman, always jocular, interrupted me with a laugh: 'Not for me! You go to it, if you want to.'

Mr. Barney heard me with an expressionless face. Later in the day he suddenly appeared at my desk. 'Come with me,' he said under his breath. 'The Big Boss wants to see you.' In the anteroom outside the president's door he whispered: 'Stand your ground! Don't let them stampede you!'

Six or seven executives were sitting around in a hushed circle, among them Mr. Sydney, the assistant treasurer. None of them offered me a chair, so I crossed the Persian carpet and took the only vacant one, near the president, who was sitting behind his mahogany desk in a far corner, partly screened by a tall silver vase of pink roses and facing the open wood fire which made a bright spot in the big dusky room.

As I sat down, the president grunted out my name. Mr. Barney broke the ominous silence that followed. 'Tell Mr. Maynard,' he said, addressing me, 'what you told me.' Intent on being concise, I was free from my usual oppressive sense of fright. At the end of my recital the president roared: 'Mr. Sydney, what about it?'

The assistant treasurer got to his feet. He was a lean, refined-looking man in eyeglasses, in appearance not unlike a college professor. He was trembling like a leaf and his voice shook as he denied my allegations.

It was a veritable bellow that broke from the president this time, as he turned again to me: 'Well, now what?' I felt sorry for Mr. Sydney, but, facing him squarely, repeated our conversation in which he had admitted 'getting away' with the practice in question.

The president brought his fist down, jarring the silver vase till it threatened to topple over. 'It's the last we'll have of "getting away" with things in this place!' he shouted. 'Hear that, Sydney?'

Mr. Sydney squeaked faintly in reply. The president got up, shook hands with me, and thanked me very decently for coming. There was a twinkle in his slightly clouded eyes that showed me he rather enjoyed these scenes in which he played the devouring beast.

As Mr. Barney and I emerged into the hushed foyer of the president's suite, he clutched my arm and whispered gleefully: 'I guess they'll know you're on the map after this!'

Curiously enough, after this day in the president's office, the assistant treasurer was friendly to me as he had never been before. I wondered sometimes if he were not at heart rather grateful to me for having had a stop put to one of the practices he had fallen into — a species of petty 'dirty work' from which he must, however, have expected reward. At any rate he did me many kind services and, so far as I know, never raised a finger against me.

This meeting in the president's office marked a definite change in the manner of nearly all the upper executives. Henceforth they seemed to know I was among them. They no longer passed me in the corridor with a cool stare, but began to send for me to talk over various problems of personnel. Presently, instead of sending, they called on me. The first vice-president,

in charge of organization, became a frequent caller. Short and dark, his pugnacious face in odd contrast to the massive sloping forehead above it, his light and genial manner, masking an iron will, and his keen though merciless wit made him a man of great, if Satanic, charm. He was the one person in the organization entirely unafraid of the president, meeting the latter's theatrical rages with unruffled composure.

The first vice-president seemed to have plenty of time. He took me under his charge and I learned more from him of business structure and business psychology than I ever learned from anyone else. A fluent and diverting talker, he was the first man in the organization who seemed to realize that it was neither derogatory to his dignity nor detrimental to my work if he chatted with me sometimes about a new play, or the relative merits of Scotch and Irish terriers, thus granting me a human as well as a business status.

My fear of 'man in business' had by this time vanished. Business had ceased to be a mystery, and the executive I had daily dealings with was, after all, the same creature I had known as cousin, uncle, father, husband, or dinner partner.

The road to executive consideration was not, however, so easy as may appear. As time went on I often had calls from women who, like myself, in middle life, through financial reverses, were considering entering business. They had heard that without previous business experience I had almost immediately attained to a responsible executive position. They wanted a job like mine, and were not interested in considering anything else. By this time I had my own suite. They had been received by my secretary, had waited in the adjoining reception room, had been ushered into my private office by a page in uniform. All this was impressive. There was a decorative quality to my job that appealed to them, and it was dignified. From their remarks it was evident that they thought it no more arduous than receiving at afternoon tea or playing hostess at the country club. They saw none of the hard, nerve-racking work behind the scenes, none of the slights I had received and was still receiving. I wondered how many of them would have cared to stand while a boor in a big position kept his back resolutely turned and barked out: 'Well, state your business! What is it?' How many of them would have cared to wait almost a year before a man whose office they entered thought of offering a chair? How many of them would have cared to fight against sneers and even insults in the hope that certain measures, which had nothing to do with their own advancement, and even threatened it, might go through?

My work, which was growing by leaps and bounds, soon included not only employment, but conferences on promotion, transfer, discharge, absence — all the problems that arise with a force of nearly two thousand employees. I was overwhelmed, and needed an assistant. But you do not get, in a business organization, merely by asking. If I needed an assistant I must fight for one. And I did.

After I had acquired capable helpers, I often visited other employment departments, sometimes employment agencies with which we had dealings, and sought to establish an entente cordiale with commercial and other schools and colleges in the city and suburbs that were sources of labor supply. There was never a lull in the rush of the day's work, never a time convenient for going; but I turned things over to my associates and went just the same. Once, when I returned, my secretary met me with a scared

look in her eyes. One of the higher executives had called during my absence. 'He seemed surprised not to find you, and asked where you were.'

Not long afterward, as I was again returning from one of these brief educational tours, I saw the first vice-president just turning away from my office. Without bothering to remove his hat, he accosted me with marked coolness: 'Been to the matinée?'

'No,' I returned, a little disturbed, but smiling at him; 'nor shopping. I've been trying to avoid a disease I find very common here.'

'A disease, eh?' He stared at me quizzically, his derby still on.

'Office blight.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'The disease that attacks men and women who never leave their desks. My job is dealing with people, an unending stream of them all day long. I must be alive. I give out — a good deal. So when I need recharging I go and get recharged, find out how I can do things better, and come back with fresh enthusiasm.'

There was a moment of silence; then the first vice-president's pugnacious face relaxed and he said with a comical look: 'Office blight has n't damaged you much yet, I should say!'

There was never afterward the least intimation from any quarter that I should not govern my time according to my own judgment. My freedom astonished and even alarmed some of the other women in the Wall Street district. One of them I saw frequently. A well-bred mature woman, always handsomely dressed, as befitted her sumptuous surroundings, she was always in a tremulous state, perpetually glancing back uneasily over one shoulder or the other. 'Oh,' she said to me one day, in a subdued, secretive voice, 'I wish I had the liberty you have! But they'd never give it to me here!'

'Give it!' I echoed laughingly. 'Is liberty ever given? Don't individuals, like nations, usually have to struggle for it?'

'You're right! You're right!' she came back, a wistful look in her fear-ridden eyes. 'But I should n't dare — I simply should n't dare do what you're doing. They'd never stand for it here. They don't fancy my visiting our own departments, much less going outside. I'm Director of Women, — we have a thousand girls in this company, — but it's only in name. You see, men don't think much of women in business, anyway, and if I asserted myself I'd simply be let out.' Then, darting at me a look almost of suspicion, she begged: 'Oh, don't ever repeat what I've said! My position is really very pleasant. I really would n't want any more responsibility than I have. After all, "Safety First," you know,' she laughed in her furtive way, as she clasped my hand in parting.

My independent attitude was looked at askance by most of the other employment managers, men and women, whom I met, and in time I was acquainted with the employment representatives of nationally known concerns from coast to coast. Counting out a notable score or so, which included the forceful, courageous, often brilliant labor-managers in the clothing industry, their attitude was one of blind subservience to the higher powers in the concerns they represented. They actually resented the suggestion that one of their functions was to discover better ways of dealing with the enlisted personnel of their companies. It was disloyal, they considered, to assume that their business superiors ever made mistakes.

No shock I received in the business world was so great as my shock on discovering the personnel of personnel men. These were the men, then, to

whom Big Business had delegated its intricate human side — the ragtag and bobtail among minor executives, or else arrogant, high-power men committed in advance, willy-nilly, to the employer's point of view.

IV

In spite of the extension of my job in other directions, to find new sources of labor and to winnow the human material that daily poured through the employment department continued to occupy much of my time. But it was gratifying when department heads began more and more to say: 'You employ the girls. I don't want to see them in advance. I'd rather you'd pick them. All I want is some more workers like the last.'

There were, of course, all sorts of special problems. For instance, the assistant treasurer, Mr. Sydney, could never keep a secretary. One of those men unable to delegate work, he was perpetually swamped, stayed late every evening, and expected his secretary to do so. Secretaries seldom remained with him longer than three weeks. His work was a very important part of the great organization and these constant changes were most upsetting. I began to ask girls whom I was interviewing for the job whether they minded working after hours habitually and Saturday afternoons as well. One was found, at last, who minded nothing, so long as she could advance. But she was a stodgy, oldish young woman, and the assistant treasurer declared it was impossible for him to dictate to so homely a person! There remained nothing to do, I assured him in a spirit of fun, but to reform his bad office-habits. And to this tremendous undertaking I had the temerity to address myself, not without a degree of success.

Middle-aged women were at all times among our applicants. There were clerical positions in the company, such as filing, that these women, if they were unqualified for higher work, could fill more acceptably than the average girl in her teens. Their greater steadiness, day in, day out, made up for their lack of speed. Everywhere, however, I met the same objection when I suggested one of them to fill a vacancy: 'No elderly woman for me! You can't bawl 'em out!' So when I did, after a while, persuade some of the more open-minded department-heads to try workers of this age, I warned the women in advance not to show resentment if they were 'bawled out.' If they could take correction gracefully, they would hold their jobs. And every one of them who did so helped another woman of the same age to get a job.

But if there were objections to the middle-aged woman, so were there to the frivolous young thing in her teens on whom such an amazing proportion of the routine work of the company fell. I recall an energetic young executive coming to me one morning, his face flushed, and in a towering rage. 'I'm through with Miss Tate! Little fool does nothing but fix her hair. Made a mistake yesterday that may cost the company thousands — may cost me my job. Fire her or what you please, but take her off my hands!'

There were evenings, as I made my way up Wall Street, when I felt like an executioner. I should hardly have been surprised to find my wrists dripping with the blood of my victims. We always set the employment department machinery to work in their behalf, a service touchingly appreciated, and one that I felt was not purely sentimental but perfectly 'sound business,' for employers regarded as undesirable are 'blacklisted' among workers to no less extent than workers are 'blacklisted' among employers.

One of our frequent callers in the employment department was the girl who wanted a job, but just could n't work under a woman. This ungallant proviso in regard to her own sex often proceeded from coquetry. By disparaging women she sought to flatter men. But usually it betrayed the slacker, who had found from her own or others' experience that it was easier to 'get away' with things under the average man than under the average woman executive.

On the other hand, cases of friction between men executives and girl workers were of daily occurrence. I remember one case in particular. A young man, looked upon as a 'rising fellow,' had been given a sort of roving commission to increase efficiency in any department where he saw a lack of it. As a first step, he proposed to conserve space, always at a premium. In one department, where wide-carriage typewriters were used, he had the commodious desks on which they rested replaced by narrow tables. This change was effected on a Sunday. Even the supervisor knew nothing of it until she arrived on Monday morning.

A murmur arose. The old desks had suited the girls exactly. They could not work so rapidly at the new ones, which were inconvenient and uncomfortable. They begged the young man to give them back their old desks. He heard them politely, but would not agree to do so. When the girls failed, I tried to make him see things as they did. But I too failed utterly. I think he felt that his prestige was involved and that he could not afford to admit he had made a mistake.

Operators began to leave. But the large sales-sheets, on which the higher executives depended for their guidance, must be ready promptly. Pressure was put upon the supervisor, which she in turn put upon the girls. More operators left. Finally the supervisor herself handed in her resignation.

'If only he'd talked to me before he made the change,' was her parting lament. Tears stood in her eyes. 'I could have told him it would n't do. What the girls hate the worst in those new desks is that there are n't any drawers in them — no place to put things away — their purse and handkerchief and powder, maybe a magazine, a box of candy or something — *you* know —'

Yes, I knew. The outcome was that, after a long battle, the old desks were put back, but not till the department had been so demoralized that it did not run smoothly for a year afterward. Here was support to the contention of Frances Perkins, the first woman Industrial Commissioner of New York State, that it is less wasteful for business to adapt itself to women workers than to await the slow process of women workers adapting themselves to business.

There was the case of the auditor — inconsiderate to the last degree and grossly overworking every girl who came under his dominion. The girls left as soon as they could find jobs elsewhere, or stayed till they became nervous wrecks. So many of them were breaking that I ventured to call upon him. Wheeling in his chair, a heavy, flabby man with a swarthy expressionless face, he blurted out: 'I don't give a damn what happens to these girls! Let 'em break! Throw 'em on the dump-heap! There's plenty more where they come from.'

It was not more brutal than other executive admissions I had heard, but it was the most ruffianly in manner I had ever encountered. What struck me, however, was not so much the auditor's uncouth behavior as his Southern accent and inflection. He was a native, perhaps, of my own state;

at any rate, of a section where chivalry to women amounts to a cult. *What* women? It was apparent he had classed me with all other women who work for their living and had treated me accordingly. Would he have addressed his wife, his sister, or a social acquaintance in the tone he used for me? Would he ever have thought of his own daughter as a creature to be damned and thrown on the dump-heap?

Providence removed the auditor during an influenza epidemic not long after my visit to him. The unconcealed gayety that met the announcement of his sudden taking-off was something too terrible to behold.

But the outstanding discontent was due to the wages paid. They were so notoriously low as to have gained for the company the name of 'the Slaughterhouse.' Yet only capable workers, refined and well dressed, were desired. To secure this sort the company traded to some extent on its prestige.

The turnover was shockingly high. On our own initiative Mr. Waterman and I prepared monthly reports showing the number leaving and the reasons therefor. Practically all left for higher wages. The executives to whom we sent the turnover report received it with irritation, but they read it.

Wage increases, such as they were, were granted only at arbitrary periods, January and July. They were determined by a conclave anxious to get away to more congenial pursuits, golf or the 'Follies,' according to the season. It was a joke among the executives that on these fatiguing occasions they began to grant the small yearly advances to names beginning with A on the list of employees, worked through to the K's or perhaps to the N's, — determined by the lateness of the hour or the thickness of the cigar-smoke, — and then adjourned. Miss Perry in the P's, ignorant of executive procedure, wondered indignantly why she had been overlooked again this year. Mr. Smythe in the S's ate his heart out in silence when he found his loyalty and industry and accuracy again unrewarded. There was nothing personal in these omissions, but a list of almost two thousand was very long to go over when limousines were waiting below.

One morning I sought Mr. Barney. 'Well, what now?' was his salutation, with an obviously painful effort to smile. I went over the usual difficulty. 'Do you realize,' I asked, 'that it is utterly impossible for a girl to live in New York on what we pay for —'

'Rot!' he broke in. 'Don't give me any "living-wage" stuff! That Bolshevism won't go in this place!'

'Bolshevism' was just at that time gaining a place in the executive vocabulary, a useful word to apply to any sort of protest on the part of employees, or in their behalf.

'Well,' I said, forcing a light laugh, 'I suppose the thing to do, then, is frankly to admit we're a parasitic business.'

'Parasitic! What the hell's that?' He liked to learn, Mr. Barney. A word new to him was sure to arrest his attention.

'Any business that does n't pay enough for its employees to live on is parasitic. It feeds on the community. You pay, I pay, somebody pays, the difference between what it costs them to live and what they draw as wages.'

'Oh, that's highbrow stuff,' he objected, with a slight scowl.

At the end of our talk, Mr. Barney went so far as to admit that he knew the wages were entirely too low. But what was he to do? He could n't approach the Big Boss.

But I did n't stop. It was not business etiquette to go over Mr. Barney's head, but in view of the critical situa-

tion I felt the step justified when I tackled next the first vice-president.

'Shall we advertise,' I asked him, though not, certainly, with a serious face, 'for young men and women enjoying a private income? We might state that the company will be proud to receive applications from parties supported from other sources, as the company feels that the distinction of working for it should be sufficient reward in itself!'

The first vice-president grinned. 'Sit down and make me a visit,' he invited. 'This thing of wages — well, nobody knows anything about wages. "The Theory of Wage Payment," and all that sort of bunk — sounds well, does n't it? But who knows what factors should enter into wage payment?'

'You grant the matter 's important.'

'Wage theories differ,' he stated, and began to expound them at some length.

'But in this company,' I interposed at last, 'there's not even a theory.'

'Oh, yes.'

I repeated laughingly the early advice given me: '"Get everybody as cheap as you can." If you add,' I continued, '"and hold them as cheap as you can," you have this company's policy as nearly as I can make it out.'

'Exactly!' he agreed, to my surprise; and, with the utmost good-humor, went on: 'Now I 'll tell you something for your edification. To keep our first-line men, men capable of running a business like this, we have to let them dip their fingers pretty deep into the pot. So we shave the only thing we can shave — the wages bill.'

'I see.'

The subject of wages had at least been dragged into the open where it could be discussed.

I kept firing away on the same line. Executives began to listen with less irritation, and finally the fact that so many good workers were leaving the company for better wages reached the president. The president was something more than magnificent sound and fury. At once he appointed a salary committee, which was to meet monthly and give serious attention to the wages being paid, and was empowered to grant increases as seemed advisable. The announcement of this committee was the most satisfactory moment I had known since I entered the company.

V

It might seem that the chief troubles of the employment department were over. But it was strongly against the inclination of the salary committee to increase the pay roll. Mr. Waterman and I, meeting with the committee in an advisory capacity, were forced into the position of advocates. Late into the night, sweltering New York summer nights, meetings in the Board room went on. Blood was drawn, perhaps, on both sides. But I never felt more friendly toward the executives composing the salary committee than after such a battle, once the smoke had cleared away.

I had come to be a part, however small, of this high-power organization. I liked its speed, the stir and excitement of life in the Street; I liked these doughty fighting men with whom I did battle. Irascible, curt at times, fallen into selfish cold-blooded practices, there was fine human stuff in most of them, none the less. I had had an offer from a well-known company in up-State New York. But my future here in Wall Street was perhaps as good as anywhere else. Why should I leave? Up-State New York was an unknown country. A manufacturing concern had made me the offer. It would take me into a broader field, be a bigger position, and I wanted the industrial experience. I was still torn between desire to stay

and desire to leave when Mr. Barney sent for me.

'We've given Waterman notice,' he announced in a subdued voice.

I was not altogether surprised. 'Mr. Waterman is well liked by the employees,' I started, and urged everything I could think of in his behalf.

Mr. Barney made no response. He looked at me directly and, still in a low voice, said, 'I've got something to tell you, too.'

My heart jumped. It was n't the same thing that they had against Mr. Waterman, I knew that. I had been active. Far too aggressive — there was the trouble; too aggressive in behalf of the employees. The blood rushed to my face, and through my mind flashed the procession of girls to whom I had played executioner. I had thought I knew before how they felt, but I only realized now. The up-State offer was still open; but to leave voluntarily was one thing, to be 'fired' quite another!

'Mr. Barney,' I said, smiling faintly, 'if my head 's to come off too, let 's have it done merrily. Chop away!'

Mr. Barney's face was suddenly transformed by his irresistible boyish smile. 'You!' he exclaimed. And then he informed me that my salary had been almost doubled. 'And, by Jove, you've earned it!' he ended.

How big-spirited he was! I had not been easy, I knew, to drive in harness, as his subordinate; I had angered him more than once by kicking over the traces. But he had worked for my advancement, rejoiced in it.

The advancement itself was more than gratifying. It was revealing. I had opposed many things I found in the company, and my opposition had met the most stubborn resistance on the part of the executives. Yet they had just placed the unmistakable seal of their approval on my services.

Their generosity made it harder than ever for me to think of leaving. But the question of Mr. Waterman's successor arose. I urged Mr. Barney now to give me charge of the men's as well as the women's employment department. There should be but one head.

'The Big Boss is for your doing it,' Mr. Barney admitted. So it had been considered! 'But some of the others are opposed. They'll never agree to it. It is n't that they think you could n't do it, but they're afraid it would injure our prestige to have it known a woman was interviewing men for us. They're afraid the right sort would n't apply.'

The matter was settled, I could see, and not to be reopened. In the end it was the issue that decided me to go.

When the day of my leaving arrived, a young girl whom I did not know was waiting outside my office door to stop me breathlessly: 'I work in the record department. Someone just told me you were going. Oh, I hope it is n't so! Seems as if you were the mother of us all!'

The mother! How proud I was that any of them had thought of me in that way! More than ever I felt like a deserter. And some of the old fears began to assail me again. I voiced them to an old family friend, a very old man, but still in active business, wise, full of humor and understanding.

'My dear lady,' he said, 'you have passed your novitiate'; and then, his faded old eyes twinkling, 'you have cut your teeth in Wall Street — the hardest place in the country. You have nothing to fear up-State!'

My wise old friend, however, proved but an indifferent prophet. The real struggles began for me in the years that followed.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT AND THE INFIDEL

BY HENRY R. MURPHY

TALAS, TURKEY
July 26, 1922

DEAR FAMILY: —

At last I've had the great experience; and such an experience as it was! All my life I have yearned to have something unusual happen to me, and yet it never happened, save in my imagination. Surely, I thought, in Turkey it must happen. A year and a half passed, however, and I began to think that I was one of those prosaic souls doomed to go through life unthrilled; but fortune — or Kismet, as we say out here — had better things in store for me.

You know, we have two orphanages 'way up in the Bozuk region, one at Yozghadt, and one at Keskin Madine. For almost two years no American has been permitted to visit these orphanages, and we had been getting such poor reports that we wondered just what was happening up there.

Last spring the bandit leader, Topal Osman, and his army stormed the town, and during the fighting two of our workers were killed and several children were injured. After that the military decided to take our buildings for barracks, and so the native director, Budvelie Toros, had to move his five hundred boys and girls to a dirty, tumble-down old shack.

While conditions at Keskin were not so bad, still it is a very unsettled region and we were in constant fear as to what might happen.

Over a month ago permission was granted by Angora for Miss L—— and me to make an inspection trip and to move the children to Cæsarea if we saw fit. It was a glorious trip. For hours we followed along the Kuzil Irmak River, and from reeds growing near the banks Hasan, our driver, would stir up great flocks of storks.

We climbed high hills to a plateau region, scattered over which were numerous little villages or hamlets with only five or six houses made of mud brick. The people all came out from the fields or houses to speak to us — a very friendly, kindly people they were. On we went until we came to the town of Boghoslian, where we formerly had a thousand children.

In pre-war days, Boghoslian had been a rich, thriving city, populated mostly by Armenians. That whole region, which is known out here as the Bozuk or wild country, supplied a large portion of the wheat of Anatolia. There are tremendous stretches of open plains and of low rolling hills. The Turks saw the Armenian farmers of the Bozuk growing rich as the result of their labors in the wheat fields, so they decided in 1916, while the massacres were taking place, to get rid of these Armenians and to take the fields for themselves. So one fine morning the women and children were deported, while the men and older boys were surrounded by gendarmes, taken to a near-by valley, and massacred.

Four and a half years later I am in this valley. As we approached it I said, 'Look, we must be coming to a village, for here is a great watermelon patch.' Miss L—— replied, 'Wait.' As we

drove nearer I discovered what a gruesome mistake I had made — the 'watermelons' proved to be human skulls, and the 'vines' were the bones not yet buried.

The Turks have never done one thing in this great, rich, productive Bozuk region. There are some two hundred deserted villages and thousands of acres of tillable land all uncared for, growing to weeds. Such a crime! While parts of the world are starving for lack of bread, this region has been viciously depopulated and wonderful tracts of land now lie fallow. The Turk, the Turk, will he never learn? The Turkish peasant is so kindly, so docile; the Turkish official so cruel, so domineering. Had the peasant only some of the dominating qualities of the official, and had the official only some of the kindly qualities of the peasant, what a rich, respected, and progressive country Turkey might be! However, we all have hopes that Mustapha Kemal Pasha will right the errors of Turkey, though he has an awful hill to hoe.

We spent one night at a *Cherkez* (Circassian) village. As we rode up to the largest of the mud huts a girl came running out to see us. The Cherkez women are not so particular about veiling as are other Moslem women, so we were not surprised when she rushed forward to greet us, face exposed; but we were somewhat surprised when she grabbed Miss L—— and hugged her. She proved to be a Christian girl who had been in the Mission School under Miss L—— before the war. At the time of the massacres the chief of this Cherkez village took her to his home to protect her. He was a good man and later married her, and they had a child. After the war, when the Allies ordered Moslems to release all Christian girls who had been forced to marry against their will, he offered her her freedom, but she decided to stay with him so as not to be separated from her child.

She ushered us into her home and called her husband, who greeted us cordially. At dinner that evening, quite contrary to the usual custom, the girl ate with her husband and with the guests. As we sat down, the chief murmured his Moslem prayer, with one hand extended palm up to catch the blessings of Allah, and the other hand behind him, palm down, to dispense a share of his blessings to others. When he had said Amen, he turned to his Armenian wife and said, 'Now you may say your Christian prayer.' This was most unusual, but the girl assured us that her husband had always permitted her to repeat her Christian grace after he had finished his. A pretty tolerant type of a man, was n't he?

Except for this little incident, our trip to Yozghadt was uneventful. Late one afternoon we rolled to the top of a mountain to see on one side of us the most gorgeous of sunsets, a riot of gay color; and on the other side, miles down below it seemed, lay the town of Yozghadt, clad in evening mist, peaceful and quiet. Down, down, down we went, bumping over the rocky road to the village, then along the main street, all shut up for the night, to the orphanage.

Early the next morning we paid our respects to the governor, who was cordial and offered us all possible aid. After coffee, cigarettes, and the exchange of numerous compliments, we told the Mutasarif — *Mutasarif* means 'governor' — that we wanted to move the children to Cæsarea, and he consented. We immediately, thereupon, set to work helping Budvelie get the five hundred children ready for the trip to Cæsarea. This required several days, but finally we got them all off, and were ready to go on to Keskin.

There are two roads to Keskin, one much traveled and not very interesting,

a second but little used, in very bad condition, but extremely interesting, as it leads through the old Hittite capital. Of course we wanted to go by the latter route, so we applied to the Mutasarif for permission. He hesitated, then told us that it was dangerous, that there were innumerable bandits in that region, but that if we would take a gendarme along with us he would consent. Of course we agreed, thinking that it was just a ruse on the part of the governor to get a special job and a little baksheesh for some friend of his in the gendarmerie. Our own driver, upon hearing where we were going, told us that he had a sick relative and must return at once, so we had to find a new wagon and driver. Several drivers refused to make the trip, some giving the bad condition of the roads as their excuse, others saying it was too hard on their horses, still others — and these we now know were the more truthful — confessing that they feared the brigands.

Our host begged us not to go, but we were determined. Finally we found a Cherkez lad with a rickety old araba (native wagon) who agreed to take us. Early the following morning we left Yozghadt, comfortably settled in our wagon, attended by a gendarme. The trip to Boghazkeuy, the little village built on the ruins of the old Hittite city of Pteria, was glorious. We climbed almost straight up at times, and from the mountaintops enjoyed marvelous views.

Late in the afternoon, while walking along a very bad stretch of road in order to ease up on the horses, we met two men who claimed that they had just been robbed. Judging from their looks, they had n't been robbed of much, so we put but little stock in their story, thinking they were just trying to arouse our sympathy and get a few piastres baksheesh. On this whole trip from Yozghadt we passed just one village.

We pushed on for about an hour, and saw Boghazkeuy 'way down in the valley. The peasants were coming in from the fields — the men in true Oriental style, riding along on their little spindle-legged donkeys; the women tagging on behind with a load of brush balanced on their heads and a child or two hanging on to their skirts.

Long before we reached the valley the peasants had faded away into the haze and smoke surrounding the little village. Finally we approached the town, and lo! it was entirely enclosed within a great wall of mud brick, ten or twelve feet high. We drove up to a gate heavily studded with iron bolts and beat a tattoo thereon. Soon a little slot in the gate was opened, a head appeared, and we were asked what we wanted. Miss L——, fluent in Turkish, replied that we were travelers and wanted to know where we might find the nearest khan. The face disappeared, the slot in the gate was shut; we waited. The man returned and advised us that there was no khan near by, but the Bey would consider it an honor to entertain the travelers with such poor hospitality as he could offer.

This, of course, was what we wanted, and we accepted. Then the great gates were thrown open and we were bowed in. The Bey, a fine-looking man, stepped forward to greet us; servants helped us to alight, then took the driver, gendarme, and wagon away. Other servants brought us coffee, and we sat on low stone benches covered with rugs, by the side of a small mud pond. Coffee and exchange of compliments finished, the Bey conducted us to his home and gave us a beautiful room, very large, with many windows facing out in three directions. The stone floor was covered with *kelims;* the stone walls were hung with beautiful Oriental

rugs; the low *sadirs* or divans which ran around three sides of the room under the windows were thick with still more rugs. After the fashion of the land, there was not a single piece of furniture. Men servants — for that is all you ever find — brought us great brass basins and tall graceful pitchers of water, that we might clean up, and towels with wonderfully fine old Turkish embroidery.

July 27

Of course word was quickly circulated that the Bey was entertaining foreign visitors, so as we passed through the streets we were the objects of most respectful curiosity — for the Bey rules with an iron hand, and woe to him who should molest or annoy his guests.

Hunger called and we returned to our palatial quarters to await the meal which was being prepared. Would it never come? A full day out in the open air with only a few hard, dry biscuits tends to create an appetite. At last we heard the pitapat of barefooted servants approaching. One appeared, clad in great, full, black *shalvars* (native pants), a bright-red girdle, a red-flannel jacket, and a red fez wound with a yellow turban. He bore a low stool and placed it on the floor in front of us, legs up. A second servant, clad exactly like the first, brought in a huge copper tray which he placed on the upturned legs of the stool. A third, who looked exactly like the other two, appeared, bearing a large copper bowl of soup and a pile of *tandur ekmek*. This tandur ekmek is bread baked in sheets about the thickness of heavy wrapping-paper and about a foot and a half in diameter. There were no spoons, knives, or forks, so we rolled our bread into cornucopias and scooped the soup out of the common bowl. Such soup as did n't run up our sleeves we ate from our improvised spoons, and that which did gravitate toward our elbows we absorbed.

After the soup came chicken, the most delicious young chicken fried in deep fat that I ever ate. For over a year, you know, I have been strictly vegetarian, but I broke all my dietetic rules and regulations and ate every last shred of the chicken. My, it was good!

For dessert they brought on *yourt* and rich *pekmez*. Yourt is sweet milk specially inoculated with bacteria which turn it sour to the consistency of a custard. When made from rich milk it can be far more delicious than ice cream. Pekmez is like molasses, but is made from grapes instead of sugar cane.

Dinner over, the servants cleared away the tray and stool, the Bey appeared, coffee and cigarettes were brought on, and we chatted. Matches are an unknown quantity in these interior towns. A little brass bowl is filled with hot coals; this is passed around and each person lights his cigarette from the live coals. When we had sipped our coffee to the grounds, all the men of the village entered, each making three deep salaams, one for the Bey and one for each of the guests. The old and middle-aged men of the town occupied the places on the sadirs around the room and the young men hung about the doorway.

The only news these people have of the outside world is derived from the none too frequent travelers who stop there for the night. Hour after hour they kept us talking. Miss L——, who had to do most of the talking, grew hoarser and hoarser, and I became sleepier and sleepier. A long day, riding from before sunrise until after sunset, a hearty meal, and hours of conversing in a foreign tongue in a smoke-filled room, are enough to make the most active person weary; so we begged for permission to retire.

The Bey apologized profusely for

keeping us up. He clapped his hands, and the servants appeared with the bedding. One servant toted in a mattress covered with red silk; a second bore a quilt covered with pink and much lace; a third struggled with a heap of pillows of various bright hues. The bed was spread on the floor and we were invited to retire. We were then put to the embarrassment of explaining that we were not married and wanted separate beds.

This caused great consternation. 'Not married!' 'Well, where are your respective husband and wife?' 'What is the matter with you, anyway — as old as you are and not married?' 'What strange people these Americans are!' '*Aman!*' '*Aman!*' from each of the men present. (*Aman* is an exclamation of surprise.)

Into a near-by, dirty little stone room were pitched a few forkfuls of straw, and on this was spread a coarse blanket. Again it was announced that we might retire, so I headed for the pile of straw, leaving the bed of silk and lace for Miss L——. 'But no,' said the Bey. 'The bed of straw is for the *khanoum* (lady); the silk bed is for the *effendi* (man).' We expostulated, saying that we did n't do things thus. Finally, with a shrug of the shoulders, he consented, feeling more assured than ever that foreigners have the strangest of customs. The party divided, part remaining to see Miss L—— safely tucked in, and part coming to help me to get settled for the night.

When they were assured of Miss L——'s comfort, and after they had seen me 'hit the hay' (literally speaking), they departed and we went off to sleep. But not for long; insects too well known to those of us who have been in the East, and known to a few people in America as 'bedbugs,' began to drop from the ceiling, to come up out of the floor, to generate spontaneously in the air, in the straw, on the blankets.

By three o'clock in the morning I was so bitten up that I could scarcely bend my arms or legs. As I lay there in my agony, a description I had read of life in the English court at the time of Queen Elizabeth came to me, in which the author told of the grand finery, beautifully liveried servants, fine foods, dirt, bugs, and filth all mixed together. I could n't suppress a laugh, which made me feel better and brought to my mind the mud pond.

What a glorious thought! I crept stealthily out of the house to the pond. A sudden splash broke the quiet of the night, and I sat up to my neck in water cooling and refreshing to an itching body. After I had been there some few minutes, I heard footsteps and I thought it was the Bey himself — that he had discovered I was missing from my bed and so was searching for me. I tried to think up a suitable excuse to offer him, but none came to my mind. Then the reeds parted and lo! Miss L—— splashed into the pond. She in her grand silk bed with lace and satin coverlets was as badly chewed up as I had been. So there we sat and laughed and talked until the stars faded and dawn streaked the eastern sky.

That day we spent investigating the old Hittite ruins. I know practically nothing of the Hittites save that they are mentioned in the Bible, that their history is obscure, and that the Armenians are thought by some to be descended from them. As yet no archæologist has succeeded in deciphering their written language, and what little is known of them is derived from the Egyptian records.

We found the foundations of an old palace, enormous in area and with tremendous blocks of granite used in the base of the building. At the entrance, on either side, are two great lions carved from solid blocks. It made

us both feel uncanny to be standing at the entrance to a building thousands of years old. What a story those lions would have told us could we have only applied the magic touch necessary for loosening their tongues!

Zia Bey was under the impression that the German excavators had told him that the Hittites had two capitols, one the winter headquarters at Carchemish in northern Syria, and the second, for the summer, at Boghazkeuy. The Hittites were of Mongol origin, so Zia claimed — and rightly, I should say, judging from the features we saw carved on the rocks. In some of the reliefs we could even make out pigtails hanging down their backs.

We poked about and found more ruins which the Bey told us were thought to be temples, walls of a fortress, and a theatre. At the temples we saw great clay jars, larger than anything Ali Baba and his forty thieves ever hid in. These were probably for storing sacrificial wine. They were eighteen to twenty feet high, and at the height of my shoulders were eight yards in circumference.

In the afternoon we walked out to a group of carvings on a stone cliff. The cliff had been leveled off and in bas-relief a procession of about a hundred figures was carved. The relief seems to represent two different groups — one of Hittites, dressed in short tunics to their knees, with shoes turned up at the toes, high, pointed hats, and unpleasant faces, bearing gifts to a second group, dressed differently, with features slightly more pleasing. Zia Bey said that there was much discussion by the excavators as to whether the relief represented the marriage of the god of war to the mother goddess, or whether it represented the union of a Hittite princess with an Egyptian ruler. If the latter, then my dusky Hittite princess is the mother-in-law of Tutankhamen.

July 28

After another night in our respective chambers of horror, we started for Keskin bright and early. Our host, Zia Bey, gave us an escort of six men to make sure that we took the right track at the crossroads some twenty minutes away. After an exchange of many pretty greetings and compliments, we bade the Bey '*Kosh ja kaliniz*' (Live on in peace) and he bade us '*Selament ile*' (May you journey in peace), and we departed. At the junction of the roads, the escort pointed out a steep and little-used track up over the hill, salaamed, and left us to our fate.

We worked our way up the steep hill until we came to a shelf-like ledge, to the left of which the hill dropped at a tremendously steep angle to a dry river-bed below; to the right it sheered up to an almost perpendicular cliff. From the wall above great chunks of stone had fallen out and were obstructing the road. All that morning the gendarme had been taking pop shots at the numerous rabbits we had seen along the road, so when we were winding our way in and out among the fallen rocks we were not surprised to hear the reports of a rifle, but we did think that the gendarme might have chosen a less precarious spot to do his shooting. Then of a sudden more shots rang out, a couple of bullets whizzed over our wagon, and our driver flopped over backward on top of us, gesticulating and howling.

We peered out from under our canopy to see what was going on and realized that from the tops of all the surrounding rocks guns were aimed at us. Slowly heads, hooded in *bashlyks* (native headgear resembling woolen hockey-caps with long tails which are wound around the face from chin to eye), appeared above the guns. Keeping us all well covered, two of the bandits took the gendarme in hand,

relieving him of his gun, cartridge belt, knife, and horse.

We — or rather Miss L——, who speaks Turkish like a native — protested vigorously, 'We are Inglise,' to which they replied with a shrug of the shoulders. 'We are friends and recent guests of Zia Bey,' Miss L—— continued, 'and you all know what will happen to you if he hears of anyone molesting his friends.' They replied briefly that they had no fear of our good Zia, and paid no further attention to what we had to say; so we subsided while they conferred in low whispers. The conference over, they took the horses by the bridle and led us over the nearly perpendicular cliff to the river-bed below. I never came so near dying of fright in my life as I did on that trip down; it seemed as though we must go rolling cart over horse to a most unseemly and untimely end, but Allah willed it not so, and we reached the bottom uninjured, save for aching toes due to the curling process they had gone through on the descent.

The *chetties* drove our poor horses up the dry river-bed for miles. It was hard work for the beasts, dragging our heavy cart, loaded, through all that loose rock which composed the river-bed, and when they stopped for breath the bandits would beat them with the butts of their rifles. We wanted to get out and thus lighten the load, but permission was not granted; in fact we were most unceremoniously driven back into the wagon, just as the horses were forced to go on and on up the river-bed. Up and up we went, through a narrow pass where the water must rush with a terrific current in the springtime, and on to the den of these Anatolian Robin Hoods. In addition to the six men who had actually held us up on the hillside, we had gathered along the way seven other men who had been posted as guards and lookouts. Every precaution had been taken — they felt that here was a worth-while find.

Upon arrival at their den, which was a sort of amphitheatre in a sand-bank, around the top of which were erected brush shelters, Miss L—— inquired icily as to who they might be and what they might want of us. It seems that they were *karchaks*, or deserters from the army, and that they wanted '*Kurmirzur para*' — red money, gold. We replied that, knowing the reputation of the road, we had no 'kurmirzur para' with us. 'Oh yes,' they replied, 'Americans always have gold — much of it.' It was useless to argue with them.

They were evidently new at this hold-up business and did n't know just how to go about getting the gold. They decided that probably the gendarme had it, so he was stripped of all but his underwear and his woolen girdle — with no results. Well, then the *arabadje* (driver) must have it, so he was stripped of all but his underwear and a very ragged old coat, and still no gold. A third guess was that it must be hidden in the wagon, in the bags, or perhaps among the blankets, or even in our mattresses. Thereupon they set to work to dismantle the araba. Next they took our mattresses and blankets, feeling very sure that they would find their fortunes hidden there. In among the blankets they came upon two magazines, one a *Cosmopolitan* with a picture on the cover of a girl clad in an abbreviated bathing-suit just about to dive into the briny deep; the other an *Atlantic Monthly*. After looking the two magazines over, one of the karchaks showed his discriminating taste by shoving the *Cosmopolitan* into his pocket and throwing the *Atlantic* back at us.

Not finding gold anywhere in the araba, they decided it must be on me. I was not at all willing to lose my outfit, but as they were thirteen to two and were all armed we decided it was the

better part of valor to comply with their demands. By the time they had worked me into this submissive frame of mind, they had taken my hat and were tugging at my boots. In the mêlée I had hidden my watch in my boots, so of course I made it as difficult as possible to remove them. As the second boot came off, my watch dropped into the sand unnoticed by them. I put my foot over it, but in the task of getting my coat from me my foot was dislodged, and one bright-eyed young rascal spotted the gold case and pocketed it for himself when his companions were not looking. Then in my trouser pockets — the pants were Dad's old army breeches and were mended and darned and patched until they resembled one of Grandma's patchwork quilts; these the chetties had n't the least desire to possess, as their own were better — they found a jackknife Uncle Frank and Aunt Mabel had given me years ago. They were delighted with this good *inglise* knife and fought for the possession of it. In my coat pocket they found the equivalent of six or seven dollars, which was all the money we had with us, and all of our notes. We hated to lose these, as we needed them in writing up the report of our trip when we returned to Cæsarea.

For a while they considered searching Miss L——, but she soon put a stop to such ideas by calling to their minds what respect is due a woman according to their religion. Her words, together with concerted action on the part of the driver, gendarme, and myself, made them reconsider. They were disgruntled to think that there was no gold, but — 'Kismet.' It was boiling hot, just at noontime, there in the sand pit, so we crawled into the araba. The men wrangled and fought over the division of the booty; the temperature crawled higher and higher, and finally I dozed off. An hour or two later, when I came to, I peered out toward the brush shacks to see the thirteen guns all aimed at us and each gun manned by a wide-awake chetty. Upon my showing signs of life, the little whippersnapper who had stolen my watch came down and began to talk with us. He tried to snatch my glasses and blew smoke at Miss L——. Finally, when I could stand it no longer, I hit him a good whack. He pulled out a vicious-looking dirk and said he would murder us. We did n't fear him in the least, because he was young and had no authority, though plenty of cheek. Miss L—— called him an '*alchak*' (a term not usually used by missionary ladies), then picked up the *Atlantic* they had left us and proceeded to read. The young chetty, a bit abashed, fingered his knife and swore quietly; so I turned to join Miss L——, and what do you suppose she was reading? Vernon Kellogg's article on 'The Biologist Speaks of Death.'

All afternoon we read, and by sunset we began to feel famished, having had nothing but excitement since leaving the Bey's home early in the morning; so we called for food. One of the chetties, a great overgrown lad about twice my size, appeared wearing my coat, the funniest sight yet. The waistline was just a little below his shoulders, and the sleeves were halfway up to his elbows. He brought a few sheets of native bread and a can of Campbell's tomato soup, the latter from our supplies. As he gave me this, he slipped me my keys and said he wanted to return the knife, which had fallen to him, but his companions would not let him. He was a nice lad and very pleasant. As we talked with him we opened the can of soup, smeared it cold on our bread, and devoured it to the last crumb and drop. If you want a new and tasty hot-weather supper, just try this sometime.

As it grew later and later, we began

to fear that they intended to hold us for ransom; but from a distant lookout came a signal and we were ordered to get into the araba, the gendarme and driver were pushed in on top of us, and we were told to '*Haidy git*'—to 'beat it.' They struck our horses and sent us flying down the river-bed.

After racing along for half an hour, we noticed a path leading across the river, so we turned off and followed it until we came to a little Turkish village. Everything was quiet; a moon was just coming up in back of a distant row of poplar trees whose upper branches seemed to be supporting the skies. A brook which ran through the town was a shimmering ribbon.

The houses were cavelike rooms dug into the hillside. The road led over the roofs of some of the houses, so the rumbling of our araba awakened the occupants. They opened little trapdoors in the roof and poked out their heads. We inquired for the chief of the village, who shortly after presented himself. We told our story. The chief listened attentively, expressing regrets that we had been so treated and offering sympathy at our losses. Then he noticed that I was shivering in my near-nakedness, so he gave me his coat. It was made of rough wool with a complete inner lining of fleas. In about five minutes' time I was so hot that I was able to return the jacket to its owner. In the meantime the village elders assembled, wrinkled old men clad in shalvars and bright jackets. To them we told our story, and they heaped curses on the robbers' heads, after which they called the younger men of the village, and again we told our tale.

While we were repeating our story, the *chavoursh* (village chief) had ordered supper prepared. When it appeared, never did eggs fried in deep fat, fresh milk, fried native bread, and yourt with pekmez look so good. When we had eaten to capacity, they asked us for news, so again we sat and told what we knew of America and Europe, and of the price of wheat in Cæsarea. The chavoursh, noticing our weariness, invited us to share his accommodations, so we left the roof, where we had eaten and talked, and went down into his dugout.

In the middle of a mud floor, some twenty-five feet square, a fire smouldered. Such smoke as could escaped through the trapdoor in the roof, but for the most part the smoke seemed to prefer to remain in the room. On one side of the fire was spread straw, and huddled together in a dark corner were the womenfolk of the house; on the other side of the fire were the cows, sheep, goats, and donkey of the owner. We were invited to choose our places on the straw and the family would fit themselves in around us as best they could. Several nights running in native houses had made us rather wary, so we asked if it would be possible for us to sleep out of doors. The man admitted that we could, so rugs were spread on the roof, and a bed made up. Nearly exhausted, and too weary to bother much about proprieties, we crawled in. Just as we were getting settled, the chavoursh came up to inform us that the robbers who had held us up came quite frequently to this village to demand food; that they had n't been for several days, and that they would probably come that night.

This proved to be a bit too much for us. I could just see those chetties taking my underwear and trousers, which were all I had left to my name, so we decided that this was no place for us. Our erstwhile host said that there was a rich charcoal-burner at the other end of the village who had built a sort of stockade, and that he would be glad to entertain us. With a groan, for Miss L—— was dead tired and I was mighty lame

from sunburn, we moved across the village. En route we had to plough through a new-mown hayfield. When we had covered about half the distance, I could go no farther and said that I would stay right where I was, that the other two could go on. Finally, after much discussion, we decided that by putting one arm around the neck of the chief and one around Miss L—— I could ease up on my feet, and in time we reached the home of the charcoal-burner.

He received us in a small enclosure which was packed with all kinds of beasts: sheep, goats, donkeys, oxen, cows, calves, lambs, kids, chickens, hens — a regular menagerie. He pointed to our bed, high from the ground. We thought it must be on a pile of cord-wood and tumbled in. As we lay there recounting the events of the day and wondering what would happen next, our bed shivered from stem to stern, then heaved up in the middle. Miss L—— rolled one way, I another. We grabbed at each other's hands, and slowly the bed subsided. We were both scared stiff. I'm not sure that it was n't worse than going over the cliff.

In a shaky voice Miss L—— called my attention to a native lamp, a clay cup full of oil from which hung a burning wick. Her voice may have been shaky, but it did n't compare with my legs as I wormed my way in and out among the cattle toward this Turkish Mazda. Clutching it, I tore back. Miss L—— crawled out, and with fear and trepidation we looked under the bed. The sight that caught our eyes caused us to explode with laughter: our bed consisted of pine boughs laid across the backs of two water buffaloes; on top of the boughs was a mattress. Of course, every time the buffaloes moved or sneezed, our bed was shaken up. The idea of making the bed upon the animals was for warmth.

Between laughter, jolts, quakes, and fleas, we put in a fine night. When morning came, Miss L—— and I each shot a glance at the other and again went off in spasms of laughter. Imagine the disheveled condition we were in — each burned to a crisp, dirty, and bespattered by the flocks of birds overhead. Oh, but we were funny sights!

After a breakfast of warm milk and honey, we started off. The chavoursh told us that there was another bad spot down the road where travelers were sometimes bothered by robbers; so he gathered the men of the village together, each armed with his particular tool, — some with ploughshares, some with adzes, others with axes, poles, and grub hooks, — and they escorted us past the danger spot. I was very cold, but pride forbade me to say anything while the men were with us. However, as soon as they left with a loud cheer, I willingly accepted Miss L——'s petticoat, which I wound about my shoulders cape-fashion.

All day long we kept on going, and late in the afternoon we reached Yozghadt. Of course the first thing to do was to report to the Mutasarif, so we made our way to the government palace (a fine name for a tumble-down mud-brick structure). The Mutasarif received us as though we were dressed in silks and satins, ordered coffee and cigarettes, and exchanged compliments for ten or fifteen minutes; then we told our story, all that had befallen us. He was most exercised — so were Miss L—— and I, but for different reasons. He sent for the chief of the gendarmerie and for the military commandant. Upon their arrival, it was decided that a posse should be sent out to apprehend the villains who had so audaciously held up Americans. But the gendarmes could n't go, said the chief, nor could the soldiers, said the commandant, each fearing that his men would run away or

be killed; so the village bell was struck and men came running into the village from all directions — from the mosques, the government buildings, the stores, the bazaars, the fields. A speech was delivered; a posse of volunteers was collected and sent off.

After buying a few native clothes and getting a new araba — our Cherkez lad declared he had had enough of us — we spent the night with friends. Early the next morning we started off by the regular road for Keskin, and in due time reached there. Here we decided that it was best to move the children to Cæsarea, so after making all arrangements we left for home.

Never did a place look so good to either of us as did Talas. We just tore for the bathtubs and indulged in a glorious and much needed soak and wash.

How excited our coworkers were and how envious they are! But our native friends all shudder. Had they been in our places, they would never have returned alive.

The day after our arrival home, we went to our Mutasarif and told our story, and asked what word he had received from Yozghadt. He had received no news beyond the fact that we had been robbed, but he sent a messenger for news. The messenger returned with the word that the bandits had been captured, and that all the things we had listed as having been stolen from us were recovered and the governor of Yozghadt was sending them back to us by a special trusty messenger. A few days passed and no messenger arrived; so we sent word to this effect and today came the climax of the whole experience — a letter from the governor of Yozghadt saying that the trusty messenger by whom he was sending our possessions had run away en route and had taken all our stuff with him!

OTHER LITTLE SHIPS

BY A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

'AND there were . . . *other little ships.*' An aged minister is preaching upon that inherent longing in each human soul for companionship — for someone, human or divine, who shares the experiences of life, and can understand its joys and its struggles. He paints a picture before the mind — a wide stretch of sea, a vast expanse of sky, a far-off horizon; in the foreground a ship, a small ship tossing upon the ocean billows with great forces playing all around it, and it seems an insignificant thing upon the great broad troubled waters alone — and yet not alone, for over there on the far-away horizon are *other little ships.*

The picture fades away, and in its place the fancy paints upon a larger canvas the vast boundless ocean of *spacetime.* Stately ships are sailing in all directions. No human hand upon the helm directs their courses, an unseen force propels them onward, each ship a star, each star a sun, each sun a glowing ball of gas radiating light and heat in all directions. Look well at the stately ship in the foreground of the

picture, for about it are circling an attendant fleet of smaller ships, and one of them — a very little ship — is weighted down with a living cargo in myriad forms: flowers and trees, insects, birds, beasts, and *man*. On its prow its name is written — The Earth.

The picture alters as in a dream. We are no longer the fanciful painters upon the canvas of the imagination; we are in the picture, a part of it, and on The Earth we are sailing around our Sun and with it across the ocean of spacetime — from whence we know not, whither we know not. Steered always by an unknown hand, we play no part in the running of our ship, we go where it takes us and we know not why we are on it. We look out across vast spaces and see only other suns, and beyond them more suns, and beyond them suns and clusters of suns; and in a moment of oppressive loneliness we cry, 'Are there no other little ships? No other little ships like The Earth? Are we alone and unique in the universe of spacetime?' Out of the abyss of space comes no reply, only the commanding challenge, 'Think.'

We drop the metaphor. We turn to the written page for answer to this question, to the pages written during the past few years by the men whose aim and object have been to think, to think long and deeply about these problems, and who have brought all the light of modern astronomy, physics, and mathematical analysis to converge toward a solution.

I

Let us begin with Laplace, whose nebular hypothesis about the year 1800 gave a vivid and plausible picture of the origin of the solar system, a picture which has only recently been abandoned, though still regarded by men of science as one of the grandest generalizations of the human mind. A large nebula, or gaseous mass, in rotation is postulated. Its equatorial portion becomes unstable and masses of gas are thrown off into space, but centrifugal force and gravitational attraction find their balance and the ejected masses become planets and gradually cool and contract. Thus stability is attained and the solar system is gradually evolved from a single nebula. This hypothesis being in the background of men's minds, it was natural for speculation to take the form which it did — namely, that what happened automatically in the case of the sun might happen to other nebulæ. Hence the general feeling grew that a system of planets probably accompanied every celestial object like our sun. Thus there was every reason to suppose that conditions which favored the advent of life on the earth might repeat themselves with a somewhat similar result in a multitude of cases.

The development of spectroscopy by Huggins and Lockyer gave further weight to this view, for their analysis of the light from individual stars established the fact that our sun is unexceptional among the stars in size, chemical constitution, and temperature.

With the advance in observation and calculation of the speeds and masses of the planets and rate of rotation and mass of the sun, there was given to the astronomer a means of testing the validity of the Laplacian theory. There is a great principle, first enunciated by Newton, known as the law of conservation of momentum. The product of the mass of a body multiplied by its velocity is called its momentum, and if there be a group of bodies moving about one another the momentum of any one member of the group will change with every change in its speed, but the sum of the momenta of the group taken as a whole will never change unless

external influences are brought to bear upon it.[1]

In the light of this law the evolution of the solar system as explained by Laplace would necessitate a rate of rotation of the sun two hundred times greater than that which it now possesses. It is found that while the sun contains 744/745 of the mass of the entire system, it contributes only 2 per cent of the revolutionary momentum, whereas the planets whose combined mass is 1/745 contribute 98 per cent of the momentum. These facts are part of the evidence against the nebular hypothesis, for such an unequal partition of momentum could not arise in the way suggested by Laplace.

The next advance in theories of earth genesis was made by T. C. Chamberlin of Chicago, who with F. R. Moulton gave to the world the planetesimal theory. This for the first time suggested a biparental origin. In brief the theory is that in bygone ages, when the sun was hotter and less dense than it now is, and in a highly eruptive state, another star chanced to steer its course through space toward our sun, and, passing close around it in a great curved path, went off again into the depths of space. The effect of this close approach upon our sun — and for all we know upon the other star as well — would be that two great tides would be raised upon its surface and drawn far out into tapering spiral arms as the direction of attraction changed. Condensation would naturally take place about any portions of these tidal arms more dense than the neighboring portions. These condensations would form the nuclei of the planets and to them would be attracted the small particles of matter, called planetesimals, widely scattered around them. Thus very gradually each young planet would grow in size and importance, and as it grew more massive its power to capture neighboring planetesimals would increase until the space between the planets became almost devoid of matter.

With the further aspects of this beautiful theory we are not here concerned, our interest being centred upon its position as a stepping-stone to the researches of an English mathematician, astronomer, and physicist, J. H. Jeans. It is from him that mankind has within the last six years received two replies to the question, Are there other little ships?

II

While still a student at Cambridge, Jeans attacked the problem of determining the forms of equilibrium of a rotating fluid. Poincaré and Roche in France and Sir George Darwin in England had outlined the possibilities. Jeans carried the mathematical analysis yet further and showed that the normal mode of break-up for a huge star was not that suggested by Laplace but that suggested nearly a century later by Poincaré — namely that the equatorial section will gradually cease to be circular, becoming more and more elliptical and then unsymmetrical, like a pear on its side. The lesser lobe grows more and more distinct until a critical stage is reached when the mathematics

[1] If a dancer were spinning on one toe, his hands would be moving faster through the air if his arms were outstretched than if they were close to his sides. Thus the momentum of his hands would be greater in the former position. To increase the effect, suppose him to spin with arms outstretched and a ten-pound weight in each hand, and suddenly, while spinning, to lower his arms to his side. At once he would be seen to spin faster than before. This is because the momentum of hands and weights has been suddenly reduced, since their velocity is less than formerly, and so the whole body tends to spin faster in order to conserve the total momentum. This may easily be verified by anyone, though the effect is only momentary, due to the friction of air and floor, which quickly reduces the spin.

stops short. What happens next is left to the imagination, for when mathematical equations take up the tale it is with a binary star, not a single star, that they have to deal. Thus far observation confirms theory, for nearly half the known stars are double stars revolving about their common centre of gravity.

When Jeans came to investigate the disruption of a star by the loss of matter from its equator, — the Laplacian idea developed in detail by Roche, — he came to the conclusion that this was an impossible occurrence for a single star of mass only that of our sun or even many times greater. He felt, however, that this might indeed be the true story of a vastly grander evolution, the evolution of a whole galaxy of stars.

But in vain did he look for any force within a giant sun which was in itself sufficient to account for the formation of a solar system. He was forced to turn to the biparental theory; but the probability that such an occurrence should take place, that two stars should come so close together, was ludicrously small — once in a thousand million years! Are we then justified in attributing our existence as a planet to such an absurdly improbable cause?

Harold Jeffreys, geophysicist of Cambridge, in his recent book, *The Earth*, answers this query with a quotation: 'It is an old maxim that when you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.'

Professor Eddington of Cambridge Observatory summarized the conclusions of Dr. Jeans in the following paragraph: —

> It has seemed a presumption, bordering almost on impiety, to deny to them (the millions of single stars) inhabitants (on planets about them) of the same order of creation as ourselves. But we forget the prodigality of Nature. How many acorns are scattered for one that grows into an oak? And need she be more careful of her stars than of her acorns? . . . If, indeed, she has no grander aim than to provide a home for her pampered child Man, it would be just like her methods to scatter a million stars whereof but two or three might happily achieve the purpose.

The exact points of difference between the tidal theory of Jeans and the pioneer theory of Chamberlin need not detain us. The latter considers, in general terms, many probable factors which would influence the disruption of the ancestral sun, while the former considers only those factors which are amenable to rigorous mathematical analysis. To one type of mind rigorous conclusions from admittedly limited premises are less satisfying than the vague conclusions resulting from more comprehensive premises, while to the mathematical mind the former conclusions alone carry any weight.

We thus see that to the question, Are there other little ships? the answer of Jeans in 1919 was, Not impossible, but highly improbable.

III

So the matter has stood for several years. No voice was raised to question the dictum, save an occasional poetic sentimentalist who clung to the old idea of a plurality of earths and dazzled the imaginations of his hearers by proclaiming the possibility that every star in the firmament was a sun to a family of planets, on some of which — nay, perchance on many of which — there existed life. But to all such speculations the scientist merely shook his head and, following his example, we shook our heads likewise.

We were still solemnly shaking our heads when, a few months ago, a voice was raised in protest with an authoritative and familiar ring about it, for it

was none other than the voice of Jeans. Will he confirm or reverse his former judgment? Are we or are we not upon a unique planet in the ocean of space-time?

Jeans has been endeavoring to ascertain the age of our galaxy, and it is interesting to trace the ideas upon which he has based his estimate. In 1908 Einstein showed theoretically that matter may cease to exist as matter, its energy being liberated in the form of radiant energy and as light and heat. In 1918, from quite another point of view, W. D. MacMillan of Chicago came to a very similar conclusion. Both he and Jeans have suggested that the tremendous flow of energy from a star may be accounted for on the assumption that the mass of the star is actually diminishing, matter being transmuted into radiant energy and dissipated gradually into space. There being no way of testing this suggestion, it lay dormant until, last March, Eddington found that it was one of only two possible explanations of an extraordinary relation which he had discovered, a relation between the mass of a star and its absolute luminosity, a relation which holds true no matter what the density of the star. This established relation is in direct contradiction to the accepted theory of stellar evolution proposed some years ago by H. N. Russell under the name of the Giant and Dwarf Theory, unless a gradual decrease in the mass of a radiating star be postulated.

Now Jeans considers this sufficient proof of the plausibility of the postulate, and from the known amount of energy radiated into space by our sun he calculates how many tons of matter it is losing per year to maintain this flow of energy.[2] He next compares its present mass with that of a giant star like Sirius, two and a half times as heavy, and reaches the amazing conclusion that if our sun began its career as a star of the size of Sirius, no less than a million million years would have had to elapse for it to have been reduced to its present size.

This figure is about one thousand times greater than any previous estimate of the age of the sun, and Jeans seeks to find some means of confirming it. His mind turns to another observed fact, known but unexplained for many years — namely, that on the whole the most massive stars are moving more slowly through space than the less massive stars.

Suppose that all the stars of our galaxy began their careers with haphazard velocities. The mutual gravitational influences would tend in the course of time to produce the state known as equipartition of energy[3] — that is to say, there would be a retarding effect upon the massive stars and a speeding-up of the smaller stars. Now Jeans undertook to calculate the probable time since the haphazard velocity stage to the present stage of partial equipartition, and the result is of the order of a million million years — one confirmation of his first calculation!

A second confirmation always brings a thrill of excitement, and this he looked for, and not in vain, in a study of the orbits of binary stars. On the Poincaré-Jeans theory of the fissure of a large star into two, forming a binary system, there is no force involved to produce wide separation of the two components. Attention was drawn to this some time ago by Russell, who pointed out that observation has shown many of the binaries to be moving about their

[2] Jeans finds that the sun is losing mass at the rate of four million tons per second to supply the energy which it is radiating into space.

[3] The equipartition of energy among the stars would be complete if the product of the mass by the square of the velocity for any one star was equal to that for every other star.

mutual centres of gravity in very large eccentric orbits. It is evident that only the influence of other stars could produce this result, and once again calculation gives a million million years as the probable time which would have to elapse before the interstellar influence could produce so marked a change on the orbits of these double stars.

There is an effect of this postulated loss of mass due to radiation, which has really been involved in the results of the last two paragraphs — namely, that the stars of our galaxy are slowly but surely drawing farther and farther apart. As mass diminishes, distance from the common centre of gravity must of necessity increase in obedience to the universal law of conservation of momentum.[4] This implies that in bygone ages there was closer packing of the stars than at present, hence more frequent collisions or close approaches of two stars than is now possible.

The conclusion of all this follows unambiguously, and we listen to Jeans's own words: —

'Finally, it may be remarked that the extension of the time-scale that is now proposed increases enormously the chance of solar systems being formed by tidal action. . . . With the longer time-scale and the recognition that our system of stars must have been more closely packed in the past than now, we can think of planetary systems as being, if not quite the normal accompaniment of a sun, at least fairly freely distributed in space.'

'A result of the first order,' says Professor Turner of Oxford, and truly it is a result which will set in motion many wheels of thought. No longer is our system to be thought of as unique and alone in the vastness of space and time. There are many other suns shedding their radiance and life-sustaining rays of light and heat upon a family of planets. Just as life came into being upon this planet and developed in countless forms, so probably on many another planet the spark of life may have fallen and countless forms of life may have resulted — very different perchance, very similar perchance, to the life upon this earth. The cosmologist has sketched for us the outline of a vast picture, but it is left for each onlooker to paint in the details according to the dictates of his own fancy.

'I am affrighted,' wrote Pascal, 'at the thought that I am abandoned to myself, shut in and alone amid the myriads of the universe' — the cry of the individual from the solitude of his own spirit.

Are there other little ships? It is the cry of man looking out across the vast ocean of spacetime, and to him the mathematician makes reply: Though you may never dip your flag to a passing ship, nor ever exchange a signal with one far distant, yet you may know that it is highly probable that just over the horizon there are *other little ships*.

[4] Suppose the dancer above referred to were suddenly to drop a heavy cloak, thereby decreasing his mass, his total momentum could be conserved only if velocity were increased. Thus he would spin faster and his arms would tend to fly out so that their contribution to the total momentum would be increased.

PIGTAILS, LTD.

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

How such an odd and curious notion had ever come into Miss Rawlings's mind, she herself could not possibly have said. When had it come? She could not answer even that question, either. It had simply stolen in little by little like a beam of sunshine into a large room.

Not, of course, into an empty room, for Miss Rawlings had many, many things to think about. She was by far the most important person in the Parish, and everyone — from Archdeacon Tomlington and his two curates, Mr. Moffatt and Mr. Timbs, down to little old Mrs. Ort, the humpbacked charwoman who lived in the top attic of a cottage down by Clopbourne (or, as they called it, Clobburne) Bridge — everyone knew how *practical* she was.

But once that sunny beam had begun to steal into Miss Rawlings's mind and into her life, it had lightened up with its precious gold everything that was there. It was nevertheless an extremely fantastic notion, because it could not possibly be true. How *could* Miss Rawlings ever have lost a little girl if there had never been any little girl to lose? Yet that exactly was Miss Rawlings's idea. It had flittered into her imagination like a nimble, bright-feathered bird. And once it was really there, she never hesitated to talk about it; not at all. 'My little girl, you know,' she'd say, with a little emphatic nod and a pleasant smile on her broad face. Or rather, 'My little gal' — for she always pronounced the word as if it rhymed with Sal, the short for Sarah. This too was an odd thing; for Miss Rawlings had been brought up by her parents with the very best education, and never mispronounced even such words as 'Chloe' or 'Psyche' or 'epitome' or 'misled.' And so far as I know — though that is not very far — there is not a single word of one syllable in our enormous English language that is pronounced like Sal; for Pall Mall, of course, is pronounced Pell Mell. Still, Miss Rawlings did talk about her little girl, and she called her her little gal.

It never occurred to anybody in the Parish — not even to Mrs. Ort — to compare the Little Gal to a gay little bird or to a beam of sunshine. Mrs. Tomlington said, indeed, — and many other persons in the Parish agreed with her, — that it was merely a bee in Miss Rawlings's bonnet. But whether or not, partly because she delighted in bright colors, and partly because, in fashion or out, she had entirely her own taste in dress, there could not be a larger or brighter or flowerier bonnet for any bee to be *in*. Apart from puce silk and maroon velvet and heliotrope feathers and ribbons, and pompons and suchlike, Miss Rawlings's bonnets always consisted of handsome, spreading flowers, — blue-red roses, purple pansies, mauve cineraria, — a complete little garden for any bee's amusement. And this bee sang rather than buzzed in it the whole day long.

You might almost say it had made a new woman of her. Miss Rawlings had always been active and positive

and good-humored and kind. But now her spirits were so much more animated. She went bobbing and floating through the Parish like a gay balloon. Her *interest* in everything seemed to have first been multiplied by nine, and then by nine again. And eighty-one times anything is a pretty large quantity. Beggars, blind men, gypsies, hawkers, crossing-sweepers, positively smacked their lips when they saw Miss Rawlings come sailing down the street. Her heart was like the Atlantic, and they like rowboats on the deep — especially the blind men. As for her donations to the parochial Funds, they were first doubled, then trebled, then quadrupled.

There was first, for example, the Fund for giving all the little parish girls and boys not only a bun and an orange and a Tree at Christmas and a picnic with Veal and Ham Pie and Ice Pudding in June, but a Jack-in-the-green on May-day and a huge Guy on November the fifth, with squibs and Roman candles and Chinese crackers and so on. There was not only the Fund for the Delight of Infants of Every Conceivable Description; there was also the Wooden-Legged Orphans Fund. There was the Home for Manx and Tabby Cats; and the Garden by the River with the Willows for Widowed Gentlewomen. There was the Threepenny-Bit-with-a-Hole-in-It Society; and the Organ Grinders' Sick Monkey and Blanket Fund; and there was the oak-beamed Supper Room in the 'Three Wild Geese' for the use of Ancient Mariners — haggis and toad-in-the-hole, and plum-duff and jam roly-poly — that kind of thing. And there were many others. If Miss Rawlings had been in another parish, it would have been a sad thing indeed for the cats and widows and orphans and organ monkeys in her own.

With such a power and quantity of money, of course, writing cheques was very much like just writing in birthday books. Still, you can give too much to any Fund; though very few people make the attempt. And Miss Rawlings *was* a practical woman. Besides, Miss Rawlings knew perfectly well that charity must at any rate begin at home, so all this time she was keeping what the Ancient Mariners at the 'Three Wild Geese' called a 'weather eye' wide open for her lost Little Gal. But how, it may be asked, could she keep any kind of eye open for a lost Little Gal, when she did n't know what the lost Little Gal was like? And the answer to that is that Miss Rawlings knew perfectly well.

She may not have known where the absurd notion came from, or when, or why; but she knew that. She knew what the Little Gal looked like as well as a mother thrush knows what an egg looks like; or Sir Christopher Wren knew what a cathedral looks like. But as with the Thrush and Sir Christopher, a good many little things had happened to Miss Rawlings first. And this quite apart from the old wooden doll she used to lug about when she was seven, called Quatta.

One morning, for example, Miss Rawlings had been out in her carriage and was thinking of nothing in particular, just daydreaming, when not very far from the little stone Bridge at Clobburne she happened to glance up at a window in the upper part of a small old house. And at that window there seemed to show a face with dark bright eyes watching her. Just a glimpse. I say 'seemed,' for when in the carriage Miss Rawlings rapidly twisted her head to get a better view, she discovered either that there had been nobody there at all, or that the somebody had swiftly drawn back, or that the bright dark eyes were just two close-together flaws in the diamond-

shaped bits of glass. In the last case what Miss Rawlings had seen was mainly 'out of her mind.' But, if so, it went back again and stayed there! It was excessively odd, indeed, how clear a remembrance that glimpse left behind it.

Then again Miss Rawlings, like her great-aunt Felicia, had always enjoyed a weakness for taking naps in the train, the flowers and plumes and bows in her bonnet nodding the while above her head. The sound of the wheels on the iron lines was like a lullaby, the fields trailing softly away beyond the window drowsed her eyes. Whether asleep or not, she would generally close her eyes and *appear* to be napping. And not once, or twice, but three separate times, owing to a scritch of the whistle or a sudden jolt of the train, she had suddenly opened them again to find herself staring out — rather like a large animal in a field — at a little girl sitting on the opposite seat, who, in turn, had already fixed *her* eyes on Miss Rawlings's countenance. In every case there had been a look of intense, patient interest on the little girl's face.

Perhaps Miss Rawlings's was a countenance that all little girls are apt to look at with extreme interest — especially when the owner of it is asleep in the train. It was a broad countenance with a small but powerful nose with a round tip. There was a good deal of fresh color in the flat cheeks beneath the treacle-colored eyes; and the hair stood like a wig beneath the huge bonnet. Miss Rawlings, too, had a habit of folding her kid-gloved hands upon her lap as if she were an image. None the less, you could hardly call it only a 'coincidence' that these little girls were so much alike, and so much like the face at the window. And so very much like the real lost Little Gal that had always, it seemed, been at the back of Miss Rawlings's mind.

I don't mean at all that there was any kind of ghost in Miss Rawlings's family. Her family was far too practical for that; and her mansion was most richly furnished. All I mean is that all these little girls happened to have a rather narrow face, a brown pigtail, rather small dark-brown bright eyes, and narrow hands, and, except for the one at the window, they wore round beaver hats and buttoned coats. No; there was no ghost *there*. What Miss Rawlings was after was an absolutely real Little Gal. And her name was Barbara Allan.

This sounds utterly absurd. But so it had come about. For a long time — having talked about her Little Gal again and again to the Archdeacon and Mrs. Tomlington and Mr. Moffatt and other ladies and gentlemen in the Parish — Miss Rawlings had had no name at all for her small friend. But one still, summery evening with a faint red in the sky, while she was wandering gently about her immense drawing-room, she had happened to open a book lying on an 'occasional' table. It was a book of poetry — crimson and gilt-edged, with a brass clasp — and on the very page under her nose she had read this line: —

Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

The words ran through her mind like wildfire. Barbara Allan — it was *the* name! Or how very like it! An echo? Certainly some words and names *are* echoes of one another — sisters or brothers once removed, so to speak. Tomlington and Pocklingham, for example; or quince and shrimp; or angelica and cyclamen. All I mean is that the very instant Miss Rawlings saw that printed 'Barbara Allan' it ran through her heart like an old tune in a nursery. It *was* her Little Gal, or

ever so near it; as near, that is, as any name can be to a thing — namely, crocus or comfit, or shuttlecock, or mistletoe, or pantry.

Now if Miss Rawlings had been of royal blood and had lived in a fairy-tale — if, that is, she had been a Queen in Grimm — it would have been a quite ordinary thing that she should be seeking a little lost Princess, or badly in need of one. But, except that her paternal grandfather was a Sir Samuel Rawlings, she was but very remotely connected with royalty. Still, if you think about it, seeing that once upon a time there were only marvelous Adam and beautiful Eve in the Garden, — that is, in the whole wide world, — and seeing that all of Us as well as all of the earth's Kings and Queens must have descended from them, *therefore* all of Us must have descended from Kings and Queens. So too with Miss Rawlings. But — unlike Mrs. Tomlington — she had not come down by the grand staircase, so to speak.

Since, then, Miss Rawlings did not live in a fairy-tale or in Grimm, but was a very real person in a very real Parish, her friends and acquaintances were all inclined in private to agree with Mrs. Tomlington that her Little Gal was nothing but a bee in her bonnet. And that the longer it stayed there the louder it buzzed. Indeed, Miss Rawlings almost began to think of nothing else. She became absent-minded, quite forgetting her soup and fish and chicken and French roll when she sat at dinner. She left on the gas. She signed cheques for the Funds without looking back at the counterfoils to see what she had last subscribed. She gave brand-new mantles and dolmans away to the Rummagers; ordered coals from her fishmonger's; rode third-class with a first-class ticket; addressed a postcard to Mrs. Tomfoolington — almost every kind of absent-minded thing, indeed, you can imagine.

And now she was always searching — even in the house sometimes; even in the kitchen-quarters. And her plump country maids would gladly help too. 'No, m'm, she ain't here.' 'No, m'm, we ain't a-seed her yet.' 'Lor, yes 'm, the room's all ready.'

Whenever Miss Rawlings rose from her chair she would at once peer sharply out of the window to see if any small creature were passing in the street beyond the drive. When she went awalking she was frequently all but run over by cabs and vans and phaetons and gigs, because she was looking the other way after a vanishing pigtail. Not a picture-shop, not a photographer's could she pass without examining every single face exhibited in the window. And she never met a friend, or the friend of a friend, or conversed with a stranger, without, sure enough, beginning to talk about Young Things. Puppies or kittens or lambs, perhaps, first, and then gradually on to little boys. And then, with a sudden whisk of her bonnet, to Little Girls.

Long, long ago, now, she had learned the whole of 'Barbara Allan': —

> She had not gane a mile but twa,
> When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
> And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
> It cryed, *Woe to Barbara Allan!*
>
> 'O mother, mother, make my bed!
> O make it saft and narrow!
> Since my love died for me to-day,
> I'll die for him to-morrow.'

Oh, dear, how sad it was; and you never knew! Could it be, could it be, she cried one day to herself, that the dead lovely Barbara Allan of the poem had got by some means muddled up in Time, and was in actual fact *her* Little Gal? Could it be that the maiden-name of the wife of Miss Allan's father had been Rawlings?

Miss Rawlings was far too sensible

merely to wonder about things. She at once inquired of Mr. Moffatt — who had been once engaged to her dearest friend, Miss Simon, now no more — whether he knew anything about Barbara Allan's family. 'The family, Felicia?' Mr. Moffatt had replied, his bristling eyebrows high in his head. And when, after a visit to the British Museum, Mr. Moffatt returned with only two or three pages of foolscap closely written over with full particulars of the ballad and with 'biographical details' of Bishop Percy and of Allan Ramsay and of Oliver Goldsmith and of the gentleman who had found the oldest manuscript copy of it in Glamis Castle, or some such ancient edifice, and of how enchantingly Samuel Pepys's friend Mrs. Kwipp used to sing him that air, but nothing else, Miss Rawlings very reluctantly gave up all certainty of this. 'It still might be my Little Gal's family,' she said, 'and on the other hand it might not.' And she continued to say over to herself, with infinite sorrow in her deep rich voice, that tragic stanza: —

> She had not gane a mile but twa,
> When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
> And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
> It cryed, *Woe to Barbara Allan!*

And 'Oh, no! Not Woe,' she would say in her heart.

Soon after this, Miss Rawlings fell ill. A day or two before she took to her bed she had been walking along Cinnamon Avenue, and had happened to see the pupils of the Miss Miffinses' Young Ladies' Seminary taking the air. Now the two last and smallest of these pupils — of the Crocodile, as rude little boys call it — were walking arm in arm with the nice English mistress, chattering away like birds in a bush. Both of them were rather narrow little creatures, both wore beaver hats beneath which dangled brown pigtails. It was yet one more astonishing moment, and Miss Rawlings had almost broken into a run — as much of a run, that is, as, being of so stout and ample a presence, she was capable of — in order to get a glimpse of their faces.

But, alas and alack, the wrought-iron gates of the School were just round the corner of Cinnamon Avenue, and the whole Crocodile had completely disappeared into the great stone porch beyond by the time she had come in sight of the two Monkey-Puzzles on the lawn, and the brass curtain-bands to the windows.

Miss Rawlings stood and gazed at these, for the moment completely forgetting polite manners. The hurry and excitement had made her hot and breathless — and the wind was in the East. It dispirited her, and, instead of ringing the bell and asking for the Miss Miffinses, she had returned home and had at once written an invitation to the whole school to come to tea the following Sunday afternoon. In a moment of absent-mindedness, however, she had left the note on her little rosewood secrétaire beside the silver inkstand that had belonged to Sir Samuel. And two days afterward, — on the Friday, that is, the month being February, — she had been seized with Bronchitis.

It was a rather more severe attack than was usual for Miss Rawlings, even in foggy November, and it made Miss Rawlings's family physician a little anxious. There was no immediate danger, he explained to Nurse Murphy; still care is care. And, Miss Rawlings being so rich and so important to the Parish, he at once decided to invite an eminent Consultant to visit his patient — a Sir James Jolliboy Geoghehan, who lived in Harley Street and knew more about Bronchitis (Harley Street being also in a foggy parish) than any other medical man in Europe or in the

United States of America (which are *not* usually foggy places).

Fortunately Sir James took quite as bright and sanguine a view of his patient as did Miss Rawlings's family physician. There Miss Rawlings lay, propped up against her beautiful down-pillows with the frills all round, and a fine large pale-blue-ribboned Bed Cap stood up on her large head. She was breathing pretty fast and her temperature, according to both the gentlemen's thermometers, was 102.6 — though that, of course, is all but four degrees lower than a domestic chicken's temperature every day of its life. A large copper kettle was ejecting clouds of steam from the vast cheerful fire in the vast brass and steel grate, with the Cupids in the chimneypiece. There were medicine bottles on the little table, and not only Nurse Murphy stood on the other side of the bed, but Nurse O'Brien also. And the more solemn *she* looked the more her face appeared to be creased up in a gentle grin.

Miss Rawlings panted as she looked at them all. Her eye was a little absent, but she too was smiling. For if there was one thing Miss Rawlings was certain to do, it was to be cheerful when most other people would be inclined to be depressed. As she knew she was ill she felt bound to be smiling. She even continued to smile when Sir James murmured, '*And* the tongue?' And she assured Sir James that, though it was exceedingly kind of him to call, it was n't in the least necessary. 'I frequently have bronchitis,' she explained, 'but I never die.' Which sounded a little like 'rambling.'

When Sir James and the family physician had gone downstairs and were closeted together in the gilded library, Sir James at once asked this question: 'What, my dear sir, was our excellent patient remarking about a Miss Barbara Allan? Has she a relative of the name?'

At this Miss Rawlings's family physician looked a little confused. 'No, no; oh dear, no!' he exclaimed. 'It 's merely a little fancy, a caprice. Miss Rawlings has a notion there is a little girl belonging to her somewhere — probably of that name, you know. Quite harmless. An aberration. In fact, I indulge it; I indulge it. Miss Rawlings is a most able, sagacious, energetic, philanthropic, practical, generous, and — and — humorous lady. The fancy, you see, has somehow attached itself to the *name* "Barbara Allan" — a heroine, I believe, in one of Sir Walter Scott's admirable fictions. Only that. Nothing more.'

Sir James, a tall man, peered down at Miss Rawlings's family physician over his gold pince-nez. 'I once had a patient, my dear Dr. Sheppard,' he replied solemnly, in a voice a good deal deeper but not so rich as Miss Rawlings's, 'who had the amiable notion that she was the Queen of Sheba and that I was King Solomon. A *most* practical woman. She left me three hundred guineas in her will, for a mourning ring.' He thereupon explained — in words that his patient could not possibly have understood, but that Dr. Sheppard understood perfectly — that Miss Rawlings was in no immediate danger and that she was indeed quite a comfortable little distance from Death's Door. Still, bronchitis *is* bronchitis; so let the dear lady be humored as much as possible. 'Let her have the very best nurses, excellent creatures; and all the comforts!' He smiled as he said these words, as if Dr. Sheppard were a long-lost brother. And he entirely approved, not only of the nice sago-puddings, the grapes, the bee-ootiful beef-juice (with toast *or* a rusk), the barley water *and* the physic, but of as many

Barbara Allans as Miss Rawlings could possibly desire. And all that he said sounded so much like the chorus of some such old sea-song as 'Yo-ho-ho,' or 'Away to Rio,' or 'The Anchor's Weighed,' that one almost expected Dr. Sheppard to join in.

Both gentlemen then took their leave and, Dr. Sheppard having escorted Sir James to his brougham, for this was before the days of machine carriages, the two nurses retired from the window and Miss Rawlings sank into a profound nap.

In a few days Miss Rawlings was much, much, much better. Her temperature was 97.4, her breathing no more than twenty-four or -five to the minute. The flush had left her cheeks, and she had finished three whole bottles of medicine. She devoured a slice from the breast of a chicken and even enjoyed her sago pudding. The nurses *were* pleased.

But, if anything, Miss Rawlings's illness seemed to have increased her anxiety to find Barbara Allan as quickly as ever she could. After all, you see, we all of us have only a certain number of years to live, and a year lasts only twelve calendar months, and the shortest month is only twenty-eight days, excluding Leap Year. So if you want to do anything badly it is better to begin at once, and go straight on.

The very first day she was out in Mr. Dubbins's invalid chair she met her dear friend Mr. Moffatt in Combermere Grove, and he stood conversing with her for a while under the boughs of almost as wide a spreading chestnut-tree as the village blacksmith's in the poem. Mr. Moffatt always looked as if he ought to be comforted with a sleek bushy beard. If he had, it is quite certain it would have wagged a good deal as he listened to Miss Rawlings. 'What I am about to do, my dear Mr. Moffatt, is advertise,' she cried, and in such a powerful voice that the lowest fronds of the leafing chestnut-tree over her head slightly trembled as they hung a little listlessly on their stalks in the Spring sunshine.

'Advertise, my dear Felicia?' cried Mr. Moffatt. 'And what for?'

'Why, my dear old friend,' replied Miss Rawlings, 'for Barbara Allan, to be sure.'

Mr. Moffatt blinked very rapidly, and the invisible beard wagged more than ever. And he looked hard at Miss Rawlings's immense bonnet as if he actually expected to see that busy bee; as if he even feared it might be a Queen Bee and would produce a complete hive.

But after bidding him good-bye with yet another wag of the bonnet and a 'Yes, thank you, Dubbins,' Miss Rawlings was as good as her word. She always was. Three days afterward there appeared in the *Times* and in the *Morning Post* and in the *Daily Telegraph*, and five days later in the *Spectator*, the following: —

WANTED as soon as possible, by a lady who has lost her as long as she can remember, a little girl of the name (probably) of Barbara Allan, or of a name that *sounds* like Barbara Allan. The little girl is about ten years old. She has a rather three-cornered-shaped face, with narrow cheek-bones, and bright brown eyes. She is slim, with long fingers, and wears a pigtail and probably a round beaver hat. She shall have an *exceedingly* happy home and Every Comfort, and her friends (or relatives) will be amply rewarded for all the care and kindness they have bestowed upon her, for the first nine years or more of her life.

You should have seen Miss Rawlings reading that advertisement over and over. Her *Times* that morning had a perfume as of the spices of Ambrosia. But even Miss Rawlings could not have hoped that her advertisement would be so rapidly and spontaneously

and abundantly answered. The whole day of every day of the following week her beautiful wrought-iron gate was opening and shutting and admitting all kinds and sorts and shapes and sizes of little girls with brown eyes, long fingers, pigtails, and beaver hats, *about* ten years of age. And usually an Aunt or a Stepmother or the Matron of an Orphanage or a Female Friend accompanied each candidate.

There were three genuine Barbara Allans. But one had reddish hair and freckles; the second, curly flaxen hair that refused to keep to the pigtail-ribbon into which it had been tied; and the third, though her hair was brown, had gray speckled eyes, and looked to be at least eleven. Apart from these three, there were numbers and numbers of little girls whose Christian name was Barbara, but whose surname was Allison or Angus or Anson, Mallings, or Bulling, or Dalling, or Spalding, or Bellingham, or Allingham, and so on and so forth. Then there were Marjories and Marcias, and Margarets, Norahs, and Doras, and Rhodas and Marthas, all of the name of Allen, or Allan, or Alleyne, or Alyn, and so on. And there was one little saffron-haired creature who came with a very large Matron, and whose name was Dulcibella Dobbs.

Miss Rawlings, with her broad bright face and bright little eyes, smiled at them all from her chair, questioned their Aunts and their Stepmothers and their Female Friends, and coveted every single one of them, including Dulcibella Dobbs. But you *must* draw the line somewhere, as Euclid said to his little Greek pupils when he sat by the sparkling waves of the Ægean Sea and drew triangles on the sand. And Miss Rawlings felt in her heart that it was kinder and wiser and more prudent and proper to keep strictly to those little girls with the three-cornered faces, high cheek-bones, 'really' brown eyes, and truly appropriate pigtails. With these she fell in love again and again and again.

There was no doubt in the world that she had an exceedingly motherly heart, but very few mothers could so nicely afford to *give it rein*. Indeed, Miss Rawlings would have drawn the line nowhere, I am afraid, if it had not been for the fact that she had only Ten Thousand Pounds or so a year.

There were tears in her eyes when she bade the others Good-bye. And to everyone she gave, not one bun, not one orange, but a *bag* of oranges and a *bag* of buns. And not merely a bag of ordinary Denia oranges and ordinary currant buns, but a bag of Jaffas and a bag of Bath. And she thanked their Guardianesses for having come such a long way, and would they be offended if she paid the fare? Only one was offended, but then her fare had cost only 3*d.* — 2*d.* for herself, and 1*d.* (half price) for the little Peggoty Spalding she brought with her. And Miss Rawlings paid *her* sixpence.

She kept thirty little ten-year-olds altogether, and you never saw so many young fortunate smiling pigtailed creatures so much alike. And Miss Rawlings, having been so successful, withdrew her advertisements from the *Times* and the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Spectator*, and she bought a most beautiful Tudor house called Trafford House, with one or two wings to it that had been added in the days of Good Queen Anne, and William and Mary, which stood in entirely its own grounds not ten miles from the Parish boundary. The forest trees in its park were so fine — cedars, sweet chestnuts, and ash and beech and oak — that you could only get a tiny glimpse of its chimneys from the entrance to the drive.

Things *are* often curious in this world, and coincidences are almost as common as centipedes. So Miss Rawlings was more happy than surprised when, on looking over this mansion, she counted — and to make sure counted again — exactly thirty little bedrooms, with some larger ones over for a matron, a nurse, some parlor-maids, some housemaids, some tweeny-maids, and a Boy to clean the button-boots and shoes. When her legal adviser explained to her that this establishment, what with the little chests-of-drawers, basins and ewers, brass candlesticks, oval looking-glasses, dumpety beds, three-legged stools, dimity curtains, woolly rugs, not to speak of chiffoniers, whatnots, hot-water bottles, soup ladles, and so on and so forth, — not to mention a uniform with brass buttons for the man with whiskers at the park gate, — would cost her at least Six Thousand a year, that bee in Miss Rawlings's bonnet buzzed as if indeed it *was* a whole hive gone a-swarming.

'Well, now, my dear Mr. Wilkinson,' she said, 'I made a little estimate myself, being a *business* woman, and it came to £6334.10.0. How reasonable! I shall be over three hundred pounds in pocket.'

So in a few weeks everything was ready — new paint, new gravel on the paths, geraniums in the flower-beds, quilts as neat as daisies on a lawn on the dumpety beds, and the thirty Barbara Allans sitting fifteen a side at the immensely long oak table (where once in Henry VIII's time monks had eaten their fish on Fridays), the matron with the corkscrew curls at the top and the chief nurse in her starched cap at the bottom. And Miss Rawlings seated in the South bow-window in an old oak chair, with her ebony and ivory stick and her purple bonnet, smiling at her Barbara Allans as if she had mistaken Trafford House for the Garden of Eden.

And I must say every single pigtail of the complete thirty bobbed as merrily as roses in June over that first Grand Tea — blackberry jelly, strawberry jam, homemade bread, plum cake, the best beef-dripping for those who had not a sweet or a milk tooth, Sally Lunns, heather honey, maids-of-honor, and an enormous confection of marchpane, with cupids and comfits and silver bells and thirty little candles standing up in the midst of the table like St. Paul's Cathedral on the top of Ludgate Hill in the great city of London. It was a lucky thing for the Thirty's insides that Grand Teas are not everyday teas.

And so, when all the thirty Pigtails had sung a Latin grace put out of English by Mr. Moffatt and set to a tune composed by a beloved uncle of Miss Rawlings's, who also was now no more, the Grand Tea came to an end. Whereupon the Thirty — looking themselves like yet another Crocodile with very fat joints — came and said good-night to Miss Rawlings, though some of them could scarcely speak. And as Miss Rawlings knew that not *all* little girls liked being kissed by comparative strangers, she just shook hands with each, and smiled at them as if her motherly heart would almost break. And Dr. Sheppard was Medical Adviser to the thirty little Pigtailers, and Mr. Moffatt came every other Sunday to hear their catechisms.

Miss Rawlings had never been much attached to rules and regulations for other people, though she kept faithfully to a few for herself. She loved everyone to be free and everything to be easy, considering how hard most things are. And this was the Order of the Day with the Pigtails in their Home.

At half-past seven in Summer, and at nine in Winter, the boy in buttons

rang an immense bell, its clapper tied round with a swab of cotton-wool, to prevent it from clanging too sonorously. This great quiet bell was not only to waken from their last sweet dreams the slumbering Pigtails in their little beds, but to tell them they had yet another half-an-hour between the blankets before they had to get up. Then hairbrushes, toothbrushes, nailbrushes, as usual. Then 'When morning gilds the sky,' and breakfast in the wide white room with the primrose curtains looking out into the garden. And if any Pigtail happened to have been not quite so good as usual on the previous day, she was allowed — if she asked for it — to have a large plateful of porridge with or without salt for a punishment. No less than ninety-nine such platefuls were served out in the first year — the Pigtails were so high-spirited. Still, it can be imagined what a thirtyfold sigh of relief went up when breakfast on December 31 was over and there had n't been a hundredth.

From 9 A.M. to 12 M. the Pigtails were one and all exceedingly busy. Having made their beds, they ran out into the garden and woods — some to bathe in the stream, some to listen to the birds, some to talk, and some to sing; some to paint, some to play, and some to read, and some to dance; some just to sit; and some high up in a beech tree to learn poems, to make up poems, even to read each other's. It all depended on the weather. The sun shone, the rooks cawed, the green silken leaves whispered; and Miss Rawlings would stand looking up at them in their verdurous perch as fondly as a cat at a canary. There was not at last a flower or a tree or an insect or a star in those parts, or a bird or a little beast or a fish or a toadstool or a moss or a pebble, that the little Pigtails did not know by heart. And the more they knew them the more closely they looked at them, and the more closely they looked at them the more they loved them and the more they knew them — round and round and round, and round.

From twelve to one there were 'Lessons.' Then dinner, and tongues like jackdaws raiding a pantry for silver spoons. In the afternoon those who went for a walk toward the stranger parts went for a walk. Some stayed at home in a little parlor and sang in chorus together like a charm of wild birds. Some did their mending and darning, their hemming and featherstitching, and some did sums. Some played on the fiddle, and some looked after their bullfinches, and bunnies, and bees, and guinea pigs and ducks. Then there were the hens and the doves and the calves and the pigs to feed, and the tiny motherless lambs, too (when lambs there were), with bottles of milk. And sometimes of an afternoon Miss Rawlings would come in and sit at a window just watching her Pigtails, or would read them a story. And Dr. Sheppard asseverated not once but three times over that if she went on bringing them sweetmeats and candies and lollipops and suckets to such an *extent* not a single sound white ivory tooth of their nine hundred or so would be left in the Pigtails' heads. So Miss Rawlings kept to Sundays.

At five was tea-time: jam on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; jelly on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and both on Sundays. From six to seven there were 'Lessons,' and when the little Pigtails were really tired, which was always before nine, they just skipped off to bed. Some of them had munched their supper biscuits and were snug in bed, indeed, even before the rest had sung the evening hymn. And the evening hymn was always 'Eternal Father' — for being all of them so

extremely happy they could not but be 'in peril on the sea' just as sailors are, for happiness may fly away like birds in corn, or butterflies before rain. And on Sundays they sang 'Lead, Kindly Light' too, because Miss Rawlings's mother had once been blessed by the great and blessed Cardinal Newman. And one Pigtail played the accompaniment on the fiddle, and one on the sweet-tongued viola, and one on the harpsichord; for since Miss Rawlings had read 'Barbara Allan' she had given up pianofortes. And then, sleepy and merry and chattering, they all trooped up to bed.

So this was their Day. And all night, unseen, the stars shone in their splendor above the roof of Trafford House, or the white-faced moon looked down upon the sleeping garden and the doves and the pigs and the lambs and the flowers. And at times there was a wind in the sky among the clouds, and sometimes frost in the dark hours settled like meal wheresoever its cold brightness might find a lodging. And when the little Pigtails awoke there would be marvelous cold fronds and flowerets on their windowpanes, and even sometimes a thin crankling slat of ice in their water-jugs. On which keen winter mornings you could hear their teeth chattering like monkeys cracking nuts. And so time went on.

On the very next June 1, there was a prodigious Garden Party at Trafford House, with punts on the lake and refreshments and lemonade in a tent in the park, and all the Guardianesses and Aunts and Stepmothers and Matrons and Female Friends were invited to come and see Miss Rawlings's little Pigtails. And some brought their sisters, and some their nieces and nephews. There were Merry-go-Rounds, Aunt Sallies, Frisk-and-Come-Easies, A Punch and Judy Show, a Fat Man, a fortune-teller, and three marvelous acrobats from Hongkong. And there were quantities of things to eat and lots to see, and Kiss-in-the-Ring, and all broke up after fireworks and 'God Save the Queen' at half-past nine.

The house, as I keep on saying, was called Trafford House, but the *Home* was called 'The Home of all the little Barbara Allans and suchlike, with Brown Eyes, Narrow Cheek-bones, Beaver Hats, and Pigtails, Ltd.' And it was 'limited' because there could be only thirty of them, and time is not Eternity.

And now there were only three things that prevented Miss Rawlings from being too intensely happy to go on being alive; and these three were as follows: (*a*) She wanted to live always at the House: but how could the Parish get on without her? (*b*) What was she going to do when the Pigtailers became twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, and so forth, and Grown-Up? And (*c*) How could she ever possibly part with any of them or get any more?

For, you see, Miss Rawlings's first-of-all Barbara Allan was aged ten, and had somehow managed to stay there. But because, I suppose, things often go right in this world when we are not particularly noticing them, and don't know how, all these difficulties simply melted away like butter in the sun.

In the first place, Miss Rawlings did at last — in 1888, to be exact, one year after Queen Victoria's first Jubilee — did, I say, at last go to live at the Home of all the little Barbara Allans and suchlike, with Brown Eyes, Beaver Hats, and Pigtails, Ltd. She was called The Matron's Friend, so as not to undermine the discipline. When her Parish wanted her, which was pretty often, the Parish (Thirty or Forty strong) came to see her in her little parlor overlooking the pond with the punts and the water lilies.

Next — though how, who can say? — the little Pigtails somehow did not grow up, even though they must have grown older. Something queer happened to their Time. It cannot have been what just the clocks said. If there was n't more of it, there was infinitely more *in* it. It was like air and dew and sunbeams and the South Wind to them all. You simply could not tell what next. And, apart from all that wonderful learning, apart even from the jam and jelly and the Roast beef of Old England, they went on being just the right height and the right heart for ten. Their brown eyes never lost their light and sparkle. No wrinkles ever came in their three-cornered faces with the high cheek-bones, and not a single gray or silver hair into their neat little pigtails — that could at any rate be seen.

Next, therefore, Miss Rawlings never had to part with any of them or to look or advertise for any more.

Yet another peculiar thing was that Miss Rawlings grew more and more like a Pigtail herself. She grew younger. She laughed like a schoolgirl. Her face became a little narrower, even the cheek-bones seemed not to be so wide. As for her bonnets, as time 'went on' they grew up instead of broadwise. And when she sat in Church with the Thirty, in the third pew down from Mrs. Tomlington's, you might almost have supposed she *was* a widish pigtail, just a little bit dressed up.

It is true that in the very secretest corner of her heart of hearts she was still looking for the one and only absolute little Barbara Allan of her lifelong daydream; but that is how things go. And the thought of it brought only a scarcely perceptible grave glance of hope and inquiry into her round brown eyes. And underneath — oh, dear me, yes — she was almost too happy and ordinary and good-natured and homely to be telling this story about at all.

We all die at last — just journey on — and so did Miss Rawlings. And so did the whole of the Thirty, and the matron, and the chief nurse, and Mr. Moffatt, and Dr. Sheppard, and the Man with whiskers at the park gates, *and* the Boy who cleaned the button-boots; parlor-maids, tweeny-maids, Mr. Tomlington, and all. And if you would like to see the Old House and the little graves, you take the first turning on the right as you leave the Parish Church on your left, and walk on until you come to a gatepost beyond the milestone.

A path crossing the fields — sometimes of wheat, sometimes of turnips, sometimes of barley or oats or swedes — leads to a farm in the hollow with a duckpond, guinea fowl roosting in the pines at evening, and a lovely old thatched barn where the fantailed doves croon in the sunshine. You then cross the yard and come to a lane beside a wood of thorn and hazel. This bears a little East, and presently, after ascending the hill beyond the haystack, you will see — if it is still there — the Home of all the little Barbara Allans and suchlike, with Brown Eyes, Beaver Hats, and Pigtails, Ltd.

And not very far away is a little smooth-mown patch of turf with a beautiful thatched wall around it, which Mr. Moffatt consecrated himself. And there, side by side, sleep the Little Thirty, with their pigtails beside their narrow bones. And there the tweeny-maids, the parlor-maids, the Man with whiskers at the park gate, and the Boy who cleaned the button-boots, lie. And there Miss Rawlings, too. And when the last trump sounds, up they will get as happy as wood larks, and as sweet and fresh as morning mushrooms. But if you want to hear any more about *that*, please read the Poems of Mr. William Blake.

SPARS

BY GRACE LATIMER WRIGHT

One tiny wave from out the sea
Has swept some battered spars to me.
I find no trace from whence they 've come —
No line, no mark, to say why here
They should appear.
And yet my soul, oppressed and horror-sped,
All night will dream of lost, sad mariners
Or of those cottages along the shore
Where lighted candles gleam forevermore
To welcome home the lost, the non-returning.

These spars speak, oh, so clearly to my heart
All that the longing, waiting souls impart
Of those that fail in their returning.

'LET JOY BE UNREFINED!'

BY LEO CRANE

I

THE ceremony of the Snake Dance begins many days before that public conclusion the tourist sees. The date of the dance is announced by the pueblo crier from the housetops. The priests of the Antelope and Snake clans go to their respective kivas where, amid chants and exorcism, the wardrobe is looked over and all necessary tools and sacred equipment are prepared. A certain number of songs are sung each day, according to a strict ritual. It is during this time that new members are initiated, whether or not with revolting rites is for those to answer who know.

Then comes the snake-hunt, occupying four days, each day to a different point of the compass, north, west, south, and east. One would think that snakes have fixed and respected neighborhoods, so readily do the hunters procure them; and one monster bull-snake, fully seven feet long and proportionately thick, must be trained by the Second Mesa devotees, for it always occupies the centre of the stage at Machongnovi. Very likely snakes live to participate in many dances.

This facility in procuring snakes caused me to ask a young Hopi how they were located.

'By tracking,' he answered, pointing to the dusty sand at our feet. 'See! There is a snake's track. We can follow him home and dig him out, if you want.'

Well, we did n't do it, because I had something less dangerous on hand; and I must confess that I could not discern the delicate trail of the snake he referred to. But then, too, I have followed Indian trackers as they sought to run down a man. They would call off his movements as if reading from a book. As a desert tracker, I was a good Indian Agent.

Armed with a hoe, for excavating the more retiring, with a buckskin sack of sacred meal, — for this must be sprinkled on the votaries, — a larger bag in which to carry them, and a snake-whip of feathers, the hunters go forth. They wear moccasins and a loin-cloth only. An ordinary member of the snake family, such as a bull snake, no matter his size, is simply picked up with slight ceremonial fuss. But the rattlesnake often objects. He is most likely to sound his displeasure, and to coil swiftly for defense. Perhaps he has never attended a Snake Dance. In this event, the hunter blesses him with meal and proceeds to attract his attention with caresses of the snake-whip. After several strokes of the long eagle feathers, the snake uncoils and seeks escape; but swifter than he is the unerring hand that nips him just back of the head. He is waved in the air, stroked with a quick pressure along his spine, and dropped into the sack with the others. And no more attention is paid to the sack's contents when carrying it back to the kiva than if it contained so much corn.

II

The public part of the Snake ceremony consumes about twenty minutes of time. The *kisi*, a bower of cottonwood boughs, something like a miniature tepee, is erected midway of the plaza and to one side. The kisi screens a hole in the rock-floor, and just before the dance begins a mysterious bag is carried out and placed therein. It contains the snakes. The hole is covered or roofed by a thick piece of board.

Early in the day the crowd of sightseers has gathered on the mesa-top, and in late afternoon it begins massing at the Walpi plaza. There is the usual wrangle over prominent places, and the inevitable bickering as to who engaged them first. Soon the roofs and terraces and balconies are hidden by the people. The odd stairways and other points of vantage cause the crowd to group as if arranged by a stage director. A dozen or more crown the Snake Rock itself. They wait patiently, expectantly, as small boys await the head of the circus parade. Old Judge Hooker arrives, garbed for the occasion, and harangues them with Hopi cries, announcing to all and several that this great ceremony will positively be held on this date, once and once only this season, and imploring them to grant it the respect it deserves. The Indians present pay attention to his speech, for on this occasion at least the Judge has the Agency police within call; but the whites do not know what he has said, and so care very little about it. This waiting in a too-crowded place is a monotonous and tiring procedure. There is much stirring about, leaving a good place and then wishing one had n't.

And suddenly comes a distant sounding of rattle-gourds, a faint but insistent noise, like dried peas blown against glass.

'Here they come!' calls the ever-present small boy, who perches perilously on a projecting house-pole.

Quietly, ceremoniously, the Antelope priests in single file enter the plaza. Their gourds sound steadily, and with slow measured steps they march about the stage four times. When passing the kisi, each man stamps with his right foot on the board that shelters the snakes. They sprinkle meal. And they are followed by the guardian of the Bull-roarer, a tall man who carries a huge Indian bow ornamented with feathers, and who stops in mid-stage to sound his awesome instrument. With all the force of his arm he whirls that wooden plumb-bob on a sinew string. It moans with the wind voice of the Desert. Then the Antelope men form a straight line with the kisi, their backs to the houses and their faces to the plaza.

Now sounds a hurried noise, much clatter and scuffling, as the Snake priests approach. They burst into the plaza as if determinedly answering a call to battle. They are headed by the most robust of the clan, large powerful men. With rigid faces, fixedly staring, their elbows set as runners, they stride down the plaza. The crowd massed at the far end is always in the way. The Snake priests must go to the farthest end of this shelf on their first round, after which they shorten each lap until four have been completed. The crowd must fall back. It has no license to be there at all, and there is nothing in Snake-clan etiquette signifying change because curiosity has come out of the East. Their rushing single file of men is projected straight at the narrow end of the shelf. Finding that it was impossible to fix such a throng in place, I would station two guards at that point to warn and part the spectators. Just what would happen if the whites did not yield is

problematical. I recall that once the headman of the dancers took me in the side with his elbow. He did not stop to apologize. It was two hundred rapidly moving pounds meeting much less than that. I did not completely recover from the blow until the dance was over. A head-on crack like that might easily propel one over the cliff.

These Snake priests are nude to the waist, their upper bodies daubed in black, with the lightning sign traced in white. Their hair is disheveled and streaming, and crowned with red feathers. About their eyes are reddish smears, and a circle of white is thickly painted about each mouth. They wear ornamented kilts of knee-length, and moccasins; and with some show of uniformity each man packs all the trumpery the clan has adopted as part of its regalia. They have armlets and bracelets of silver, and necklaces of many strands — beads and bone and turquoise. From the rear of each belt dangle one or more handsome fox-skins. Fastened just below the right-leg knee are curious clappers made of tortoise shells. Thus, as they stride tumultuously about, there sounds above the dry rattling of the Antelope gourds all the hurried clatter of this moving harness.

Each time they pass the kisi they stamp fiercely on the board. It gives back a hollow sound. And perhaps the snakes of former spectacles know that they will soon be wanted.

Then the Snake priests quiet down a bit and align themselves in a long row, facing the Antelope men. A chant is begun. It is low in tone and quite ceremonial in spirit. Their bodies sway. A curious waving motion is made with the hands, one dancer's wrists engaging his partner's. The gourds whir their singing sounds. And an old Indian, a feeble, aged man, passes down the line with a bowl of water. This he sprinkles at the kisi. The age of this participant and his evident fervor always attract notice. He appears and disappears. And it is just at this point, when the action is most impressive, when all touring eyes are bulging to a degree, that the inevitable dog wanders into the sanctuary and begins to investigate. I have never known a Snake Dance that did not produce its uninvited mongrel at this time. He is never shooed or kicked away. He is always the most disreputable animal of a people noted for their impoverished canines. Lank and lean, with a cringing expression of dog humility on his face, he contrives to spoil the scene.

There is a noticeable pause. The line of Snake priests breaks into pairs and, with a curious, half-stamping dance, they pass to the kisi. The man on the right stoops, plunges his arm into the snake-hole, and brings forth a snake. The dancer is humped over now, his body bent forward, his head projecting. The one with him places an arm across his shoulders, and with a feather-whip attracts the weaving head of the reptile. The first dancer holds the snake by its middle for a moment, and then places it in his mouth, permitting the two ends to dangle freely.

Behind these two steps watchfully the 'gatherer,' and follows them about. With a humping, irregular motion the pair dance around the plaza, and finally the snake is dropped to the ground. The gatherer quickly retrieves it, if it is a patient, well-behaved snake; but if it is a rattler and acts unreasonably, proceeding to coil and sound its warning, the gatherer swiftly acts with the deftness of a juggler. His eyes never leave the defiant snake. He pinches a bit of meal from his pouch and sprinkles it toward the unwilling symbol of the gods. Then he waves his whip over the snake. If it strikes, he will let it alone for a brief time. There in the little

plaza is a fighting rattlesnake, a vicious coiled spring, fangs darting, restless, angry. The dancers avoid it. The crowd shrills its approval of the scene.

But the gatherer is watching. Soon the snake gives a quick wriggle and is off, darting for the mesa edge, and those forming the crowd there begin anxiously to shift their feet. Another second and the Indian has pounced down on it, swishing the snake from under the very toes of the spectators. He waves it through the air in the motion of his capture, strokes it into limpness as he watches his dancers. Then it dangles from his left hand, and he proceeds to the next adventure.

Meantime, other couples have approached the kisi and have produced their snakes. The differences in reptiles now attract attention. There are long, thin, nervous snakes, and short, fat, sluggish ones. A shout of amazement goes up when a very large specimen of bull snake is seen, its tail almost trailing the earth. But varying snakes do not affect the priests. The Antelope men continue the whirring of their gourds, and with the Snake men the action becomes faster. Seven or eight couples are now stamping around, and the gatherers have a busy time of it.

And then comes the signal that the bag of the kisi is empty. All snakes have been produced in the open, and danced with, and dropped, and gathered up. Now two priests describe with meal a large circle on the ground before the Dance Rock. The dancers approach and throw all the snakes into this circle. They crowd around it as meal is sprinkled, and perhaps some exorcism is muttered. For a second they poise there, as if under a spell; and then certain appointed men thrust their hands into the squirming mass, catch up as many snakes as possible, and rush from the plaza to liberate the votaries in the far Desert.

This distribution of the snake messengers ends what one may term the intriguing features of the ceremony. Soon the panting runners return to engage in the so-called 'purification' rites, the taking of the emetic; and a number of the curious follow them to be in at the death. It is not of importance that one should witness this part of the programme; it is simply a matter of taste. Physicians may wish to time the potency of desert brews. The priests are then washed from head to foot by the women of the clan. Water is poured over them from large bowls. Dripping, the priests disappear into their kiva. Soon the women are hurrying there too, bearing in trays all sorts of viands. The dancers, who have fasted, would absorb a bit of nourishment. God knows they have earned it!

Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes, the celebrated ethnologist, writes that after the Snake Dance of 1883 two of the liberated snakes were caught and taken to the National Museum at Washington for examination. He states that their fangs and poison-sacs were found to be intact. He does not accept the belief that these Hopi Indians have an antidote for the poison of rattlesnakes. It is his view that the desert rattler can inflict a deadly bite only after coiling and lunging viciously on its victim. And there is little to the theory that the snakes have been drugged or dulled into lethargy, since I have many times seen the rattlesnakes coil and fight wickedly. Several persons, particularly Mr. Herbert F. Robinson, the Government Engineer for the Navajo and Hopi country, claim to have seen Snake priests bitten in the dance. I could not make such a statement. But it is possible that the paint with which the priests are so liberally daubed has, for snakes, a repugnant odor; and having anointed their hands and arms, and especially their mouths, faces, and

necks with this ointment, they secure a certain immunity. And the stroking of the snakes, when picked up, may explain the safety of the gatherer. This action no doubt produces a partial paralysis of the snake's muscular system. But this does not answer for those who thrust bare hands and arms into the snake bag at the kisi.

If one must see a Snake Dance, the best show is at Walpi in years of odd numbers. The ceremony is held also at Machongnovi, Chimopovi, and Hotevilla. Since 1918 there has been no dance at Oraibi, perhaps because of factional disputes, although a disciple of Christianity has claimed part of the credit. There is a solemnity observed at Hotevilla, among the reactionaries, with prophet Youkeoma, the second man in the line of Antelope priests; but the men of Walpi preserve more of Indian color and thrill of action in their performance. Perhaps they have realized the advantage of a good show, well staged and costumed and vigorously enacted. While they do not invite the tourists, they keep them coming, and business in Snake Dance week is brisk along all lines.

Not all of the Hopi people are members of the Snake clan. Those of the uninitiated are as diffident with rattlesnakes as the rest of us. This lodge has difficulty in keeping up its membership. Sometimes a Hopi is invited to join, or is ordered to report for duty in the Snake kiva, and he declines this honor. It is well for him to remain away from dances thereafter, or he may have to hold a punishment snake as a penalty.

III

It was through the courtesy of Mr. John Lorenzo Hubbell, that early pioneer and baronial trader of the Navajo Desert, that I chanced to view the most secret of the Snake Dance rites, the baptism or washing of the snakes in the kiva. This occurs in the morning of the day of the public ceremony. Perhaps one might call it the consecration of the messengers; for, as I have understood it, the snakes are the tribe's envoys to the gods, bearing its petition for rain and its thanks for harvests.

Perhaps, as Moungwi, I might have achieved this success earlier, but it was my method in dealing with the Hopi, an always suspicious people, not to display an interest in their secrecies. Of necessity — or perhaps I should say in good judgment — I had to police their dances, to prevent possible clashes between the nonunderstanding Indian and the nearly always unreasonable and overcurious tourist; but I have never asked an Indian, anywhere, to give me an 'inside' concerning his primitive beliefs. Having to guide and often to judge that same Indian, it would have been an unfair advantage to take of my position, and would at once have classed me, the appointed mentor, as a piece of curiosity no different from the white men he so often wrangled with. Moreover, I had other means of acquiring information. The traders told me all they had garnered through the many years of trafficking with Indians, and each newcomer — tourist, artist, or itinerant official — presented me with the varying chaff of his very swift and gullible gleaning.

The always helpful Mr. Hubbell bridged this dilemma by inviting me as his guest, and I could accept without losing caste. Hubbell had been admitted to the kiva many years before; then Dr. Fewkes in 1899, as he relates; and since then the Indians have received Mr. Roosevelt, General Hugh L. Scott, and a few others. Perhaps not more than a score of white men have witnessed this ceremony.

In our little party were a visiting

superintendent, an engineer of the Desert Service, and Mr. Ford Harvey, son of the immortal Fred who rescued so many hungry travelers along the Santa Fe, and to whom should be erected a monument of bronze.

From the poles of the kiva ladder flew the feather-plumes that signify the progress of secret rites. An Indian met us at the top, and we filed after him down the ladder into the cool, dim atmosphere of that underground rock-walled vault. It had a peculiar odor — perhaps an earthy, perhaps a snaky, smell.

Kivas usually are empty places. Bare and cold, unless filled with eye-stinging smoke from firebrands, I had not found them inviting on my rounds of the mesas. I had held councils in them when making the first steps against factional religious persecution. Again I had sat in them, chatting with the makers of costumes and drums, smoking their bitter and powerful tobacco, and afterward wishing sincerely I had not. Most often the kiva is the club for retired old men of the tribe, lonely, feeble fellows, where they curl up to drowse and sleep, or where they weave some ceremonial scarf. It is not good form to idle in the neighborhood of kivas when the feather-plumes are displayed.

The ladder ended on a stone platform, raised above the main kiva-floor. In the corners of this platform stood large clay jars, and greeting us, albeit silently, from the corners and about the jars were snakes. Not just a few snakes that had wandered out of their pottery containers, but congested wads of snakes, piled carelessly in the corners of the kiva, and with nothing to prevent their leaving when the spirit moved them. However, they were quiet, somnolent, save for beady eyes and for an occasional slithery movement that caused one to watch his step.

At the upper end of the kiva was an elaborate sand-painting after the fashion of the Navajo, no doubt another adoption, of foreign origin. A sand-painting is a mosaic-like picture of Indian symbols and fetishes, worked out in colored sands. This was surrounded or fenced by peeled wands, placed close together on end. And at this ceremonial altar stood, practically nude, two of my schoolboys, bronzed lads of about sixteen, who had taken part that morning in the sunrise race.

Under the ladder and on the main floor a number of older Indians were grouped, having close to them large bowls of clay holding water or other liquids. And these priests were arrayed for ceremony. The sacred-meal pouches were in evidence. Soon a chant was intoned. The Hopi chants are primitive, but have in them an echo of Catholic litanies. I have seen a Hopi priest anoint with and toss the sacred meal just as his forbears saw the padres bless the people. The Hopi is an assiduous adapter. And while listening to the chanting I have often expected to catch the refrain: '*Ora pro nobis.*' The padres were sacrificed to the desert gods in that red revolt of 1680, but their peaches dry each season on the pueblo housetops, and Hopi ceremonies carry an unconscious echo of the black-robes who taught the solemnity of ritual.

Around the walls of the kiva, at the height of one's head, were wooden pegs set in the stone, and draped over these were masks and costumes. As my position at the end of the platform brought me close to one of these bundles, I leaned against it and the wall, half turned, to give an eye to the nearest snakes of my corner, and another eye to the proceedings of the elders. A snake wriggled out from the pile and came closer; but the Indian who had received us waved him back with a

feather-whip. Someone was watching that sector, and I grew more confident.

We stood there for a little time in silence. From above came the noises of the crowd, thronging through the village streets. One could look up through the square opening of the entrance and see the blue Arizona sky. The ladder was very comforting. Several of the guests sat down on the edge of the platform, but I did not. I leaned comfortably against my pile of regalia, and kept a wide-angled view of the whole interior.

Then one of the Indians crossed the platform, gathered a few snakes, and passed them swiftly to the old men at the bowls. They uttered invocations, stretched the snakes out, and anointed them with meal, all the while chanting in a low tone. A number of the men had lined up against the wall, carrying rattles and insignia. They too began a chant. And then suddenly the old men plunged the snakes into the water of the bowls — a quick, unceremonious ducking, the choir raising its chant to a savage crescendo. It was no longer rhythmic and solemn. It was like a scream of death, a wild, unreasoning challenge that ended in a blood-curdling shriek; and at that final cry the snakes were hurled up the kiva, to fall on the sand-painting. The peeled wands were knocked over by their swirling bodies. Somnolent before, the snakes now waked up and twisted about, seeking escape, their heads raised, their tongues darting in and out. A hissing and whirring sounded. Their movements in the sand caused the design to be obliterated.

Now came another handful of snakes, swiftly passed for the baptism, and again the low chanting, but faster now, faster, and always that wild ending of the chant, and the throwing of the reptiles. More and more snakes squirmed on the wrecked sand-painting. All the wands were down now. And in among the snakes, with a calmness that chilled the blood, walked my two schoolboys, nude as Adam, hustling back to the sand those that darted for the walls. Twice snakes reached the stone bench along the kiva's end and, climbing it, sought crevices of the upper wall. Each time a boy reached for the disappearing truant and nonchalantly dragged him back to his place in this wildest of pagan rites.

Finally all the snakes had been removed from our corners, and several inches of them made a moving carpet where had been the mosaic. There came a pause, a significant cessation of action, as if the priests had reached an unexpected, unforeseen part of the service. There was a quick consultation among the headmen. One of the boys, Edward, began looking around. He went to the nearest peg and removed some of the costumes, dropping a mask to the floor. He examined the mask. Then he went to another peg and performed this same search. And then he came straight toward me, at the end of the platform.

'What is it, Edward?' I asked him.

'We had sixty-five rattlesnakes, Mr. Crane,' he replied stolidly, 'and now we count but sixty-four. Let me look through those dresses you are leaning against. That other one may be —'

'Excuse me,' I said hurriedly, as I went up the ladder.

IV

Of course all Indians should not be forced into the same mould. Let us try to give each his chance to develop what is best in him. Moreover, *let us be wary of interfering overmuch with either his work or his play.* It is mere tyranny, for instance, to stop all Indian dances. Some which are obscene or dangerous must be prohibited. Others should be permitted, and many of them

encouraged. *Nothing that tells for the joy of life, in any community, should be lightly touched.*

— ROOSEVELT, *A Booklover's Holidays*

When I first read this, I thought of and began to compare the different types of Indian dances and ceremonies I had witnessed: the Butterfly, Basket, and Corn dances, the Snake and Flute dances of the Hopi; the Medicine Sings, and squaw dances, and the Ye-be-chai of the Navajo; the colorful pageants of the Pueblos, after Catholic Mass is celebrated on the name-days of their patron saints and the fiesta begins; the memorial ceremony of the Mohave, and their cremation of the dead. And those slam-bang, whirlwind dances of the Sioux.

Some of these were commemorative; some were fixed ceremonials; some were of little moment and some seemed nothing more serious than masquerades; some were filled with superstition and had just a touch of smouldering fanaticism under the veneer of paint and feathers. A few were social gatherings, a break in the monotony of existence, having in them 'the joy of life.' And, while all of the native dances should have thrown around them a thin line of supervision and restraint, many of them should by no means be 'lightly touched.'

The Snake Dance may be dangerous, and it is certainly revolting at first sight. And perhaps it should be prohibited. That is a point of view. I am not thoroughly convinced of its danger to Indians, since I never heard of a Hopi dying from snake-bite. I saw so many Snake Dances that the edge has been dulled from my original thrill. If tourists were denied the pleasure of seeing it, I believe the ceremony would soon languish, and pass away entirely with the going of the elders from the mesa stage. Certainly I sought to prevent its perpetuation through the initiation of children, but without result, for I was unsupported in this, and alone I feared my inability to stifle a pagan war.

But of those things that should be dealt with gently, the tiny shows that the vacationist seldom sees and the Bureau has never heard of, I recall the Dance of the Dolls.

One afternoon, at First Mesa, I came along a trail toward the witch's camp, meaning to start for home once the team was harnessed. I met an Indian of the district walking with my interpreter, who said: —

'He wants you to stay and see the Dolls' Dance.'

Now I had quite a collection of Hopi dolls, those quaint figurines carved with some skill from pieces of cottonwood, and dressed in the regalia of twig and feather and fur to represent the various kachinas of the clans. But I had never heard of a dance devoted to these little mannequins.

'What sort of dance is that?' I asked.

'It is called the Dolls-Grind-Corn Dance,' he replied.

'When — to-morrow?' thinking of those monotonous open-air drills, having various names but scarcely to be distinguished one from the other.

'No. To-night, in the kiva.'

This interested me. I could see that the interpreter longed to remain overnight among his people, and to take in this show.

'Well,' I said, 'is it worth climbing that mesa in the dark?'

'I think you would like it,' he answered; 'it is a funny little dance, and the children go to see it.'

So I did not order up the team.

After supper, when the twilight had faded into that clouded blackness before the stars appear, I scrambled after my guide up the mesa trail. When we reached the end of that panting climb, the houses of the people were murkily

lighted by their oil lamps, but most of the householders were abroad, going toward the various kivas. To the central one we went, and down the ladder.

The place was lighted by large swinging lamps, borrowed for the occasion from the trader, lamps that have wide tin shades and may be quickly turned to brilliancy or darkness by a little wheel at the side. I had expected to find it a gloomy place, whereas they had arranged something very like the lighting of a theatre. It was a trifle difficult to find a place in that crowded vault. The far end was kept clear, but the two long sides and the ladder end were packed with Hopi women and their little ones. Just as I have seen in our theatres, the children could scarcely repress their nervous interest, now sitting, now standing on tiptoe, turning and watching, as if this would hasten matters.

I seated myself on a lower rung of the ladder, believing this place would be most desirable from my point of view, because from it I had a view of the kiva's centre and could most easily make my way to the upper air when things became too thick. A crowded kiva is rather foreign in atmosphere when filled to its capacity and with lamps going. But I soon found that I should be disturbed. From above came the noise of rattles and the clank of equipment, calls and the shuffling of feet. A line of dancers descended upon me. I moved to let them pass into the lighted centre-space. They were garbed in all the color and design of Hopi imagination, and wore grotesque masks. They lined up, and I sensed that their mission was one of merry-making. Two clowns headed the band, and soon had the audience convulsed. They hopped about, postured, and carried on a rapid dialogue. There was a great deal of laughter.

I had my usual experience in trying to gain a knowledge of the show through an interpreter, quite the same as that lady who accompanied an attaché to hear a speech by Bismarck in the Reichstag. You will remember that the visitor kept demanding interpretation, whereas the attaché remained silent, intently listening, as the Iron Chancellor droned on, monotonously voluble.

'What does he say?' asked the visitor for the fifth time.

'Madam,' replied the attaché, 'I am waiting for the verb!'

And that is about as far as I ever got toward exact knowledge of the clowns in any dance. I have tried it many times. The interpreter always enjoyed the show for himself first, and left me in outer darkness. Occasionally he would attempt to explain some part of the horseplay in progress, probably such simple portions as he thought my feeble intellect would rise to.

'You see,' he would begin, pointing, 'he is one of the uncles!'

And apparently there are always two, paternal and maternal, I suppose. The uncle is the great man of the Hopi family. The father does not amount to much — he can be divorced in a jiffy and, while the mother is the household boss, she is always dominated by the grandmother, if living, and dictated to by the uncle in matters concerning alliances with other families. Perhaps one should call him a social arbiter. He has a great deal to say about weddings, marriage portions, and the like. Whenever I have watched the clowns at these smaller dances, and have asked their rôles in the play, invariably they have been the uncles. Perhaps the Hopi in this manner square themselves at the expense of the family martinet.

I could not see that there was anything to cause suspicion of evil in this little scene. In old Navajo dances the

clowns would often engage in dialogue that interpreters feared to translate. This is the charge too against the clowns of certain Pueblo and Zuni dances; and the clowns of the Hopi have been known to indulge in antics that were not elevating. I cannot bring myself to believe, however, that the clowns of the Dolls' Dance were relating anything other than crude witticisms, for the little children laughed as loudly as the others, and it seemed sheer fooling. Had a slapstick been in evidence, I should have been sure of the nature of the proceedings; but the Indians have not developed exactly this form of humor.

Then the dancers filed out, up the ladder, and away.

'They go to another kiva,' said my companion.

And almost immediately came another and different set of fun-makers. They took the centre of the kiva and soon had all laughing at similar jokes and grimaces. So, I thought, the old tiresome reel over again, to be continued throughout the night. For I had seen this dancing in relays last an entire day, stopping only for hasty meals and new costumes or make-up, and to one who does not understand the differences in scenes it becomes an intense boredom. I arose, about to depart; but my interpreter pulled me down.

'Wait! Wait!' he urged. 'They will put out the lights —'

This time the dancers did not leave the kiva. One of them came to the lamp just above me, and at a signal all the lights were dimmed. The kiva was in thick darkness. One could hear childish sighs of expectation. Perhaps the lights were off for thirty seconds, although it did not seem so long. Then they flared up, to reveal a curious little scene that had been constructed in the dark. I had not noticed that the dancers packed anything in with them. The setting may have been in that crowded kiva all the time; but where had it been concealed?

At any rate, it was a queer little show, quite like that of our old friend Punch. There was a painted screen of several panels, and in the centre ones were two dolls, fashioned to represent Hopi maidens. Before each was the corn-grinding metate. And farther extended on the floor before them and their stone tubs was a miniature cornfield — the sand, and the furrows, and the hills of tiny plants.

Hardly had the first sigh of pleased surprise from the children died away, when, even to my astonishment, the dolls became animated, and with odd lifelike motions began to grind corn, just as the women grind daily in the houses of the villages, crushing the hard grain between the stone surfaces of the metate and the *mano*. These mannequins worked industriously, and with movements not at all mechanical. Then a little bird fluttered along the top of the screen, piping and whistling. Shrills of delight from the youngsters, to be followed by audible gasps, for from a side panel came twisting a long snake, to dart among the corn hills of the scenic field, and then to retreat backward through the hole from which it had appeared. These actions followed each other in quick succession. The fellow behind the screen was quite skillful in working his marionettes for the delight of the children of the tribe.

Perhaps in all this there was some deep-laid symbolism, checking rigidly with the North Star and the corn harvests of the past and future. Perhaps it was a primitive object-lesson, to encourage thrift and industry as a bulwark against famine. But if you ask me, I saw in it exactly a repetition of the district schoolhouse or the country chapel at holiday time, when Cousin Elmer obliges with a droll

exhibition of whiskers and sleighbells and cotton snowflakes. Sometimes the Hopi at these festivals for children give them presents too, and a handful of piki-bread bestowed by a clown, however bizarre his facial appearance, has all the gift-wonder of our childhood Santa Claus and his treasure-pack.

Touch lightly! They — all children will be gone soon enough. A little while and you can rest from anæmic policies and sophist sermons. The Desert will be lonely without its simple shepherds and their simple customs. Those who strain to inherit it, through legislation, will pack with them no poetry and attract no culture. Great cattle and sheep camps, monopolies, grimy oil-rigs, and yawning coal-drifts will mar the Desert. A few old books, a few paintings, — their creators gone, too, — will picture what you once possessed and experimented with and auctioned off. For one Shelton, discredited perhaps by a clamor of sanctimonious mediocrity, you have entrusted these people and their empire to twenty Bumbles. Twice you have sought to partition their community life, to make swift the end, to hasten the advent of the speculator who follows estates and bids for the possessions of the dead. At length, — because at length you will succeed in selling the desert heritage, — there will be only the museum case, and dust, and a ticket.

V

The Snake Dance ends very close to sunset. The crowds leave the mesa-top, down the trails afoot or mule-back, down the rocky roads in rough wagons, a scrambling multitude. The sun is gilding the western walls of First Mesa, throwing the east-side roads and trails in shadow, and above, the ruined crest of the headland looms black in a gorgeous halo. The farther eastern valley is bathed in a strange lemon light. The far-away northern capes gleam luminously in scarlet and gold, and then suddenly are gone. Huh-kwat-we, the Terrace of the Winds, pales in lavender and grayish green. Twilight, with its mysterious desert hush, steals over Hopi-land. Something has been fulfilled in accordance with an ancient prophecy. The desert gods have been appeased.

Soon it is dark, and stars appear as vesper candles. And then, all about the foot of the great fortresslike mesa, lighting the sand dunes and gleaming warmly through the peach trees, grow camp-fires. Where is usually a heavy silence at evening, broken only by sheep bells, now one hears laughter, many voices, the sound of the chef at work; and the smell of cooking rises. Coffee and bacon, desert fare, spread their aroma, and a ravenous hunger comes to one. Here is a tiny group abo[illegible] tented auto, there amid horses and [illegible] and camp dunnage are thirty a[illegible] one board. 'Come and get it!'

I [illegible] ncidents of my introduction to the [illegible] enes. Armijo, the trader's relati[illegible] had brought his treasured violin. [illegible] heard its tones from the trail and, wh[illegible] I came to Hubbell's camp, there a g[illegible] p of them, musicians of the posts, we[illegible] making ready to match their skill against the melody that tourists bring. Supper put away, the concert began.

'How do you like this?' asked the master of the bow and, as he swept the strings, that saddest of memory songs cried poignantly, a song fit for a desert night and a desert camp: 'La Golondrina.' Such harmonies of double-stopping I had seldom heard. It seemed to me — or was it desert magic? — that Kreisler could do no more. Silence. And then applause from fifty camps.

And Ed's guitar. Soon the lilting airs

of old fandangos would sing through the stunted trees, and one could imagine that the long-dead children of the padres made fiesta.

'Now, doctor,' said someone.

'What do you play, doctor?' I asked.

'I play the banjo,' he replied — I thought with a shade of mockery in his voice. Now I had just heard the Spaniard's violin sob a song that had swept a nation, and Ed's lightsome Mexican airs were no mean music for a summer camp. Night, under the old trees and in the shadow of the mesa of the gods, brings quite the romance of serenades; and especially soothing after a long tiresome day.

But — a banjo! That thumpety, plankety, plunkety thing! I was sorry I had spoken. He would oblige with something to fit clogs and the levee, and the whole atmosphere of that evening would vanish, never to return! The doctor opened a case.

'What would you like to [illegible]

That is a terrible qu[illegible]m a banjoist, is n't it?

'Well — what do you play?'

'Oh, anything — popul[illegible]assical stuff. Now there's the Melo[illegible]n F or Mendelssohn's Spring Song, S[illegible]bert's Serenade, the Fifth Nocturn[illegible] —'

'Great God!' I cried. 'Or[illegible]banjo!'

I think he pulled this l[illegible]e joke on all strangers, for, after [illegible]llowing it thoroughly to soak in, he brought that wonder instrument closer to the fire and began strumming the strings of it until its resonant cadences hushed all the noises of the camps. Then, softly through the grove, sounded the Melody in F, in organ tones.

Of course you will perceive that I am no musician and no critic. I have not the ear of the one or the language of the other. I am simply one of those who like to hear what I like — hopeless. The Andante from the Sonata Pathétique haunted and eluded me for years and, but for a wandering pianist disguised as an investigator, I might have classed it with a dream. Sordid duties dull one to accept coarser things on a phonograph.

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'I have played through the East and on Canadian circuits, but I don't care for the stage. I took up concert work, traveling with glee clubs and orchestras, but that was n't much better. Hurried life. I like the quiet places.'

And he was a doctor in the Indian Service!

Someone called: 'Play it again!' And he played it again — on a banjo!

Down under the hill were camped a bunch of troubadours that once had trooped with a second company, passing as the Original New York Cast. By the light of a lantern they played accompaniments on an old melodeon, dragged from the schoolhouse. A rousing chorus, and then a tenor voice: the Irish Love Song. Followed a roar of applause that brought drowsy Indians to the mesa edge. Strange Americanos! Strange Bohannas, who mock at drums and chanting, and who then make such queer music and many cries.

And by midnight the fires would die down, one by one, to mere glows. The pueblo lights, high up along the mesa cornice, would be blotted out. Beyond the camps, only the sound of horses munching, the bray of a desert nightingale from the upper corrals, or the canter of a mounted policeman through the sand, as he gave a last look around before rolling in his blanket. Then silence under the dark star-strewn sky, a tranquil desert silence, to be broken perhaps — who knows? — by ghostly sandals, as the padre walked to see that curious company, asleep in his one-time garden, guests of a pagan feast.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

BY ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

I

THE difficulty in approaching the question of the relation between Religion and Science is that its elucidation requires that we have in our minds some clear idea of what we mean by either of the terms, 'religion' and 'science.' Also I wish to speak in the most general way possible, and to keep in the background any comparison of particular creeds, scientific or religious. We have to understand the type of connection which exists between the two spheres, and then to draw some definite conclusions respecting the existing situation which at present confronts the world.

The *conflict* between religion and science is what naturally occurs to our minds when we think of this subject. It seems as though, during the last half-century, the results of science and the beliefs of religion had come into a position of frank disagreement, from which there can be no escape, except by abandoning either the clear teaching of science or the clear teaching of religion. This conclusion has been urged by controversialists on either side. Not by all controversialists, of course, but by those trenchant intellects which every controversy calls out into the open.

The distress of sensitive minds, and the zeal for truth, and the sense of the importance of the issues, must command our sincerest sympathy. When we consider what religion is for mankind, and what science is, it is no exaggeration to say that the future course of history depends upon the decision of this generation as to the relations between them. We have here the two strongest general forces (apart from the mere impulse of the various senses) which influence men, and they seem to be set one against the other — the force of our religious intuitions, and the force of our impulse to accurate observation and logical deduction.

A great English statesman once advised his countrymen to use large-scale maps as a preservative against alarms, panics, and general misunderstanding of the true relations between nations. In the same way, in dealing with the clash between permanent elements of human nature, it is well to map our history on a large scale, and to disengage ourselves from our immediate absorption in the present conflicts. When we do this, we immediately discover two great facts. In the first place, there has always been a conflict between religion and science; and in the second place, both religion and science have always been in a state of continual development. In the early days of Christianity there was a general belief among Christians that the world was coming to an end in the lifetime of people then living. We can make only indirect inferences as to how far this belief was authoritatively proclaimed; but it is certain that it was widely held, and that it formed an impressive part of the popular religious doctrine. The belief proved itself to be mistaken, and

Christian doctrine adjusted itself to the change. Again, in the early Church, individual theologians very confidently deduced from the Bible opinions concerning the nature of the physical universe. In the year A.D. 535, a monk named Cosmas wrote a book which he entitled *Christian Topography*. He was a traveled man who had visited India and Ethiopia; and finally he lived in a monastery at Alexandria, which was then a great centre of culture. In this book, basing himself upon the direct meaning of Biblical texts as construed by him in a literal fashion, he denied the existence of the antipodes, and asserted that the world is a flat parallelogram whose length is double its breadth.

In the seventeenth century the doctrine of the motion of the earth was condemned by a Catholic tribunal. A hundred years ago the extension of time demanded by geological science distressed religious people, Protestant and Catholic. And to-day the doctrine of evolution is an equal stumblingblock. These are only a few instances illustrating a general fact.

But all our ideas will be in a wrong perspective if we think that this recurring perplexity was confined to contradictions between religion and science, and that in these controversies religion was always wrong and science always right. The true facts of the case are very much more complex, and refuse to be summarized in these simple terms.

Theology itself exhibits exactly the same character of gradual development, arising from an aspect of conflict between its own proper ideas. This fact is a commonplace to theologians, but is often obscured in the stress of controversy. I do not wish to overstate my case, so I will confine myself to Roman Catholic writers. In the seventeenth century a learned Jesuit, Father Petavius, showed that the theologians of the first three centuries of Christianity made use of phrases and statements which since the fifth century would be condemned as heretical. Also Cardinal Newman devoted a treatise to the discussion of the development of doctrine. He wrote it before he became a great Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, but throughout his life it was never retracted and continually reissued.

Science is even more changeable than theology. No man of science could subscribe without qualification to Galileo's beliefs, or to Newton's beliefs, or to all his own scientific beliefs of ten years ago.

In both regions of thought, additions, distinctions, and modifications have been introduced. So that now, even when the same assertion is made to-day as was made a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago, it is made subject to limitations or expansions of meaning which were not contemplated at the earlier epoch. We are told by logicians that a proposition must be either true or false, and that there is no middle term. But in practice we may know that a proposition expresses an important truth, but that it is subject to limitations and qualifications which at present remain undiscovered. It is a general feature of our knowledge that we are insistently aware of important truths; and yet that the only formulations of these truths which we are able to make presuppose a general standpoint of conceptions which may have to be modified. I will give you two illustrations, both from science.

Galileo said that the earth moves and that the sun is fixed; the Inquisition said that the earth is fixed and that the sun moves; and Newtonian astronomers, adopting an absolute theory of space, said that both the sun and the earth move. But now we say that any one of these three statements is equally true, provided that you have fixed your sense of 'rest' and 'motion' in the way

required by the statement adopted. At the date of Galileo's controversy with the Inquisition, Galileo's way of stating the facts was, beyond question, the fruitful procedure for the sake of scientific research. But in itself it was not more true than the formulation of the Inquisition. But at that time the modern concepts of relative motion were in nobody's mind, so that the statements were made in ignorance of the qualifications required for their more perfect truth. Yet this question of the motions of the earth and the sun expresses a real fact in the universe, and all sides had got hold of important truths concerning it. But, with the knowledge of those times, the truths appeared to be inconsistent.

Again I will give you another example taken from the state of modern physical science. Since the time of Newton and Huyghens in the seventeenth century there have been two theories as to the physical nature of light. Newton's theory was that a beam of light consists of a stream of very minute particles, or corpuscles, and that we have the sensation of light when these corpuscles strike the retinas of our eyes. Huyghens's theory was that light consists of very minute waves of trembling in an all-pervading ether, and that these waves are traveling along a beam of light. The two theories are contradictory. In the eighteenth century Newton's theory was believed, in the nineteenth century Huyghens's theory was believed. Today there is one large group of phenomena which can be explained only on the wave theory, and another large group which can be explained only on the corpuscular theory. Scientists have to leave it at that, and wait for the future, in the hope of attaining some wider vision which reconciles both.

We should apply these same principles to the questions in which there is a variance between science and religion. We should believe nothing in either sphere of thought which does not appear to us to be certified by solid reasons based upon the critical research either of ourselves or of competent authorities. But, granting that we have honestly taken this precaution, a clash between the two on points of detail where they overlap should not lead us hastily to abandon doctrines for which we have solid evidence. It may be that we are more interested in one set of doctrines than in the other. But, if we have any sense of perspective and of the history of thought, we shall wait and refrain from mutual anathemas.

We should wait; but we should not wait passively, or in despair. The clash is a sign that there are wider truths and finer perspectives within which a reconciliation of a deeper religion and a more subtle science will be found.

II

In one sense, therefore, the conflict between science and religion is a slight matter which has been unduly emphasized. A mere logical contradiction cannot in itself point to more than the necessity of some readjustments, possibly of a very minor character, on both sides. Remember the widely different aspects of events which are dealt with in science and in religion respectively. Science is concerned with the general conditions which are observed to regulate physical phenomena, whereas religion is wholly wrapped up in the contemplation of moral and æsthetic values. On the one side there is the law of gravitation, and on the other the contemplation of the beauty of holiness. What one side sees the other misses, and vice versa.

Consider, for example, the lives of John Wesley and of Saint Francis of Assisi. For physical science you have

in these lives merely ordinary examples of the operation of the principles of physiological chemistry, and of the dynamics of nervous reactions; for religion you have lives of the most profound significance in the history of the world. Can you be surprised that, in the absence of a perfect and complete phrasing of the principles of science and the principles of religion which apply to these specific cases, the accounts of these lives from these divergent standpoints should involve discrepancies? It would be a miracle if it were not so.

It would, however, be missing the point to think that we need not trouble ourselves about the conflict between science and religion. In an intellectual age there can be no active interest which puts aside all hope of a vision of the harmony of truth. To acquiesce in discrepancy is destructive of candor and of moral cleanliness. It belongs to the self-respect of intellect to pursue every tangle of thought to its final unravelment. If you check that impulse, you will get no religion and no science from an awakened thoughtfulness. The important question is, In what spirit are we going to face the issue? There we come to something absolutely vital.

A clash of doctrines is not a disaster — it is an opportunity. I will explain my meaning by some illustrations from science. The weight of an atom of nitrogen was well known. Also it was an established scientific doctrine that the average weight of such atoms in any considerable mass will be always the same. Two experimenters, the late Lord Rayleigh and the late Sir William Ramsay, found that if they obtained nitrogen by two different methods, each equally effective for that purpose, they always observed a persistent slight difference between the average weights of the atoms in the two cases. Now I ask you, would it have been rational of these men to have despaired because of this conflict between chemical theory and scientific observation? Suppose that for some reason the chemical doctrine had been highly prized throughout some district as the foundation of its social order — would it have been wise, would it have been candid, would it have been moral, to forbid the disclosure of the fact that the experiments produced discordant results? Or, on the other hand, should Sir William Ramsay and Lord Rayleigh have proclaimed that chemical theory was now a detected delusion?

We see at once that either of these ways would have been a method of facing the issue in an entirely wrong spirit. What Rayleigh and Ramsay did do was this. They at once perceived that they had hit upon a line of investigation which would disclose some subtlety of chemical theory that had hitherto eluded observation. The discrepancy was not a disaster — it was an opportunity to increase the sweep of chemical knowledge. You all know the end of the story: finally argon was discovered, a new chemical element which had lurked undetected, mixed with the nitrogen. But the story has a sequel which forms my second illustration. This discovery drew attention to the importance of observing accurately minute differences in chemical substances as obtained by different methods. Further researches of the most careful accuracy were undertaken. Finally another physicist, Ashton, working in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge in England, discovered that even the same element might assume two or more distinct forms, termed 'isotopes,' and that the law of the constancy of average atomic weight holds for each of these forms, but as between the different isotopes differs slightly. The research has effected a great stride in the power of chemical

theory, far transcending in importance the discovery of argon, from which it originated. The moral of these stories lies on the surface, and I will leave to you their application to the case of religion and science.

In formal logic a contradiction is the signal of a defeat, but in the evolution of real knowledge it marks the first step in progress toward a victory. This is one great reason for the utmost toleration of variety of opinion. Once and forever this duty of toleration has been summed up in the words, 'Let both grow together until the harvest.' The failure of religious Christians to act up to this precept, of the highest authority, is one of the curiosities of religious history. But we have not yet exhausted the discussion of the moral temper required for the pursuit of truth. There are short cuts leading merely to an illusory success. It is easy enough to find a theory, logically harmonious and with important applications in the region of fact, provided that you are content to disregard half your evidence. Every age produces people with clear logical intellects, and with the most praiseworthy grasp of the importance of some sphere of human experience, who have elaborated, or inherited, a scheme of thought that exactly fits those experiences which claim their interest. Such people are apt resolutely to ignore, or to explain away, all evidence which confuses their scheme with contradictory instances. What they cannot fit in is for them nonsense. An unflinching determination to take the whole evidence into account is the only method of preservation against the fluctuating extremes of fashionable opinion. This advice seems so easy, and is in fact so difficult to follow.

One reason for this difficulty is that we cannot think first and act afterward. From the moment of birth we are immersed in action, and can only fitfully guide it by taking thought. We have, therefore, in various spheres of experience to adopt those ideas which seem to work within those spheres. It is absolutely necessary to trust to ideas which are generally adequate, even though we know that there are subtleties and distinctions beyond our ken. Also, apart from the necessities of action, we cannot even keep before our minds the whole evidence except under the guise of doctrines which are incompletely harmonized. We cannot think in terms of an indefinite multiplicity of detail; our evidence can acquire its proper importance only if it comes before us marshaled by general ideas. These ideas we inherit — they form the tradition of our civilization. Such traditional ideas are never static. They are either fading into meaningless formulæ or gaining power by the new lights thrown by a more delicate apprehension. They are transformed by the urge of critical reason, by the vivid evidence of emotional experience, and by the cold certainties of scientific perception. One fact is certain: you cannot keep them still. No generation can merely reproduce its ancestors. You may preserve the life in a flux of form, or preserve the form amid an ebb of life. But you cannot permanently enclose the same life in the same mould.

III

The present state of religion among the European races illustrates the statements which I have been making. The phenomena are mixed. There have been reactions and revivals. But on the whole, during many generations, there has been a gradual decay of religious influence in European civilization. Each revival touches a lower peak than its predecessor, and each period of slackness a lower depth. The average

curve marks a steady fall in religious tone. In some countries the interest in religion is higher than in others. But in those countries where the interest is relatively high it still falls as the generations pass. Religion is tending to degenerate into a decent formula wherewith to embellish a comfortable life. A great historical movement on this scale results from the convergence of many causes. I wish to suggest for consideration two of them which lie within the scope of this article.

In the first place, for over two centuries religion has been on the defensive, and on a weak defensive. The period has been one of unprecedented intellectual progress. In this way a series of novel situations has been produced for thought. Each such occasion has found the religious thinkers unprepared. Something, which has been proclaimed to be vital, has finally, after struggle, distress, and anathema, been modified and otherwise interpreted. The next generation of religious apologists then congratulates the religious world on the deeper insight which has been gained. The result of the continued repetition of this undignified retreat, during many generations, has at last almost entirely destroyed the intellectual authority of religious thinkers. Consider this contrast: when Darwin or Einstein proclaims theories which modify our ideas, it is a triumph for science. We do not go about saying that there is another defeat for science, because its old ideas have been abandoned. We know that another step of scientific insight has been gained.

Religion will not regain its old power until it can face change in the same spirit as does science. Its principles may be eternal, but the expression of those principles requires continual development. This evolution of religion is in the main a disengagement of its own proper ideas from the adventitious notions which have crept into it by reason of the expression of its own ideas in terms of the imaginative picture of the world entertained in previous ages. Such a release of religion from the bonds of imperfect science is all to the good. It stresses its own genuine message. The great point to be kept in mind is that normally an advance in science will show that statements of various religious beliefs require some sort of modification. It may be that they have to be expanded or explained, or, indeed, entirely restated. If the religion is a sound expression of truth, this modification will only exhibit more adequately the exact point which is of importance. This process is a gain. In so far, therefore, as any religion has any contact with physical facts, it is to be expected that the point of view of those facts must be continually modified as scientific knowledge advances. In this way the exact relevance of these facts for religious thought will grow more and more clear. The progress of science must result in the unceasing modification of religious thought, to the great advantage of religion.

The religious controversies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries put theologians into a most unfortunate state of mind. They were always attacking and defending. They pictured themselves as the garrison of a fort surrounded by hostile forces. All such pictures express half-truths. That is why they are so popular. But they are dangerous. This particular picture fostered a pugnacious party spirit that really expresses an ultimate lack of faith. They dared not modify, because they shirked the task of disengaging their spiritual message from the associations of a particular imagery.

Let me explain myself by an example. In the early mediæval times Heaven

was in the sky, and Hell was underground; volcanoes were the jaws of Hell. I do not assert that these beliefs entered into the official formulations, but they did enter into the popular understanding of the general doctrines of Heaven and Hell. These notions were what everyone thought to be implied by the doctrine of the future state. They entered into the explanations of the most influential exponents of Christian belief. For example, they occur in the Dialogues of Pope Gregory the Great, a man whose high official position is surpassed only by the magnitude of his services to humanity. I am not saying what we ought to believe about the future state. But, whatever be the right doctrine, in this instance the clash between religion and science, which has relegated the earth to the position of a second-rate planet attached to a second-rate sun, has been greatly to the benefit of the spirituality of religion by dispersing these mediæval fancies.

Another way of looking at this question of the evolution of religious thought is to note that any verbal form of statement which has been before the world for some time discloses ambiguities, and that often such ambiguities strike at the very heart of the meaning. The effective sense in which a doctrine has been held in the past cannot be determined by the mere logical analysis of verbal statements, made in ignorance of the logical trap. You have to take into account the whole reaction of human nature to the scheme of thought. This reaction is of a mixed character, including elements of emotion derived from our lower natures. It is here that the impersonal criticism of science and of philosophy comes to the aid of religious evolution. Example after example can be given of this motive force in development. For instance, the logical difficulties inherent in the doctrine of the moral cleansing of human nature by the power of religion rent Christianity in the days of Pelagius and Augustine — that is to say, at the beginning of the fifth century. Echoes of that controversy still linger in theology.

So far my point has been this: that religion is the expression of one type of fundamental experiences of mankind; that religious thought develops into an increasing accuracy of expression, disengaged from adventitious imagery; that the interaction between religion and science is one great factor in promoting this development.

IV

I now come to my second reason for the modern fading of interest in religion. This involves the ultimate question which I stated in my opening sentences. We have to know what we mean by religion. The churches, in their presentation of their answers to this query, have put forward aspects of religion which are expressed in terms either suited to the emotional reactions of bygone times or directed to excite modern emotional interests of a non-religious character. What I mean under the first heading is that religious appeal is directed partly to excite that instinctive fear of the wrath of a tyrant which was inbred in the unhappy populations of the arbitrary empires of the ancient world, and in particular to excite that fear of an all-powerful arbitrary tyrant behind the unknown forces of nature. This appeal to the ready instinct of brute fear is losing its force. It lacks any directness of response, because modern science and modern conditions of life have taught us to meet occasions of apprehension by a critical analysis of their causes and conditions. Religion is the reaction of human nature to its search for God.

The presentation of God under the aspect of power awakens every modern instinct of critical reaction. This is fatal; for religion collapses unless its main positions command immediacy of assent. In this respect the old phraseology is at variance with the psychology of modern civilizations. This change in psychology is largely due to science, and is one of the chief ways in which the advance of science has weakened the hold of the old religious forms of expression.

The nonreligious motive which has entered into modern religious thought is the desire for a comfortable organization of modern society. Religion has been presented as valuable for the ordering of life. Its claims have been rested upon its function as a sanction to right conduct. Also the purpose of right conduct quickly degenerates into the formation of pleasing social relations. We have here a subtle degradation of religious ideas, following upon their gradual purification under the influence of keener ethical intuitions. Conduct is a by-product of religion — an inevitable by-product, but not the main point. Every great religious teacher has revolted against the presentation of religion as a mere sanction of rules of conduct. Saint Paul denounced the Law, and Puritan divines spoke of the filthy rags of righteousness. The insistence upon rules of conduct marks the ebb of religious fervor. Above and beyond all things, the religious life is not a research after comfort. I must now state, in all diffidence, what I conceive to be the essential character of the religious spirit.

Religion is the vision of something which stands beyond, behind, and within, the passing flux of immediate things; something which is real, and yet waiting to be realized; something which is a remote possibility, and yet the greatest of present facts; something which gives meaning to all that passes, and yet eludes apprehension; something whose possession is the final good, and yet is beyond all reach; something which is the ultimate ideal, and the hopeless quest.

The immediate reaction of human nature to the religious vision is worship. Religion has emerged into human experience mixed with the crudest fancies of barbaric imagination. Gradually, slowly, steadily, the vision recurs in history under nobler form and with clearer expression. It is the one element in human experience which persistently shows an upward trend. It fades and then recurs. But when it renews its force it recurs with an added richness and purity of content. The fact of the religious vision, and its history of persistent expansion, is our one ground for optimism. Apart from it, human life is a flash of occasional enjoyments lighting up a mass of pain and misery, a bagatelle of transient experience.

The vision claims nothing but worship; and worship is a surrender to the claim for assimilation, urged with the motive force of mutual love. The vision never overrules. It is always there, and it has the power of love presenting the one purpose whose fulfillment is eternal harmony. Such order as we find in nature is never force — it presents itself as the one harmonious adjustment of complex detail. Evil is the brute motive force of fragmentary purpose, disregarding the eternal vision. Evil is overruling, retarding, hurting. The power of God is the worship He inspires. That religion is strong which in its ritual and its modes of thought evokes an apprehension of the commanding vision. The worship of God is not a rule of safety — it is an adventure of the spirit, a flight after the unattainable. The death of religion comes with the repression of the high hope of adventure.

THE GLASS WINDOW

THE RETURN OF THE QUARE WOMEN

BY LUCY FURMAN

FROM the first day of September, when she saw their wagons pass out of sight around a mountain shoulder down Troublesome, Aunt Ailsie Pridemore could think of little else but the quare women, their coming-up from the Blue Grass in June, the setting-up of their tents on the hill overlooking courthouse and village, the flocking of people from far and near to see, the absorption of the young in all the cheerful and busy doings, the peace in the Kent-Fallon war, the joy of old folks like Uncle Ephraim Kent and herself in learning to read; and, at the last, the mass meeting, urging the visitors to stay always and found a school, and the offers of land, labor, and timber for the purpose.

The six months which must pass before the women could come back seemed to Aunt Ailsie an interminable time, and ordinary pursuits palled terribly. "'Pears like I wisht I might never see a cookpot or a dishrag or a broom or a battling-stick or a reel or a wheel or a loom no more,' she would say to herself as she worked. 'I'm plumb werried out with 'em, and with these here hills and clifts and creeks.'

All the fall, save at foddering and corn-gathering times, Uncle Lot rode in to the Forks every day and joined Uncle Ephraim up in his timber, where the two measured and marked the great yellow poplars which were to go into the new schoolhouse.

Two or three times Aunt Ailsie rode in to the Forks to see her daughter, Cynthia Fallon, at the hotel, and then enjoyed a surreptitious delight with her grandson, little John Wes, slipping off into an upper room where the quare women had left their boxes of library books in Giles Kent's care (Giles being the school-teacher at the Forks). Here the two would hunt out storybooks with large print and bright pictures, the six-year-old boy sometimes deciphering words too hard for his granny. This pleasure was none the less sweet because forbidden, for, in giving his consent that Aunt Ailsie should learn to read, Uncle Lot had stipulated that her reading must be Scripture only.

On occasional rainy days, when Uncle Lot had to remain at home, he spent his time poring over the Bible, by fat-pine light, the windowless old house being very dark when doors had to be closed against the cold. At such times he was very apt to observe Aunt Ailsie's laxness and listlessness.

'There you have sot, a-gaping at the fire, and hain't cyarded a roll for half a hour,' he would comment; or, as she sat dreaming at the big loom, 'I hain't heared you tromp ary treadle for allus. 'Pears like your mind wanders wusser every day. And I can tell you pine-blank where hit's a-wandering to. Hit's them quare women. You hain't been at yourself sence they come in.'

"'Pears like I think of 'em unthoughted, paw,' she would reply,

guiltily. 'I don't aim to, but my wits jest wanders to 'em. They was so much company for me, and holped up my sperrits so, and larned me so much I never knowed.'

'Your lawful spouse and daily labors is company enough for you, a body would think; and as for sperrits, the God of Israel would holp up your sperrits a sight more if you would call upon Him in prevailing prayer. And I don't figger any larning you got has profited you none—I hain't seed you sarch the Scripters ten minutes on eend sence you larnt your A B C's.'

'You hain't no great of company for me, paw; you air allus gone to funeral-meetings of Sundays, and week days when you hain't at work you'd ruther company with Job or Solomon or any of them old dead-and-gone fellers as me. And as for Scripter, hit's got sech a lavish of hard words I can't make out to read half of 'em, skasely, and leetle fine print too, and the house so dark, and fatwood light so flickery.'

'Yes, old Satan hisself could n't make no more excuses! I warn you, Ailsie, you air treading dangerous ground, giving ninety-nine thoughts to them women to one to your God, setting the creetur afore the Creator, which is idoltery. While hit's a good thing for the young of this country to have them women here, hit hain't so good for old folks like you, that gets their minds tore up easy, and has itching ears and lusting eyes, allus a-craving something they have n't got, everly ready to run after every new vanity they see, forgetting the words of the Apostul: "Denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live sober and righteous and godly in this present world."

'As your God-appinted head, I admonish and lay down to you, right now, that when them women returns back I hain't aiming to put up, not for a minute, with what I done last summer. Keeping at home is the onliest business a woman has got, according to both Scripter and reason. "Let the women be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, obedient to their own husbands," says the Word. And keep at home when them women comes back, I now put my foot down and decree you shall. For if I don't, by summer I won't have any home or woman or gyarden or vittles or cow-brutes or chickens or peace or satisfaction in life, but might as well, and better, be a widder-man, for hit'll be jest one everlasting traipse-and-gad, hoove-and-set, hip-and-hurrah, from one day's dawn to tother, world without eend! Wherefore my intentions for you atter the women comes back is, to wit, if you do your work well-up all week, I may leave you go in of Saturdays to see 'em, but not nary nother time, never!'

This ultimatum was received by Aunt Ailsie with her usual meek 'Yes, paw.'

The slowest time will pass at last; and finally mid-March did arrive, and with it the two quare women, Amy and Virginia. Fortunately they came on a Friday. When Aunt Ailsie rode in next day to the Forks, most of the village was gathered at the hotel to greet them. Then everybody went up to Polly Ainslee's three-acre bottom, which had been purchased by the citizens for the site of the new school, and over which a number of Uncle Ephraim's great logs were now scattered, having been snaked down by ox-teams from his mountain opposite.

The people all vied with one another in getting the women settled in Polly's small cottage, donating all sorts of things for their use and comfort. Aunt Ailsie gave a bedstead, made by Uncle Lot years before, with shuck mattress, fat feather-bed, and pillows complete, and a handsome wool coverlet in indigo

and white woven by herself, of 'Young Man's Fancy' pattern. Uncle Lot also permanently donated the 'pieded heifer' lent the women the summer before, Ronny Kent, younger brother of the now absent Giles and grandson of Uncle Ephraim, mending up the cowshed, and also building shelves for the books in the sitting-room-library of the women.

From week to week, as she rode in, Aunt Ailsie noted progress in the preparations for the new schoolhouse. Uncle Ephraim and Uncle Lot permitted no one to scribe and score the great logs but themselves, though others helped with the hewing. The rock pillars for foundations also had to be sunk directly under their eyes. Other men were engaged in riving boards for the roof and palings for the fence, and in hewing timbers for joists, rafters, and beams. It was always a busy scene, crop-time being not far off, when every man must work for himself.

During all of May, Aunt Ailsie and Uncle Lot were too busy hoeing corn to go in to the Forks; but on a Saturday in early June, when the ground was too wet for work, Aunt Ailsie again rode down her branch and up Troublesome, overtaking two covered wagons that lumbered and jolted on ahead. She recognized these as belonging to Uncle Adam Howard and his son Jasper. They stopped where she did, at the women's big gate, and she was delighted to discover that a strange young woman sat by the side of each driver.

Amy and Virginia came running down the walk, welcomed the two visitors warmly, helped them out over the wheels, and then apparently forgot all about them, to peer intently into the wagons.

'I'll gorrontee there hain't a one ruint,' said Uncle Adam. 'Mought be a few cracked, but none plumb smashed. I fixed a saft place for 'em to rest on.'

Aunt Ailsie, who drew near to the visitors as to a magnet, heard one of them, a handsome, dark-eyed girl, say to the other with a groan, 'I wish he had fixed a saft place for *us* to rest on!'

Aunt Ailsie spoke up sympathetically. 'You two gals look plumb werried out. Here, set on this nigh bench and rest a spell.'

The girls sank down and took off their hats, one revealing a much-ruffled mass of dark hair, the other a head of ripply reddish-gold. Aunt Ailsie also sat down, and removed her black sunbonnet.

Uncle Adam meanwhile was lifting off the wagon sheet, and displaying to the women, and also to the men who came running from the bottom, his precious cargo.

'I made the feller put all the glass in the sash,' he said, 'and then lashed several sash together in bundles, with hay betwixt, and then sot the bundles up eendways on two foot of hay, and tied 'em above to this-here frame. Then I tuck a extra half-day coming acrost the mountains. And I'll lay there hain't a pane broke beyand using.'

He began lifting out the sashes, his words being verified, to the general amazement. 'I would have said hit could n't be!' 'You done a right job, Adam!' 'I've lost good money on you, but I hain't begrudging hit!' For wagers had been laid that the glass for the school windows could not be brought from the railroad whole.

Aunt Ailsie, meanwhile, turned her attention to more interesting objects.

'What name do you two gals go by, and what's your business here?'

'Susanna Reeves is mine,' replied the brunette, 'and this other girl is Christine Potter. Her business here is to teach; but mine, everywhere, is simply to enjoy myself.'

Aunt Ailsie replied, in an earnest tone, 'Hit's what I allus craved to do myself. But I never got a chancet.'

'Why not?'

'My man, Lot, he's again' it. He's a Old Primitive.'

'He must be,' replied Susanna. 'But what has that to do with you?'

Aunt Ailsie's mouth dropped open. 'What has it got to do with me?' she repeated, in a shocked tone. 'Why, he's my man — my God-appinted head! Hit's my business, according to Scripter, to obey every word he says.' She continued to gaze at Susanna in amazed silence for a moment or two; then, with a sudden intake of breath, said, 'But I don't say I hain't mightly werried-out with it sometimes.'

Then, resuming her catechism: 'Where did you gals come from, and how fur did you ride on the railroad train?'

'I came from the Blue Grass, and rode only one day by train and two and a half by wagon. Christine here rode two days and nights by train and the rest by wagon — she came all the way from New England.'

'I have heared a sight about old England in the song-ballats, but I never heared tell of no new England.'

'Well, it's here in America, 'way up north and east, on the Atlantic Ocean.'

'That hain't the briny deep — the old salt sea I have allus heard tell of in the ballats?'

'The very same.'

Aunt Ailsie took a long, thirsty, exhaustive look at the fairer girl.

'And you have seed the briny deep, and lived by hit?' she asked.

'Yes, and crossed it twice on ships.'

She continued to stare, her dreaming soul in her eyes. 'And you air young, and have seed sech a sight of this wonderly world, and I am old — sixty-one I am, and been married forty-seven year, and raised eight offsprings, and got fifty-seven grands, and hain't never seed a railroad, or a ship, or a boat, or nothing but mountains and clifts and creeks, or traveled furder than twelve mile.'

Then, as if dismissing a painful subject: 'How old air you two gals?'

'Twenty-three,' replied Susanna.

'Twenty-two,' said Christine.

Aunt Ailsie shook her head sadly. 'Both on the cull-list,' she said, 'same as tother quare women. For I allow neither one of you hain't got ary man?'

Christine shook her head at once; but Susanna, after a moment of deliberation, replied enigmatically: 'Well, I can't say I have, and I can't say I have n't.'

Aunt Ailsie was delightfully intrigued. 'How do you make that out?' she demanded.

'Well, you see, I'm engaged to one; I've got him that far — but he can't marry me yet.'

'Why not?' There was an edge of suspicion in Aunt Ailsie's voice.

'He's too poor.'

'Too pore! Too pore to marry! I never in life heared of a man too pore to marry! All he's got to do is to clear him a patch of new ground, and put him in a crap, and raise a house with the logs. Any man can't do that hain't no man at all! That-air man of yourn hain't no account, or else he's jest a-fooling you.'

'He claims,' said Susanna, 'that he had to go a lot in debt getting his medical and surgical education, and that he must pay those debts and get something ahead before he can marry; also that it takes a surgeon a long time to get a start.'

'Man's talk to a gal is the most ontrustable thing in life,' declared Aunt Ailsie. 'What is a surgeon?'

'A kind of doctor who — who operates on people when necessary.'

'Operates? What's that?'

'Well, you know sometimes people have tumors or cancers or a bad appendix, and the only way to save

life is to cut them out. That is what Robert does.'

Aunt Ailsie's eyes bulged with horror. 'Cyarves on living humans!' she exclaimed.

'When it's the only way.'

'Hit's wicked and devilish and a pyore scandal!' pronounced Aunt Ailsie without hesitation. She gazed at Susanna with deeply troubled brow.

'I feel to warn you, Susanny,' she said, 'not to confidence no sech a man — not a minute; for the way things looks, he don't mean no good to you or nobody else. If I was you, I'd sooner die a old maid, like Christeeny here.'

'But I'm not such a *very* old maid,' protested Christine.

'Not but a year gone, so fur as time tells,' admitted Aunt Ailsie; 'but,' with a sad shake of the head, 'your chances is as good as nothing.'

'Why?' demanded both girls, in amazement.

'I hate to name it,' was the reluctant reply. 'I never was one to tromp on feelings. But facts is facts, and there hain't a person of the man-tribe nowhere but what is shy of a redhead. They allow hit means high-tempered, and up-headed, and rule-or-die; and, being men-folks, they generally aim to do the ruling theirselves — and got Scripter for it, too. Hit's a pyore pity for a gal to have sech a drawback; she better be snaggle-toothed and jimber-jawed and cross-eyed and pock-marked, all in one, so fur as men goes.'

'But Christine's hair is perfectly beautiful, the prettiest I ever saw,' declared Susanna.

'Pretty is as pretty does,' said Aunt Ailsie. 'Hit don't *signify* beautiful. I feel for you, Christeeny, I do, too. But for that red hair you'd be as sightly a gal as ever I beheld, with that-air white, tender skin, and them deep-blue eyes, and that headpiece set on your shoulders pine-blank like a deer. If your hair was jest black now, or brown, or palish-yaller, there would be hope. But hit's too red!'

After a moment of thought she spoke more encouragingly. 'I have knowed of redhead gals biling warnut bark and toning down their hair a leetle grain, which is mighty sensible. And I would glad fix some for you, if you was to say so. If you leave hit be, your onliest chancet would be a widder-man so hectored and driv by young-uns and cow-brutes he would look over the red hair to get him a working woman. For I have tuck notice that redheads is mighty working. I allow, now, you can cook and clean and wash and scrub and gyarden and spin and weave and sew and tame down young-uns and, most of all, milk cow-brutes?'

'I'm afraid I can't do one of those things but sew a little,' admitted Christine.

Aunt Ailsie glanced around, holding up a quick hand. 'Ssh-ssh — don't let hit get abroad!' she admonished. 'Hit would everly destroy your chances. Last summer I fotched in a diligent widder-man, with a good farm and several head of property and nine orphant young-uns, to take his pick of the quare women; but when he found not nary one of the six could milk a cow, he tuck to his heels. Now you air too likely a gal not to try for a man, and if you will come down about oncet a week and take the night with me I will gorrontee to larn you milking and gyardening and spinning and weaving and a smatter of cooking and sewing. And then, with the warnut-juice, first thing you know you'll maybe ketch you a man, and be tuck off the cull-list.'

Both girls seemed to have difficulty restraining some kind of emotion, but after a little Christine replied, gratefully, 'Thank you — I shall be delighted. Shall we start in next week? And may I bring Susanna too?'

'Fetch her on along — hit'll maybe take her mind off of that-air cyarver! Fetch all the quare women, if you want. Though I hain't got no manner of hope left for tothers.'

Amy and Virginia now came up to the visitors with apologies for their absorption in the windows. 'It was such a feat, bringing them in unbroken,' they said. 'We only hope you girls are in as good condition. Come to bed at once.'

'We hope it's a feather-bed,' said Susanna.

'It is, a nice fat one, given us by Aunt Ailsie herself.'

Amy piloted the girls into the cottage, while Virginia stayed to watch the unloading. When all the large sashes were put away, there still remained in the second wagon a number of quite small ones, which Jasper began to hand down.

'What's them for?' inquired Aunt Ailsie of Virginia.

'Some small windows we brought in, thinking that people who have none might like to set them in their walls to let in the light. We intend trading them for things to eat.'

Aunt Ailsie sprang to her feet. 'Hit's what I have needed all my lifetime, and never knowed it!' she said. 'With one of them fine glass windows set in the south wall of old-house, the sunball will shine in all day, and lighten all my labors. I'll fetch you in apples or beans or anything I got to pay for it.'

'You 'll fetch us in nothing more,' replied Virginia. 'We intended all along to give you one if you wanted it. Here, Jasper, knock off one of those crates and hand me a couple of those sashes. Aunt Ailsie can take them along on old Darb as she rides home.'

Jasper knocked off the crating and Virginia tied the sashes together.

'I'll hand them up to you,' she said, 'after you get on old Darb.'

Aunt Ailsie stood silent for a long moment, not making any start toward the nag, her face growing more and more sober and thoughtful.

'Virginny,' she said at last, 'there's a time for all things, and this hain't the time for to take home my glass window. Hit's this way. My man Lot, besides being the balkingest man ever drawed breath, is everly again' new things and new idees. If I was to ride up on old Darb and flant these here sashes in his very face, hit would sartain be the everlasting eend of glass window for me. To sudden him is pyore folly. What he needs is to get broke gradual to an idee, and kindly naychulized to it. So I aim to wrop it up in about four bundles of fodder, and tie it up again' the rafters in this-here cowshed loft of yourn, where nobody won't never see it, and then bide my time. You know the Scripter, "Continual drapping wears away a many a stone," and "'Times and agitations brings onlikely things to pass."'

One afternoon Aunt Ailsie stopped old Darb at the women's gate just as Christine came out. She had been riding all afternoon, buying up wool, getting ready to weave a number of coverlets for which the quare women had brought in orders. She sat on one sack and carried another in her arms.

Suddenly she leaned down from the nag and spoke confidentially in Christine's ear. 'I aim to have a glass window myself some day,' she said.

'Oh, do you?'

'Yes, but Lot don't know nothing about hit yet. He's allus sot again' new things, and I have to walk saftly, and bide my time. But hit's put away safe up in yan cowshed loft, wropped in bundles of fodder. I'll have hit yet.'

'I hope so,' said Christine.

'Don't tell nobody what I told you.'

'Oh, no!'

Aunt Ailsie rode on home, meditating pensively upon the glass window. It was now three weeks since she had carefully put it away, but as yet no favorable opportunity had presented itself for broaching the subject to Uncle Lot.

That night, after they had eaten supper, and Uncle Lot, after a hard day sledding fodder down the hillsides, was sitting in old-house reading his chapter by fat-pine light, Aunt Ailsie began: —

'I rid up Troublesome this evening, and Bee Tree, too. Phœbe she allus has a leetle wool, and Cyarline Yonts more, and there was some on Troublesome, too. Got me a fair lot — not good like my own shearing, though. But hit'll take a sight of wool to weave the kivers them women spoke for, and I can't look for all to be extry wool.'

'How much was hit them women allowed you'd get for a kiver?' inquired Uncle Lot.

'Ten dollars,' replied Aunt Ailsie, in an awed voice. 'Ten whole dollars — and me able to weave two a week easy atter I once get my wool all cyarded and spun and spooled and reeled and dyed. Hit's a sight of money in this world for a woman to make! But they allow I do sech pretty weaving folks will pay high for hit.'

'Hit's a sight of money too,' agreed Uncle Lot, with marked satisfaction.

'Phœbe, she showed me a glass window David had jest sot in for Lowizy,' continued Aunt Ailsie, 'one he got from the quare women. Eh, law, she'll take comfort now, laying there winters with the sunball shining right in on her, so's she can read her books so good! I'm glad for her.'

'Hit's good for shet-ins like her,' admitted Uncle Lot.

'And Rutheny's window that she got, soon as she heared the women had 'em to trade, hit holps her up a sight, too.'

'Glass windows is all right for them that wants em. I allow there hain't nothing blamable in 'em,' responded Uncle Lot, returning to his chapter.

'I was at the women's that day the load of glass windows came in,' continued Aunt Ailsie, 'and Virginny she tried to give me 'n' you one for a present; said we had give her so much; and she allowed one would sarve us fine in yander south wall. She pressed me to fetch hit home on old Darb. I told her I never had heard you spend your opinion on glass windows; but being as you never was one to run atter new things, and being as you and me had lived well without one for forty-seven year, I allowed you would be again' it.'

Uncle Lot looked up over his square silver specs in great surprise.

'You never tuck hit?' he asked.

'No. I thanked her kindly, and come on along home.'

'I gonnies!' he exclaimed in astonishment. 'You done right. I would n't 'a' thought hit of you, though! A glass window,' he ruminated, 'a glass window is about the last and leastest thing hit would enter my headpiece to crave. Hain't I lived here sixty-six year in perfect peace without ary 'n? And my good old maw and paw twenty year afore my day? I never was one to go back on my raising. What has sarved me and my forepayrents eighty-six year will sarve me on to my eend. Not that I got any prejudyce again' glass windows, for a schoolhouse or a churchhouse, or for young married folks jest starting in life — I take hit they don't do no harm. Several of our offsprings has 'em; Cynthy has several in her hotel; Ambrose and Jefferson has some; Phœbe and Link and Ben and Emmy and Nancy Ann hain't got none, and hain't none the wusser that I can see. But if they was to want, I'd say, have. New bottles for new wine, like the Scripter says; but, likewise, old

bottles for old. Gimme the old and the tried, the pastures where I have used, the sights I have everly follered seeing.

'I'm right proud you tuck that stand, Ailsie, and right surprised, too, the cyarnal mind in general, and yourn in p'ticlar, being prone to lust atter every new thing hit sees. I remember me when Cynthy got her new cookstove, what a franzy you was in for one, though anybody in their right mind knows vittles is sweeter cooked on a open fire; and when Link fotched that-air washboard up the branch for Rutheny, what a notion you tuck to have one, when you got the very finest battling-log and wash-trough in the county; and as for lamp-ile, if I'd 'a' give in to you you'd have had us blowed to bits time out of mind. But hit pleasures me you use more jedgment about a glass window; it shows my counsel hain't been plumb throwed away.'

Aunt Ailsie made no reply, but washed dishes diligently. Uncle Lot selected a fresh stick of pine from the basket at his side, lighted it at the expiring one, fixed it firmly in the chimney-jamb, and, settling back in his chair and pushing up his spectacles, suffered his gaze to roam about the big old room. In the north wall was the wide, open chimney, in the east and west walls were doors, opening on front and back porches; but the south wall was solid, unbroken, its great, rounded, smooth logs apparently good for centuries to come.

'These-here old walls,' he resumed, half in reverie, 'was raised eighty-six years gone by my paw when he fotched my maw in. His hands chopped and peeled and scribed and scored and hewed 'em, and holped to raise and notch 'em. And from that day they have looked down on the joys and sorrows, the risings and settings, of a God-fearing generation. In that-air corner, where my maw's bed allus sot, her thirteen offsprings first seed the light of day, me last of all. Them logs looked down on me as a leetle, puling babe, muzzling and mouthing the teat. They seed the first wobbly steps I tried to take, a-hanging on to my maw's skirt-tail as she went about her labors. The cracks betwixt 'em was allus my delight; I mind how, afore I could talk good, I follered laying in bed, working out the chinking with my toes. And when I got still bigger, a mean, mischievious chap as ever was, chock-full of original sin, I would dig out holes back in the clay with my hands, to hide my ill-got plunder in, corn pone or ginger cake or vinegar-pie I had snatched from the cupboard when my maw's back was turnt; or eggs I had stole from the old gray goose; or paw-paws I had beat the possums to; or chestnuts or scaly-barks or warnuts which, in their season, I had robbed the squirrels of, till they found my trove and tuck to robbing me back again. I have seed my paw take down his rifle-gun over the fireboard there and knock out the chinking in one of them cracks to shoot the deer that follered coming down to our very doors; for in them days folks was skase and game a-plenty. And when I got more sizable I would lay in bed of a night and watch at my big sisters a-talking to their young men afore the fire, and maybe holding hands, or bussing, atter the foolish way of lovers. So, when I shot up like a corn-stalk in new ground, and begun to prank around on a nag, and got courting on the brain, I kindly had some idee how to go about it. You was the gal, Ailsie, I sot my mind on, and though all flesh is grass, and beauty more fleetinger than the dew, I'll say you was as pretty a looker then as ever I seed.'

'I wa'n't a patching to you, paw. A prettier boy never rid down a creek.'

'I sot my mind on you,' continued

Uncle Lot, 'and when I had raised tother house yan side the old chimley here, I fotched you in. And again these old walls looked down on the joy of the bridegroom and the bride, and the waiters and kin all mustered at the infare. Then, afore long, they tuck another spell of seeing leetle feet pad about, and leetle hands explore cracks. Then come the awful day when my good old maw, laying there in her same bed, passed into glory, and pore old paw pined and pindled till he jined her. And then, afore we knowed it, our offsprings was all fledged and out of the nest, and you and me left here to our lone. Seems like to me, as I draw clost to threescore and ten, nigh all I used to set store by has squandered and gone. But when I lift my eyes to these here old gray walls, that, like well-tried friends, still stands stanch and true and pine-blank the same, I feel stayed and uphelt. Them logs is pyorely bound up in my bundle of life. I could n't no more get my consent to lay violent hands on 'em, and chop out a hole for a window, than if they was folks. Hit would be blasphemious!'

Very meekly Aunt Ailsie replied, 'I allowed you would feel that way about it, paw,' and, hanging up her dish-towel, lighted another stick of pine and started into 'tother house' to bed.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION IN 1840

FROM THE DIARY OF A NEW ENGLAND BOY

BY RICHARD FREDERICK FULLER

[Richard Frederick Fuller was born in Cambridge in 1824 and died in Wayland, Massachusetts, in 1869. He was the youngest of the Fuller children and Margaret, the most distinguished of the family, was the oldest. The children were all born in the Fuller home on Cherry Street in Cambridgeport. It is now used as a Community Centre, and called the Margaret Fuller House — a fitting memorial to one who cared so profoundly for the betterment of the human race.

As we turn the closely written pages, where the ink is now faded and brown, we seem to go with Richard Fuller into the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and to take long walks through the Concord woods with Henry Thoreau. We hear once again an echo of the voice of Margaret Fuller, helping and advising her younger brother in his college life. We breathe again that atmosphere of plain living and high thinking which in our modern complex, hurrying life we seem to have lost.

It is difficult to know just what to share with others in the old volume. Perhaps, before we open it, you should know that the burden of a large family fell upon Margaret Fuller by the sudden death of her father, Timothy Fuller, at Groton, Massachusetts, in 1835, after a few hours of what was said to be Asiatic cholera. He was a brilliant lawyer and at different times a member of

various branches of the State Government of Massachusetts, and from 1817 to 1825 was a Representative in Congress. After his father's death, Richard, the youngest of the family, felt that he must give up going to Harvard and enter business. So, leaving his father's farm in Groton, he went to work in a store in Boston. Later it was possible for him to go to Harvard, from which he graduated in the class of 1844.

The following extracts from his journal were compiled by his daughter.

— MARGARET FULLER MARQUAND]

. . . AFTER father's death, mother sadly but resolutely applied herself to the dairy and the economies of a farmer's household. Margaret regularly instructed the younger children. Arthur was bright and Ellen was diligent, but I was rather slow of apprehension. Margaret tried to stimulate us to a noble ambition. In the study of history she would dwell upon what was excellent in distinguished characters and try to incite us to emulation. I was deliberate in my judgment and not impressible. I remember discouraging her after one of her historical talks, in which she urged us to be ambitious of attaining what was valuable in life, by remarking that I would never be ambitious. Cæsar was ambitious, and I knew it was not right. She despaired at that time to enlighten my slow as well as obstinate understanding and left me to my obscure fate.

On the whole we were by no means superior scholars; and, being the first Margaret taught, she measured us principally by her own achievements. She could not conceal from us, even if she tried, that our progress was unpromising and unsatisfactory. She openly reproached us with mediocrity of understanding.

I desired particularly to eschew Greek, which I declared was a dead, useless language, and nothing but a weariness to the flesh, but Margaret would not allow the point to be yielded to me. She was equally firm, too, in inducing mother to refuse the offer of a farming relative of considerable property and no children to adopt me as heir and make me a farmer. My special disgust for Latin grammar made me urge the acceptance. How grateful I have since been to this good sister as I have enjoyed the delights of an enlarged education, and felt that I had acquired treasures which would be precious in eternity instead of spending my strength in what Carlyle describes with disdain as 'making a little earth greener.'

The following year, when I was thirteen and Arthur fifteen, the farm was confided to our sole management. And I can proudly say it did not suffer.

One of the last winters of our stay in Groton, our housekeeping was suspended and all the family left Groton except myself. I boarded at a neighbor's, went to school, and took care of our cattle. I think Arthur was at Leicester Academy this winter, Margaret teaching school in Providence. Mother was seeking rest in boarding with the other children. When she departed she left me three dollars to serve as spending money for several months until her return. How large this sum seemed to me for such a purpose! And it proved very ample.

I come now to the time when we left Groton. After a good deal of effort we succeeded in selling the farm. I was almost fifteen and must soon take some decisive step in the career of life.

Margaret now rented a house in Jamaica Plain. We were obliged to rely upon what she earned by taking lady pupils into the house to make up the large deficiencies of the family income. Here I attended school, and made rapid progress, completing preparation for

college during the summer. I was fitted for college, and my teacher strenuously advocated my graduating. But Margaret and mother thought I had better engage in mercantile life. Besides, my practical talent in negotiation and management on the farm indicated my fitness for business life.

My uncle, Henry H. Fuller, a distinguished Boston lawyer, got me a place in the store of one of his clients, a dry-goods jobber in number forty Kilby street, Boston. A store which had given me any enlarged views of commerce, which had been connected with foreign shipping or managed on a large scale, might perhaps have engaged my interest. But here I was boy to sweep and dust and carry heavy bundles over the city, in short to 'grunt and sweat under a weary life,' with no initiation into business methods. I was sadly disappointed; and yet for a long time I dared not think of giving it up, so much did I shrink from discouraging my friends and incurring the imputation of being unsteady.

The work in the store was more irksome than any I had hitherto done. It had not the variety nor the outdoor scenery of farm work. I was a mere subordinate, therefore my mind was not called out in planning as it had been on the farm, nor had I the interest which results from responsibility. My eye ached too for the face of nature to which I had become habituated, and whose changing beauties had contributed much to my happiness. Whatever reminded of the country had a charm for me. I sometimes stole down to Haymarket Square to regale myself with the smell of the loads of hay and to look at the slow oxen. I resolved to go to college, and to enter, if possible, far enough in advance to make up for the year I had lost.

I resolved also, if any efforts of mine could accomplish it, to do this at a very small cost. Margaret gave me a letter to Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, that I might talk my affairs over with him.

This interview is fresh in my mind. I had small expectations from it; I regarded him as a great man and myself as a little one; I did not expect him to be willing to take a microscope to look at me or my affairs. I was thoroughly astonished when he came in and took me by the hand and with words soft and sweet as music talked with me like a brother. I saw that his gentleness made him great. There was no condescension. He believed in the innate greatness of men and had a prescience to forecast unfolded powers while they yet lay in the unconscious germ. Every sincere person, therefore, interested him, and he, in regard to the capacities common to every human being, already gave them credit for attainments which were far distant in the future.

My dread of the presence of a great man was at once taken away when I saw he almost seemed bashful himself. This was, however, only the demeanor of a perfect sincerity and simplicity, for he had the same confidence in himself which he generously extended to others.

He at once entered into my feeling about mercantile life and my desire for a sphere of activity not only more elevated, but better conformed to conscience. He told me such feelings as mine were shared by many.

One sentence particularly impressed me, as he said of the favored classes in society, with rhythmic sweetness: 'Their bread no longer gives them comfort; their cake is no longer sweet to them.'

I was delighted with my interview and encouraged to prosecute my studies in Concord. Margaret had always liked Concord: not only on account of the

deep thinker who had there lighted his 'golden lamp,' but also for other friends, and for the natural beauties of many localities in that town.

She had wished father to go there when he purchased in Groton, but after looking he could find no suitable residence.

I hired a room in an old unpainted house, and here I lived and studied for five months. Except for a small portion of this time, the house had no occupant beside myself. The rent I paid was a mere trifle. Here I kept house in the cheapest and simplest style. I had a pint of milk each day, a loaf of brown bread on Saturday, and some potatoes. My breakfast was made on a thick piece cut out of the brown bread loaf, with a dipper of water. I then put some potatoes in the ashes of my peat fire, which were only baked at noon. These with milk then made me a wholesome and agreeable dinner. My supper was brown bread again with water. I purchased no meat, tea, coffee, or butter. My great object was by this rigid economy and by hard study to enter college at the next Sophomore turn, no poorer than if I had entered as Freshman when I went into a store, and thus make up for my lost years.

I hoped this would restore the confidence of my mother and sister and friends, and make them still regard me as a youth of promise.

I studied fourteen hours a day and only occasionally exercised, when invited to walk by Henry Thoreau or Reverend Mr. Frost. I sometimes felt as if I must give out, but I would then call to mind my object and renew my resolutions. My condition was greatly amended by the sincere kindness of several persons in Concord.

I hesitated to go much to Mr. Emerson's for fear of being burdensome. I felt I had nothing to impart to him and ought not to take up his time. I disdained to make amends for my commons by his good table. But he complained of my not coming to see him; so I feared he might think me not to appreciate his kindness, and when he invited me to come every night to tea I concluded he must like to see me and I would feel free to come often. I did not, however, go to the extent of his invitation.

Mrs. Emerson was in the habit once a week of sending round pies to a good many objects of her benevolence. It was winter and some dozen pies she sent to various quarters were drawn by a boy on a large sled. This regularly stopped at my door with a pie for me. I am sure I was as grateful as any of the pensioners of her bounty and I think it did me as much good as any. It helped the brown bread wonderfully. Mrs. Samuel Hoar also was very mindful of me. She feared I had some prejudices against meat and butter which might injure my constitution. She often made and sent me a rich meat-pie which served as an excellent condiment for my food.

I also often took tea at her house and at that of Mr. Frost as well as Mr. Emerson's. I believe I never had better health in my life, and my spare diet accorded well with severe application.

For a short time I availed myself of the aid of a teacher of an Academy, to whom I recited. But I found my progress with him would not do and I gave him up. I had got to do the work myself. Miss Elizabeth Hoar, an admirable classic scholar, heard me recite once a week or oftener. She was of great help to me. She required elegance in translation as well as literal exactness.

In five months I reviewed my preparatory studies and went over the studies of the Freshman and the first half-year of the Sophomore, relying on making up the balance after my

admission. I must except mathematics, which I pursued only as far as the first six months of the Freshman year; this study was voluntary after the Freshman year.

I did not really expect to get admitted, for it did not seem possible. But I meant to spare no possible effort and leave the event with Providence.

At the time for examination, I walked from Concord to Cambridge. But before I leave Concord I must pay my devoirs to the kind persons who have befriended me. Elizabeth Hoar I have spoken of. I think she seemed as much like an angel as any person I ever knew.

Mr. Emerson's family was quite as much a magnet for me as Mr. Hoar's. If I had been a distinguished person whose hospitality he was returning, Mr. Emerson and his family could not have treated me with more consideration. Though I have often met persons of celebrity at his home or his own personal friends, he never allowed them to cast me into the shade. Nor was his conduct singular toward me in this respect. Such was his admirable courtesy that there seemed to be 'no great and no small' in his presence. His politeness was perfect. No, it was not politeness; for that never could or did attain such entire consideration for all others that persons of different degree in the same society felt perfectly satisfied. This was no labor with Mr. Emerson, but sprang spontaneously from his almost feminine delicacy and refinement. Besides, he not only served his guests, but made them serve him. Men were his books. I could see that clearly, and it often pleased me to notice these books read unconsciously to themselves. Indeed he made them their own enumerators, and as they talked it was a feast to me to watch the interest in his eyes. I could read too by what I saw reflected in his vision.

I was rejoiced when I could sit, as perhaps the disembodied do, an unnoticed observer. I gained much culture in this way.

Emerson did not like old or stale books, dictionaries, or spelling-books. Each of these human books had something piquant and peculiar about it. Generally it was quickly read — often a glance at the title-page and table of contents was enough; and then he wished it closed and needed not to open it again. Too often, however, the book would continue to read and reread itself after it was emeritus.

This was the principal drawback of Emerson's informers; and this infliction he could not escape. I could and did, by taking refuge in the society of Homer, Virgil, Cicero, and other savants.

A delightful remembrance is the fireside-reading by Emerson of his lectures. Elizabeth Hoar used to be there and she acted as chorus; so I had to say nothing, and indeed I had nothing to say. I admired the coruscations of his style. I knew he would teach us to be self-reliant and brave. But beyond a spirit of exhilaration from his intellectual fireworks, shooting like stars from the spheres, what could a boy of my years apprehend of such profound idealism? It did, however, stimulate me to think. He once carried me to a neighboring town to hear him lecture. How different he seemed to me from the men who gathered to listen, but not to understand him! He was like Orion, stalking among the stars of that wintry night, stepping far above their heads.

Although among Emerson admirers, and with gratitude mingling with admiration, I do not claim to be of his school. Indeed I believe he is misjudged by those who fancy he has fitted a system of philosophy to square men's minds withal. I find his writing stimulating to thought, but his system nowhere.

He was as truly a scholar as any person I have ever known. For he was always learning. You never could tell and you cannot to-day what he will acquire next. You think he does not love music, you think there is a music of soul as well as sound, a devotional sphere of which he has no cognizance. But in his development he is protean, and this may be his next shape. Emerson is an iconoclast; that is his mission.

The idolatry of dead antiquity, the turning back to fall at great men's feet, instead of pressing forward to realize ourselves great lives — with all this he has waged an exterminating war. And who can compute what he has done in this respect as the vanguard of American literature.

Often I palliate some sentence of his by regarding it as a shot he sent at Pharisaism and Formalism; its meaning was not in itself, but ulterior in its purpose and aim.

I think these considerations are necessary to do justice to Emerson. A sweeter and a truer gentleman never graced our American circles. He is to be thanked for stimulating thought. He is to be followed — by me at least — no further than I find my own convictions to agree with his statements.

I must speak yet further of the household of Mr. Emerson. I have already paid a tribute of gratitude to Mrs. Emerson. Her devotional spirit has found much quickening in the thoughts of Swedenborg; but she was not alone and merely an æsthetic Christian, for the warm fountain of charity welled generously in her bosom and flowed abroad in rills of beneficence.

Well I remember, too, the dignified and matronly Madame Emerson, Mr. Emerson's mother. No gift of her son could make her gentle graces forgotten; and none more than he kept them in thoughtful remembrance. Two children of his household attracted my frequent observation. Waldo, a lovely boy of six or eight years, made an impression on me which time has not effaced. He was singularly grave and dignified in his bearing and like an angel in his thoughts — a child angel, to be sure, inquiring with a child's eye into the things of life. Henry Thoreau — of whom I shall soon speak again — especially interested him by little feats of mechanic invention.

Waldo had a pure unconsciousness of the sins and sorrows of earth. He made once inquiries as to death and the grave which it seemed hard to answer to such unsullied thought as his. His gentle brow, pure as that of a seraph, we were not willing to trouble with the realities of this lower world. But his intelligence in its germ was grave and inquisitive, and the endeavor to present things in a suitable light to him disclosed our own need. This gentle boy was tenderly loved, but his singular childish dignity rather restrained affection from the usual caresses. His fair form was seen among us a little while and 'he was not, for God took him.'

I hardly dared enter their home after this unexpected stroke. What could I say to relieve, and dared I intrude upon such sorrow? I, however, received a note from Elizabeth Hoar, mentioning the time when 'they would lay the little statue away,' and I attended.

Waldo's bearing toward his little sister interested me. She had a certain directness of character which marked her family resemblance to the dear little brother.

Henry Thoreau, to whom I have already alluded, furnished me a good deal of companionship. He was a college graduate of high culture, but still more intimately versed in nature. He was thoroughly unselfish, truly refined, sincere, and of a pure spirit. His minute and critical knowledge of the everyday affairs of nature, as well as his poetical

appreciation of her fleeting graces, not only attracted me, but helped my education. Thoreau abounded in paradox. This led me to review the grounds of opinions rather than change them.

I saw it was his humor, and his vane would whip round and set in the opposite quarter if the world should conform to his statements.

Of Indian relics and history he was a careful student, and of the savage character an inveterate admirer; he had a good deal to say too of the Indian over the sea, which I thought better unsaid, as his natural bent rather apprehended the North American than the Asiatic.

His books, like his conversation, have veins of pure gold. Time will probably dip out his paradoxes and present his nice appreciation and beautiful sense of nature.

The Reverend Mr. Frost was another friend of mine in Concord. I took some walks with him, as well as occasional dinners and teas at his house. He was as unlike the others as possible, and for this reason, when their new world overstrained my thought, I found his more conservative sphere a resting-place.

Let me now resume my walk from Concord to Cambridge. I had a package with me and a letter of recommendation to the President of Harvard. I was caught in a shower on the way, and this letter got wet and I had to present it in this condition with an apology. But President Quincy told me he was an old farmer and did not mind it.

I underwent my examinations with small expectations of success. But the way appeared to have been smoothed for me and I suspected my Concord friends of having spoken a good word beyond what was in the letter. All the professors received me graciously and seemed to require no information as to who I might be. Tutor Wheeler of Lincoln was a warm friend of Mr. Emerson, and I thought he must have exerted a kindly influence for me. At any rate, my herculean labors were brought to a close by success and to my astonishment, when I went to the President's office to learn the result, the only fault found with me was that I did not pronounce Latin correctly! So then I was admitted in the middle of the Sophomore year.

Debating clubs were a valuable aid to me at college. A greater aid was the society of my beloved family. During my last two years in college, Margaret rented a house in Ellery Street, Dana Hill, Cambridge; and mother also made the house bright with her presence. Margaret's society was very valuable or, rather, it was invaluable to me.

She could not bear the distances of conventionalism, nor those walls which we build around ourselves insulating us from God and man. I have never known other conversation like hers either in degree or kind. It was not merely that it was superior — it was of a different species from other discourse. The mind soared, the heart expanded, the cheek glowed, and the eye was filled with light. Invigorating mountain air may affect the body as her conversation did the soul. She did not so much display herself as ourselves in her inspiring discourse, while the influence of her mind fell on us like genial sunlight quickening to conscious joy and life, which in itself half forgets the luminary to which it is indebted. The thought, in leaving her company, was much less 'How remarkable she is!' than 'How remarkable I am! I had no idea my mind had such power, my tongue such eloquence, and my heart such ardor!' But when afterwards in solitude our thoughts were dispersed, disconnected, and ineffectual, or when conversation in ordinary life seemed like miserable

degradation compared with hers, then we said to ourselves: 'Margaret must have a magnetic power and a certain elevation in discourse, more kin to a better world than to this.'

She had, to be sure, great eloquence and unrivaled words, but these powers were so much less than the effects she wrought with them that they attracted little comparative notice. They were too perfect to permit us to escape their influence sufficiently to be spectators and admirers of their working.

I had the help of Margaret's rare critical powers in all my studies. She pointed out the merits and demerits and the relative places of each writer in the great structure of literature. I was thoroughly satisfied with her reasoning and the results respecting books, and might have rested in her opinions with perfect confidence had she not habitually stimulated me to test them by my own thought.

Since I have lost her society, I have found her critical writings doubly precious, not only as furnishing a complete and impartial view of favorite authors and keeping their characters and works fresh in my mind, but as recalling those genial hours when she introduced me to the classic friendship of great and good books. It is with pleasure and admiration of her kindness that I recall the sacrifices she made to put me in the path of the beautiful and good. Her literary efforts, especially the 'Conversations' which she conducted in Boston, produced almost invariably torturing headaches, in which her nervous agony was so great that she could not always refrain from screaming; yet she could not remit these efforts without giving up a home for mother and me, and she bravely endured them. She would besides stint herself to give me tickets to concerts of Beethoven's Symphonies, which she regarded as very elevating. I accepted the tickets, nor can I think it too chivalrously generous for her to bestow, or unsuitable for me to receive at her hands, an entertainment which could not be without a lasting influence on my character.

She would, sometimes, give me a very favorite book, though depriving herself of it by this means; and there could have been no more expressive token of her sisterly regard.

She did not bestow books that she had done with or found very dispensable, but only such as she loved as her own benefactors would she deign to give. I remember once when I was discussing a present I proposed to make and declared my purpose of having it costly of its kind, she expressed approbation and said if the thing was done it should be done handsomely and well, though, of course, not out of proportion to the occasion or my circumstances. One book she gave me was Elizabeth Barrett's poems, which were very dear to her. She accompanied the gift by saying she was glad she could believe me worthy of the book. She knew I should read it and reverence it as her book, which she had well read and which she bestowed because not able to buy me a new one. She particularly spoke at that time of the poem called 'The Swan's Nest.' How much I have loved Mrs. Browning's poetry since, not only for its benefit to me but for what it did for Margaret!

She spoke to me of Mrs. Browning with love and reverence and she seemed especially pleased when an author she admired was a woman. She often pointed out to me intellectual and moral excellency of her sex, and trained me to a respect for woman as the equal of man which I have never lost.

Books that she did not think it necessary to give she would place in my hands as tenant in common with her, and speak of leaving them to me when she should be no more. Thus she did

Shakespeare, a fine edition which her Providence scholars had presented to her, and Wordsworth, made precious by her marks of emphatic approbation. These books I now have. Shelley, Coleridge, and Keats she also sought to interest me in. The first, in his beauty, was too disordered for my approbation. I admired a good deal of Coleridge, though I thought him sometimes needlessly subtle and occasionally bordering on the garrulous. She had a lady relation of Keats as one of her pupils — a girl who possessed the splendid eyes of the poet and resembled his likeness in the frontispiece of his poems.

The moral element transfused Margaret's whole character. Brilliancy, success, achievement, had yet one test which they must undergo before admission within the pale of her approbation: were they noble in their character, purpose, and aim? Without a moral grandness which conforms the human to the divine, many things and many people esteemed great among men were in her view pitiably small. All the energies of her life were bent to a high aim and she wished others to form and follow out a noble purpose in life.

Candor distinguished her intercourse, and the sincere words of truth were always to be expected from her undissembling lips. It was on this account that the self-deceived, who avoided the searching of their hearts, did not find themselves pleasantly or comfortably situated in Margaret's society. To her own family she was as frank as affectionate. Margaret herself had a disinterestedness which indeed made the greatness of her character. When she was in Europe, a person here, whom I considered as troublesome and who had no claims upon her precious time, wished me to request her to select some engravings for him. I communicated the message, at the same time writing that I hoped she would not trouble herself about it. In her answer she gently reproved me for want of interest in this person's project, and reminded me that 'mankind is one.' This maxim was the watchword and formed the key to her life. The grand interests of mankind were the theme of her constant study and thought. She was intimate with current events, made herself familiar with her own and past times, and sought out the laws of man's development as a social being. She was an ardent patriot and often sought to rouse me to a just appreciation of my privileges in this free, expansive country and my own corresponding duties. But no warmer tie than universal brotherhood could limit her interest in the welfare of her race. There was and still is a band of generous hearts fired with the same noble sentiment.

I cannot tell whether the common flame has been communicated from one to the other or fallen like the fire of Pentecost directly from Heaven.

I had many pleasant walks with Margaret in Cambridge. A grove on the riverside, where the cemetery is now located, was a favorite resort with us. Here I shared the sisterly confidence of one who I knew was bound to the whole human family with that same kindred feeling and tender benevolence which rendered her useful to me. On this account, regarding her as everybody's sister, I have spoken of her more warmly and freely here than might otherwise have been thought prudent. What I say, however, can do very little justice to her merits. I have met no one in life who had her inspiring influence upon me and upon others. I do not expect the like again in this narrow and conventional limit of our social state.

THE ADVANCE OF ARCHITECTURE

BY THOMAS E. TALLMADGE

Two remarks addressed to me in the last two years have made so profound an impression that they are in a measure the text, if not the cause, of this essay.

The first was made in London by an architect, and a distinguished one, a great admirer of the States and all contained therein, a Fellow of the Royal Society of British Architects, advisory head of a great architectural school. We were engaged in doing the ancient churches of London — what could be a more delightful occupation? — and he, my friend, was overtly acting as my guide and unconsciously as my philosopher.

The ancient chapel of St. John in the Tower, with its Norman arches and its half-whispered memories of William the Conqueror, had given way to St. Bartholomew's, and that to the Austin Friars, but the little-known churches of St. Ethelreda and All Hallows led us into the more familiar ground of the City and the Wren churches. How delightful their forms and how delicious their names! St. Mary-le-Bow; St. Bride's, Fleet Street; St. Veda's, Foster Lane; St. Peter's, Cornhill — all sweet children of one family, standing up to their knees in the ceaseless tide of London traffic, but with their graceful white fingers pointed to Heaven, where every Londoner and every architect believes the great Sir Christopher is occupying a place not far distant from the Heavenly Throne. And here at last comes the remark. I had said, 'I suppose Sir Christopher Wren's work has a profound influence on modern British architecture.' We were standing in the shadow of St. Paul's; my friend turned to me and said, 'Listen,' — he had recently made a tour of America, — 'do you really want to know the greatest influence in British architecture to-day? Well, it's the United States of America!'

The other remark was made by a painter, and near at home — to be exact, in the galleries of the Art Institute of Chicago during the Exhibition of American Paintings in the fall of 1923. This painter is not widely known. He has a quaint idea that pictures are only to be painted. Such little considerations as getting them before the public and selling them — even at a price that represents only in a small degree their worth — fill his soul with fatigue and his eye with alarm. One promising young artist was advised to come to Chicago and, by way of finishing his education, to sit at my friend's feet and listen to his talk. I had been listening to his talk as we walked from picture to picture. My unexpressed feeling that we were face to face with something reminiscent of chaos was being endorsed and set forth by my friend.

'Have we exhausted the mine of art as some say we shall exhaust the coal veins? . . . What are these fellows trying to do? Don't they know that plastic art has definite limits? . . . Art may be the expression of an emotion, but, whatever the emotion, its expression should be learned. . . . Artists no longer paint for themselves or the

public. They paint for each other and the juries.'

Finally came the remark that I am chronicling. He turned to me and exploded with 'I envy you.' 'Yes?' said I. 'What is it, my private stock?' He passed it by. 'I envy your being an architect.' I looked at him in alarm. Surely the golden thread had snapped under the strain. 'There, John,' I said, 'calm yourself. You'll be all right pretty soon. I'll go and get a couple of the guards.' 'No, I mean it,' he said. 'Architecture is the only art that has made any progress in the last twenty-five years.'

Was it so? I looked about me, and behind the purposeless, formless, soulless haze of color and shapes arose the breathless shaft of the Woolworth Building, glimmered the opalescent columns of the Lincoln Memorial, and smiled so benignly the cloistered and fretted quadrangles of Yale.

Curiously enough, the architectural history of this country has never been written. We know it has a history with an interesting succession of styles and dates and examples, like Italy or France, but these have been passed down from generation to generation as part of the folklore of the tribe. Its first manifestation, the Colonial, we know very well. From the pretty young bride, building her nest, to the University don beside the stereopticon, its graceful porticoes and delicate ornament are *res cognita*, and it is an honorable style. It is the last of the Renaissance, the second childhood of the infant so carefully tended by Brunelleschi and taught to walk by Bramante. The sun which rose in 1420 so gloriously in Italy, whose morning light illuminated France, whose slanting beams tinged the castles and manors of old England, set in pale but lovely hues four hundred years later in the thirteen colonies of our own America.

With the Colonial or the Georgian, as its later phase is often called, died taste. From its grave sprang the plant — very like an acanthus — that is called the Greek Revival. Carthages, Romes, and Uticas sprouted in the wilderness, and the covered wagon, along with the rifle and the ploughshare, found room for the porticoes of the Parthenon and the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. In simpler phrase, all of the buildings in this country built between 1825 and 1860 — wood, brick, or stone; house, church, or state capitol, — were built in some form of the Greek Classic style.

Can some social diagnostician explain the strange artistic plague that swept over Europe in the fifties, was brought to this country by returning travelers in the early sixties, spread by the new railroads all over the country, and ran a virulent course for almost twenty years? Among its victims were the Greek Revival in architecture, beauty and charm in painting and sculpture, taste in dress, dignity in manners. Some of its symptoms were hoop skirts, Dundreary whiskers, Rogers groups, haircloth Eastlake furniture, wax flowers, the Hudson River school of painting, P. T. Barnum, and the panic of '73. Mansard roofs, an atrocious importation from France, and feeble, ignorant adaptations of the Victorian Gothic, degenerate descendants of Ruskin and Pugin, made in this country more permanent architectural scars. What Jenner and Pasteur effected in other plagues, William Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites did to this across the water. Our own champions were William Morris Hunt and Henry Hobson Richardson.

Richardson, with his Trinity Church on one hand and his powerful personality on the other, — if one may coin a figure, — came within an ace of establishing an American style. His weapon was the Romanesque, and its simple

and primitive forms held great possibilities for development. But, having overthrown the enemy, he had no legionaries to pursue the retreating foe.

There were few trained architects in the eighties, and very soon the imitators of Richardson were doing worse things with the Romanesque — which had become exceedingly popular, especially in the Middle West — than the parvenus had perpetrated with the mansard roof and the pointed arch. Then came one of those rare and extraordinary events which almost in a night turn the tide of history. When Daniel H. Burnham and his distinguished band of associates, sitting about his great mahogany table, voted that the style of the Columbian Exposition should be Classic, with a word almost they gave the coup de grâce to the Romanesque and to struggling Romanticism, and established for another epoch, at least, the course of art in this country. So in 1893 we embarked on that architectural journey which has led us thirty years later to the shores of an architectural Cytherea.

We do not need any Pisgah height to see the present architectural movement in its true significance. It is stylistically a period of pure eclecticism. The Classic of Phidias and Augustus, the Gothic of Saint Hugh of Lincoln and Abbé Suger, the Renaissance of Brunelleschi and Peruzzi, of Lescot and Soufflot, of Vanbrugh and Inigo Jones, of Egas and Herrera, have all been picked over and the choicest selected. These, however, are but the garments that drape so gracefully and display so beautifully the American body of steel and concrete within; a body which pulsates with the energy of electricity and steam and through whose veins course the corpuscles of human lives.

America's great contributions to structural architecture are the skeleton steel frame, on which are hung the walls and floors; the high-speed elevator, a necessary corollary; and the development of reënforced concrete — a new element in architecture, by the way, the youngest of the family of which the elder brothers are the post, the lintel, the arch, and the truss. Her contribution in decorative architecture has been her ability to select, digest, and assimilate the choicest products of the ages, although a golden fruit from her own garden, the creative work of Louis Sullivan, awaits the appetite of a future generation.

This combination has resulted particularly in great buildings of unbelievable height and dimensions, built as no buildings were ever built previous to the last decade of the nineteenth century in America, and ornamented with architecture freely and joyfully borrowed and adopted from all ages and all climes.

The columns of the Parthenon, the pendentives of St. Sophia, the arcs-boutants of Amiens, the cornices of the Farnese and Versailles, gaze down from immeasurable heights on a welter of humanity and machinery. Their shining flanks are dappled with shadows of aeroplanes that 'laugh as they pass in thunder,' while 'sublime on their towers' the mysterious antennæ 'join cape to cape over a torrent sea.'

This robbing of the Hesperidean apple orchard has been taken very seriously by critics of American architecture, who well argue that, as we have invented our own structure, we should invent, not borrow, our own decorative forms. The use of precedent is, after all, a matter of manners, not of morals, and, like other adventurers, what we want we take.

Previous to 1893 there was not a single class of building in which we excelled or equaled contemporary work of the mother countries, although there is a tradition that back in the forties

European architects visited this country to study our penal institutions, which had advanced a step or two beyond the Bastille and the Old Bailey. To-day there is hardly a single class of structure in which an excellent claim cannot be advanced for either our supremacy or our equality.

In the skyscraping office-building class, the Woolworth Tower not only is supreme, but is one of the great architectural creations of all time. In monumental architecture the serene beauty of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington surely shames the florid extravagance of its grandiose rival, the Memorial to Victor Emmanuel in Rome. In railway stations the Pennsylvania Station in New York is so far ahead of such a building as the Gare d'Orléans in Paris that a fairer comparison would be to put it shoulder to shoulder with the Baths of Diocletian or Caracalla. The great public libraries in Boston, New York, or Indianapolis are all superior in size and, in the case of one at least, equal in architectural merit to the Bibliothèque de Sainte-Geneviève in Paris.

Our supremacy in hotel architecture is acknowledged abroad, and the great caravansaries which line Park Avenue and Michigan Boulevard are emulated as far as possible by European architects. In bank buildings we are again easily supreme. There is an unbelievably long list of magnificent structures in which the splendor that was Rome is united to the big business that is America. In shops we have not, perhaps, achieved the charm of those fascinating *magasins* of the Rue de la Paix and Bond Street, but Fifth Avenue and State Street have no equals in the size, magnificence, and convenience of their great stores. In theatres the great building of Garnier, which from its throne in the Place de l'Opéra holds the sceptre of Napoleon the Third over the right bank, is still unrivaled. Perhaps the mighty auditorium of Sullivan in Chicago approaches it in part, but let it reign supreme.

In public-school architecture American architects have evolved types of plans and forms of construction that have revolutionized or rather created out of whole cloth a new architectural science. Such high schools, junior high schools, grammar and primary schools, as are found in even unimportant communities are not approached and hardly dreamed of in Europe. In the domain of the less technical but more picturesque collegiate architecture, the Harkness Memorial and the dormitories at Princeton have no contemporaries in England or France for comparison, and so beautiful are they that the faded loveliness of Trinity and Magdalen seems to glow again in these their youthful daughters.

Gothic churches in Europe since the thirteenth century have, like pallid seedlings, here and there sprung up about the giant roots of Amiens and Chartres, of Salisbury and Wells. The kindest soil seems to have been in England, and here of this second growth are to be found its two noblest specimens — Westminster Cathedral, London (not the Abbey), Bentley's great building, adored by the profession, abhorred by the laity; and the new Liverpool Cathedral, where Sir Giles Scott seems to have rediscovered the secret of the Middle Ages, and in the majesty of his masses and the freshness of his detail has achieved the inevitability of a Notre Dame. Can we balance the ledger in ecclesiastical architecture on this side? It would seem to the writer that none of the three great cathedrals now building in America will equal the great fane of Liverpool. In our parish churches, however, under the leadership of the learned Cram and the sainted Goodhue, our country has achieved

a convincing leadership. The departmentalized Sunday school, especially in the denominational church, has given birth to church schools or parish houses the like of which are utterly unknown abroad; and aside from supremacy in such matters as heating, lighting, acoustics, and scientific arrangement, the best of these churches and parish houses, especially those from that magic hand now stilled, surpass in grace and beauty of detail the work of the best Gothicists of England.

When we attempt to rival England, the home of homes, in domestic architecture, we are bearding the lion in his den, or more particularly, perhaps, the Douglas in his hall; but it is America that has shown England that the house can be built cheaper, the servants will be fewer, and the roast beef will be hotter, if the kitchen is built on the same side of the house as the dining-room! It is America that has shown the traditionally tubbed Englishman that a house with ten bedrooms should have more than one bathroom! If you want to see the real influence of the United States on British architecture compare the plan of the contemporary English house with the houses that are springing up by thousands in our suburbs, and whose plans make fascinating patterns on the pages of many of our magazines.

There is no space here to point out the great influence on the architecture of Germany and Holland of what has been called the 'Chicago School,' the rationalist style of Sullivan and Wright, of which the principal examples are in the Middle West. Nor can we draw attention even for a moment to our other various 'schools,' the most brilliant of which has jeweled the cliffs of Monterey and the valleys of Santa Barbara with villas which yield nothing in either brilliance or charm to those sirens who still beckon to us so irresistibly as they bathe their white feet in the waters of the Mediterranean. So much is being accomplished in the present. What of the future?

The tolling bells and the shouting voices of Armistice Day unknowingly rang out that great epoch of history in which for five hundred years we loved and fought, laughed and wept, worked and played. We called it the Renaissance. It saw the rise of science and the triumph of capitalism, but it was not the most glorious period or even a rebirth of architecture. Architecture in the breathless beauty of Amiens and Chartres had reached its apogee in the great five-hundred-year cycle that preceded it, which we call the Middle Ages. And now the bells and the voices that sang the requiem of a bloody and a restless past have rung in with shouting a new era, an era which will see with other wonders America in her destined place in the sun; and who shall say she will not be enthroned in an architecture with which neither the glories of the Periclean Age nor the ecstasy of the thirteenth century can compare?

ROOTS

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

'My lands, Grandmaw! What are you up to now! We ain't got no time to fool — the truck 's all loaded and ready to start right this minute!'

Mrs. Goodwin paid no attention to her granddaughter's protest, but kept straight on digging into the ground, her vigorous old body crowded down against it, and her hands, broad and brown, turning up the soil like little animals burrowing into their accustomed runways.

'I'm agoin' to dig me up a root er this piney to take erlong,' she said, announcing the intention more to herself than to her granddaughter, Emmy Stuart, who stood over her.

'Aw, Grandmaw! You *know* we ain't got no place to grow nothin' where we's at now! 'Cept maybe a geranum slip in a tomater can.'

The old woman stopped digging, one hand still half buried in the ground, the other relaxed and open, lying palm upward in her lap, while she crinkled her eyes to stare up at the other's impatient face. Emmy was rouged and powdered, her bobbed hair fluffed out over her ears, and her jaws worked nervously on a wad of chewing-gum.

'Come on, Grandmaw,' she urged. 'I tell you we ain't got no place to grow nothin'.'

'Ain't that the *truth!*' Grandmaw Goodwin burst out, bringing the back of her hand up to dash away the gray strands of hair over her eyes, that she might survey the statement made by her granddaughter the more clearly. 'Ain't that God's truth! You-all air as runnin' an' shaller-rooted as sheep sorrel! You don't stay long enough in one place to grow a mess er radishes, let erlone set er piney root, that'll maybe take two years 'fore it'll come to bloomin'. You'll never know what it is to take root in a place an' grow erlong with it. I fetched this piney with me when I come here a bride fifty years back, an' here it's been ever since. Every spring it sticks its little fist er leaves out er the ground, an' every fist's got a bud in the palm of it. Yes, sir! Every spring!'

Again she struck her hair back from her brow, to look all about the little place which had been her home for so long, and from which now she was being removed. She stared at the mountains flowing up and down the valley, at the dooryard, at the small dismantled log-cabin, its windows opening now upon empty rooms, and at all her household effects that were spilled out into the road, and being loaded into the truck by Bud, Emmy's husband, and young Hanceford Wells.

'It's here I belong — my roots is here,' she muttered, turning her head slowly, mutely, from side to side.

Emmy put one hand under her grandmother's arm to draw her up. 'Come on,' she said, 'we can't waste no more time — that truck's costin' Bud three dollars a hour.'

The old woman got heavily to her

feet, but still she stood in the September sunshine, gazing dumbly around her. Here were fifty years of her life, here were the snows of winter with the blue rabbit-tracks scurrying across them, and here was the sunlight of summer flowing over the fields and the gray cabin, and chasing the cloud shadows down the mountains. Here was a whole lifetime. There in the main room of that little house, shorn now of all its furnishings, her children had been born; and there one child and her old mate had died. Here was the smell of fresh growth in spring, of blooming honeysuckle, and of cut grass in the dooryard. Here were all the struggles and hopes of two lives.

Grandmaw stared at the patched old fence of the garden. 'He allus aimed to have me a nice new fence,' she whispered, 'but someway he could n't never make it.' Here were all the sounds of the past, roosters crowing for dawn, the slip-slop of snow melting from the eaves, crickets in the summer grass, cattle lowing, the sound of children's laughter, the sound of — the sound of —

'What's that you hear, Grandmaw? You act like you was listenin' at some-p'n.' Emmy gave her grandmother's arm a little twitch.

'It's yer Grandpaw, Emmy. He's choppin' up yander on the ridge.'

'*Grandmaw!* You can't hear *him!* He's — he's — ' Emmy faltered into silence.

'He's *dead!*' The old woman started up out of her dream. 'He's dead. That's so. That's so.' She began to tremble, her mouth quivered, her eyes dimmed. 'Emmy, Emmy! I *can't* go! My roots is here!'

'Grandmaw, you *got* to go! You know you can't stick on here all alone!'

'Emmy — '

'You got to go, I tell you! There ain't a soul to be with you, now that Grandpaw's gone. Bud and me's had that all out with you time and again. You can't balk now, when we've got the truck out here an' all loaded to go.'

The old woman's face crumpled up; she was shaken by deep gasps; she saw the garden, the young men down by the truck, the cabin, the mountains, all wavering and distorted through a gray dazzle of tears. She turned her head away from her granddaughter, staring down at the peony.

'Lemme — lemme jest tromp the ground back round this piney so's the frost won't git to its roots,' she gasped.

'Well, be in a hurry; we got to start most d'rectly,' Emmy admonished and, leaving her, went off to see to the loading of some last bits of furniture. Balked of her intention to dig up a root, Grandmaw tramped the ground around the peony, pressing it firm with her big, square-toed boots. That done, she wiped the trickle of tears away, drawing in her breath convulsively.

'I'm — I'm goin' over to the spring an' git me a last drink 'fore I go,' she told herself. 'We got the best water anywheres in the valley.'

Unsteadily she crossed to the stone-rimmed spring and turned its cover back on its leather hinges. The dipper was gone, packed up, so she stooped over on all fours and set her lips to the water; but it was hard to drink in that strained position, harder still to open and close her throat over the lump that was there. She ceased the effort presently and, leaning over, stared down at her dim reflection.

'Good-bye, Grandmaw,' she whispered, looking into her own old face. She had been 'Grandmaw' so long to the whole neighborhood that she had even come to think of herself like that. But now, staring into the mysterious deep water, she saw past her old face down the years to her young married self that had been wont to look out at

her when she dipped her bucket in the spring. 'Good-bye, Mis' Goodwin,' she murmured. Then, deeper down in the water, deeper down the years, she glimpsed another self. 'Good-bye, Katie White,' she said — and that had been her girl name.

'Grandmaw! We're waitin' on ye!' Emmy called.

Grandmaw shut the cover of the spring softly down over those past selves. 'You-all stay right here; I got to go,' she said. It was a dim comfort to her to know that the water had taken something of her into its keeping.

'Come on, now; we're goin' to put you up on the front seat alongside of Hance,' said Emmy, leading her grandmother down the path. 'Bud an' me's goin' to ride with the plunder here in the back.'

Her grandchildren pulled and pushed old Mrs. Goodwin up to the high seat of the truck beside young Hanceford Wells, who also lent a mechanical hand for her assistance, the while he whistled a tune between his teeth. She was settled at last. The engine of the truck started, sending a shudder through all the piled-up furniture, through all the old woman's body. Grandmaw looked back; the gray cabin, the fenced garden, the little fields, slid from sight as they made the bend of the road. A terrible falling-away seized her. She was being torn asunder. Her deep roots were back yonder in the soil of her homestead, the rest of her was being snatched away to a new order of life whose servant was this great inexorable truck bearing her along the road. She clutched her hands desperately tight in her lap. If she could only speak of it! If she might just see on one other face a reflected understanding of what was happening to her!

'Emmy! Emmy!' she cried out.

But Emmy was in behind; the truck was making too much noise for her to hear. Grandmaw turned to young Hance. 'I — I lived for all of fifty years right back there in that house,' she got out.

'Is that so?' the young man returned, his eyes intent upon the road, scarcely hearing what she said.

She tried again. 'I come there a bride; all my babies was born there.'

Young Hance made no comment on that. What did he know of motherhood?

Would nothing make him turn, make him look down at her for one flicker of warm comprehension? 'When you've lived as long as that in one place, an' you have to leave it, it's — it's like' — she swallowed — 'like you was bein' busted loose from yer roots,' she said with difficulty.

'I reckon so,' he responded, his whole attention centred upon steering the truck over a culvert. That passed, he burst into loud song — 'Yes, we have no bananas!' he sang.

The inexorable truck, child of a new mechanical era, bumped and lumbered along the road, bearing Grandmaw away from all her accustomed background, off to the life of a small town, while young Hanceford bellowed out one cheap song after another. She clutched her hands tighter together. 'O God! O my God!' she cried out deep in herself.

II

In the new little town of Pickett's Junction, which had burst forth in a mushroom growth of flimsy houses, and where the trees had all been felled to make room for the telegraph poles, people said it was right hard on a young woman like Emmy Stuart to have that old backwoods grandmother hung round her neck.

'My lands, Emmy! I don't see how you stand it!' one frank young friend protested. 'Old folks just gives *me* the jimjams!'

'Oh, well, I'm mighty fond of Grandmaw,' Emmy returned loyally. She paused to survey her strand of chewing-gum for a moment, and then lapped it slowly back into her mouth inch by inch with her tongue. 'Poor old soul! She was mighty good to me when I was a kid. I used to stay with her and Grandpaw at the farm.'

'Ain't there no place else she can go to?' the friend persisted.

'Nope.' Emmy shook her head. 'Bud an' me's the only ones of the family left in these parts. Her sons are 'way out West somewheres, an' my mother an' Aunt Susan's living in Chicago, an' we reckoned a big city like that'd 'bout kill Grandmaw. She finds Pickett's Junction hard enough.'

Yes, it was hard on Grandmaw. What was there for her to do? A new and, to her, sinister force had taken possession of the world, manifesting itself in every kind of machine, which snatched all the work imperiously away from her old hands. Long, idle days dragged by. On her little farm there had been things to attend to from early morning round the circle to dark again. But what was there to do here? Emmy and Bud — who were used to drifting from one little town to another in pursuit of Bud's business, which was lumber — lived in a four-room apartment where not an inch of ground belonged to them. The housekeeping was nothing. It does not take long to clean four small rooms; much of the food was bought already cooked, and why bother to sew when machine-made clothes were so cheap? There were no animals to feed, no garden to work, no baby to tend. Why no babies? Grandmaw asked Emmy.

Emmy shrugged the question aside. 'Aw, I ain't in no hurry for *that*. Kids costs money, an' Bud an' me's savin' up now for a new car.'

Grandmaw's mouth dropped open in stupefaction. '*My God!*' she burst out. 'You'd rather ride 'round in a auto than have a baby nozzlin' at yer breast!'

She surveyed her granddaughter's made-up face, her shallow, good-natured eyes, her ineffective hands. She took one of the hands, and laid its whiteness along her own big brown one over which the years had traced a deep pattern of life.

'My lands!' she muttered. 'What kinder hand is *that* to go through the world with! It ain't never seen a piece er real work in all of its life! It ain't got nothin' to it — no roots — nothin'! It'll never go in the ground fer a thing! You ain't none er you got no roots, runnin' over the ground like sheep sorrel! Here to-day, an' gone to-morrer! No roots! No roots!' she complained. She felt dimly sorry for Emmy. She was fond of her. Could she not make her understand what she was missing?

'Emmy, honey,' she struggled, 'you ain't gittin' nothin' real outer yer life. Jest layin' round chewin' gum, or goin' to the movies; that ain't *real* — that ain't livin'. Honey, you ain't got but the one life — I'd hate to see you miss all the best of it.'

'Aw, Grandmaw! Nobody thinks you have to work yerself to death over a parcel of kids to be livin' these days. Folks don't have to work like they used to anyhow, since machinery come in — that's made everything different!'

'Yes, it's made things different!' Grandmaw flared out harshly. 'It's *ruined* everything! It's got folks so rotten lazy that they ain't got good sense no more! It's — it's —'

But Grandmaw had not the words to say what she thought this mechanical force was doing to the world. Here was her deep and implacable enemy. It had changed all her life and made a sturdy old woman useless. She hated it in all its aspects — in the telephone, in the

scurrying motors, and in the vacuum cleaner that stunned her with its noise. 'Dead work! Dead work!' That was as near as she could come to expressing what she felt about the cold impersonal work performed by this sinister force that was dominating the world. All machines were her enemies, from the great truck which had torn her away from her home, to the new car which Emmy dreamed of possessing. They were her enemies, but she would not become their slave. She defied them boldly. Bud and Emmy said it was real funny to hear Grandmaw quarrel at the telephone. She would never answer it, and she delighted to have it ring when there was no one to attend to it.

'Ah-ha! Squeal yer nasty head off! You'll not git *me* to wait on ye!' she would taunt it.

She was glad when it was out of order, and once, secretly and deliberately, she even put it out of order herself. Bud and Emmy could not think what had happened to the thing. The telephone did not know either. That was the trouble with fighting machines; they did n't know you were doing it. You could n't make them *feel* anything. An animal, now, it knew whether you hated it or were pleased with it; but what did a machine know? Dimly she felt that constant association with such dead impersonality was all wrong. She tried to warn Emmy.

'You can't do nothin' fer er machine,' she told her. 'An animal, now, you kin give it somep'n an' it'll give you somep'n back, but these machines is all dead — they don't git nothin' from you an' you don't git nothin' from them.'

'I git er heap er work from them,' Emmy retorted.

'That ain't what I mean.' Grandmaw struggled to make herself clear. 'You don't know — how could ye, livin' like you do? But you — you'll all kinder dry up if you jest let dead things work for ye. Workin' with critters is different, but like it is now you-all don't tetch life nowheres.'

Somehow, for all that she had worked so hard, she felt that she had known a richer existence than Emmy would ever know. She had touched life at more points, been more close and intimate with it. But how could she make Emmy understand this? She understood it only vaguely herself. And in the meantime what was there for her to do here where this tide of mechanical force was submerging her, engulfing her personality, ruining all the world?

Her hands lay idle in her lap, and a dimness began to settle over her face, because all her thoughts had turned inward. Always she saw pictures of her little deserted house. It pulled so at her heart that it truly seemed to her she must be rooted there. Sometimes it was its blank windows she saw staring at her. Sometimes again it would be its little gray steps, with that old Dominique rooster hopping tentatively up them, or fluttering hastily down them, shooed away by her broom.

'Emmy, do you recollect that ole dominicker rooster what was allus tryin' to git into the house?'

'No, Grandmaw, I don't know which one you mean.'

Grandmaw sighed. Who did know except herself? She went back again to her inward pictures. There was her old man in his blue shirt-sleeves chopping stove wood in the back yard. Every time he brought his axe down he grunted out, 'Huh!' — chop — 'Huh!' — chop — 'Huh!' Yellow chips flying, axe flashing in the sun, smell of cut logs. 'Huh! Huh!' Something doing when her old man chopped wood. And she herself in the kitchen getting supper. There was a plank in the floor which had a 'bird' in it, so that it answered with a

squeak and chirp whenever she trod on it. *Swe-e-e-sh!* Cake batter going into the hot fat! Over to the dresser for flour — *chirp, chirp!* of the board. Back to the stove again, spluttering of the fat, frying of the cakes! Out in the yard, chop — 'Huh!' — chop — 'Huh!' Old man's axe swinging outside, old woman's feet hurrying inside. Yes, something doing then; but what was there to do now?

'Come on, Grandmaw, let's us go to the movies. There's a real good show in town to-night.'

Grandmaw went. What else was there to do? But what was it all about? The pictures flickered by so fast that they were gone before a person could hardly get a real good look at them. Emmy read the titles for her and kept up a whispered comment. '"Beauty fares forth to the Great White Way." That's New York, Grandmaw. My, would n't I like to see N'York! Now she's in the train goin' there. Aw-oh! She ought n't to take up with that strange feller! That 'll get her into trouble later on — you see'f it don't.'

But there was only one scene that Grandmaw understood. That was the one showing the old people left alone on the farm after the daughter's departure for the city. There was the old man forking down hay from the loft; there was the old woman out at the henhouse, her apron blowing in the wind, while she scattered grain for the chickens. Something about the flutter of that apron, about the scurry of the fowls, made the tears pop into Grandmaw's eyes.

'Ain't that natcheral! Ain't it natcheral!' she wept. 'Look at that ole rooster now! Would n't you *know* he'd have to be inter somep'n!'

She looked and looked, until the old woman's apron and the rooster were winked out by women in evening dress and curls of cigarette smoke.

Grandmaw began almost to be afraid of her little deserted house, its pictures of all her past life hung so persistently there in the back of her mind. 'It kinder ha'nts me,' she complained. 'I think of it day an' night. It's got aholt of me so tight it jest *won't* turn me loose! I wisht it would — mebbe *then* I could settle down somewheres else. Mebbe I could strike root here an' commence to grow. But my roots is back yonder, an' I jest *can't* git 'em loose.'

How strange it was that she should be here, and yet there! She had only to shut her eyes in Emmy's red-plush sitting-room to have all its walls fall away and the walls of her old home draw up close around her.

'It won't turn me loose! I can't bust erway from it!'

'What is it, Grandmaw? What's troublin' you?'

'It's my roots, Emmy,' the old woman answered, turning her head dumbly from side to side, as though with physical gestures to bring out the emotion which was so difficult to put into words. 'I can't bust my roots free from the old place. It's tuck aholt of me, an' I've tuck aholt of it, an' I can't git erway an' be satisfied anywheres else. Mebbe it's on account of me leavin' my figger like that in the spring,' she half muttered.

'Doin' what?' Emmy cried.

But Grandmaw shut her old mouth up tight. How could she ever explain to Emmy that at the last moment she had entrusted her reflections to the spring, so that now not only the earth but the water of her home held her fast?

'I can't bust loose!' She took up the complaint again. 'I wisht to God I could! It's got me so I'm skeered I can't even die. I would n't keer ef I was to die. I ain't no good to nobody here, an' my ole man's awaitin' fer me

— I bet he's got somep'n fer the ole woman to do! But as long as my roots is erlive I can't die.'

'Aw, Grandmaw! Quit talkin' erbout dyin',' Emmy broke in with a little shiver. 'You ain't goin' to die!'

'I almost wisht I was. But how kin I when my roots is still livin'?'

Emmy chewed her gum thoughtfully, looking at her grandmother and trying honestly to understand. But what was there in her restless moving-picture existence that could reach out in sympathy to the sorrows of the older, deep-rooted generation? There was nothing, but she offered the best she could think of.

'Come on, let's go over to the drug store an' get a ice-cream cone,' she said. Grandmaw went, lumbering heavily after Emmy's slim figure. What else was there to do?

III

Late in the winter, however, a new thing happened. Grandmaw received a letter. It was not from any of her children. Those came in limp blue-white envelopes, and inside were penciled scrawls. This was a long white envelope with typed address. Bud and Emmy explained it to her.

'Why, Grandmaw, it's from the Blue Mountain Railroad Company. They're goin' to run a line up the valley, an' they want the right of way through the old place.'

The railroad at last! Grandmaw was pleased. The old man had always said it would come, and then everything would be easier. 'When the railroad comes' had been a gate of words opening on a golden age for them. And now it had come, and the Company wanted to pay her good money for the right to run through the place. Well! Well! Grandmaw's old face crinkled up with pleasure.

'You better read the paper over, Grandmaw, an' see where they aim to lay the tracks,' Emmy said.

So Grandmaw struggled through the confusing phraseology which meant almost nothing to her.

'You see they say they want the right to condemn the house if they have to. Bud says that means they might run straight through it,' Emmy warned her.

'Aw no, honey, they'll not do that,' Grandmaw assured her. 'They've done surveyed the track there a'ready. They aim to run it through that there bottom land that ain't never been no account fer nothin'. That's where they driv' the stakes afore.'

In her mind's eye Grandmaw saw the line of new-cut surveyor's stakes running through that bottom land as they had run — exclamations of hope for her and the old man — ten years ago. 'Yes, yes,' she nodded, 'right through that no 'count field!'

'Oh, Grandmaw!' Emmy burst out, 'there's money enough now to buy a real handsome new car!'

'A car!' Grandmaw snorted. 'No, sir! That money don't go into no car! I aim to put it in the bank, an' it'll go to my furst great-grandchild. Ef it's er boy it's to be named fer his great-granddaddy, an' ef it's er girl you kin call it fer me.' She beamed on Emmy and Bud.

'Aw, Grandmaw!' Emmy protested. And in the end the old woman's dream of a great-grandchild vanished in a shining new car — Emmy and Bud wanted it so much.

It was another triumph over her of that cold, mechanical force that drove upon its inexorable way. Grandmaw hated the car and rode in it as little as possible. But a new hope had come to comfort her. She had received another letter — this one was in a blue-white envelope, and came from her daughter

Susan out in Chicago. Susan wrote that she and her husband wanted to come East and bring the children to see their grandmother, 'and spend one more summer in the old home-place.'

A flame of joy leaped up in the old woman. Home! Home! To be where her roots were once more! To feel the breath of life go up all through her again! To be there when the old rosebushes flowered, and to tend all the needs of the little house — to wash its windows, to scrub its floors, to sit again on its porch at dusk, looking across at Droop Mountain soft against the evening sky. Grandmaw wept a little from pure joy. She would be away from all her enemies, free of the chattering telephone, and the confusing vacuum-cleaner, back where she belonged, where she was of use, and where life clothed itself in a familiar garment.

'I'll be back where my roots is — I'll be hitched up to 'em once more,' she exulted.

IV

Susan could not come until the first of June, but the second week of May saw the mountains surrounding the town all in green glory of spring leaves, and even the bleak little dooryards of Pickett's Junction displayed occasional blooming shrubs. Across the way a bridal wreath was in flower. It was that which inspired Grandmaw to her great adventure. There was a bridal wreath beside the spring in her home garden, and in her mind's eye the old woman could see its sprays foaming up in the sunshine, beckoning her to come.

'I got to go — I got to be there to see it,' she told herself. Every spring she had been with it at flowering-time; it would be hurt now if she were not there to receive the tribute of its blossoms.

She *must* go — but how? The farm lay only ten miles away across the country. Bud and Emmy could have whisked her over there in the new car in no time. But Grandmaw would not go that way.

'No, sir! I'll go on my own two feet!' she told herself. Machinery should have no part in her home-coming. Not to ride in the car would be a triumph for her over those dead enemies of hers. 'On my own feet!' she repeated, and could feel them pressed, step after step, against the ground, drawing new life from its returning life.

But Bud and Emmy would not let her go if they knew. So they must not know. Sunday would be the best day for it — they always slept so late that morning.

Accordingly, when the next Sunday swung into place, Grandmaw was far out on the road before daylight had fully come.

Oh, the freedom and the delight of it! It had been an adventure — the stealing out of the house, and through the town before anyone else was awake; and now how wide and silent the stretch of the open country was before dawn! The deserted road led on in front, and at its other end lay the place where her heart awaited her. Her thoughts scurried on ahead and saw the house with its gray expectant face turned toward her.

'I'm goin' home! I'm goin' home!' For a time the words slipped silently through her head to the rhythm of her footsteps. Then as she went farther out into the open stretches of the country, and the daylight came clearer, she began to repeat the refrain half aloud, and at last, when the dawn came up over the mountain ridges, over the valley with its silent fields, and all the birds were singing, an old woman sang and shouted with them, 'I'm goin' home! I'm goin' home!'

The dawn came up, the mountains

shouldered out of the dimness, the road lay clear in front with the rail fences zigzagging on either side. The dawn came up and the birds flooded it with melody. The sun blazed up. It melted the mists off the hills and stood them out in the blue-green of their spring color. It warmed the ditches beside the road, where the violets and dandelions stood tall in the grass, and where the frogs shouted a spring ecstasy. The sun came up and all the earth sent forth wafts of fragrance from the flowers, the grass, and the brown fields. On either side of the way, thorn bushes and crab trees, all in full flower, offered their honey to myriads of bees; while at the edges of the mud puddles in the road a fringe of yellow and blue butterflies sipped and sipped, breathing their wings delicately open and shut.

The road lay golden before Grandmaw, with her shadow stretching out so long in front that it made her laugh. 'Em-hem! Look at that old shadder! It's got to go runnin' on 'way ahead!'

The old woman marched and sang, and the miles flowed slowly back behind her. She was a stalwart figure, big-boned and weather-beaten. On her head was an old broad-brimmed hat. In one hand she clutched a long staff, and in the other she carried a package of garden seed — pease, beans, lettuce, and beets. She felt a little guilty about those seeds. It was Sunday, and it was wrong to work on Sunday; nevertheless she was planning to plant her garden that day. All too soon Bud and Emmy, guessing where she had gone, would pursue her in the new car, to bear her back captive to a machine-ordered world. But while she was still free she would serve her old gods of the soil, of springtime and planting; and if that was wrong, then God forgive her! She thought He would, considering how all her days had been enforced Sabbaths of late.

The miles gave place before her steady tramp, and now the way began to be familiar. She had turned into her own valley; one well-remembered farm after another came slowly into view. And now she began to meet people she knew — old neighbors who were glad to see her. They wanted to stop and talk, but Grandmaw would not break her stride. 'I'm goin' home!' she told them, and with a wave of the hand went upon her way.

She was only a little distance from home now. Here was the old Henry place, and here, too, the new railroad came plunging through from the other side of the ridge and began to run up her valley. Well! Well! Here it was at last! Grandmother was glad to see it, but my soul! How it had torn things up! Thereafter the new roadbed kept even pace with her. No tracks had been laid as yet; it was only a graded way with ties thrown carelessly down across it like big sprawled fingers; but it was insolent and domineering. It seemed to think it owned the valley. In place after place it had torn up the old road, making it step humbly aside up the bank or out into the fields. Grandmaw did not like that. The wagon road had been here for more than a hundred years. Over it people had walked, or horses had conveyed them, on innumerable errands; lovers had gone 'buggy-riding' over it, along it burying crowds and wedding parties had traveled, and over it, too, the doctor had come hurrying for life or for death — surely it had the right of way! But the new railroad went where it pleased and the old road had to make room for it. It went where it pleased, not only over the old road, but here it had actually run right into George Washburn's stable-yard, straight along where his corncrib had been. Grandmaw was greatly shocked.

'That ain't right! That ain't no way

to do! Runnin' into a person's yard thataway, tearing the whole place to pieces!'

She began to dislike the new railroad as she hated the new car. It was machinery, too. She had not thought of that before, because it had approached her in the cloak of a friend, dressed in the realization of a hope which she and the old man had treasured for so long. But now, look what it had done to George Washburn's yard! Grandmaw recognized the handiwork of her enemy. Well, thanks be! It would not come anywhere near her house! It would turn off now in just a little bit and take down into that no 'count bottom-land. But at the next turn it was still there, and at the next as well, still taking the whole place, shouldering the old road out of the way, demolishing fences, running into dooryards. If it did not turn off presently it would be — why it would be heading straight for —

Grandmaw began to walk very fast, almost to run, stumbling along the uncertain way. At the next turn she should see the cabin, the picket-fenced garden, the white bridal wreath. A wild terror clutched her. She hurried and hurried, tripping and running along the roadbed. She gained the turn, she made the bend, and looked — she looked into empty sky. There was nothing there. The gray house, the garden, the bridal wreath, and the rosebushes were nowhere any more save in Grandmaw's memory. All was flat, stark ground, graded up for the railroad's imperious way. Even the spring where she had left her past selves was gone — drained and filled up. Nothing, nothing there. Over all a great steam-shovel straddled, its monstrous scoop full of dirt, a mouthful of what had once been Grandmaw's home. Disguised as a friend, her enemies had stolen upon her. Grandmaw looked and looked, and something collapsed within her. She wavered uncertainly, overcome by a swirling sense of falling away. 'I'm dead now!' she whispered. 'My roots is dead. They've done tore 'em all up outer the ground.'

Nothing there? Yes, something. Over at one edge of the grading, not yet quite engulfed by the dirt, two little wooden gateposts still stood. They were the posts of her dooryard. Grandmaw tottered over and sank down between them. The staff fell from her hand; the garden seeds spilled to the ground. She put her arm around one of the posts and leaned hard upon it. 'Yer free to die now, Grandmaw,' she muttered. 'There ain't nothin' to hold yer now — they've done killed yer roots.'

V

So Bud and Emmy found her, when they came following after in the new car.

A little group of country people returning from meeting had gathered. They stood and looked dumbly at this old neighbor, bowed between the posts of what had been her home, the steam-shovel straddling over her. They were silent. What was there to say? The old order gives place to the new, and if human beings are crushed by it, what is there to say?

A child picked up the packages of seeds and tried to thrust them back into Grandmaw's hand, but her fingers would not lay hold upon them.

'No, no,' she muttered, 'I'm done now. I'll never grow nothin' no more.'

A neighbor laid a hand upon her arm, as brown and weatherworn as Grandmaw's own. 'The Lord have mercy on ye,' she said.

Grandmaw had struggled to her feet. She looked at the other out of dimmed eyes. 'He'll have no more mercy on me than He has on the ground,' she said. 'An' many's the time I've seed that

crack open with the frost in winter, er burnt dry in summer.'

'Yes, but fer all that did yer ever see the spring come that the sap did n't rise with it?' the other old woman returned.

'That's so — that's so,' Grandmaw mumbled. 'Mebbe my sap'll rise ergin, but it'll not be here, no more. There ain't nothin' here to hold me now. They've done tore me outer the ground, and killed my roots. My ole man's awaitin', an' I'm free to go to him now — nothin' no more to hold me back — no roots, nothin' — '

The words trailed away into silence, as unheedingly she let Emmy draw her down the track.

'Come on, Grandmaw,' Emmy said. 'Let's go on home. Here's Bud awaitin' with the car.'

But at the sight of the new car, the price of all the desolation around her, winking there triumphant in the sun, life and rage leaped in the old woman. She stood up straight and furious, an old figure out of the past, stark against the background of a new age.

'Home!' she screamed out harshly. 'There ain't no sech a thing no more! There ain't no homes lef'! There ain't *nothin'* but *them* things, foolin' people an' destroyin' the whole world! They've destroyed me, but they'll never own me! You let 'em own yer, an' in the end they'll ruin ye, an' own the world theyselves! There's not er one of yer to stand up erginst 'em, fer yer all too rotten lazy to turn yer hand over in a lick er real work! They'll own the world,' she panted, 'but they'll never own *me!* An' I'll never set foot ergin in that there car that's done took my home!'

She began to struggle violently, fighting away the hands that would draw her to the motor. 'I won't set foot in it, I tell ye!' she screamed. 'It's took my home, it's killed my root — it's killed me! But it'll never own me! I'm free to go now, I'm free! An' my ole man's awaitin'. I'll not be cooped up no more.' She fought the hands aside. 'Lemme go, I tell ye! Lemme die out here in the open!'

She wrenched herself away from them, and began to run, anywhere — out into the fields, into the woods, anywhere that was wide and free, anywhere away from those dead machines that had held her prisoner so long, and in the end had tricked and destroyed her. But her dim eyes failed her, she stumbled over a railroad tie, and sprawling, her arms flung out, plunged down over another. She fell straight out, all the whole length of her, like a falling tree, and as she fell her head crashed against one of the uprights of the steam-shovel. Her great body struggled up once, and then rolled over dead, her face turned up to the open sky.

Her enemies had killed her. But they could only kill her — they could not own her, bend her, or break her; and in the end she had gone, free and defiant, away to where the old man was waiting.

PLANT QUARANTINE

A FOOTNOTE TO THE DISCUSSION

BY J. HORACE McFARLAND

AMERICA is of polyglot origin. This is as true of plant life as of society. The colonists and pioneers brought with them seeds, roots, and bulbs with which the flora of the New World has been enormously enriched, to the profit and comfort of our people and the beautifying of our homesteads and landscapes.

Dr. U. P. Hedrick, Chief in Research of the Division of Horticulture of the New York State Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva, a great fruit-authority, illustrates this plant cosmopolitanism in respect of fruits: —

> A generation ago nearly all of our fruits were of European origin. Without importation at that time, fruit-growing would never have had the stimulus and obtained the impetus to make it what it is now. American horticulture has reached its high estate very largely through the untiring zeal of amateurs of one or two generations ago, who in their turn had their inspiration and obtained their stock of fruits from Europe.

Equally forceful citations might be made, if space permitted, to show that of the economic grains, of the vegetables, of the field crops, we have had the best of the world through importation. Anyone who has visited the great botanical gardens will need no suggestion, if he has been observant, of the way in which our gardens have been enriched from foreign sources.

When our ancestors came in they undoubtedly brought with them some of the human and plant diseases of the lands from which they came, as well as that sturdy spirit of pioneering and adventure which has made America great. If the ideals which the Federal Department of Agriculture is now attempting to enforce had then prevailed in respect of people as well as plants, the pioneers would not have entered, or if admitted might have been given such 'precautionary treatments' as to leave them little or no vitality.

These words are written because it seems now the view of the Department of Agriculture that we no longer need plants from abroad, save as one or several of its officials determine. We must not bring in needed new or old plants, because if we do we may bring in with them plant diseases and injurious insects.

On August 20, 1912, there was enacted a Federal statute broadly known as the 'Plant Quarantine Act,' intended, if the report of the Congressional Committee which urged its passage on Congress is to be believed, to provide adequate means for protection against the introduction into the United States of 'any tree, plant, or fruit disease or of any injurious insect new or not theretofore widely prevalent or distributed within and throughout the United States.' This law gave the Secretary of Agriculture power 'to regulate the importation of nursery stock and other plants and plant products,' and otherwise to

enforce its purpose. It was and is a wise and beneficent law, if wisely and beneficently administered.

But under a strained and yet legally untested construction of this law there is being established what amounts to a plant dictatorship of controlling character. Nominally administered by the Secretary of Agriculture, who is more or less temporary in tenure, this law is in practice construed and enforced by the Federal Horticultural Board.

In 'Plants and Plant Pests,' printed in the *Atlantic* for June, Dr. Charles L. Marlatt, the head of that board, discusses the situation. On behalf of the Committee on Horticultural Quarantine, I am accorded space to comment in reply.

Dr. Marlatt insists that Quarantine 37 is not 'a practical embargo on entry of plants,' and that it will not 'ultimately place a permanent check on the development of American horticulture.' Categorically, the first of these statements is true, for the word 'embargo' is not used either in the Act or in the Quarantine. The effect is obtained, however, by regulations so intricate and severe that an embargo virtually is set up against such importations as the Federal Horticultural Board deems inadvisable.

Before I may bring in any new roses, for example, I must state in intimate detail the quantity, the estimated invoice value of each, the name or exact designation of each species, variety, or type of plant to be imported, the originator and the year of origination. I must then give the name and address of the exporter, the name and address of the foreign grower, the country where grown, the locality where grown, and answer seven other questions as related to eight paragraphs of detailed and difficult requirements, prior to making a liability agreement, the violation of any part of which binds me 'to pay the United States, as liquidated damages, a sum equal to twice the invoice value of the stock imported as shown in said permit, if such value be $2500 or less, but in no case shall such liability of the applicant exceed $5000.' I must promise to maintain the identity of any shipment of plants received 'under the number of the permit granting authority for its importation' for a period sometimes equaling five years. Even with all this red tape, my application may be denied if, in the judgment of the 'F. H. B.,' as it is familiarly known, I can get the particular variety in America, or if it thinks I ought not to have it anyway. In any case or event, no plant may be brought in with soil on its roots; all such are definitely excluded, or embargoed.

As to the second statement in Dr. Marlatt's summary of objections, let me quote again Dr. Hedrick, author of *The Cyclopedia of American Fruits*, who in speaking of Quarantine 37 says: —

> It is doing more harm to American horticulture than good. There are advantages, but they are far outweighed by disadvantages.

The Chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board insists in effect that the restrictions complained of are justified by the dangers of new pests, and that such dangers cannot be adequately guarded against by inspection in the countries from which plants may come.

It is true that new pests can come in, do come in, and will continue to come in. One of the warmest supporters of the Quarantine is on record as stating that no quarantine does any more than delay the entry of pests. Dr. H. H. Whetzel, head of the Department of Plant Pathology of Cornell University, thus writes: —

> As a general proposition I seriously doubt that any quarantine can be made absolutely efficient. . . . There is good fundamental

evidence for holding that quarantines in general may be more harmful to the public good than they are useful.

Dr. C. R. Crosby, a well-known Cornell entomologist, has this point of view: —

> It would seem to a disinterested person that the danger from the importation of such material has been greatly exaggerated. . . . Starting with the quarantines established to check the spread of the San José scale, there have grown up large and expensive organizations for inspecting all sorts of plants whether they need it or not.

It is to the interest of countries from which plants come to America to have them pest-free, and 'Dutch cleanliness' is not an empty phrase in reference to exports from Holland. A detailed statement made by Mr. N. Van Poeteren, Chief of the Government Phytopathological Service at Wageningen, Holland, emphasizes this position. Personal contact with Mr. W. B. Lobjoit, who in England controls the government service as related to admission of plants from abroad, has convinced me that in that land, much more helpless with respect to pests from abroad than the United States, the problem is successfully solved by dependence upon care at the point of shipment, together with adequate attention in suspected cases when the plants come in.

Much emphasis has been laid in Dr. Marlatt's defense on the prevalence of the San José scale, an introduced pest. Yet when only a few weeks ago I asked Dr. Jardine, the present Secretary of Agriculture, whether we had more or less and better or worse apples and other fruits since it became necessary to introduce better sanitation into orchards because of the San José scale menace, he instantly answered that we now have more and better fruits. The spraying and the care necessary to combat scale have eliminated many local pests and resulted in eventual advantage. It was not without reason that Dr. L. H. Bailey, the most eminent American horticulturist, has said that the Colorado potato-beetle was a blessing in disguise.

Dr. Marlatt insists that 'Quarantine 37 has no tariff object whatsoever.' Yet his argument emphasizes the great growth of nurseries, and the large volume of additional production in the United States that has resulted from this Quarantine, which, though it has raised prices from one hundred to five hundred per cent or more, 'has no tariff object whatsoever.' Every nurseryman who now defends Quarantine 37 openly exults in the price-protection it gives him. I never heard one of them even mention the pest-protection feature.

In his reply to Mr. Hamblin's article, 'Plants and Plant Policies,' Dr. Marlatt insists in effect that he has not interfered seriously with 'the needs of botanical gardens, arboretums, experiment stations, and other similar public institutions.' The directors of such institutions do not seem to agree with him. Dr. N. L. Britton, Director-in-Chief of the New York Botanical Garden, writes: —

> I would say that I have long been of the opinion that, owing to widespread dissatisfaction and great difference of opinion regarding the administration of this Quarantine, an impartial investigation of its operations is extremely desirable. . . .

Dr. C. Stuart Gager, Director of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, expresses himself thus: —

> I have experienced a complete change of view with reference to Quarantine 37, and this largely as the result of the manner of its administration. At first I was heartily in favor of it, but I believe now that its administration is serving more to discourage horticulture in America than to keep out plant diseases.

Further on in the same letter, Dr. Gager speaks of his discouragement 'almost to the point of despair, by our inability to secure in the open market anything much beyond the ordinary run of shrubs and trees. Very few of the rare species and varieties are now offered for sale by American growers.'

Dr. George T. Moore, Director of the Missouri Botanical Gardens, much more familiarly known as 'the Shaw Gardens,' in St. Louis, thus writes: —

> I think we are all agreed that the law under which Quarantine 37 operates is entirely satisfactory. . . . It is the administration of the act by the Federal Horticultural Board that everyone really interested objects to. . . . There is certainly much room for improvement in the administration of the Act, so far as botanical gardens are involved, and all this quite independent of the question as to whether a quarantine has ever accomplished anything which in the smallest way would offset the loss in the administration of such an act.

America's greatest dendrologist and tree authority, Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, of the Arnold Arboretum, recently sent a famous plantsman, Dr. John F. Rock, on a three-year expedition to the far reaches of Tibet to explore sections never before botanically scanned. From sad previous experiences in respect to the handling of material received as a result of these explorations, he felt warranted in asking the Federal Horticultural Board for permission to have the shipments sent directly to the Arboretum, near Boston, and there carefully inspected, either by the scientists of Harvard University or by those delegated from Washington. This permission has been refused, save in the impossible event that the plants, which must be sent as they are collected from time to time, could be associated into several large shipments. So he has regretfully concluded to divert this material to England, where it will be received without being destroyed by zeal and fumigation, and the plants thus first brought to light not entirely lost to science and the plant world, even though kept out of the United States.

It is admitted that there is always danger that some new disease or pest may come in, either on plants, on baggage, in ship ballast, or even on humans. I well remember the remark of Dr. Bailey of Cornell: 'Yes, there are doubtless harmful bacteria on everything, even on the lips of the wives and the babies we kiss, but I think we shall continue to kiss them!'

Much has been said and will yet be said concerning the impending exclusion at the end of this year of all narcissus bulbs, meaning the daffodils, jonquils, and other garden adornments of which each year the United States has brought in, mostly from Holland, about a hundred million bulbs. There is not one word in the Act of August 20, 1912, to justify the procedure of the last three years, during which unlimited importation of these bulbs has been permitted and even encouraged, despite the asserted dangers they impose. The plain intent of the Act is that if danger exists the plant products may be excluded, but there is no provision for taking hazards in the face of an admitted danger.

Now it is quite well known that the several insects said by Dr. Marlatt to relate to narcissus bulbs are already widely prevalent in that portion of the United States in which he expects narcissus bulbs to be grown, and I think he knows that these pests do not persist in the cold East, where most of these bulbs are used. The final exclusion has no other justification than that it may build up an American bulb industry, an action not contemplated in the law.

Dr. Marlatt does not make plain in his apology that he is also shutting out many other desirable bulbs just because he thinks the more importation there is the more danger there is, and it is best to have no dangers even if we have no bulbs. The basis is precisely that which would exist if all American mothers were suddenly to realize that the babies which come to them might have scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, and other difficult diseases, wherefore it would be much better not to have the babies!

To emphasize further this existence of a horticultural dictatorship, let me quote from Dr. Marlatt his insistence that the only safe thing is 'a policy of exclusion of all plants *not absolutely essential* to the horticultural and forestry needs of the United States.' He then refers to Quarantine 37 as permitting the admission of plants 'which *are believed* to be necessary' or 'for which *a reasonable need* can be shown.' On another page he courteously hopes that it will never be necessary 'to make it impossible to provide for the entry, under proper safeguards, of any plant whatsoever for which *a real need* can be shown.' To what, exactly, this real need is limited may be noted in his remark as to arboretums, where he says, 'The conditioning of entry on a public-service basis is believed to be necessary,' while elsewhere he refers to 'the mere personal gratification of the thousands of individuals' who he thinks might want to import plants if he would permit it. To all these he earnestly commends his preference that 'the ordinary garden-lover secure the restricted plants from home sources,' despite the known nonexistence, in many items, of these 'home sources.' It ought to be noted that the whole matter simmers down to what some one person has 'believed to be necessary' or 'absolutely essential.' Does not this define a horticultural dictatorship, in good working order?

Those of us who have no trade interest in this matter; who believe that half the expense now put on exclusion would, if put on research and control effort, give better results; who believe that there are foreign governments willing and able to help us if we will coöperate with them in preventing the admission of pests they do not themselves want to send us; who resent the forbidding methods of the Federal Horticultural Board, have recently joined in petitioning Secretary of Agriculture Jardine to investigate, independent of the accused body, this whole subject. The hope of American horticulture at this moment is centred upon Secretary Jardine. There is no hope in the Federal Horticultural Board, made up dominantly of those whose energies have been given to the investigation of pathological or insectivorous conditions, and who are not plantsmen. We urge the Secretary to give the plant a chance against the bug and the pest!

DEADLOCK

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

One room in all that house was quietly hers:
Here was her place of kneeling; here she kept
The candles lighted while the family slept;
And here, like other lonely worshipers,
Occasionally she wept.

All of her windows looked out on the sea;
Water was like a bird with gray cool wings
Cloudy over her heart; and there were things
Like sea gulls and the thin monotony
Of their shrill whinnyings.

Whatever in her passionate strange way
She dreamed or did; whatever work she planned,
There never was entreaty or command:
'It is best as it is,' she used to say,
'Let the thing stand.'

Nobody knew what burrowed deep inside
Her heart — the hunger, the unhappiness;
Nobody knew and nobody could guess
The terrible price she paid so she might hide
What she would not express.

The seasons in their color came and went;

All one to her the sunken stars, the sun:

So from oblivion to oblivion

She moved; and it was dully evident

That all to her were one.

And the brave constellations rise and fall;

And she whose beauty beggars them is dead

As though she were the white moon pivoted

On her own death-glow. . . . And my heart is gall;

And everything is said.

GREEK IN THE MACHINE SHOP

BY CAROL WIGHT

ONE of the most interesting men I have ever met, interesting because exponential of a class that is making itself felt in our social mechanism, was a machinist, a Russian by birth, by choice an American. During the lull that comes over the shop at midnight, when for a brief half-hour the belts cease to slap and the wheels to whirl, when your mind is so benumbed by the blare of brass and steel that you touch your tools to see if they and you actually belong to the real world, I noticed this man lying under his lathe, reading. His elbows were protected from the grimy brick floor by a bit of burlap, while the bulb half-hitched from the bed of the lathe flooded his book with a rich cone of light.

The occasional kick of a passing comrade, answered by an equally friendly curse, did not distract him from the book, which proved to be, as I found on lounging over to where he lay, a portion of Thucydides. I was curious, because when a workingman reads, in the real sense of the word, he generally reads with a definite purpose.

Unconscious of any decline in the influence of the classics, or even that he was reading a classic, my friend answered my inquiry straight to the point:

'I read him because he makes me think. He helps me to understand what is happening to-day.'

'What good will that do you?'

He had risen to his feet by now, and said, tapping his lathe: 'I can shape

steel with this; and with this,' holding out the small chunky volume, 'I can shape men.'

The whistle blew, the wheels whirled, the belts slapped, and the steel spirals curled and dropped from the lathe as the tool traveled along. I wondered, as I watched him there, burly almost to brutality, heavy-lipped, with dark eyes that never faltered as they followed the tool — wondered if he would become a shaper of more untractable material than metal.

During walks to the trolley I learned more about his thoughts, for of his life he was silent. Other books that he read and reread were the *Prince* of Machiavelli and the *Republic* of Plato. Thrown into the thick of the laboring world, this mechanic's mind was filled with his own dreams of how to advance himself, and, being a practical machinist, his mind was also filled with schemes for turning the blueprints of these dreams into realities, just as he shaped bronze and steel.

Why had this man — and there are many like him — selected on his own initiative these books, which certainly do not bulk large in our curriculum? Why had he gone back unconsciously to ideals that obtained when the humanities were the corner stone of education? And what were those ideals? Let us see.

The philosopher, Hobbes, recommended his translation of Thucydides to the Earl of Devonshire, as having 'profitable instruction for such as may have the management of great and weighty actions.' Neither is this a mere rhetorical flourish to pluck perquisites from a patron, for in the foreword to his readers he insists that, 'the principle and proper work of history being to instruct and enable men by the knowledge of actions past to bear themselves prudently in the present and providently for the future, there is not extant any other, merely human, that doth more naturally and fully perform it than this my author'; and finally, comparing the majority of readers to the spectators at gladiator shows, he says: 'They be far more in number that delight in bloody battles and many thousands slain at once than that mind the art whereby the affairs of cities and armies be conducted to their ends.' It was strange to find this machinist reading his Thucydides for a parallel reason.

Let us look for an appraisement of the Florentine politician, a man steeped in the humanities with all the ardor of the Renaissance, and as skilled in the conduct of affairs as many a man of his day.

'We find him,' writes Lord Acton, 'near our common level, and perceive that he is not a vanishing type, but a constant and contemporary influence.'

And again: 'He is the earliest conscious and articulate exponent of certain living forces in the present world.'

The conclusion was forced home to me that my machinist, even if he were drinking draughts of doubtful wisdom, was drinking in good company; and further that 'the visionary calm of Plato and the intricate strength of Thucydides' are not beyond the grasp of the common man who is trying to raise himself and seeking a fulcrum whereby to do so.

This man had mastered his trade and made good, but he felt and said that he felt the need of certain higher knowledge that would help him to understand other men, unite him to them, and give him influence in the larger world beyond the four walls of his shop. A great scholar once published some of his essays as *Chips from a Work-Shop*. Here we have an educational formula from an actual worker in an actual shop, which I felt would have found favor in the eyes of that

scholar; and I have known others similarly situated putting their problem in precisely similar terms for very practical reasons. Having successfully solved the problem of making a living in their own narrow field, they reach out for influence among their associates and test out their ideas in the laboratory of real life, where every day brings its competitive examination and where, as a consequence, what are called academic questions have no place.

These men know what they are after. For instance, I was once discussing the merits of two machines with a skilled workman. 'They're all very fine,' he concluded, 'but I'd rather be the dynamo that drives both.'

This man too was a student in his way. That is, he read books for the ideas he could find in them, had an intimate acquaintance with the many-headed monster of the Polity, and very little sympathy for the philosopher who stuck to the shelter of the wall.

If it be true that the man with the hoe is now in the saddle, personal observation seems to show that he is there by no chance vault, and that many young men who enjoy vastly superior opportunities for general culture might study his formula, if only to understand the success of their own gifted associates; for these more gifted associates owe their success, not merely to their special training, but to their power to concentrate on a purpose and to the ideas and ideals that give them a grip on life and the conduct of affairs.

How largely the humanities once figured in the education of the people who have best understood and practised 'the art whereby the affairs of cities and armies be conducted to their ends,' is no secret. Some of their statesmen have advocated their study in what may seem extreme language, as when Gladstone recommended Greek as the best instrument that could be applied to the minds of the young; others are content to drive home a point by a citation, as when Sir Arthur Helps instances the man in Aristophanes who draws up a personal peace-treaty with the enemy of his city, the statesman's object being to show the naïve absurdity of a type much in evidence in recent times.

Overemphasis of values is, however, always retroactive, and the fact is that in the broadening of the curriculum many other studies have been introduced that fulfill with felicity the function once exclusively enjoyed by the humanities simply because, at the time, such other studies and sciences had not been developed.

Again, much of the enduring culture of antiquity, both intellectual and æsthetic, has been unconsciously absorbed into our modern world, and the lifeblood of those master spirits has been so thoroughly transfused that it throbs in our own veins as vitally as our own lifeblood. If it be true that other men have labored and we are entered into their labors, it is equally true that their labors have entered into us; and so there is much to be learned about the evils affecting the modern national State from the study of the evils that destroyed the City-State of antiquity. The clash of classes so evident in the remorseless march of democracy is no new phenomenon.

'And many and terrible calamities fell on the cities through the conflict of classes, calamities that occur and will always occur as long as man's nature remains the same, however varying in intensity and appearance with changing circumstances. . . . Thus iniquity in every form became established, owing to class conflict, while honesty, which is the mainstay of an ingenuous nature, was laughed out of life, and man met man with hostility and mistrust everywhere.'

Written two thousand years ago, these words are as true now as then, and will enjoy a lasting appositeness.

Now if Hobbes be right in his estimate of the humanities, are we right in suffering young men to neglect them or their equivalent, and in leaving such learning to become tools in the hands of those who are reshaping the State under our very eyes?

In short, our universities ought to be clearing-houses and repositories for the sciences that conserve society and impart 'the art whereby the affairs of cities and armies be conducted to their ends'; and that they are so, with an ever-increasing efficacy, recent developments amply prove. The battlefield and the voting-booth may register victory or defeat, but the real struggle behind all this is the conflict of thought; and in this unceasing conflict the higher educational institutions have not been, and will not be, found wanting.[1]

After all, it is not dynamite but ideas that disrupt and reconstruct society, and the abiding value of any literature consists in the value and artistic expression of ideas. We are worried if a neighboring nation possesses a gun of wider range and higher elevation than our own, but we are indifferent if a neighboring nation possesses an idea of wider range or loftier elevation than our own. Ideas, in short, are our most vital wealth. It is to defend these that cannon are cast and legions are lined up, and much wealth of this sort we have inherited from Hellas. Precisely because the Greeks had more creative power than any other people of the Old World, does their thought possess the magic property of begetting thought — that is, in the words of Aristophanes, it is *spermatikos*.

As in the sphere of matter, so in the sphere of thought we find centrifugal and centripetal forces, the one binding men together and the other driving them apart. Just as higher education consists in the study of general knowledge of which each specific profession is some special application, so there is a higher education still in the study of those forces that vitalize the State and bind it together indissolubly, conserving our inherited ideals of liberty and loyalty, justice and generosity, unity and multiplicity — in short, all that America means and without which it would die.

If one man may be fed on thoughts 'that voluntary move harmonious numbers,' so a people may be fed on thoughts that voluntary move harmonious actions, and in so doing produce a perfect State, humanly speaking, where the creative force comes unconsciously and from within. It is such thoughts, then, that constitute the wealth of a people, and of those who possess this divine gold and silver in their souls for everlasting it is written in the Polity that 'they need no money minted by man. Neither otherwise than impiously may they mingle the gathering of the gold of God with the getting of the mortal metal, for infinite and unholy are the deeds done by the multitude, but their coinage abides forever unpolluted and unalloyed.'

[1] One of the latest developments in this field is the proposal to establish at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore a School of Research in International Relations, in memory of Walter Hines Page. Curiously enough, the formal training which Page received at Johns Hopkins was as Fellow in Greek, and the greatest force that tended to shape him in those two formative years is said to have been his contact with the great classical scholar, Basil L. Gildersleeve.

ABD EL-KRIM AND THE WAR IN AFRICA

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

THE Moroccan question, the spoiled child of European diplomacy up to 1914, has been little more than a stepson of the chancelleries since the Treaty of Versailles. Europe has given serious attention to only two, or perhaps three, great problems: the settlement of the Rhine question, the problem of economic readjustment, and possibly — though in less whole-hearted fashion — the racial problem in Asia. Morocco, after suffering from an overdose of high-powered diplomatic attention from 1901 to 1914, has been allowed to struggle along without occupying the consecutive thought of any first-rate European statesman, unless it be the exiled Kaiser at Doorn or the recently rehabilitated M. Caillaux.

The problem presents itself now under an entirely new aspect as the result of the war's rearrangements, and the international instruments which control its development are entirely outmoded, as are all the books which ever tried to consider it. The new factors are, first and foremost, the developing Islamic consciousness in the whole Shereefian Empire; second, the total disappearance of Germany from the political surface of the conflict; third, the victory of France against the half-hearted, half-ashamed, but fairly consistent opposition of England, Spain, and Italy. The student now finds himself confronted with a de facto situation of sharp, well-defined conflict, the effort of a superior European civilization to impose its empire on a backward but profoundly alien people; a situation obscured sometimes, but never really affected, by the complicated fabric of outworn treaties which, from 1901 to 1912, sought to regularize the relations of all parties to the North African struggle.

I

'Spanish' Morocco, as it has been currently called since 1912, is a country strongly reminiscent of our own northern New Mexico, mountainous and sparsely settled. The rim of the Spanish zone — along the coast from Melilla to Tetuan, and around the Straits to Tangier and Larache — has long been bait to Europeans, especially Portuguese and Spanish adventurers. El-Ksar-el-Kbir ('The Great Village,' Spanishified into Alcazar-Quivir) was the scene of the final disaster to the Portuguese empire in Africa four hundred years ago; with such an example before them, the Spanish in the nineteenth century made no attempt to do more than govern and defend the two north coast cities, Ceuta and Melilla, the 'presidios.'

After the proclamation of the Protectorate in 1912, Spain endeavored to bring under her rule, and to administer after a fashion, all of the territory shown on school maps as 'Spanish Morocco.' Garcia Prieto, marquis of Alhucemas (the same who presided over the last constitutional government of Spain before Primo de Rivera's revolution), ordered the occupation of Larache and El-Ksar in 1911; the movement thus initiated continued

steadily until the disaster of 1921. Spanish troops occupied and held Arzila, Sheshuan, Zinat, Dar ben Karish, Wad Lau, and a string of posts down the coast to the island city of Alhucemas in the bay of Alhucemas, and on to Melilla. General Berenguer accomplished the most difficult of the occupations, in the Djebala, with great success under the last government of the Conde de Romanones. The year 1920 was Spain's zenith in Morocco; the greatest success was the victorious march on Sheshuan and the virtual subjugation of the Rharb (el-Rharb or el-Gharb, the generic name for the Angera, Djebala, and Rhomarra countries). The bandit prince, Mulay Hamid ben Absalem ber Raisul, known to the Western world as Raisuli, aided considerably both with men and with influence in the conquest of western Morocco; and in 1920 his allowance from the High Commissariat in Tetuan had reached the staggering total of sixteen million pesetas yearly, I was told by responsible authorities in Madrid.

Spanish Morocco contains three distinct divisions besides the northernmost tip, the Angera country. The western division, called the Djebala and taking in the Atlas Mountain country, can loosely be described as the hinterland of Tangier; it extends from the Atlantic to the river Lau, south of Tetuan, and to a line parallel to the Atlantic drawn from the Wad Lau. From Wad Lau on eastward to the western horn of the bay of Alhucemas is the lower country called the Rhomarra (or Ghomarra — Europeans transliterate the Arab guttural *rh* sometimes as *rh*, sometimes as *gh*). At the point where the western horn of the land bounding the bay of Alhucemas begins is the frontier of the Riff.

The Riff is a small, thinly populated region with much higher mountains than those of the Rhomarra, and much less vegetation. It is peopled by eleven tribes from the Berber race, or a race akin to the Berbers, speaking a variant of the Berber language, the *Shillhah* tongue. The Riffis are indubitably Hamitic in race, and betray it in their physical type: many of them are red-haired and blue-eyed, and they have a real contempt for the Semitic Arabs. Nevertheless the Riff has had an Arab civilization imposed on it since the twelfth century; and although nobody since the Emir Abdallah has been able to conquer the country, the Koran has vanquished where the sword has failed: the Riff is as simply and primitively Mohammedan as the oases of Nejd in Arabia.

It is difficult to explain the origins of the Riffi race, or the philology of *Shillhah;* there is very little available scientific evidence, and most of it reposes, after all, on some original conjecture. Mr. Cunninghame Graham, after his imprisonment among the Berber tribes of the Sus (the Mogador hinterland) in 1902, made some studies which are the only accessible popular material on the subject. They are in his book called *El-Moghreb*, and he has been thoughtful enough to add a good bibliography. But the Riff itself has had little attention from scientists — so little that the wildest conjecture is currently accepted by half-educated people to explain the existence of the race of Riffi Berbers. For instance, Abd el-Krim's brother-in-law, Mohammed bel Hadj Hitmi, told me last January that the Riffis were descended from Norsemen who landed on the coast of Alhucemas in the twelfth century. An American ethnologist, who studied the race only in stray examples found in peaceful French Morocco, told me the cranial indices of the Riffi were the same as those of the Nordic races.

Whether that is true or not, the fatal error of almost all the statesmen who

have tried to settle the Moroccan problem has been their unwillingness to recognize the racial distinction of the Riffis and their unquestioned superiority to the Arabs in the arts of peace or war. If Garcia Prieto, Romanones, Sanchez Guerra, and the rest of them had had any conception of it, they could never have embarked Spain upon this terrible adventure in northern Morocco.

The administration of the Spanish zone, as installed in the Djebala, the Rhomarra, and the Riff immediately after military occupation, is quite simple and very bad. The school system, except in Ceuta and Melilla, is left to the Arabs; except in the cases of the sons of powerful or wealthy chiefs, Spain does not consider the Arabs worth educating. The boys still recite the Koran at the top of their voices three or four hours a day, all at the same time, in little rooms in the Arab towns of Larache, Arzila, El-Ksar; but they would be doing it whether the Spanish were there or not.

In Ceuta and Melilla there are schools for all children, and since these two cities are legally Spanish the 'compulsory education' law technically applies; but it is enforced even less than in Spain. The subjects on the curriculum of the primary schools are sacred history (Bible stories and legends of the saints), catechism, the elements of arithmetic, and the Castilian language. Only about one third of the children of Ceuta and Melilla, of all races, go to school at all. In the rest of Spanish Morocco no educational system has been attempted by the Protectorate.

As to railroads, ports, bridges, culverts, and other public works the Spanish administration has been equally slack and incapable. So long as the Spanish Protectorate was only a cloak for German penetration there was some chance for a civilizing influence; the Germans made the beginnings in the years 1906–1914, but nothing has been done since. The port of Larache, constructed by the Germans in 1912, could be one of the most important in western Africa; when the war came and destroyed Germany's activity there, the Spanish did nothing. The port plans have never been completed, and trade is at a standstill. The important river at Larache is still covered by a pontoon bridge; since 1912 Spain has done nothing toward giving the town a modern bridge.

There are only two small railroads in all Spanish Morocco. One is the military road from Ceuta to Tetuan, a distance of about fourteen miles. It is a bad road, with narrow-gauge track and only three available engines for civilian service. The other is a comparatively good German-built road from Larache to El-Ksar, on which the German prewar vans are still used. Work on the Tangier-Fez railway, running through the Larache zone, has been almost at a standstill for years, so far as the Spanish are concerned; the French have long since practically completed their end of it, but Spain has dawdled.

There is no telephone or telegraph system except the line from Tangier to Larache and the military field telephones. There has never been a reliable postal service except between Larache and Tangier, and no civilian police has ever been established, outside the political secret service. There is no sanitary service or public-health service, and there is not a public hospital in the whole country. There is no inspection of food materials, no veterinary service, no regulation of the hasheesh traffic, no clinical or dispensary service of any sort for the abysmally ignorant and disease-ridden inhabitants. There are even no sewers in the whole country, except in the Spanish officers' club and hotel at Larache,

the private estate of a French royal princess near there, and the few Spanish residences in Tetuan.

The one remaining index of a civilizing movement is by far the most important — good roads. The Spanish since 1907 have built only two roads; one is from Tetuan to Sheshuan (Berenguer's work — a good road, built in 1920), and the other, a branch of the first, leads to Raisuli's old stronghold, Tazarut, in the Beni Arous country.

There are only two other European roads in all Spanish Morocco, for neither of which the Spanish can claim credit. One is the international road from Tetuan to Tangier, which the Spanish are supposed to maintain, but keep hopelessly out of repair; when I crossed it in December and January it was nothing better in spots than a bog trail, and it is so narrow that two Ford cars cannot pass on some of its turnings. The other road is the German-built road from Tangier to Larache, which runs into the French road to Rabat. This is, in fact, the only good road in the zone. It is fairly well maintained; but one road can hardly be held to constitute an *obra civilizadora*.

The failure — or, indeed, nonexistence — of Spanish civil administration in Morocco is surpassed in gravity only by the tyranny and incompetence of military rule. The axiom of the High Commissariat has always been that empires exist for the good of their military commanders, and the fortunes made by extortion from the native have bolstered up for many years Spain's military oligarchy in its demand for empire. Except perhaps Riquelme, the brilliant commander at Larache, none of the Spanish generals has exhibited any serious effort to learn how Arab populations should be handled; some of them, indeed, have shown — like Aizpuru — really colossal ignorance. The only one I have ever met, out of about sixteen, who speaks Arabic is Riquelme; most of them have no idea of the rudiments of an Islamic civilization. As a result the *Oficina Indigena* at Melilla, the military bureau for natives, has become a brutal institution for the extortion of money, information, and property from the very Arabs it was designed to help and govern.

Primo de Rivera, the unlucky heir to the Moroccan debacle Romanones and Alhucemas created, has never attempted to offer an explanation of this total failure of Spanish civil rule. At Tetuan last December I asked him once what good he expected the Protectorate to do either the Spaniards or the Moors. He shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, and answered with incredible naïveté: 'We want to do them good, but they won't let us!'

When I repeated this remark a month later in the Riff to Hamid Boudra, Abd el-Krim's war minister, that gruff Moslem answered it for me: 'They should conquer or get out.'

Therein is the discouraging upshot of the available wisdom on Spain's problem in Morocco: Miguel Primo declares — against his personal judgment, evidently, as he was always an opponent of the Moroccan adventure before he assumed power — that the civil administration wishes to help the Arabs, but cannot; the Arabs and Riffis declare they do not want Spain's help. Spain can only conquer or get out; the logic of imperialism does not permit such shabby expedients as Primo's present system, an administration that administers nothing and a protectorate that does not protect.

II

In French Morocco the spectacle is quite different. Marshal Lyautey, as Resident General at Rabat, has

established what is probably the most effective and benevolent despotism of modern times. Since 1917 he has established schools, built roads, founded hospitals, clinics, and civic services which would do credit to France itself; and wherever the French road-builders have gone they have brought the full development of civilization in their wake. One doubts if any imperialism since Rome has brought such miraculous results; certainly neither the British in Egypt nor the Americans in the Philippines, in spite of an extravagance of energy, have ever accomplished so much in such a short space of time.

Lyautey had no unified military resistance to overcome; the guerrillas of the Sus and the northern frontiers were easily handled. Road-building, the groundwork of empire, was in full tide by 1917. No observer could see the network of good roads the French have thrown over Morocco without a thrill of delight. The roads are unquestionably the best highways in the Eastern Hemisphere, taken as a whole system; only the special automobile-roads on Long Island and the Corniche road on the Riviera are better in the whole world, I believe. The work was accomplished with endless difficulty. When the building began, the Arabs used to descend at night and destroy all the work done during the day, killing the watchmen; some instinct told them that these broad highways of commerce would be the seal of France's dominion over them; but Lyautey only strengthened the road guard and pushed on with the work.

The contrast between the slovenly and ill-maintained Spanish roads, taken at their very best, and the broad, hard highway from the Spanish frontier to Rabat is like the contrast between the Spanish and French administrations in general. The network of good roads now covers the whole country as far north as Taza and Taourirt; the Chaouïa, Casablanca, Rabat, Fez, Marrakesh, Taza, Oudjda, Meknès, all the principal cities of the empire, are connected by the rapid motor-car services of the subsidized *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique*, over a route so extraordinarily beautiful that it is steadily becoming a greater favorite with those who travel for pleasure.

Lyautey's system of education — imposed not only without a demand from the Arabs, but against the will of almost all the French statesmen and functionaries — gives universal compulsory education in the primary schools, free facultative instruction in secondary schools, and a large number of free scholarships for university education. The curriculum is strictly secular; even in the private schools run by the nuns Lyautey has forbidden any interference with the religious beliefs of the pupils, and missionary activity is never forced upon the people.

In the secondary schools at Fez I stumbled upon a curious exhibition of liberalism: the Arab boys — all sons of better-class men in the *medina* — were being taught English by a cheerful little Frenchwoman, the wife of the local inspector of meat materials. Neither the Germans nor the English, to my knowledge, ever taught a rival nation's language in the secondary schools of a subject people; but Lyautey has adopted as his principle the idea that the Arabs must be educated as Europeans are educated, and as fully as possible.

The wisdom of the policy would seem to be apparent, but it is violently opposed by many of the French colonial authorities and most of the press. The movement here indicated is the same as that of the English Die-Hards against civil-service reform in India; the imperialists fear that the educated Arabs will seize the power when there comes to

be a sufficient number of them. Large sections of French colonial opinion would limit popular education to the rudiments, supplemented by vocational training, and would abolish specialized technical and classical education altogether; but Lyautey's prestige and authority have always downed all opposition so far.

The sanitary service in French Morocco has reached an equally high stage of development since 1917. Lyautey has spared no effort in the direction of public health, and the progress made in the service has been phenomenal considering the niggardliness and political ill-will the Marshal has often encountered in Paris. Fez alone has five free public clinics, seven hospitals, and three free public dispensaries. Mme. Lyautey, a woman of extraordinary energy, has founded maternity hospitals with private charity funds in all the principal cities, and personally directs the excellent one in Rabat. The Institute there makes serious and important studies in endemic diseases, and has taken great strides toward the cure of the so-called Moroccan fever, *paludisme*.

Social disease, of course, is the plague; in 1920 more than ninety per cent of the Arab children in the schools were syphilitic. This evil is being fought tooth and nail — a long, disheartening, terrible fight against the appalling ignorance of a superstitious people. The only parallel to this heroic struggle, in our time, is the American fight against leprosy in the Philippine Islands; but even leprosy, unless it is universal, can be no worse than syphilis which has become for centuries ingrained in a race. One sees dreadful sights in the streets of Rabat or Fez or Marrakesh even now; but progress has been made, and is being made every day.

Sewage systems, water supply, public sanitation services, and food inspection have been thoroughly organized all over French Morocco. Live stock is very carefully inspected, and every piece of meat put on the market in the cities has to be certified as from a healthy animal; for unfortunately disease, particularly tuberculosis, is almost as universal among the animals as it is among the Arabs themselves.

An indigenous civil police force — the Sultan's — is maintained with French officers; military service is not compulsory, as it is in Algeria; the ports of Rabat and Casablanca, particularly the former, have brought out the best efforts of some of the best engineers France possesses; and every evidence of ordinary life shows the hand of an organizing genius. The streets of even the labyrinthine Arab quarter of Rabat, for instance, are cleaner than those of Naples or Lisbon or Seville.

This is success in civil administration. It has been achieved by Lyautey and his chosen staff almost alone; the politicians in Paris have never helped and they have often hindered. M. Herriot, for instance, would probably have been glad to yield to the clamors of the Socialists and dismiss Lyautey from the Residency; but such a move has steadily become more impossible since 1917. The personal prestige of Lyautey is unique; nobody could hazard a guess as to what would happen in Morocco if he were to disappear, and it is a general opinion even in Paris that he is the one man France can never replace.

And therein lies the great weakness of France's political position to-day in the Shereefian Empire; it reposes to an astonishing extent on the personal authority of Lyautey. At times this has been an inestimable gain in economy of effort, in the efficiency of administration; but one must remember that Lyautey is seventy-two years old and will not live forever. His prestige

among the Arabs is tremendous; he maintains it intact because he understands their character so well. No morning comes when Lyautey is not up at six o'clock and on horseback; if he were not, some of the legend of his personality would be dissipated in Arab minds. He has infinite delicacy with infinite force; he campaigns mercilessly against the enemy, but once they are subdued he does everything to help them live better, more cleanly, and more happily. The great feudal princes of southern Morocco have more local autonomy with greater security than they could ever hope for from a lesser man; but they never take advantage of it because they fear Lyautey as much as they respect and, sometimes, love him. When the great market-place at Fez was destroyed by fire two years ago, Lyautey caused it to be replaced by an exact — though much cleaner! — replica, with all the shrines precisely as they were. His extraordinary delicacy in restoring shrines and maintaining Mohammedan religious monuments throughout the country has endeared him to large sections of the unthinking Arab people; he has always been almost feminine in his instinct for pleasing his critics, and knows how to ride in a *fantasia* as well as he knows how to conduct a successful campaign in mountain or desert.

Lyautey's absolute power, and much of his consequent success, are due to the fact that he speaks in the name of the Sultan, who is legally absolute monarch of all Morocco without constitutional check or any form of hindrance. No administrative decree of Lyautey's could be openly questioned even at Paris without great difficulty. The Sultan Mulay Hafid, whom Lyautey deposed and exiled to Spain for his pro-German activities, has been succeeded by his younger brother, Mulay Yussef; and, in the name of Mulay Yussef, Lyautey is now virtual sovereign. Even an opponent of the imperialist and absolutist principles must see that here they have reached their perfection; it is late in the game for it, of course, but Lyautey has made a real Pax Romana inside his frontiers. He has had sense enough to see that with forty thousand Frenchmen, most of them his own functionaries, he cannot colonize Morocco; he can only govern it. But he does govern; that alone is one of the conspicuous achievements of this century.

III

The beautiful shores of the bay of Alhucemas are peopled by a tribe called the Beni Warriagel — a race of blue-eyed, strong-limbed men and sturdy, unveiled women, the purest Riffis of the whole Riff. This tribe has produced the Mahdi of the present war, the redoubtable Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, called by Europeans by his father's name, Abd el-Krim.

Mohammed was born in Melilla about forty-two years ago, as nearly as he knows himself. His father, Abd el-Krim, was cadi for the Arabs in Melilla; Mohammed was educated as a Moorish lawyer. He also received Spanish instruction in Melilla, and visited Spain; his younger brother, M'hammed (there is only a slight difference in their names), was sent to Madrid to be educated as an engineer and mineralogist. The leader we call Abd el-Krim used to do some work for the *Oficina Indigena* in Melilla, and actually drew up some of the material for the study of concessionaires to the iron mines about Midhar, those he has since declared the property of his state.

After some supposed seditious intrigue against the Spanish, Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim was imprisoned at Melilla; he escaped, but injured his left leg so badly in doing so that he has been

a minor cripple ever since. He took to the hills of the Beni Warriagel, his own tribe; this must have been, I believe, in 1918, although neither he nor the Spanish seem to be sure of the year (the Arabs have no record of birth, death, or other dates). He had the whole Beni Warriagel tribe with him almost at once; it was easy to win over the adjacent tribes, and the guerrilla campaign, which had never really ceased, went into a new phase. With the arrival of the younger Abd el-Krim brother, in 1919 or 1920, the revolt was organized on a modern basis; all the tribes of the Riff had joined the movement by 1921, and in the spring of that year Abd el-Krim captured General Navarro and twenty thousand Spanish troops with all their equipment, arms, and ammunition. This is what Europe calls the Melilla disaster, which cost General Berenguer his position and definitely turned the tide against Spain in Morocco.

The military tactics of M'hammed, the younger of the two Abd el-Krim brothers, consisted in simply surrounding the Spanish forts which dotted the hills and starving them into an attempt to cut their way through, or into complete surrender. In 1920–1922 the policy was completely successful; the Spanish were compelled to withdraw from almost the whole Riff, placing their farthest outpost at Tizzi Azza for the defense of Melilla, and the Wad Lau line for the defense of Tetuan and Ceuta.

Then Abd el-Krim decided upon the move which has established him as the leader of the Islamic movement in North Africa. He carried the war into the Djebala, besieged Sheshuan at last, and drove the Spanish from all the fortified positions in the Wad Lau district.

In November 1924, Primo de Rivera initiated the necessary retreat. At that time the interior positions were isolated from all communication with one another, besieged by an invisible enemy. General Castro Girona went to the relief of Sheshuan, over that road Berenguer had so enthusiastically built in 1920. The 1923 campaign had filled the Djebala with Abd el-Krim's Riffi troops, courageous and well-trained; even Raisuli's tribesmen, the Beni Arous, did not hold faithful to Spain or to their chief. The retreat from Sheshuan was a crushing disaster for Spain; Madrid has denied it again and again, but I rode over the battlefields in January of this year, and the unburied dead were sufficient to answer the official fictions of the communiqués.

With the conquest of the Djebala the victory of Abd el-Krim in the Spanish zone was as complete as it was ever likely to get. Spain still holds Melilla and Ceuta, the presidios, and Tetuan, as well as the Tetuan-Tangier road and the triangle from Arzila to Larache and El-Ksar, as far over as the Beni Gorfet mountains. This is, one can be reasonably sure, an irreducible minimum; she could hardly hold less and be in Africa at all. The capture of Raisuli at Tazarut on January 19 ended all native opposition to Abd el-Krim's rule; and the caids from the Riff, who have swept over the Rhomarra and the Djebala in the name of Islam, have proclaimed their leader Sultan. For the first time since the twelfth century one government rules from Tangier to Melilla, over the whole interior.

And the government of Abd el-Krim, in spite of the ignorant assertions of the Madrid and Paris press, is a government. Nothing could be easier, or more false, than to assume that Abd el-Krim is a tribal chief ruling by traditional barbaric force. He has nothing in common with the Riffi bandit chiefs of the nineteenth century, or with the infamous and semisavage Raisuli. Even the clever intriguer, Abd el-Malek, who

was killed in Spain's service against Abd el-Krim last August after a lifetime spent in the service of Germany, was inferior to Mohammed in cleverness, as he was inferior in patriotism and sincerity.

The Abd el-Krims — for it is almost impossible to speak of one without the other — found the Riff mediæval and tribal, and have made it into a primitive but efficient example of what Jaurès called the *nation armée*. Every Riffi is a soldier; the tribal divisions have been supplanted by regular army divisions, and the Abd el-Krims have been astute enough to officer their regiments with men from widely separated tribes.

The unit of military organization is the *hamsaïn* (Arab word meaning fifty) or company, commanded by a *Caid el-hamsaïn* (chief of fifty). The smaller divisions are called *ashraïn* (twenty) and *hamsa-ashraïn* (twenty-five), with corresponding officers. The machine-gun companies are officered by four Germans, all deserters from the French and Spanish Foreign Legions; but they have taught the Riffis how to use machine-guns quite well enough, as the army of Castro Girona could testify. The official topographer to the younger Abd el-Krim is a German, but except for those five there are no Europeans in the service of the Riff. Two French civil aviators taught the Riffis all they know about airplanes, and their two Bréguets were certainly not bought without the knowledge of the French authorities in Algeria.

In one hamsaïn of the regular Riffi troops it is easy to find men from three or four different tribes, officered by caids from still different tribes; the object has been to break down tribal barriers, and it has largely succeeded.

Civil administration does not exist in our sense. Abd el-Krim has abolished the old communal system, and done away with the sheikhs, or heads of the subdivisions of tribes; nothing yet has been devised to take their place. In the meantime the caids of the army, directed by Abd el-Krim's wazirs, administer what justice, police, and fiscal systems are necessary to the primitive conditions of life in the Riff. There is no currency except Spanish silver; taxation is paid in kind, and many economic exchanges are simple barter. The political form of government is pure absolutism; the old feudal régime is gone, probably forever.

In this connection it is curious to observe what a change has come over the elder Abd el-Krim and his closest advisers since 1921. At first, it will be remembered, they called their organization the 'Riff Republic,' and attempted to carry on negotiations with English mining interests under that name. Three European correspondents have gone into the Riff since the Melilla disaster; the first was Mr. Ward Price of the London *Daily Mail*, in March 1924; the second was Mr. Scott Mowrer of the Chicago *Daily News*, in September 1924, and the third was myself, in the beginning of this year. To Mr. Price, Abd el-Krim talked like the constitutional ruler of an organized state; to Mr. Mowrer he seems to have talked like a struggling republican patriot; to me he talked like a victorious Sultan, an absolute and unquestioned monarch. The difference in tone came from the fact that when I was in the Riff Sheshuan and the whole Djebala had fallen; Abd el-Krim was triumphant from the zone of Tangier to the zone of Melilla, and his attitude had profoundly changed. He no longer made any effort to appeal to British or American opinion; three years of vain negotiations have proved to him that the Anglo-Saxon capitalists will not risk a dollar on the iron mines of the Riff until the whole situation is duly regularized by

international law. Abd el-Krim knows his people well enough to realize that absolute monarchy is all they are at present prepared for; and he has caused himself, finally, to be proclaimed Sultan with his brilliant younger brother, M'hammed, as heir apparent, defying the established tradition which makes only descendants of the Prophet eligible for royal power.

IV

Abd el-Krim lives in an unusually large Riffi house — almost a palace in comparison to the others — at Ait Kamara, about twenty miles inland from the bay of Alhucemas. I lived in his other house at Adjdir, five or six miles farther down toward the coast. Here, and later on my trip from the Riff through the Rhomarra and the Djebala to Tangier, I had sufficiently unusual opportunities for observation; and in the poverty of material on the subject I venture to offer an opinion. It is this: that the qualities and character of Abd el-Krim and his associates are formidably high, as high as those of Mustapha Kemal Pasha and his associates; and that any underestimation of their force would be fatal to the European cause in northern Africa.

Abd el-Krim has with him his brother-in-law, Sidi Mohammed bel Hadj Hitmi, who speaks French and went to Paris a year ago last February to negotiate with the Mannesmann and Stinnes interests under the very nose of the Quai d'Orsay. There is also Hamid Boudra, minister of war or *wazir el-harb*, a determined, keen-minded tribal chief with great prestige throughout the Riff; Mohammed Azarkhan, minister of foreign affairs, a clever man and an educated one, occupied in the endeavor to interest foreign capital; Abd el-S'lam el-H'Ktabi, of the immediate family of Abd el-Krim, who manages the finances of the state; and Liazid bel Hadj, who administers what civil administration there is in the way of road-building and domestic reform. These four wazirs, with the two Abd el-Krims and their brother-in-law, form the council of wazirs; Abd el-Krim the elder is the grand wazir, or has always assumed the functions.

These men have made some remarkable progress besides the organization of the Riffi army. Liazid bel Hadj, for instance, has wiped out slavery and the hasheesh traffic; the Negroes were freed at his instance in 1922. Hasheesh is no longer produced, except as contraband, anywhere in the Riff; and since the conquest of the Rhomarra and the Djebala the effort to repress the traffic has been undertaken there. Liazid has charge of the two thousand odd Spanish prisoners at Adjdir and Ait Kamara; he employs them in building roads, and the roads will be at least as good as the Spanish highways when they are completed. A military telephone system, first established across the Riff from Midhar to Adjdir last November, now connects all the posts from Ait Kamara to Beni Boufra, down the coast to Wad Lau, and down the river Lau to Targhzuit, the western headquarters of the younger Abd el-Krim, and the holy city of Sheshuan.

The telephones, by the way, are French; it is curious how the French authorities have always winked at the smuggling of supplies across the eastern frontier to Abd el-Krim, who should by law be their enemy. There are many French rifles (Saint-Étienne make) in the Riffi army, and French machine-guns and light mountain cannon (Schneiders), all brought across from Algeria. The irony of it is that these French engines of destruction, constituting about one third, and the best third, of the Riffi military equipment last January, are now being used on the French themselves.

The important and final fact about Abd el-Krim's power is its religious significance.

In the beginning, perhaps, no move was made by Abd el-Krim or his immediate advisers to create a situation of 'holy war,' or *djehad*, against the Christian invader; in fact, the Riffi people itself, fanatically insular and thoroughly Moslem though it be, never seemed to me a race with strong enough mystic aspiration to feel the genuine djehad spirit as it is displayed among the Arabs. For crusades or djehads, history would seem to indicate, the Semitic and Latin races are more adapted, as being more likely to lose individual consciousness in the mystic mass-spirit. The Riff tribes are warlike and redoubtable enough, but in a jovial and hearty way, like the Rhineland barons of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They have none of the Oriental morbidity of hatred, none of the ecstasy of the East; they seem, as the scientists believe they are, Nordic. They call the Spaniard '*kelb roumi*' (Christian dog), but it is without any unpleasantly hateful conviction; and they treat Spanish prisoners well enough.

The Riffi, as I saw him in camp, at home, and on trail, is a simple soul, like an English North Country peasant, abysmally ignorant and insular, but possessed of all the essential virtues, with good-humor and friendliness thrown in.

The mixed Moroccan Arab is an entirely different person — lying, thieving, rapacious, intense, fanatically religious, and cruel by instinct. Every Arab I knew in the uncivilized or unprotected areas was cruel to everything and everybody but his horse, and even then the exception was not universal. With the victories of 1921, this type of savage or semisavage Arab was attracted to the banner of Abd el-Krim; the rumor of the new overlord's triumphs spread through the hills with untold exaggeration, and the superstitious border Arabs grew to look on the Riffi chief as a sort of new champion of Islam — a reincarnation, some of the scribes will tell you, of the great Abdallah who conquered Africa for God and the Prophet.

At the intermediate stage of Abd el-Krim's development (1921–1923) the religious impulse, coming like the original djehad out of the fanaticism of the most primitive, surrounded and enveloped the purely nationalistic modern movement the Abd el-Krim brothers had begun. I am convinced that neither of the brothers initiated the djehad or contributed to the superstitious legend now built up about them; but the Riffi caids, recruiting among the border Arabs, have always used what arguments they could. The scribes, or men who can read and write, — there is one at least in every tribe, — helped greatly in the rapid development of a djehad movement; they spend most of their time chanting the Koran to the fighting men, or leading them in their endless prayers. It was the scribes of the French border who invented the chanting appellation I heard applied often to Abd el-Krim: 'Mulay Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, Sultan el-Islam, djder b'ba Spanol.' (Our Lord Mohammed, son of the Slave to the Generous One, Sultan of Islam, Breaker of Spanish Heads.)

Whether the Abd el-Krims themselves descended to the exploitation of this fanaticism or not, only history can tell, if indeed the truth ever is known; but at any rate by last summer the religious legend had already prevailed. Hordes of Arab tribesmen were enrolled in the cause of Abd el-Krim, and certainly they all thought they were fighting in the name of Islam against Christendom. In the Metalsa tribe on the

French border last January, when I was kept prisoner there some eleven days, I saw innumerable evidences of this; the caids told me that any man who died fighting for Islam would go straight to Paradise, whatever his previous sins, while a Spaniard was predestined to Hell, whatever his virtues. The chief of the tribe, Hamid ben Dada, offered, kindly enough, to catch some Spaniards for me some day and let me kill them; in this wise, he said, I could win eternal salvation.

This type of Arab has never changed, apparently, since the Hegira; the spirit is beneath the lowest level of human consciousness in Europe, and yet in another way infinitely above anything our civilizations have developed. It has at least the white-hot intensity which moves masses of people to reckless sacrifice; and consciously or unconsciously the Abd el-Krim brothers are using it for their immediate aims, which are to precipitate a settlement of the whole Moroccan question.

They both told me repeatedly that their only enemy was Spain, and their struggle exclusively national; in the absence of evidence to the contrary, there is no reason to doubt them.

What Abd el-Krim wants is a regularization of his situation, a recognition of his sovereignty over the Riff, the Rhomarra, and most of the Djebala. If the Powers would consent to this he is quite willing to compromise on the Larache zone, would satisfy England by leaving the Angera country on the Straits alone, and would pledge a genuine peace with France. He would have to have a rational frontier on the French side, however, and not a madhouse line drawn in the air as Delcassé drew the present frontier, running through tribes and villages and sometimes in the middle of houses.

In February I brought these suggestions to Primo de Rivera in Madrid. Primo seemed willing enough to negotiate, but made his primary condition of an armistice the 'disarmament' of the Riff and the recognition in some form or other of the authority of the Sultan Yussef. I sent a detailed account of Primo's answer and his supplementary statements to M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, through an agent of his in Tangier. The disarmament proposal was manifestly unacceptable, and the conversation Primo suggested with M'hammed never took place.

What has happened now — the invasion of French Morocco by Riffi and Arab troops — can have but one meaning: unable to obtain any regularization of his position, Abd el-Krim wishes to push the French into proposing a general settlement of the Moroccan problem. The brothers Abd el-Krim are far too intelligent to suppose they can ever defeat the French in the field; but they know they can oblige France to exert great force to repel their raids, and they further know that France would never dare attack the Riff country itself. To all intents and purposes, the Riff is an unconquerable country, and is so considered by the best French strategists. Only the folly of the Paris politicians or the excitable Paris press could ever work up enough pressure to make Lyautey attack the Riff; it is a hornet's nest from which France could never extricate herself. Lyautey and Cambay, the two officers most directly concerned, would never think of such an invasion under actual conditions.

It is incontrovertible that the present stage of the Abd el-Krim movement has the force of a djehad; and here arises the unanswerable question: How far can the French trust their native troops or their subject populations? One reads in the newspapers now that Lyautey has twenty-five thousand men only. (I am sure it is eighty thousand, but the disposition of troops may have

changed since February.) Is it generally realized that these troops are almost all Moslem — Moroccan and Algerian Arabs for the most part? And that the French have only forty thousand men and women of their own race in Morocco to govern a population of possibly forty millions? Anything like a general Islamic revolt, uniting the already combatant troops of the Riff to the wild Berbers of the Sus and the Bedouins to the south, with even partial participation of the peoples in central Morocco, would mean catastrophe to the French empire in Africa.

One hesitates to believe that Abd el-Krim would thus, like Samson, shake the temple down. It is more likely that he wishes no such thing, and would be more than content if the French would consent to propose a general conference.

In such a conference, in which Abd el-Krim intends to be represented on an equal footing with the Powers, the Riff would demand its sovereign rights over the largest part of the Spanish zone. With its independence recognized, the Riff would be free to exploit its immense iron and copper wealth unencumbered; the ridiculous machinery of the treaty of Algeciras, and the paper-economics established under that instrument, would be swept away. France would come out of it a great deal more securely established than before; England would benefit by the proposed enlargement of the international zone of Tangier; and Spain would be relieved at last of the dreadful burden of incessantly disastrous war. This is the solution the Abd el-Krim brothers wish to see; it will never be easy to bring about, of course. England and France know the Riff has been flirting with the colossi of the German steel industry; Spain is unwilling to sacrifice her last vestige of empire on the altar of common-sense; France is uneasy lest any gesture of conciliation be interpreted by Islam as a gesture of weakness; Italy, bitterly disappointed and dissatisfied at Tangier and in Tunisia, will be sure to make unexpected demands. But in the present confusion there is no health to any party in the struggle; only continued war or worse — revolution — can result eventually from the unprincipled and immoral adhesion to the treaties of 1902–1912. Only a new conference, a clean sweep, can clarify the issues and establish a new statute which all nations can unhesitatingly approve.

THE GERMAN PEOPLE AND THEIR LOST COLONIES

BY EVANS LEWIN

I

NOTHING affected the German national esteem so deeply as the loss of the German colonies, based as this loss was upon charges of brutality and maladministration on the part of those who were responsible for the welfare of the natives. After this lapse of time one may see events in a truer perspective than was possible during the furor of the Great War. But the passage of time has not softened the charges that were then made against the Germans — they are only forgotten or seen in their relationship with the present-day needs of a great community struggling to retrieve the disasters of the past. So far from the German colonial movement having been destroyed by the war, the contrary is the case, and Germany to-day is in the full swing of a national awaking comparable with the great colonial effort of forty years ago when the Prussian helmet was first donned officially under the African sun.

Not the retrocession of Alsace-Lorraine, nor the loss of the German Fleet, nor the occupation of the Rhineland, touched Germany so deeply as the so-called 'rape' (*Kolonialraub*) of her colonial possessions. Here, indeed, was a betrayal that affected the national honor; for it was held that this great militarized empire was unworthy to manage naked barbarians and that the iron heel of officialdom had ground down those who should have been lifted in the scale of civilization. This has been characterized as a deliberate lie, a propagandist idea fostered in order to make way for the mandatory system under which nations encharged with the administration of native races become the mandatories of the League of Nations and responsible, at any rate in theory, to a body supposedly much more powerful than themselves. In any case Germany was held to be unworthy of this responsibility, and the charge has rankled deeply in the national consciousness.

But it may be doubted whether such a charge, involving the 'rape' of her colonies, would have stirred so profoundly the German imagination but for the fact that Germany, in common with most other European nations, is engaged in a continuous and deadly struggle — not less real because it is so seldom realized — for the control of raw materials and foodstuffs. At a swoop vast potential resources were taken away from her and handed, under the disguise of 'mandates,' to rivals in the economic warfare of the present day. In spite of the fact that Germany is now experiencing no difficulty in obtaining adequate supplies of raw materials for her revived industries, and that the dead city of the war, Hamburg, is throbbing with reawakened energy and rapidly resuming her pre-war eminence as a colonial port, no true German will believe that his Fatherland can again be great and prosperous without full control of tropical products for use in its industries. This fact — and it is

a fact that is experienced to-day by other nations as well as Germany — is alone sufficient to account for the remarkable colonial revival during the past few years, without the added incentive of the so-called 'colonial lie' which so deeply touched German honor.

A Germany without colonial possessions and the ownership of reserves of raw materials is a Germany shorn of itself. Although the German colonial empire was less than forty years old at the time of its premature death, the desire — the imperious need, if one will — for colonies had become deeply engrained in the national character. It was not for nothing that for fifty or sixty years colonial propagandists had stumped the country in an endeavor, entirely successful in the sequel, to awaken the torpid German imagination to a realization of the value of colonies to an industrial nation that was about to lead the world and, eventually, to dominate the two hemispheres. The colonial seed was sown from Hamburg to Königsberg — both great names in German colonial history — and the result was the first German colonial empire. I say 'first' advisedly, for no one can believe that Germany will remain permanently without overseas territorial possessions. Although none can at present foresee where these future 'plantations' (again the word is used advisedly) can be raised without another world-upheaval, there can be no reasonable doubt that a great and increasing nation, although now at the nadir of its power, will not forever remain in a position of inferiority to much weaker and less progressive neighbors or even to the two greatest colonial Powers — France and Great Britain. The future is in the lap of the gods, but the colonial movement tending toward this future is now bursting the bonds of self-restraint imposed by the Peace Treaty, and from end to end of Germany there is an active propaganda for the return of her colonies.

It is difficult for those who have not followed the trend of opinion in Germany to realize how this colonial virus has entered into and spread throughout the whole body politic. It might have been thought, perhaps, that the colonial enthusiasts were but a small and insignificant body, making, it is true, a great noise, but not otherwise counting in the policy of a great nation. This idea, however, is contrary to fact, for from the President downward there is scarcely a leading politician who has not presided over or spoken at public meetings held in favor of rebuilding the lost fleet or regaining the lost colonies. The two ideas, indeed, are closely connected; but here we are chiefly concerned with the colonial movement and the foundations upon which it is built.

The fortieth anniversary, celebrated in April 1924, of the foundation of the German colonial empire was the occasion of a great outburst of popular enthusiasm. The memory of one Adolf Lüderitz — who in 1884 hoisted the German flag on the barren shores of Southwest Africa, received the support of Bismarck, and started the overseas empire — evoked more than adequate recognition throughout the Reich. Hitherto the movement had been quietly, though industriously, directed; but the celebration of the Colonial Commemoration Day (*Kolonialgedenktag*) was a great event in all those cities — Hamburg, Munich, Strassburg, Bremen, Frankfort, and Berlin — in which the colonial idea had taken root previous to the war. Prior to the actual celebration numerous colonial journals issued in Germany had resumed publication. A nation without colonies can still maintain an excellent colonial review, *Koloniale*

Rundschau, and publish several colonial newspapers, such as *Der Kolonialdeutsche* and *Afrika-Nachrichten*, as well as support a most active and aggressive colonial society, the Deutsche Kolonialgesellschaft, which, through its branches, has organized innumerable meetings and conferences in the chief cities of Germany. Moreover, in association with other groups, such as the Arbeitsgemeinschaft of Munich, and with societies of former colonial soldiers, a general federation of all the colonial bodies, Koloniale Reichsarbeitsgemeinschaft, was formed, which at a later period organized a great colonial congress and exhibition held in the City Hall of Berlin on the seventeenth and eighteenth days of September last. Coincident with this unofficial enthusiasm was the creation, on April 1, 1924, of a colonial section at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, composed of fifteen officials for whom a credit of 156,000 marks was anticipated in the budget of the Ministry. These are facts — and the details might be multiplied easily — that demonstrate the existence of a directed movement of colonial expansion that entails a demand for the restitution of the German colonies.

Although this demand has not yet been put forward officially as the considered policy of the German people, it has been formulated in such a way as to leave no room for doubt as to the ultimate policy of successive German governments. It was not merely a *ballon d'essai* when the Foreign Minister, Herr Stresemann, writing to the Secretary-General of the League of Nations on December 12, 1924, stated that his country was prepared to enter the League under certain conditions and that 'Germany, who since her defeat has been excluded from all colonial activities, expects that in due time she will be given an active share in the working of the mandatory system.' This official declaration, of first-rate and far-reaching importance, was fathered by no less important a person than Dr. Marx, who at the Congress of the Centre Party, on October 27, said that the claim of the Fatherland to recognition as a free nation 'involved the establishment of a Greater Germany, in the bosom of which would be found again all the German nation and into which our colonies would again be drawn in order that this Germany should have markets for its merchandise and a supply of raw materials.' This statement was in itself forced upon the German Chancellor by the Federation of Colonial Societies, which had been engaged in active propaganda for this purpose.

The actual result of all this colonial activity is that Germany to-day is little different politically, so far as this question is concerned, from what she was during the period coinciding with the first outburst of enthusiasm for colonial enterprises in the early nineties. The leaders of German thought are again to the fore in all kinds of active propaganda, from the issue of stamps bearing the portraits of colonial heroes, such as Von Lettow-Vorbeck, and letter paper with the legend '*Deutschland, hole deine Kolonien*,' — that is to say, 'Germany, retake your colonies,' — to the organization of great meetings and demonstrations, presided over by well-known politicians, and the holding of lectures and exhibitions in the State schools. At the request of the Prussian Ministry of Public Instruction, the colonial idea (*Kolonialgedanke*) has been placed definitely before the pupils, through the agency of the Deutsche Kolonialgesellschaft, which has furnished subjects for discussion, documents, lantern slides, and moving pictures, and paid the traveling expenses of the lecturers. Among the

subjects of debate have been the following: The Colonial Lie; A Day in the Plantations of German East Africa; The German Woman in Our Colonies; Under the Flag of Lettow-Vorbeck; and Life in Our Colonies. It is clear that no nation that had accepted the status quo as a permanent condition would be engaged in this active propaganda, and the coping stone has recently been placed on the propagandist edifice by the establishment, in connection with the Reichstag, of an Inter-Party Colonial Union, under the Presidency of Dr. Bell, Vice-President of the Reichstag, for the preparation of Parliamentary action in Germany and abroad.

II

Before referring to the leaders of this movement it will be well to consider the bases of German propaganda at the present time. It is divided into three principal streams, inclusive of the three problems with which the German people, politically, are chiefly concerned. All of them arise out of the settlement by the Treaty of Versailles and, presumably, can be disposed of only by a revision of that Treaty and the entry of Germany into the League of Nations. With the fight against the so-called 'lie of German responsibility for the war' we are not concerned, except to state that on this question the educational staffs of the universities have responded with what may almost be regarded as well-drilled alacrity, so that Europe has been inundated with statements designed to show that Germany was guiltless in responsibility for the war. With the second question, the struggle for the protection of the German race in neighboring countries, we are equally unconcerned, as this fight is but a continuation of the pre-war irredentist policy succinctly summed up by the word 'Pan-Germanism.' But with the fight against the 'lie of German incapacity in matters of colonization' and for the recovery by Germany of her lost colonies, all signatories of the Treaty of Peace are intimately concerned, and it is well, therefore, to consider briefly the statements that are put forward as a basis for argument.

A pamphlet written by Dr. Heinrich Schnee, former Governor of German East Africa, and published for English consumption under the title of 'The German Colonies under the Mandates,' and a special number of the *Süddeutsche Monatshefte* containing another article by the same writer, may be taken as typical of these publications, of which many might be cited.

In the former, Dr. Schnee enters the plea that because mandatory government has been a failure the colonies should be returned to Germany. 'The mandates,' he writes, 'have proved a great failure. The present conditions in those colonies are in every way much worse and cannot be compared with what they were under German control. These former German possessions are being thoroughly ruined, not only economically, but ethically and socially. Especially fatal for the natives are the awful consequences of the lack of sanitary conditions to control the ravages of the terrible tropical diseases and epidemics. The natives are extremely dissatisfied with their mandatories. One must come to the conclusion that the only possible solution of the problem is to return the colonies to their rightful owner — Germany.'

In the latter, Dr. Schnee dwells upon the excellencies of the Germans as colonial administrators. 'Germany,' he states, 'has been despoiled of her colonies by a lie. There has been a triple deception. Germany was deceived by invoking the fourteen points of Wilson, in order to justify a rape, pure

and simple; the natives of the colonies have been deceived by omitting to consult them; finally the public has been deceived by speaking of a pretended incapacity of the Germans to colonize. The Germans were, on the contrary, good administrators. Their colonies were prosperous and their subjects loved them. They never created in their colonies military ports as did the English, nor militarized the natives as did the French. It was other people, not the Germans, who illtreated the natives. Germany has shown herself civilizing and full of humanity. Under foreign administration the colonies have commenced to be in jeopardy. They will recover only when Germany is again confided with the task of administering them.'

The German argument for the possession of colonies may be divided into three heads. Germany wants colonies (1) in order to provide homes for her surplus population and openings for officials and traders; (2) to produce the raw materials and foodstuffs needed by her vast industrial population; and (3) so that as a great nation she can free herself from the stigma of incompetence, for 'no great nation, if it is to be free and self-respecting, can be deprived permanently of colonial possessions.'

With regard to the first of these arguments, it can be admitted that Germany has now as much need of colonies to absorb her surplus population as at any time since the foundation of the Empire. German emigration now exceeds the total in 1892, and last year over 115,000 emigrants left the Fatherland to be absorbed by the United States, the Argentine, Brazil, and Paraguay. It is evident, however, that this argument cannot be applied to the 'rape' of her former possessions, as Germany has never had colonies of settlement, in contradistinction to plantation colonies, with the possible exception of Southwest Africa, where the white population was only about 15,000 previous to the war.

The second argument is a telling and effective one, although it has been remarked above that there has been an extraordinary revival in German industries, in spite of the fact that Germany owns territorially no present sources of raw materials. The third argument is based upon national *amour propre* and is undoubtedly more difficult to answer than the others. It is evident that a proud, self-willed, and stubborn people must feel very keenly its moral inferiority to the rest of the world in not being permitted to own colonial territory.

In putting forward these arguments the colonial enthusiasts make two statements, both of which can be easily and effectively answered. The first is that the Allied nations accepted a deliberate lie when they agreed that German colonial administration was notoriously bad and inefficient so far as the natives were concerned, and the second is that the mandatory government now in force in these colonies is more inefficient and disastrous than the former German administration. It is not necessary to enter into any discussion of German colonial methods prior to the war. Their maladministration in many respects has been proved up to the hilt. The natives were illtreated and terrorized over large districts, and the Germans, with notable exceptions, had not learned — perhaps a long and painful lesson for all colonizing nations — that tropical administration requires humanity as well as scientific skill. In all the German colonies the policy of trusteeship for native races had not been frankly admitted, with the consequence that the natives were regarded rather as cogs in the German economic wheel than as human beings with

rights and feelings of their own. No European nation is guiltless in this matter, but of recent years the idea of trusteeship has been more and more clearly defined, notably by such great administrators as Sir Frederick Lugard in Nigeria, until it is recognized to-day as the keynote of European policy in Africa. In this respect Germany lagged behind, unfortunately for herself and for the natives then under her charge.

This policy, which is in reality the only effective answer to those who would question the right of Europeans to administer territories not their own, was finally laid down as the basis of our position in East Africa in the Kenya White Paper of 1923. 'As in the Uganda Protectorate, so in the Kenya Colony,' it was stated, 'the principle of Trusteeship for the Natives no less than in the Mandated Territory of Tanganyika is unassailable.' Mr. Ormsby-Gore, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, has recently elaborated this statement in a notable utterance which may be summed up as follows. The tremendous impact involved in the juxtaposition of white civilization, with its command over material force and its comparatively high and diversified social system, on the primitive peoples of Eastern Africa (and Western Africa, too) has involved a revolution in their modes of life and thought. In order to justify this revolution imposed from without, European nations now recognized a principle of trusteeship embodying duty toward the natives, duty toward the world as trustees for very rich territories so that they may be developed for the use of the whole community, and duty toward the settlers, one of which duties is the development among them of a community sense in contradistinction to the selfish individualism of the past. 'Britain will not be judged at the bar of history by the work of Government and missionaries alone,' it is stated in the recent report of the East Africa Commission; 'the trusteeship lies really upon the shoulders of every man and woman of European race in Africa. It is in very truth a white man's burden, and all Europeans in Africa must share in the work.' These words put forward a theory of government that was not practised by Germany, and for that reason Germany was found wanting at the bar of history.

The second charge adumbrated by the new school of enthusiasts, that mandatory government has entirely failed to justify itself, may be completely answered by a study of the present position of Germany's greatest colony, or that part of it now known as the Tanganyika Territory. In accepting the mandate for Tanganyika, H. M. Government undertook a great task which can be properly performed only if the mandate is a permanent one. Unfortunately the opinion was at one time prevalent in East Africa and elsewhere that the mandates might be withdrawn, and this belief led to a considerable hesitation on the part of those who were prepared to aid in the re-establishment of the country. Fortunately a statement has recently been issued that the mandate is not for a limited period, and that it cannot be abrogated without the unanimous consent of the Powers represented on the Council of the League of Nations and of the Allied and Associated Governments, including France and America, to whom Germany renounced her rights under Article 119 of the Treaty of Versailles and who conferred the mandate on Great Britain. It is thus clear that, except in the unlikely event of grave mismanagement of the natives, the position of Great Britain or of any other country as a mandatory is assured.

III

The mandated territories in Africa consist of four groups: Togoland, the greater part of which has been allotted to France; Cameroons, of which France has received about five sixths; Southwest Africa, which is administered by the Government of the Union of South Africa; and the former German East Africa, now divided into the Tanganyika Territory, administered by Great Britain, and Ruanda-Urundi, administered by Belgium. It is the Tanganyika Territory that generally provides the text for German criticism. It should be frankly admitted that in certain respects British administration has not reached the standard attained by the Germans, although great progress is being made to remedy initial errors, due to a too rigid economy with regard to precisely those aspects of administration in which the Germans took, and rightly took, the greatest pride.

A great want of intelligent foresight was shown when such an admirable scientific institution as the Amani Research Institute, which was founded in 1902 and upon which the German Government had expended £120,000, was practically closed down. This was a tropical scientific experiment station superior to anything in the British Colonies and Protectorates and comparable only with the Indian research institute at Pusa or the similar Dutch institution at Buitenzorg in Java. Here a remarkable work had been done by the Germans in investigating all kinds of products likely to be of service in developing their colonies. Provisions have now been made for the reëstablishment of this institute. This, in connection with the really admirable work done by the Medical and Sanitary Departments and the Agricultural and Veterinary Departments, which employ a large European and native staff working in coöperation with the Department of Education, should finally remove a just cause of complaint on the part of the Germans. In all other respects Tanganyika has made such remarkable progress that Dr. Schnee's indictment may now be completely refuted.

Any criticism of mandatory administration in Africa should be tempered by the reflection that at the time of the Peace these territories had been devastated by war and their administration had been seriously impeded. This was especially the case in East Africa. We must imagine a country, twice the size of the German Empire with the addition of its shorn provinces, containing nearly eight million natives, which, when the Belgians and British assumed administration, had been ravaged by four years of almost continuous warfare. Over this vast area the contending forces had marched and countermarched. The railways had been torn up and practically destroyed; the bridges were broken down; the plantations were running wild and derelict; trade was almost at a standstill; and, above all, such of the natives as had been drawn into the industrial net were rapidly reverting to idleness and apathy and had to some extent lost their respect for the white man, although they had gained a lively idea of his material power. So rapidly does Africa revert, both spiritually and materially, that it would be only a slight exaggeration to state that in Tanganyika much had to be done *de novo*.

Into this chaos of economic stagnation and spiritual backsliding it was the task of the mandatory administration to introduce order, to renew all forms of educational work, to restart the plantations, and to reërect a new economic system upon the ruined German administration. It was a great

effort, even to so successful an administrator as Great Britain; for officials had to be drawn from the depleted staffs of other colonies, who were necessarily unversed in conditions in Tanganyika, and a new administration had to be built up almost from the beginning. In East Africa it was not a question of the withdrawal of an occupying force and the substitution of another force equally efficient. It was a question of the creation of an entirely new army of organization.

The result of this change, although not yet a complete success, speaks volumes for the methods that have been employed; and there can be little doubt that Tanganyika in nearly every respect is fully equal to what it was under German control, and in some matters is certainly superior. From the material point of view it is already the greatest exporter of sisal hemp within the British Empire, ranks third in the export of sesame or 'sim-sim,' fourth in the export of ground-nuts and cotton, and fifth in copra. The export figures for 1923, allowing for the increase of prices, were rapidly approaching, even if they did not exceed, the pre-war total of the whole of German East Africa, being £1,657,601 (not including reëxports, a very large feature in the Tanganyika trade), compared with the German total of £1,121,888 in the year 1911. But these remarkable results were eclipsed last year when there was a further increase of 60 per cent — an increase shown by the exports of no other country in the world.

Even the Germans, with their keen economic sense, can scarcely regard the above result as unsatisfactory; and it is mainly because they realize the great economic value of this vast territory that they are to-day so keen on obtaining a revision of the Treaty that was forced upon them.

Financially conditions in this part of East Africa are not entirely satisfactory, in view of the large grant that has to be made from Imperial funds; but it must be borne in mind that large sums have had to be expended on many forms of renovation, and that with the increase of railways — the prime factor in all African progress, for which there is no substitute — there will be a further advance in prosperity. In the recent report of the East African Commission stress is laid upon the building of new railways and the improvement of harbors, and these works will almost certainly be undertaken in the near future. Already, however, Dr. Schnee's remark that 'the natives are poverty-stricken because the possibility of selling their produce has been taken from them on account of the cessation of export' has been completely falsified, while from the purely educational standpoint sufficient advance has been made in the reëstablishment of schools to justify the statement of the independent Phelps-Stokes investigation that 'the Government has made commendable progress in the reorganization of schools during the last three years. Genuine effort has been made to relate the school work to the conditions and needs of the people, especially as regards health and agriculture.' It is not possible to describe here what has been done in the other mandated territories to justify the change in administration, but it is sufficiently evident that a clear case can be established that this change has been justified by its results in spite of the fact that these countries were taken over in a state of collapse and during an unparalleled period of world-depression.

As has been remarked, the new colonial movement in Germany is ably directed by individuals who are accorded the powerful support of the State. Many of the leaders of this movement

have played an important part in the development of the former German colonies and are ready to establish others wherever and whenever it is possible to do so. Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg, for instance, a former Governor of Togoland, a distinguished African traveler, and a brother of the Prince Consort of the Netherlands, recently attempted to secure a concession of the greater part of the Dutch portion of New Guinea, so that there could be established there a great chartered company, enjoying almost sovereign rights. Unfortunately for the success of what was a well-conceived plan, this project was decisively rejected by the Government of the Netherlands East Indies, in spite of, and perhaps because of, the active support of Dr. Helfferich, brother of the late leader of the German Nationalist Party. This avenue being closed, at any rate for the present, there can be no doubt that political explorations accompanied by economic activities will be pursued in other directions, with the support of such national heroes as General von Lettow-Vorbeck, who took so distinguished a part in the defense of East Africa, Dr. Marx, the late Chancellor, Dr. Solf, the last Colonial Minister of the old empire, Dr. Schnee, and a host of lesser worthies. The roots of German colonialism are too deep to be eradicated and, whatever opinion one may hold as to the desirability of Germany again becoming a colonial power, there can be as little doubt that her call for colonies is a genuine one as there can be that it must arouse the sympathies, though not necessarily the coöperation and aid, of all fair-minded observers.

BAITING THE CHURCH IN FRANCE

BY DENIS GWYNN

I

NOTHING is more surprising in French politics than the fact that the Government which came into power after M. Poincaré's downfall should have added enormously to its extreme financial difficulties by reviving the old religious feuds, which had so divided France before the war that the German militarists were able to count upon France being unprepared to resist attack. The explanation is to be found only in the history of French party politics, and in the deep-rooted anticlerical tradition that still animates Radical and Socialist politicians. And although the French Catholics remain a relatively small minority of the whole people, and although in the municipal elections which were held at the beginning of May they lost ground even in the districts where their resistance to the revival of anticlericalism has been most successfully organized, yet it is not too much to say that M. Herriot's arbitrary resumption of hostilities against the Church contributed largely to his own downfall.

The situation is complicated and requires some explanation. M. Herriot's

conflict with the Catholics arose chiefly through his insistence upon three measures, which were in themselves admittedly only an installment of his full intentions if he had been able to carry out his programme. His first declaration of policy after forming his Government last year announced in the forefront of his programme that he would abolish the Embassy to the Vatican, which had been restored by M. Briand when he was Prime Minister and leader of the Bloc National. It announced also that the pre-war laws directed against the religious congregations, which had fallen into abeyance during the war, would be strictly enforced again. And he announced further that the recovered provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, which had been allowed to live under a special régime that gives them freedom to have separate denominational schools for each of the churches, — Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, — would be asked to accept the same system as has long been in force in the rest of France.

Each of these proposals was certain to evoke a great deal of hostility. There was no reason whatever for adopting them at a time of international crisis, except to gratify the doctrinaire opinions of the parties of the Left. There was everything to be said in favor of leaving matters as they were, at any rate until the Government was no longer dependent upon the good-will of all French citizens for the renewal of the vast internal loans which fall due for redemption this year and in the near future. But M. Herriot deliberately set about enforcing by stages the full policy of his party. The result has been to create an enormous amount of friction all over France and to discourage the Catholics, who include many of the large landowners and a multitude of thrifty peasants, from investing their money in the public loans.

So, when he was finally faced with a financial crisis that had left the Treasury almost entirely without resources even to meet its current expenditure, M. Herriot as a last resort called upon the one conspicuous member of his own party who had persistently opposed this policy of reviving the old feud with the Church, Senator de Monzie, and asked him to become Finance Minister. M. de Monzie insisted before accepting the office that he would do so only if M. Herriot would agree to retain at the Vatican a diplomatic representative of real distinction who, even if he did not rank as an ambassador, should at least be an effective diplomatic agent for the whole of France. M. Herriot had to capitulate and M. de Monzie became his Finance Minister. But the mischief had already been done and the Government fell within a few days. M. Herriot had to make way for M. Painlevé, who, it is true, had been actively identified with the policy of reviving the trouble with the Church, but is admittedly only a figurehead.

The new Government includes at least three men of outstanding importance who are all committed to opposing any measures which tend to outrage Catholic feeling. M. de Monzie has gone to the Ministry of Education and will therefore be in charge of the delicate question of the schools in Alsace and elsewhere. M. Briand, who himself restored diplomatic relations with the Vatican, has become Foreign Minister; and both he and M. Caillaux, who has returned to public life to try to restore financial solvency, are men of much greater importance than the Prime Minister. M. Caillaux has all his life been strongly anticlerical; but there is little doubt, since his whole career now depends upon his success in restoring the French finances, that he will oppose any measures which would give the Catholics a definite grievance against the Government.

Yet, though the newly formed Government thus seems unlikely to pursue the policy of attacking the Catholics, the trouble between the State and the Church is far from having been ended. For one thing, the average duration of French governments is less than twelve months, and the future of this present Government cannot but be stormy. The municipal elections have changed the situation by confirming and strengthening the mandate given to the Bloc des Gauches. Many important cities were actually won from the Conservatives, and the final results show that the Left has gained as a whole much ground and lost almost none. But the most striking feature of the elections was the decisive victory of the Socialists, who hold the balance of power in the Chamber of Deputies. They won ground from the Radicals, who are less extreme, and also from the Communists, who, after the first results had shown that they were faring very badly, withdrew their candidates in most districts and agreed to support the Socialists instead. Consequently the Painlevé Government is still subject to the same dictation which the Socialists were able to exercise upon M. Herriot; while the Socialists have gained so substantially at the recent elections that they will be less in a mood to condone compromises than ever before, and they can now plan with some confidence for the formation of a Socialist Government if another election has to be held, with the Radicals supporting them, instead of their having to support a Radical Government. And the Socialists are more determined than ever to press forward their attack upon what they describe generally as the 'capitalist and clerical reaction.' M. Caillaux's appeals for national unity to stabilize credit will not count with them. They believe in a levy on capital and in showing no tenderness for the susceptibilities of capitalists.

II

The question of the Vatican Embassy is obviously more or less an academic issue, but it has been magnified by both sides as a symbolic conflict. All the parties of the Left are agreed in desiring that the Church should be entirely separate from the State, as it has been since the Law of Separation was passed in 1905. But the Treaty negotiations of Versailles revealed the wide extent of the Holy See's influence in international affairs; and besides, experience during the war and in the subsequent peace-making had shown that the Vatican was, in M. Briand's phrase, the 'best listening-post in European diplomacy.' M. Briand himself had been personally responsible for abolishing the diplomatic connection with the Vatican before the war, and his conversion to demanding its restoration showed how much opinion had changed in the light of experience. The most characteristic exponent of this new attitude toward the Vatican was Senator de Monzie, a brilliant young Radical who, while not being a Catholic, maintained that France ought to have her diplomatic representatives in every important international centre. He demanded simultaneously that France should have her ambassadors at the Vatican, at Moscow, and in Constantinople. His views in regard to Moscow were adopted even by M. Poincaré; and in regard to the Vatican also most Frenchmen consider that his argument is irrefutable, so far as it goes.

But the Radicals and Socialists have always regarded the Church as the implacable enemy of the Republic; and their present insistence upon abolishing the restored Vatican Embassy is chiefly based on the plea that the Papal Nuncio in Paris, Monsignor Ceretti, has used his diplomatic position to make Paris the headquarters of a Catholic revival

in France. Monsignor Ceretti is in fact one of the ablest and most experienced diplomatists in Europe, and he has been scrupulously careful to avoid any breach of diplomatic etiquette. No complaint on this score could possibly be proved against him. But he has undoubtedly been a powerful influence in rallying the French Catholic forces for a religious revival. Any capable envoy from the Holy See will always have such influence, and as the personal delegate of the Pope he naturally commands the allegiance of all French Catholics on moral questions.

The Radicals' and Socialists' objection to the Vatican Embassy is really a religious much more than a political matter, though they attack it chiefly on political grounds. Thus they deny that the renewal of diplomatic relations has done what was claimed for it by M. Briand and other politicians, who have no affection for the Vatican, but who believe it necessary to ensure the goodwill of the Holy See in the many questions affecting the French spheres of influence in Africa, in the Middle East, and in the Far East, where the French missionaries have been and still remain the chief agents of French colonization. They contend that the Holy See has not given more favorable treatment to French interests than if there had been no Ambassador at the Vatican. And they complain that, whereas Monsignor Ceretti has been able to do much for consolidating the Catholic forces in France itself, the French Ambassador at the Vatican has been no more than an ornamental figure at public ceremonies.

Such questions can be debated interminably; but the real objection of the Left to having any connection with the Vatican is that it strengthens the Catholic organizations in France to such an extent that any sacrifice of French interests abroad is preferable to incurring such a danger to the Republic at home.

The Catholics, of course, hotly repudiate the suggestion that they are enemies of the Republic, and it is in fact ridiculous to pretend that they are as a whole anti-Republican even in theory. It is true that the older generation of the French clergy, who are now mostly dead, did feel that the Republic could only be an agency of dechristianization in France, and they could see no future for the Church except by a restoration of the Monarchy in some form. But such views have long ceased to be commonly held. Even in Brittany, which has always been the chief stronghold of the Royalists, the great majority of the Catholics nowadays are irrevocably committed to support of the Republic, and are in most cases enthusiastic Republicans. But the Royalist movement led by M. Léon Daudet and M. Charles Maurras has since the war exercised a strong influence on the younger generation, and a certain number of the younger clergy have openly declared their admiration for these leaders of the Action Française. It, however, has lost ground rapidly in the past few years; all its chief candidates at the last election were hopelessly beaten. And it has no more implacable foes than the Catholic Republicans who consider that this neo-royalist movement has done nothing more than expose the Church to the old charge of being the constant enemy of the Republic.

Nothing exasperates the Catholics in France more than this revival by the Left of a charge which they consider monstrously unjustified. They retort by appealing to the magnificent military record of the Catholics in the war. They claim with pride that during the war the Catholic Generals (of whom Foch was the most conspicuous example), who had been deprived of high

positions before the war because they were distrusted for being Catholics, had to be given the chief commands before the French Army could find its best and most devoted leaders. The list of these Catholic Generals is very impressive. It includes Foch, Commander-in-Chief of all the Allied Armies, and his right-hand man, General Weygand; Marshal Pétain, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army; old Generals like Pau and Castelnau, who performed wonders in the organization of defense and of attack; Marshal Lyautey, who not only made Africa safe for France during the war, but so won the confidence of the Africans that they enrolled in scores of thousands in the French Army; General Mangin, the hardest fighter of all, who created the black army and led it to victory against the most impregnable positions, besides having command of the first big counter-offensive which began the German debacle; Marshal Franchet Desperey, the conqueror of Bulgaria; General Gouraud, the hero of Gallipoli, who afterward consolidated the French influence in Syria as no man had done before. These are only the most notable of a group of brilliant commanders who all are devout Catholics, and whose religious convictions would have prevented them from holding any important command before the war. Can they be fairly accused of lack of patriotism?

Nor were the great Catholic soldiers the only Catholics who set a heroic example during the war. The French hierarchy did more than most men to stimulate the patriotic spirit of the people under a terrific strain. Cardinal Luçon, for instance, the Archbishop of Reims; or Cardinal Charost, now primate of Brittany, who during the war was Bishop of Lille, whence, although he was kept virtually in captivity by the Germans, he issued vehement appeals to the world against Germany's enrollment of French civilian labor and the deportation of women and children. But, above all, the Catholics point to the record of the French clergy who fought in the ranks or who worked tirelessly on every battlefield as army chaplains. When war broke out the Army had no chaplains. The previous Radical Governments had done away with them. But the troops and the whole nation demanded that they should be allowed to go with the fighting men; and when the appeal for chaplains went forth the members of the banished religious congregations came flocking back from all quarters of the world to serve. They were mentioned in dispatches time after time, decorated with the Croix de Guerre and the Military Medal and the Legion of Honor, by the very politicians who had previously driven them out; and the whole French Army came to expect from them a higher standard of heroism and moral endurance than from anyone else. Nearly five thousand French priests were killed in action. Many thousands were wounded or maimed for life. And now in any church in France the clergy can be seen wearing their military decorations, as all Frenchmen do, while many of them have lost limbs or been stricken blind under fire, but still carry on their work.

Their future more than anything else is the chief cause of the trouble between the Catholics and the Bloc des Gauches. The really burning question is whether M. Herriot's intention of driving these members of the religious communities out of France again shall be frustrated or fulfilled. The Socialists insist upon it ruthlessly, and M. Painlevé has urged the same course again and again. It remains to be seen whether the financial difficulties of France will deter the anti-clericals from carrying out their desire. These religious communities touch the lives of every family in France. Nearly

every family has some member who is a monk or nun or priest. Everyone who served in the trenches has some vivid memory of the noble devotion of priests either serving as plain soldiers or ministering to the wounded and dying under fire. But the party politicians are inexorable in demanding that the 'unalterable laws' of the Republic shall be enforced as before the war.

III

M. Herriot announced in his first ministerial declaration that the law would be enforced. In practice this means that the members of religious communities who came back from Belgium, from Holland, from England, from the Far East, from Canada and the United States, and from all parts of the world, and who have simply stayed on in their own country after their war service ended, will have to face exile again. The laws against the congregations insisted that every religious community must obtain authorization from the Government to remain in France. Most of the Orders who applied for such authorization were immediately refused and were ordered to leave. Others, like the Jesuits, against whose schools the laws were chiefly directed, never went through the farce of demanding authorization and simply waited to be turned out. But the Jesuits more than any other Order distinguished themselves in military service. And they have been conspicuous in announcing their refusal to be driven out again. One of them, Père Doncœur, who was one of the most famous army chaplains in the war, published an open letter to M. Herriot defying him to do his worst and stating simply that they might be sent to prison or be put to death, but that no power on earth would ever again force them to acquiesce in banishment from the country in whose battles they shed their blood. And this bold defiance has been echoed in every remote little parish church in France.

M. Herriot, however, showed his resolution to put the old laws into force again by instituting a general inquiry into the state of the religious Orders. Instructions were issued to the prefect of every Department to send out agents to obtain full particulars concerning every religious community. The inquiry was met almost immediately with organized passive resistance; and when the strangely miscellaneous band of emissaries came round to schools and monasteries and hospitals or orphanages and houses of retreat for the aged, they were all met with a flat refusal to answer any questions. The object of the inquiry was of course to ascertain whether unauthorized communities had established themselves, and whether the prescribed number of religious in those communities which had authorization (such as nursing sisters) had been exceeded. The ownership of their buildings was also to be ascertained. These inquiries also met with insuperable silence. But while monks and nuns and priests have established themselves in houses lent or given to them by friendly owners on terms known only to themselves, the fact of their presence is an open secret; and the inquiry must have furnished the Government with enough evidence to take action if it chooses. The question is whether the Government dares take such action.

For ever since M. Herriot revealed his intention of reviving hostilities against the Church the Catholics have organized their resistance on a national scale. Monster meetings, attended by twenty, forty, or fifty thousand people or even more, have been held in all the great Catholic centres, and the resolution of the Catholics to assert them-

selves in vindication of their religion is no longer in doubt. There was never such organized resistance before the war, and it is now not only organized but much more intense in quality than of old. The war stimulated the religious revival which had been steadily growing for some twenty years, and, although the number of practising Catholics — using the word in a wide interpretation — has probably not increased very largely, yet the religious spirit is much stronger among them as a whole. Still more important in considering the potentialities for resistance is the fact that they have acquired a new spirit of determination during the war. They have also won back a good deal of social and political influence. The War Office and the Foreign Office came largely under their control when the Bloc National was in power, and although the new Government has made wide changes, and has deliberately replaced its own supporters in the pivotal positions, the prestige and experience of the Catholic soldiers and diplomatists give them real power up to a certain point. They have also greatly increased their influence in the universities and other such institutions. And, with these new advantages, they are now led by men who are accustomed to fight in self-defense and who have been greatly hardened by the war. Thus the new Catholic Federation, formed to organize the Catholics in every part of France under a national leadership, has as its president General de Castelnau. And in Brittany, which remains the chief Catholic province of France, Cardinal Charost has an unrivaled experience of the possibilities of passive resistance, gained during four years of German occupation in Lille. The clergy also, instead of being shy men, who were constantly misrepresented as being secret enemies of the Republic, have since served in the war themselves. They have gained much more confidence and vastly more experience in dealing with other men, and they have learned how to defend themselves from much more formidable violence than any Government can threaten them with in France.

But two facts count heavily against them. In the first place, the laws which they seek to oppose are still on the statute book and have been in operation for a considerable period. To resist them openly now involves playing into the hands of those who regard the Church as the enemy of the Republic. The recent manifesto issued over the names of the six French Cardinals, proclaiming the duty of all French Catholics to resist laws which involve injustice to themselves as a minority and which violate their rights of conscience, has enabled the Radicals to assert again that the Holy See requires of its subjects an allegiance which is incompatible with the duties of citizenship. Such assertions are easier to make than to refute, and the Cardinals' manifesto has provided the Radicals with just the sort of ammunition they have desired. It is indeed arguable that the Radicals have deliberately adopted a policy of creating friction between the Catholics and the State in the hope that they would force the Catholics into taking some sort of public action, which would appear to throw on the latter the responsibility of opening hostilities.

M. Herriot can claim that, apart from expelling two small communities of the Clarisse nuns from Évian and Alençon, he has taken no active measures against the religious communities, but merely instituted an inquiry all over the country to see whether the laws were being broken. However, the mere fact of his having expelled a few communities, simply on the ground that they had no permission to remain, left no doubt that the inquiry was

intended as a first step toward enforcing the laws against all the other religious communities who came back during the war or who have since increased their numbers. What else could the Catholics do but proclaim their intention to resist unless they were ready to acquiesce in being driven out again? And, so far as the Cardinals' manifesto is concerned, Cardinal Dubois, the Archbishop of Paris, made a public statement immediately afterward to explain that Rome did not even know of its contents until after it had been made public. It represented simply the protest of the French hierarchy against an injustice to Catholics contemplated by their own Government, and it had nothing to say to instructions, whether direct or indirect, from the Holy See. But the fact remains that the laws, with all the injustice they entail, are on the statute book, and the Government has the supreme tactical advantage of being able to denounce the Catholics as rebels acting under orders from the Vatican if they organize in self-defense. By skillfully exploiting this advantage, the Radicals and Socialists have been able to revive a great deal of the old distrust of the Church and also to galvanize those latent anticlerical prejudices which have always been one of the chief assets of the parties of the Left.

And, in face of this disadvantage, what prospects have the Catholics of asserting their right to practise and develop their religious life, which for centuries was traditional throughout France? It is impossible to discuss here the available material for estimating how much of France can be described as definitely Catholic. Broadly speaking, the practising Catholics have for more than a century been a small minority in most parts of the country, although in the extreme northwest the peasantry of Brittany have remained devoutly Catholic, living in the most primitive conditions and regularly producing very large families. In Savoy too they are a local majority and also around the Pyrenees, and there are large Catholic elements in the northeast. But, taking the country as a whole, it is probably true that not more than ten out of forty millions are practising Catholics, and of these at least five millions are concentrated in special areas of the country. Elsewhere they are at the mercy of the administration, which has for years been in the hands of anticlericals appointed by former anticlerical ministers. They are further at a disadvantage because the political traditions of France show an astonishing lack of conformity between the religious convictions of the people and the politicians whom they send to Parliament. Many of the most conspicuous anticlericals have been elected by constituencies where the Catholics are in a strong majority, and this tendency has been recently confirmed by the results of the municipal elections in May. The most significant feature of those elections was that the Radicals and Socialists have gained ground even in the districts where the Catholic resistance has been most strongly organized since last autumn. Thus Rennes, where Cardinal Charost has organized the Catholic resistance on an immense scale, has suddenly gone over to the Left. Vitré, Vannes, and other towns in the Catholic Northwest, have also voted for M. Herriot's supporters. So also has Orléans, whence Cardinal Touchet has made devotion to Saint Joan of Arc a national cult. Bordeaux, the seat of Cardinal Andrieu, and the principal Catholic centre in the Southwest, has gone Left for the first time. Even in Alsace the Catholics have lost ground, though it was the organization of their resistance that gave a lead to the rest of France and gave most embarrassment to the Radical Government.

IV

The situation in Alsace differs from that of the rest of France and requires brief explanation. When Alsace and Lorraine were still French provinces before 1870, the Church in France had not yet been disestablished, and under German rule they were allowed to retain their religious rights in various matters. The clergy were still subsidized by the State, and the State schools were organized on a denominational basis, as they are in England. Thus the Catholics, Protestants, and Jews received grants for their own schools, provided that they would educate a certain number of pupils, and the children received religious instruction in their ordinary curriculum. But before the war the French Governments did away with all religious teaching, and in the rest of France the schools where religion is now taught have to be established and maintained entirely by voluntary subscriptions, so that the parents have to pay entirely for these schools they want, besides having to pay taxes for the State schools which are of no use to them. In some parts of France many of these State schools are virtually empty, though they are fully staffed and expensively equipped. The Alsatians were determined that they should not have to submit to such conditions when they were restored to France; and so, immediately after the Armistice, M. Clemenceau, on behalf of the French Government, promised solemnly that they should retain their former rights and should be administered under special conditions.

The transition from German to French rule was naturally a delicate matter, and, even without raising this religious question, the French Government had a very difficult task to prevent discontent from spreading rapidly, owing to various causes. But M. Herriot last year boldly introduced the religious controversy as well, and his ministerial declaration was no sooner delivered than the various denominations began organizing protests on similar lines. The Catholics had a leader of great energy and ability in Monsignor Ruch, the Bishop of Strassburg, who has organized an agitation in defense of the existing régime with fierce determination. But M. Herriot persisted, and obtained the support of a few municipalities which voted that the schools within their own area should become undenominational as in the rest of France. The recent municipal elections have strengthened the position of the Radicals and Socialists in the towns of Alsace, which are chiefly industrial, while the Catholics in the rural districts have rallied strongly against the Left. It would seem, therefore, as though the Radicals will be able to extend the undenominational system into these towns. But on the larger issue the Bishop of Strassburg is in a much stronger position than the other members of the French hierarchy. The existing law in Alsace is on his side, and he defies the Government to alter it against the wishes of the people. His position is so clear in this respect that, even when the Herriot Government insisted upon abolishing the Embassy to the Vatican, it was found necessary to retain a special Diplomatic Delegate to represent Alsace and Lorraine, since they are entitled under the promises made by M. Clemenceau to enjoy the privileges of the old régime.

The situation as between the Government and the Catholics may be briefly summarized. The Catholics of Alsace refuse to accept the imposition of the French system which drives religion out of the schools, and in this they have the support of the Alsatian Protestants and the Jews. They also insist that they will be no party to a

rupture with the Holy See. Their defiant attitude on these matters has been supported by the Catholics all over France, who demand not only that there shall be no rupture with the Vatican, but that the pre-war laws banishing the religious communities shall be left in abeyance as they have been for the past ten years. They are less favorably placed than the Alsatians and know that the Radicals desire, if they can, to abolish even the right to have independent elementary and secondary schools supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions. To abolish these 'free' schools would require new legislation and would raise a terrific controversy all over France. But the Government could at any moment enforce the pre-war laws against the religious Orders if it were not for the Catholic agitation in their defense.

It remains to be seen what the Government will do, even if it decides to risk the financial consequences of antagonizing the Catholics. The clergy who fought through the war, and the nuns who organized and staffed the military hospitals during the war, have made up their minds that they will not obey any new order to leave. They will have to be driven out if the Government means business, and this would involve the use of troops. It is quite possible that Foch and Pétain and Lyautey and the other great Catholic Generals would all resign their commissions if any such attempt were made to employ the Army against priests and nuns who were decorated for their services in the war. But the politicians who control the Parties of the Left are as implacable as circumstances allow them to be, and they have for more than forty years staffed the local administration of the country with prefects who were chosen for their anticlericalism. The prefects have an immense influence in all French elections, and they thus are able to secure the return of anticlerical politicians whose views are the same as those of the men who appointed them to their positions under the Government.

Were it not for the urgency of the financial situation, which makes a united effort by all French citizens as essential as it was during the war, it would seem as though France were about to plunge again into the religious feud which left her at the mercy of Germany in 1914. But the realism of M. Caillaux, and the sense of national urgency which everyone in France must now begin to realize, may prevent the present Chamber of Deputies from insisting upon the fulfillment of its anticlerical programme.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A TRAGEDY OF TRIFLES

An orange-tinted sky heralded the sun's coming; but as yet he lingered behind the dark-blue mountains, and the boy who drove the water tank in the threshing-outfit shivered as he led his team down to the pond fed by the stream that came, cool, from the mountain that hid the sun.

A young muskrat, sitting on a bit of turf-island, dove into the pond as the boy and his horses approached; but soon he reappeared and clambered up on the low bank, where he sat nibbling greens, holding them in his front feet, and glancing quickly from side to side between bites. But he was n't tall enough to see the gray barn-cat creeping toward him, without noise, through the meadow grass, ears strained forward, tail lashing slowly. The boy saw; and he watched and waited. The horses finished drinking and stood there with lowered heads — threshing-time meant hard work to them; even after a night of rest their spirits were low, and they drooped. Stealthily the cat moved closer, his belly along the moist ground; but the muskrat nibbled away, and the boy waited.

Up in the kitchen the young ranch-woman, washing her dishes, glanced out through the window and saw the boy waiting. She came to the window; standing there watching the immobile boy, she fell to musing, and the dish-water grew cold.

Far out in the field the engineer waited to start his engine until he should see the water tank coming. Two men had their loads of bundles on, from the day before, and were pulled up at the separator. They lay back on the wheat, with their arms under their heads. Three other men loading up saw that the engine did not start, so they came together and talked, leaning on their fork handles. And in the granary a youth waiting for grain to shovel was tying knots in a throw rope.

The cat, worming ever closer and closer, was now only a yard from the muskrat, who chewed his greens unaware of his danger. The boy, watching the little game of life and death, had an impulse to frighten the muskrat and so save him, but he overcame it and merely waited. Once the muskrat lowered himself to all fours, and the cat raised his head an inch or so. Then the muskrat sat up again, and the cat pressed close to the earth.

The sun rose up magnificently over the mountains and bathed the valley with his rays, and the boy felt them warm on the back of his neck. A meadow lark flew to the top of a little pine and sent out his clear sweet notes. Three canvasbacks came coasting over the top of a cottonwood grove, intent on landing in the pond, but when they saw the boy they veered and flew with speedy strokes far down the creek.

But the muskrat nibbled away, and the cat pushed closer, and the boy waited, and up in the kitchen the woman stood musing, and out in the field the engineer lit his pipe, sat down on the coal bin, and waited; and the bundle-pitchers on the loads had closed their eyes and lay daydreaming; and those in the field had fallen silent and, still leaning on their three-tined forks, were watching the color changes of the sunrise.

Then the cat struck — and the boy heard the muskrat's back snap as the cat jerked it. A big frog, which had been sitting at the water's edge, jumped far into the little pond, smashing its perfect surface with a heavy splash. The boy climbed on one of his horses, forded the stream above the pond, and rode up the bank on the other side. The woman in the kitchen sighed and turned slowly back to her work, but soon she began singing and her song mingled with the clanking of dishes.

The engineer, seeing the boy coming, started up his engine, and all the hundreds of wheels in the separator began to turn, first with disconcerted knocks and clicks; then, as they gathered speed, the noises blended into a harmonious humming that rose and fell in pitch. The men began throwing bundles into the grabbing knives, and almost instantly the straw belched forth from the stacker. The pitchers in the field separated, with jocose remarks, and began loading the racks. The boy in the granary caught the first trip on his scoop and flung it far back in the bin.

And where the frog had leaped into the pond circles of tiny waves were growing ever larger and larger until they bumped against the opposite shore, where the sunshine lay warm on the yellow clay bank, and flashed blue and bronze and silver and gold on the back of a blackbird that waded with a cocky bearing in the water's edge.

When the boy had pumped the water into the tank on the engine, he told the story about the cat and the muskrat to the engineer, who incidentally was the owner of the outfit and of the ranch, and the husband of the woman who was washing dishes and singing. At first the man listened with little interest, but as the boy unfurled the picture before him, with remarkable ability, he stopped fussing with the injector valve and, taking his pipe out of his mouth and holding it between enormous flat and deeply lined thumb and forefinger, sat looking intently at the boy, who was a little puzzled at the frown that slowly deepened on the man's face. When he came to the point where the cat had killed the rat, the man suddenly reached out with his big hand and slapped the boy—hard. 'Take that for not scarin' the cat away,' he said.

Such is often the reward of the artist.

ASINO ITALIANO

If you have ever been in Rome and done as Romans do, you have visited Frascati in the spring. If you have done as only misguided Americans do, you have explored the hills of Frascati on donkey-back.

'You must see the countryside on donkey-back,' said the concierge, who spoke perfect English and was not to be set aside. He had his way with us, and one fine morning three donkeys were demurely waiting when we had finished our breakfast and wiped away the last vestige of our *panicciuolo*.

Fragella, being lithe and airy, mounted the sleek and slender black beast and went floating off like a piquant equestrian monkey. Mrs. S—— chose the solid brown one with no show of nonsense about him, and was boosted to her saddle by the perspiring muleteer after a panting moment or two.

I had been eying my beast with interest while the others mounted. There was an elusive something about him that suggested Deacon R—— of the church back home. He was gray, and the mournful rings about his eyes and his bowed head gave me a feeling that he was going merely from a sense of duty. I was rather offended. I mounted, however, and the Deacon bore me along sedately enough, in the rear of

the train, for a quarter of a mile or so.

I was too much enchanted by his harness to relish the countryside through which we were passing. He was equipped, after the graceful and informal manner of the Italian, in whatever of strength and flexibility had been left lying about in his stable-yard by the inevitable law of change and decay. Given a corset lace, a scrap of chain, a bit of lead pipe, and a thong or two of leather, and lo! the ingenious Italian will produce a harness.

The Deacon was as oblivious of my feeble attempts at guidance as his counterpart is of the voice of the Devil. He clung, with what I could not but consider uncalled-for persistence, to the extreme left of the road, and refused to deviate one inch in spite of my passionate pullings.

I tried by the method of disregard to ease myself of the uncanny consciousness of a twenty-foot drop at one side of the road. I even found myself repeating, 'Sure-footed-as a-mule — sure-footed-as a-mule,' to the rhythm of the donkey's gait.

Presently we approached a little incidental side-path slipping away from the main road. Then it was that the Deacon became himself and threw aside his mantle of piety. He threw up his head with a magnificent gesture of self-respect and went leaping down, down, down, in quick syncopated time, with me clinging firmly to his ears, trying to maintain an air of balanced nonchalance. He stopped suddenly, sending me sliding up about his collar of garden hose, and, ducking his head without humility, began a placid grazing in the green, green grass of the Roman Campagna.

The muleteer came flying after and tried to recall my friend to a sense of duty, but he had done with pretense and went back to the road only because he had to, switching his tail with a terrible sincerity.

Then Mrs. S——'s donkey developed a touch of the play spirit. He began to amble, with an air of well-assumed indifference, toward a stout wall. Mrs. S——, though, was a woman of perspicacity and, not fancying herself wiped off like a barnacle against the wall side, she began an energetic pulling of the impromptu harness. It broke. Mrs. S—— dismounted. So did I. At that instant both of our donkeys opened their mouths and sent up to the astonished heavens a sound like a croupy foghorn practising a duet with a sea lion. I broke out in a cold perspiration, but Mrs. S—— turned upon the muleteer and, with an imperious gesture, said, 'Take us home, sir. This is too much. Your beasts have insulted us!'

But the muleteer disconnected his English ear and threw his hands up and out to indicate a complete lack of comprehension.

'*Molto bene, signora,*' said he; 'nice-a mule-a' — and to prove it he mounted the Deacon himself.

But the latter had had enough of it and wished the episode closed, for no sooner was the muleteer securely mounted than he committed his final blasphemy. He let go of all fours and rolled over on his back. I flew to the nearest tree and got behind it, and peeping out cautiously to one side, — and you may believe me or not as you like, — I saw that donkey's ears quietly change to horns!

The next morning the muleteer approached us pleasantly and, with a graceful gesture meant to call our attention to the beauties of spring on the Campagna, said: —

'Will the ladies have donkeys today?'

'Oh yes,' said Mrs. S——. 'Fried on toast, please!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

If one thing more than another contributes to a successful relationship between employers and employed, it is frankness. A woman in Wall Street is no longer an anomaly, and in relating her trial and triumph there **One** of them has endeavored to show three things: the experiences that any woman of mature age 'without business training would have on entering a huge modern business house; some of the things I did or left undone, if I read my own experience correctly, that helped me to succeed, as far as I did; and the executive attitude toward employees.' Such a forthright record of 'inside' office work must be read by every business man and his wife. ¶It is not given to many of us to ride as a knight-errant through Turkey in charge of a fair companion and armed only with a jackknife. Next to the real thing is the pleasure of reading about it. **Henry R. Murphy's** narrative is told in such graphic detail and with such good-humor as must recruit the attention of all *Atlantic* adventurers. Mr. Murphy spent four years in the Near East as a child-welfare worker, and was instrumental in getting orphans and refugees out of the country through the port of Mersina at the time of the general exodus following the Smyrna disaster. **A. Vibert Douglas** is a Demonstrator in the Physics Department of McGill University. With surprising facility Mr. Douglas has demonstrated to us the rather frightening realization of how small the world truly is. ¶In his present story **Walter de la Mare** makes good his title of the most fanciful man in England. **Grace Latimer Wright**, a worker in hand-decorated textiles, makes her début in the *Atlantic*.

* * *

This paper of **Leo Crane**, a retiring Indian Agent, on the Hopi dancers, is especially timely in a month when all knowing and accessible travelers are making ready to attend the Snake Ceremony on the Walpi plaza. This narrative, and those which have previously appeared in the June and July issues, are to form chapters of the book by Mr. Crane, entitled *Indians of the Enchanted Desert*, to appear August 10, an Atlantic Monthly Press publication, published by Little, Brown and Company. **Alfred North Whitehead** is one of two most eminent philosophers and mathematicians. Fellow and late Senior Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr. Whitehead is now Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University. ¶An *Atlantic* audience will remember **Lucy Furman** as the author of *The Quare Women*, that group of stories appearing in 1922 which pictured authentically those mountaineers whom President Frost of Berea College has so aptly called 'our contemporary ancestors.' Readers of Miss Furman's sequel will like to know the foundation beneath her account.

In the heart of the Kentucky mountains, that romantic and little-known region long regarded as the home of feuds and moonshine, the first rural social settlement in America was begun in the summer of 1899 under the auspices of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of Kentucky.

Half a dozen young women from the more prosperous sections of the state, under the leadership of Miss May Stone and Miss Katharine Pettit, went up into the mountains, two and three days' journey from a railroad, and, pitching their tents, spent three successive summers holding singing, sewing, cooking, and kindergarten classes, giving entertainments for people of all ages, visiting homes — establishing friendly relations with the men, women, and children of three counties.

The second summer — that of 1900 — was spent at the small county-seat of Knott County, Hindman, at the Forks of Troublesome Creek; and here, at the earnest solicitation of the people, accompanied by offers of land and of timber for building, a combined social settlement and industrial and academic school was permanently established in 1902 — the pioneer of its kind in the Southern mountains.

Beginning in a small way, this work has, in twenty years, grown to large proportions and exerted a deep influence upon the life of half a dozen mountain counties.

The diary of **Richard Frederick Fuller**, a young brother of the redoubtable Margaret, shows us Concord at the height of its season, when a boy might take supper with Emerson, study with Elizabeth Hoar, and walk the woods with Thoreau. **Thomas E. Tallmadge,** Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, writes us on the acceptance of his essay: —

Years ago I was a next-door neighbor of Frances Willard. As a youth I remember her telling my mother that next to routing 'Demon Rum' her greatest ambition was to have an article accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*. She succeeded in the first, but in the more difficult enterprise she had to acknowledge defeat!

To have succeeded, therefore, where our greatest citizen (I live in Evanston) failed, is indeed an honor.

In her happy rôle as an *Atlantic* entertainer, **Margaret Prescott Montague** will plant the roots of her story deep in the mind of the reader. Author of many short stories, Miss Montague will long be remembered for her 'England to America,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for September 1919. **J. Horace McFarland** is Chairman of the Committee on Horticultural Quarantine, which was formed following a national convention held June 15, 1920, in opposition to the enforcement of Quarantine 37. **Joseph Auslander,** a poet who has occasionally graced our pages, is a critic on the literary staff of the *New York World*. **Carol Wight** has been in business, gone to sea, worked as a farmer and as a practical carpenter with his union card; and now teaches Latin by virtue of a doctorate in the classics from Johns Hopkins University.

* * *

Vincent Sheean is one of three correspondents who have gone into the Riff since the Melilla disaster. Dispatched last autumn by a syndicate of prominent newspapers, Mr. Sheean reached Morocco in December and there traveled from the French zone at Oudjda through the Riff, Rhomarra, and Djebala, to Tangier. Three quarters of his trip through Abd el-Krim's country has never been made before by a European. **Evans Lewin,** author and one of the foremost specialists on Colonial affairs, has been librarian of the Royal Colonial Institute since 1910. **Denis Gwynn,** formerly editor of the *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin, and now a leader-writer on the *Westminster Gazette*, resided in France from 1921 to 1923. Mr. Gwynn is the author of a book on the *Catholic Reaction in France*, which was published in New York last autumn.

* * *

Mr. Gay would seem to have joined Joshua in ordering the elements.

June 15, 1925

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In my article about Peggy, in the current *Atlantic*, I high-handedly moved the Sheepscot River ten miles to the westward, put Bath and Woolwich opposite each other on its banks, and then ran a ferry over it between them. I can't tell why I did this, and can only suppose that the bridge that crosses the Sheepscot at Wiscasset became confused for a moment in my mind with the ferry that crosses the Kennebec at Bath. I apologize to all those pained but patient lovers of Maine who have written me and to any others who may have forborne to write. I meant no slight to the 'noble Kennebec.'

There is one advantage in committing an error like this. It proves that somebody must have read the essay.

Very truly yours,

R. M. GAY

* * *

Judge-made law or public opinion?

HANNIBAL, MO.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 'The Second Forgotten Man' Mr. Windolph announces the astounding proposition that court decisions and statutes which are 'ahead of public opinion' are not law at all. That laws 'are first born and afterward declared by judges and legislators.' Though highly interesting, this thesis is full of potential dangers which ought not to go unnoticed. Mr. Windolph finds the source of this preëxisting right and law in public opinion — what J. J. Rousseau would have called the 'general will' of the people; and this general will is expressed, not in declarations of their political and juristic beliefs and ideals, but in their customs. Statutes and decisions *must* be in accord with the *mores* or else lose their character as law.

Just what does Mr. Windolph mean by saying that under these conditions a statute is not law? In everyday life certain practical consequences do or do not flow from the operation of a rule which is not in accord with the 'general will' or the popular *mores*.

We are told that such laws are not within 'the

proper limits of the police power.' Now the term 'police power' as commonly understood has reference to the constitutional basis of those statutes which, though they work a deprivation of liberty or property, are so necessary for the 'preservation of the public peace, health, safety, or morals' that they are held not to amount to a denial of due process under the Fourteenth Amendment. Hence, in saying that a statute not in accord with existing popular *mores* is outside the limits of the police power, such law is asserted to violate the due-process clause. Should the court adopt the learned author's view only one question would be involved in due-process cases before it — the question of whether a given law was in accord with 'what the current practice, whether intrinsically good or bad, actually is.' Nine Justices in Washington are to know the exact state of public opinion in every one of our forty-eight sovereign Commonwealths. Having unerringly determined that the general will of the people of Kansas has been definitely formulated on the subject of Prohibition, they are to declare that a state liquor law there enacted is not violative of the Fourteenth Amendment. Realizing that as yet the public opinion of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on that question is in a state of flux, they are to denounce its Prohibition statute as a denial of due process. Surely such a conception of the police power would require an omniscient Supreme Court.

But I do not think that my learned brother really intended to use the police power in such a sense. It does appear that he believes that juries ought not to follow statutes which are in opposition to public opinion. But if each jury is to be at liberty to disregard the instructions of the court because they consider the rule of law declared in those instructions to be opposed to the customs of the people, such prediction would be impossible, since each jury would have its own idea of public opinion. We should have government by the whim of juries.

When we are told that the statement that good citizens ought to obey the law is 'contrary to the whole weight of our political traditions,' we pass from the sphere of law into that of subjective ethics. Law is not much concerned with the question whether or not the doing of act X by A is right or wrong, but it seeks only to learn what societal consequences in the form of action by the officers and agencies of the state will follow upon the doing of that act. But that a man may refuse to obey a law merely because he thinks it is not in accord with current practice is strange morals indeed. How startling would such a notion seem to those old colonial ancestors of ours of whom Mr. Windolph is so justly proud.

These are, it is submitted, the dangers of the author's thesis. If he means only to assert with Dean Pound that there ought to be a close relation between the law and the *mores*, all can agree with its wisdom. But if he means that an inconsistency between the statutory or judge-made law and public opinion should affect the form and extent of societal action under the rule — to assert not a practical legislative maxim but a jural principle — a warning must be sounded against the latent perils implicit in his theory.

BEN ELY, JR.

* * *

Wanted: a home for *Rasselas*. We believe it possible that it was written in Staple Inn, but who can be sure?

SCHOOLCRAFT, MICHIGAN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was very much interested in A. Edward Newton's article, 'Ghosts of Gough Square,' in the June *Atlantic*. In fact I am always interested in Mr. Newton's *Atlantic* articles. Now, I thought I had seen the room where Johnson wrote *Rasselas*, but it was not in Gough Square, but in Staple Inn.

Once, like Hawthorne, I went astray in Holborn and stumbled upon Staple Inn. I passed through an archway into a little court. At the right a set of chambers, beyond the Hall — 'a little Hall with a little lantern in its roof,' Dickens called it. In room No. 2 Court the author of *Staple Inn and Its Story* (Worsford) claims the last part, if not the whole, of *Rasselas* was written. Johnson wrote Miss Porter, March 23, 1759, that he had moved to Staple Inn and would soon publish a little story. And Boswell, as you know, said that Johnson told Sir Joshua Reynolds he composed it during the evenings of one week and sent it to the press in portions as written. Has Fleet Street a better claim?

A. L. FELLOWS

* * *

Whatever Dr. Grenfell has to say is always worth listening to.

PEKING UNION MEDICAL COLLEGE
PEKING, *April* 25

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

As a reader of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and as one who believes that its readers take it seriously, I want to ask you to publish this letter in answer to an anonymous article which appeared in your March number.

The world is small nowadays, and things written in Boston are the next week being read in China, so you can imagine our amazement to find an unjust, abusive, anonymous attack made in your highly respectable magazine on a man of such prominence to-day in a friendly country as Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang. The article has prob-

ably been brought to his notice long ago, and naturally will not help him to have any higher opinion of Americans.

Moreover, your anonymous contributor sneers at the missionaries in this country as if they were unable to form a worth-while opinion, though they speak the language, and have lived most of their lives among the Chinese. As I have just been visiting the cities along the Yangtze River as far as Yale-in-China at Changsha, and various inland places, ending with a fortnight at the Peking Union Medical College, the Rockefeller Research Hospital in this city, I cannot help feeling that those sneers also help to cheapen the *Atlantic Monthly*. Whether it is the Legation or the business or the tourist section of the community that furnishes your anonymous correspondent with his information, I can only say that in my judgment no abler set of men and women exist in China, or indeed anywhere, than those working in these missionary undertakings.

There must be many better qualified than I to give America a more just opinion of the unique personality of Marshal Feng — a man who has already done wonderful things for his country, and who is held in high esteem by those men who see most of him, such as Robert Gailey, late captain of the Princeton football team, and now constantly in touch with General Feng Yu-hsiang in connection with the work of the Y. M. C. A.

I went up to Kalgan to visit the Marshal and see for myself some little of the work he is doing. He was gracious enough to take me around personally to see his undertakings, so that I might form my own judgments. I also went down to Paotingfu, where the Marshal was born, and where he has been known from his childhood, and where surgeons of the calibre of Dr. Lewis and Dr. Wiley have every confidence in his true consecration to high ideals. Like other men he is only human, and without the background contributed by the advantages of wealth and education in youth.

It is false to say that he is a brutal man, or to say that he is a traitor, or to say that he is a hypocrite; and to my mind it would better become the *Atlantic Monthly* to help an able man who is honestly trying to do his best for his country than to allow him to be maligned in its columns by anonymous writers.

Before flinging mud at others it would surely do none of us harm to act on the suggestion of the Shinto religion, which places looking-glasses on the table of its holy of holies.

Sincerely yours,

WILFRED T. GRENFELL

[For Dr. Grenfell's opinions we have high respect. We wish, however, to state that it is ever the *Atlantic's* policy to avoid the uniformity which comes from suppressing the personal view of contributors, which in our judgment makes 'journals of opinion' so unsatisfactory. In the instance under discussion, the narrator is a man of character and position, and that position gives him exceptional opportunity to watch the civil strife in China. To all of us that civil war is in a deep sense tragical, but superficially it has its comic aspects, and the tone of levity in the letters does not detract from their accuracy of description. Concerning missionary effort in China, we all know that on religious and humanitarian subjects the intelligent public is divided by inheritance, training, and prejudice. The *Atlantic* itself is very far from feeling the disrespect for missionary effort which Dr. Grenfell's letter implies. — THE EDITORS]

* * *

A nurseryman who would deny an implication.

June 3, 1925

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is interesting to note that in the article, 'Plant Pests,' appearing in your June issue, Dr. Marlatt has shifted his ground in defending the absurd Quarantine 37. This shift has probably been brought about by the pressure of public opinion. Dr. Marlatt now pretends that trade protection is not and never was any part of the quarantine programme.

Lest we forget, it would be well perhaps to refresh our memories by examining some of the earlier official statements of the Federal Horticultural Board. In the addenda to the transcripts of the plant quarantine conferences revised May 12, 1922, page 2, paragraph 6A, you will find the following statement: 'The whole spirit of Quarantine 37 is to as rapidly as possible make this country independent of foreign supplies, in the hope that some day we will reach a condition where no entry of foreign supplies will be necessary.' Similar statements are made in the number of bulletins issued by the Federal Plant Board.

Unfortunately for Dr. Marlatt he has put himself on record as being in favor of extra legal trade protection and consequently it is somewhat difficult for him to shift to his new position and at the same time be convincing.

Very respectfully yours,

RHEA F. ELLIOTT

President, Elliott Nursery Company

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1925

COMING OF AGE[1]

I. THE NOVITIATE

BY HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

February 8, 1918. — What if I were to scream? I may yet. It would be so un-English and such awfully bad form. I'd love to do it. It would disturb all these good Sisters from their naps and knitting. The Major would be sent for, and he would hang over my bed and breathe on me and say 'Hmm.' Out of the tail of my eye I can see that Marston, the Canadian nurse in the next bed to me, has reached out and stolen my hot claret and is now drinking it under the bedclothes. She is a peach.

It's not that I mind being in bed. I don't even mind having the flu and trench fever. It was quite interesting at first and is not unpleasant even now. Nor have I any particular passion for work. I always was lazy. The real root of the matter is that I realize that the spring offensive will soon be on, and unless I get out of here I shall miss it.

February 11. — I have prevailed upon the Major to let me get up. I am now allowed to dress and wander about the château. It is a lovely old place.

February 12. — I have been at the Major again, this time to let me go home. The Harvard Unit Matron remarked casually that there is to be a dance in our mess Thursday night. I feel that I am going to that dance, though I have n't mentioned my conviction to the Major. In fact I have n't even said there is to be a dance, but I have followed him about persistently. Wherever he goes, there am I also. I skip before him blithely that he may not fail to observe my unbounded energy. I carol gayly in the halls. This morning when I heard him stumping through the lower hall I came tearing wildly down the stairs, slipped, and landed in a joyful heap at his feet. From the floor I beamed at him. 'Good morning, Major,' said I.

'Good heavens!' said he.

'Major,' said I urgently, 'may I go home Thursday?'

He peered at me over his spectacles and puffed. It seems to me that he had the air of one who feels a trifle foolish. I was sitting on his foot, which may explain that.

'Good God, yes!' he said at last. 'Do anything you like. You 're worse than the Wandering Jew!'

'Oh, thank you, Major,' I cooed. 'You are a darling!'

[1] This diary is, of course, actual. — THE EDITORS

February 14. — Home at last! I came over in the ambulance, back over the familiar roads, past the little lake and through the village, past the machine-gun training camp and the hospitals, standing dim and dripping in the rain. The sentries all knew me and grinned, and my heart leaped at the sound of many pairs of boots squelching in the mud.

In my room in the hut the little stove is all hot and glowing. The wind is singing the same old song through the cracks in the wall. The corner of the canvas nailed to the wall is still hanging down where the tack fell out last year. The brown blanket on my cot is rough to the touch after the silk puffs at Villa Tino, but I have dreamed of that old blanket. And there is a hollow in the quilt that covers the coal-box, where Molly has been sitting to read. That is one advantage of having a roommate. When you come home from somewhere the room always looks lived in.

February 15. — I went on duty on C-5, medical, this morning. It is Miss McKayne's ward.

There's a strange soul. I wonder what she thinks of it all? She is old, and narrow-minded, and crumpled and tired, and she works on and on in the confusion, worrying about all the little unimportant things, bewildered by the big ones, pretending to be rather fierce, in self-defense. And so she slaves and mismanages, and adores her boys, and nags their very souls out about cigarette butts and keeping their lockers clean. I wonder if she thinks at all? One never can tell about people.

The mail sergeant came to the ward this afternoon bringing me a registered package containing Hamilton Borrough's picture — he wearing the full-dress uniform of the Irish Guards. He was a handsome creature, but rather stupid. For the life of me I can't see why I fell for him so hard. If only he had n't come back it would have been all right, but I do hate an anticlimax. That whole thing was rather amusing. I met him at the Y. M. C. A. movie show, to which he had come with Ruth Brewster, who also had just met him that day. I don't remember whom I was with. But I perceived that here was an exceedingly handsome major with a roving eye. 'Is this yours?' I whispered to Ruth. 'No,' said she. 'Just a war ration.' So I sat down on the other side of him, and I meant nothing at all when I brushed his nice fur glove across my cheek. He took it entirely the wrong way. And I only smiled because the movie was amusing or something, though I don't remember what it was about, now. Anyway . . .

February 17. — I relieved on C-5 this afternoon. It was nice to be back — I had been on duty there when I went sick. Many of the boys I knew were still there, but they are up and around now and they were dears to me. They sat me, almost by force, in a chair in front of the stove, and served me tea. They brought me bread and butter and their best jam. They fried me eggs, which they brought to me on a tin plate not too clean. But it did n't matter. It is like that on all the wards. The boys love to do things for the Sisters.

When I was settled with my tea they gathered around and, according to the custom of the male in any group in which he feels at home, began to yarn. Their tales were of the war, and at first they tempered their language because Sister was there and might be offended by rough talk. But after a little they forgot that she was there at all, and never have I heard such stories. In reward for my silence there was revealed to me a strange world in which there were only men — a world of life and death and love and hate, but not

like any world I had ever known. There were tales of friendships of men for their horses, tales of the strange ways of shells and bombs, tales of violence and horror, tales overflowing with the simple poetry of the peasant mind, tales of days and nights and attacks and retreats. And through it all ran the theme of the comradeship which is created by danger and hardship. 'My mate, 'e,' they began.

And I listened. Around us the dingy tent-walls billowed and flapped; the smoky lantern sputtered in the draughts; the toes of our shoes burned merrily in the lower damper of the stove — along with the toast. The air smelled of smoke, and wet canvas, and eggs frying in butter, and there was an incessant and cheerful clump-clump of heavy boots on the board floor.

February 19. — A Boche plane was over to-day, taking pictures. We nearly got him.

Camp is full of rumors as usual. One is that the Boche plane dropped a paper saying, 'We are going to wipe you out the twenty-fourth.' That is the night the moon is full.

And here we are, three hospitals, lying along the one line of railroad that goes to the front. We are surrounded by anti-aircraft schools, machine-gun schools, and training camps, and an ammunition dump. Naturally, with all these excellent objectives the merry Boche is n't going to stop to disentangle what *may* be hospitals from the rest, especially as we have no distinguishing marks.

February 22. — Human beings are so ridiculous! This evening I bumped into Molly by the cookhouse door, and we wallowed along together, not saying much. Bye had come off duty early, and as we came up the hut steps her door flew open with characteristic abruptness, letting out a flood of warm air and light, and a smell of cocoa.

'I say,' Bye called to us, 'I've got a box from home! Bring your pajamas in here and undress. Ann and Libby will be down in a minute. Never mind your fire.'

There is something so satisfying about these evenings, with their long companionable discussions and their atmosphere of affectionate comradeship. Men are always clamoring that women don't understand friendship — meaning, of course, that only they, as the lords of creation, are capable of it. I hate to differ with you, my lords, but these women understand it.

I like to watch them as they talk. Molly, curled up on the bed, always picturesque; wearing very chic pajamas; her brown hair hanging over her shoulder in a thick braid, and her eyes sparkling. She argues with unexpected clarity and emphasis for one with so piquant a nose.

And Libby, round-eyed and æsthetic-looking, sitting bolt upright against the wall, her face flushed with eagerness and enthusiasm and her hands clasped tight between her knees in her attempts to keep her opinions from running away with her temper.

Ann Peyton is the one pretty girl among us, except Bye. She is twenty-three. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, and slender. She looks like a child, but there is a shadow behind the blue twinkle of her eyes, and a pallor in her cheeks. A generous, sweet-tempered girl, full of drawling witticisms into which there creeps, at times, a tinge of bitterness — and with good reason. She had been married just a month to a young Captain in the Royal Air Force, a childhood sweetheart, when he was reported missing. He has n't been heard of since, and that was about eight months ago. She still believes him alive.

And then Bye. There is a good deal of the devil in Bye. She stands, usually, half leaning against the table in the centre of the room, gesticulating with little nervous jerks as she talks. Now and again she rocks back and forth slightly for emphasis, and her greatest joy is to involve Molly and Libby in a political argument. Molly is a Canadian, and Libby English, with an American education. Both have violent convictions. Bye starts the game by aiming a few bitingly sarcastic comments at any existing political situation. Instantly Molly and Libby pounce, and the rest of us settle down to eat and watch the fur fly.

February 27. — To-night when I stopped to look at the bulletin board in the mess on my way to dinner I found my name posted for duty on A–1 in the morning.

There is no ward in the hospital which has the atmosphere of A–1. In the first place it's a bone ward, — mostly femurs, — which means back-breaking work, of course, but it also means that it is a ward where the patients stay for ages. Shattered bones are a long time healing. I had my very first war-duty there, too, months ago, and for the first time heard myself called 'Sister' in tones which made my throat ache. A great many of those boys are there still and nearly all of them were of the 'Old Contemptibles' — Kitchener's mob.

I am thrilled at going back, though my thrill is a little subdued because Knowlton is the Sister in charge there now; and Knowlton — well, Knowlton is the amazon type. Hard-boiled, aggressive, ill-bred, vain, and undeniably efficient. We do not like each other, but we manage to get on very well. I keep my mouth shut and work, and Know leaves me to it, generally.

February 28. — Knowlton was actually glad to see me this morning.

The first thing I heard when I went into the ward was Hilley, playing 'White Wings' on the gramophone. I don't believe he has had that record off since I was here before.

Know gave me back my old side — with Hilley and old Dad. Forty patients. But then they are hard dressings, all of them, so it is n't as easy as it sounds. I was so pleased to get that side again. Know is n't so bad after all. And I worked. Lord, how I worked. My back is busted in two to-night. Slowly down the ward, doing the dressings and making the beds. Old Dad beamed and beamed at me, turning his grizzled head from side to side on the pillow as I went up and down the ward, until by and by he fell asleep. That plucky old thing came all the way from Australia to fight for the England he had never seen. He is over sixty. No one can imagine how he got into the army. But he did. And now he lies here in the base hospital with his leg torn to pieces. He's a crotchety old dear, always roaring about something. But the time when I was here before he shot a temp and complained of pain in his thigh. It being laid wide open anyhow, I took a look along the bone — Dad meantime cursing the roof off — and found a walled-in pus pocket. I picked up a scalpel, told Dad to look out the window a minute — that I was going to hurt him, so to be prepared. And then, before he knew what I was about, I slit the thing open. At least two cupfuls of pus poured out, and his relief was tremendous at once. Of course his temp dropped. I put in a packing and watched it for a few days. It cleared right up. And that was absolutely all, but Dad thinks there is nobody in the world fit for me even to walk on. Naturally I spoil him to death.

And then there is Hilley. His hip was shattered with an explosive bullet and the story of how it happened would keep you awake nights for a week. He is an Irish Guardsman — and everybody in the hospital knows him. Long and thin, with a rather fine face, also long and thin, keenly intelligent and decorated with a very snappy black moustache. He has been on the ward for nine months, tied to a Balkan frame, and he is the heart and soul of A–1. He bucks the boys up no end. Always singing or joking or wrangling about something. He never complains, although he is tortured daily, and he is never consciously the 'sunshine of the ward.' He just *is*, because of his unquenchable exuberance. We have always been great friends. I adore him. We have old jokes that we cherish, and certain formulas of greeting and leave-taking.

It was Hilley who started the boys all saying good-night to me with one voice. They think it is a great joke, but there is a sweetness of intention underneath it that makes me value it greatly.

I wondered if they had forgotten. There were new boys in the ward, of course. But when it came time to go I stood in the doorway as usual and said good-night to the boys near at hand. Like a flash Hilley was pulling himself up on that frame, hand over hand, yelling, 'Hey, mates! Shut your noise! Sister's going!'

There was a grinning silence, while I said in a rather small voice, which I tried to keep from shaking, 'Good-night, lads. Sleep well!'

With a crash that shook the hut eighty voices responded, 'Good-night, Sister.'

The new boys stared. Knowlton flew out of the office.

'For God's *sake*, Boylston! *What* on earth are you doing?'

'Nothing,' I replied meekly. 'Just saying good-night to the boys.'

'Well, for the luvva Mike! I should think you were.'

March 8. — One would never dream there was a war on! We have had a grand clearing-out in preparation for the spring offensive and the hospital is nearly empty. So everybody is rejoicing in abundant time off. Matron says we'd better grab all we can, because it looks as though we should have a hot time later.

I have n't written in this lately because I've been too busy. There is a new crowd in at the Senior Officers' School and they have nearly rushed us off our feet. It is great fun, because no matter how complicated things get they have to go back up the line at the end of the month — and we should worry.

It is a fascinating game, this playing at love with people who can't stay long enough to be serious. One feels so safe. I hate these long-drawn-out affairs — generally. Now and then, of course . . .

It happened this way, this time. I was reading in the coal-box one evening when Ruth rushed in, all out of breath.

'Oh, Troubles, *dear!* Thank God, you 're not doing anything! Get your mess uniform on quick! Jinks and I need you. Meet us in Matron's sitting-room in ten minutes.' And she fled without explanation.

Now there is this about the crowd — they never ask questions and they never let each other down. I was in Matron's sitting-room in five minutes — my veil a little askew, but otherwise all right. I found Ruth and Jinks with four men. There were hasty introductions. Jinks was obviously engrossed with a Scotch major. Very good-looking. I should have liked him myself. Ruth had taken on an English major

and an Irish one. This left the other Englishman to me. Major Gracie. Ruth explained all in one breath — Ruth is always breathless — that 'hisnameisreallyAlfredTraversGraciebutwecallhimDonbecauseitdoesn'ttakesolongtosay.'

We went down to the Hotel Du Lac for dinner — wandering through the back lanes and byways of the village, after the manner of all Sisters and officers en route to dinner. Don Gracie is a darling. It was one of those sudden things that occur to me from time to time. We looked at each other and I fell.

Since then I have dined every single night with him. Sometimes alone and sometimes with the crowd.

And yet — I wonder about it — and myself. What is the real truth of it? Are we a lot of silly jackasses, or are we just normal young people having a good time, or are we all a little mad, and chasing shadows? There is no way of knowing.

Don is a nice-looking creature — tall and blonde, with a nice little clipped moustache and even nicer brown eyes. I wonder what he looks like in civilian clothes. He's very clever and writes really good poetry.

March 9. — The spring offensive is on the way! The boys have all been recalled and there is an unpleasant tension in the air. Don left to-day. I was to have had a farewell luncheon with him this noon, but of course Knowlton changed my time at the last minute and I could n't go, so after a while he appeared at the ward and stayed about an hour. He is the first of the crowd at the school to go. Lord, but the thought of what is coming makes me sick. I wonder if it will be worse or better this time. The crowd at the school will all be killed — they always are.

I don't see why we are n't all crazy. We ought to be. And yet, after saying good-bye to Don — both of us feeling miserable and tragic — I went off duty and went out to dinner with Mol and Libby and Jerome and had the time of my life.

Well — what else is one to do?

Later we all went to a dance in the mess. It was an excellent dance!

When will the war start?

March 10. — We are getting as much time off as possible while the hospital is empty. I had 11–5 off to-day, and went up the hills with Bye. Gorgeous day out. Warm. At the top of the range we stretched out in the long matted grass and lay quiet, soaking up the warmth, chewing grass-stems, and staring out across to where the Channel sparkled in the morning sun. But I felt a little sick. I always feel that way before a push. Never have time to after it starts. I think Bye felt a bit off, too.

March 14. — I'm tired. Too many parties. And it is raining. It has always rained. It will never do anything else. It beats on the tents with paddy fingers. It drips from the ridgepoles. It leaks into everything. The bread tastes musty. The mud flows over the roads like lava. My feet are wet and my head aches. The boys are cross. I'm tired of parties, and of straining my eyes for a glimpse of the hills which are not there because of the rain clouds. I'm tired of waiting for the war and of listening to wheezy gramophones.

I wish I was in bed.

March 23. — I've forgotten what has happened since I wrote in this last. Nothing interesting anyway. The weather has been rotten. Spring in Picardy!

But — on Thursday the Boche attacked along a fifty-mile front. We are about due for the first lot of the poor lads. I hear they took Bullecourt, but lost it again. I feel as the poor lads must feel after they've watched the dressing-tray coming slowly all down the ward, until at last they know that they are next. The war is on.

4 A. M., *March* 24. — They've come! Convoy after convoy. I've been working all night. Just got off.

Fritz has broken through our lines. It's hideous. The field dressing-stations and casualty clearing-stations have all been destroyed and we are getting the boys direct from the line. There have been no stretcher cases so far. Fritz is killing any wounded who can't walk well enough to get away. And those walking wounded! I could scream when I think of them.

Our first warning that the convoys were coming was the steady hum of ambulances — ambulances winding over the road in the moonlight as far as the eye could see, with scarcely a yard between them. Just black beetles, crawling, and not a light anywhere.

It was about an hour after supper, and there was an air raid on. Not a very bad one, but our shells were coming over so low that our hair stood on end listening to them. Ruth and I were standing outside the mess looking at the air raid when we heard a low note, a steady drone, under the scream of the shells. After one startled look at one another we started for Matron's office, neither of us saying a word.

Just as we reached the administration hut the first ambulance stopped in front of us, the others close behind. We had to wait until the boys were taken out. Nearly every one should have been a stretcher case. Ragged and dirty; tin hats still on; wounds patched together any way; some not even covered.

Their faces were white and drawn and their eyes glassy from lack of sleep. Some of them were not more than sixteen or seventeen and they stood ghastly in the moonlight, waiting to be told where to go. There were great husky men, crying with the pain of gaping wounds and dreadfully swollen, discolored, trench feet. There were strings of from eight to twenty blind boys filing up the road, their hands on each other's shoulders and their leader some bedraggled, bandaged, limping youngster.

Every one had a cigarette in his mouth and another behind his ear. And they grinned at us. Grinned! 'Cheerio, Sister. Got a blighty this time!' Over it all the shells whistled, the Gothas growled, and the searchlights swept the sky. Now and then a bomb exploded in the distance and those poor devils jumped horribly — and then grinned again at 'Sister.' They were sickly things, those grins.

Ruth and I stood beside the road with the tears rolling down our cheeks, trying to smile back. I wonder if I'll ever be able to look at marching men again, anywhere, without seeing those blinded boys with five and six wound stripes on their sleeves, struggling painfully along the road.

Matron sent us to the D Lines. She said there were five hundred in this convoy, and that there were stretcher cases on the way. If she sent Topsy Stone with us did we think we three could clean up the five hundred walkers?

We thought that we could, though Heaven knows how we thought we were going to do it.

In the D Lines dressing-tent we made a frantic effort to systematize our work. We had a small table for the medical officer, and a large table, piled with bandages and splints, boric ointment,

sponges, and a basinful of Dakins for wet dressings. Then there were two smoky lanterns and an enfeebled primus stove.

Ruth, armed with a pair of scissors, stood in the doorway and beckoned the boys in, two or three at a time. Because there was so much to do it was impossible to try to take the stiff, dried bandages off carefully. The only thing to do was to snatch them off with one desperate yank. Poor Ruth! She could hardly stand it. She'd cut the dressing down the middle, the poor lad looking on with set jaw and imploring eyes. Ruth's own eyes were full. There'd be a quick jerk; a sharp scream from the lad; a sob from Ruth; and he was passed on to the medical officer, and Ruth began on the next.

The medical officer looked at the wound, said 'Wet — dry — boric ointment' or 'Splint' to the orderly sitting at the table. The orderly scribbled the order on a bit of paper and gave it to the lad, who moved on to Topsy and me.

They came much too fast for us, and within fifteen minutes were standing twenty deep around the dressing-table. As the hours went by we ceased to think. Our hands moved automatically. We were hardly conscious of the shuffling of feet and the steady drip-drip, wounds bleeding from surface vessels torn open when Ruth took off the dressing. I remember hearing a soft thump now and then. I suppose somebody fainted, but there was no time to look up. We were needed elsewhere, for stretcher cases, at that very moment.

After a while Topsy had to give it up, and went away, very white. She was sick before we started anyway.

We 're through now, just as the dawn is coming. I don't know whether I'm sleepy or not. But when I close my eyes the bandages go on rolling and winding and staining crimson. The blur of faces is still there in the sputtering lantern-light, and I hear the ceaseless shuffle of feet. So I'm writing in this until they all go away and I can sleep.

Molly is n't in yet. I wonder where she went. Operating, I suppose.

March 27. — We are all getting fearfully tired. I could go to sleep standing up. Rand Wray and Captain Dudley have n't been to bed for three days and nights. And Colonel Putnam has thanked us formally and informally for our coöperation. Already we hold the record for British hospitals on the Western Front. In ten days we admitted 4853 wounded, sent 4000 to England, did 935 operations, and only twelve patients died!

April 4. — There's a pause in the war!

Meantime we have cleared out the hospital and are nearly empty once more — and ready for the next rush.

We sent twenty-six boys from A. Q. this morning. All my femurs have gone. It was like breaking up a happy home. To be sure they were tremendously thrilled at going to Blighty, but they have been so many long months in dingy old A-1 that they have grown to love it. And we *were* good to them.

They were such children. I remember once buying bright-colored neckties for the entire ward, and tying them on each of the men myself. And they all sat up, grinning perkily at one another and slicking back their hair. There will be no one now to yell a rousing good-night to me when I go off duty. All the traditions of A-1 went to England this morning.

I just could n't bear it. Hilley did n't even pretend he wanted to go, and begged to be let off. I went out to the ambulance with him, and he clung tightly to my hand all the way. I

almost cried. The ward will be a silent place without him.

It's queer I should have been so shocked and startled. I knew they could n't stay forever. At least I knew it with my mind. But all the time I *felt* that Old Dad would go on grumbling forever, there by the door, and that Hilley would always play 'White Wings' on the gramophone for hours every day, and that Taffy the Welchman would sing me the Whale's Lullaby every afternoon, and that Cherry would go on joking with me and biting the sheet to stifle his moans while I was doing his dressing.

I just never thought that it would all end. How stupid I am. I went on blindly, loving them all, and loving their foolish ways and inarticulateness and contrariness. And now they are all gone. The Colonel came in, walked through the ward, followed by a sergeant, pointed them out, one after another, and went out at the door at the other end of the ward; and he left consternation behind him. But even then I did n't realize it. He said, 'Have them ready in an hour.' And we did.

And now the ward is already filled with strange lads. It will never be the same again. Nothing ever is, of course. But I will never be so foolish as to forget it as I did this time.

Come to think of it, to-day is my birthday. How extraordinary. I've just remembered it. And I'm twenty-three.

What a year this has been!

Two nice letters from Don. He *is* a dear.

April 9. — I had a very peaceful night. Sent five of the boys to Blighty, but that was all that happened in my house.

My orderly is a scream. He's deaf, and consequently gets himself into all kinds of ridiculous scrapes. Last night he leaned up against the stovepipe to take a nap. Now that stovepipe is very ancient and when he leaned on it it cracked. Of course he did n't hear it, and presently, just as he was dozing off, the pipe gave a fearful screech and fell on him. I laughed so hard I could n't help him, and he finally crawled out by himself, a foot thick with soot and swearing frightfully. The poor old dear! He's too old to be puttering around dark tents full of dying boys.

April 10. — Everybody is going to be exhausted before this drive is over, it's so long-drawn-out. But they are all so game. I did n't know people could be like this.

April 11. — Another peaceful night, the easiest yet.

I got up early to-day, and after tea Ellen James and I went off for a walk. It was the first real spring day we've had for a long while, and it was good. We wandered down the beach road and turned off through the half-wild lane that loses itself among the pines on the lake shore. The air was warm, and heavy with the smell of burning brush, and the outlines of the hills and the sand dunes were hazy and unreal in the drifting smoke. Far up over our heads a solitary plane moved, a speck against the blue. We lingered for a while in the warm, lazy quietness, and then came out into the village. The contrast took my breath away.

Against a background of thatched cottages, green rows of slender poplars, and a shrine, all mirrored in the tiny lake, the huge army-trucks thundered by, grinding and squealing. Heavy boots clumped over the cobbled streets, cavalry officers swung past, jingling, ambulances bumped emptily, and from the direction of No. 18's camp we heard 'The Stars and Stripes Forever,' being played as only a military band can play it.

James and I looked at each other and grinned. 'Well, anyway, we're *living!*' James said, and there was a ring in her voice.

April 15. — I'm operating nights again. This time with Major Cranston. I love working with him. When he operates one feels that things are really happening.

Day before yesterday we admitted 1100 in twenty-four hours, and we are averaging seventy to ninety operations a night, except on the nights when no convoy comes in. The night operating teams do only the emergency ops., of course. There are three teams, and we certainly are turning off the work.

Last night there was no convoy, so we were off duty for the night, and I slept from nine in the morning until eight this morning, — twenty-three hours, — waking only long enough to drink the tea Molly brought me yesterday afternoon. I expected to work again to-night, but did n't have to.

In the intervals between work and sleeping I have built myself an armchair out of some boards, box covers, and fence rails. It sounds frightful, but it is really very comfortable and looks quite like any armchair when it is draped with a blanket.

April 24. — Gorgeous day out. I'd like to go fishing somewhere, with Dad. *Later.* It's raining out now. I'm writing this in my room, curled up in the chair. Our few lumps of coal are burning merrily, Bye's teakettle is beginning to sing, and the rain is pounding on the roof and streaming down the window. Bye is asleep on my bed and Molly is reading in the coal-box.

How comfortable they look — Bye's curly head boring into the pillow, and Molly half out of sight in the coal-box, her nose buried in a book. I wonder what they think about when they sit staring into space, as I'm doing now? They'd be embarrassed if they knew that I was thinking about them — glad that they are here; grateful for their friendship; loving their notions and their ways and their moods. They'd laugh, too, at my sentimentality.

May 19. — We have just had a frightful air-raid. I'm not quite sure whether I'm all here or not. The telephone and telegraph wires are all down and for several hours now the ambulance-drivers have been bringing in what are left of the patients from other hospitals. This hospital escaped without a single casualty — goodness knows how. The ambulance-drivers say that Étaples is a mess. The nurses' quarters of No. 1 Canadian were hit, and no one knows how many nurses have been killed and wounded.

It was about eleven o'clock, and Fred Wilson, Benny's medical officer, was on the ward at the time, trying to do something for one of the boys who was dying. We were standing by the bedside when suddenly Fred stopped short in something he was saying, and we looked at each other with startled eyes.

The guns at Boulogne!

Something seemed to clutch at the pit of my stomach, as the hut began to tremble. Far away the sound came, like distant thunder.

We went out at once and stood looking up, and already we could hear a faint intermittent purr, growing steadily louder — Gothas, heavily loaded.

The moon was full; there was not a breath of air. Every hut and tent stood out as clearly as though their outlines had been cut with a razor. We could almost see the planes, and they seemed to be coming from all directions. And still no air-raid signal, and no sound from our guns. Across the hills we

could see the tiny sparks of bursting shells and hear the dull roll of the barrage.

By this time the air was swarming with planes, and I grabbed Fred by the sleeve while seven hundred cold chills per minute chased along my spine. 'Good God,' Fred said, 'we're in for it!' And at that instant came a flash from the beach, a long sobbing sigh, a terrific jar, and then a faint *b-o-o-o-ng*, among the stars. Archie had spoken. In another moment every gun for miles around had turned loose and was firing frantically, the shells whining in a dozen different keys. And all the time, *his-s-s-s*, a tremendous shock, and a blinding red flare. All the while the planes circled, closer and closer, until the machine-guns opened on them with their foolish little *put-put-put*. It was horrible, and yet — it had a kind of dreadful beauty — the searchlights swinging and crossing, the yellow blaze of slowly dropping flares and star shells, the flash of bursting shells, and sometimes a great gold bug swooping out of the sky — Fritz caught in the searchlights — or again a hideous black bug against the moon.

The boys, terrified, were beginning to shout for Sister, and I flew for B-5, where they were most helpless. Fred followed me, and we walked up and down between the rows of beds, trying to quiet them. They were frantic with terror, and I can't say that I was much better.

Seeing that all was well in that quarter, Fred and I went across to the other hut. I set my teeth and ran like blazes, and sprang through the door just as Major Cranston came in, bareheaded, and quite unconcerned. He ordered us to lie down on the floor at once, and stay there; and he went out again into the shrapnel. I had a sudden impulse to grab him by the coat-tails and pull him back. He is the one man we can't afford to lose, but I did n't dare to grab, though it made me sick to see him going out again.

When he had gone we started back to the other ward. Raid or no raid, you can't leave the boys.

Halfway across the open space between the wards a bomb fell in the chalk pit behind the C Lines, and then another nearer. Something struck me across the shoulders and tripped me at the same time, and I found myself flat on my face in the mud, with Fred beside me saying quietly, 'Lie still! The next one is going to land about here.'

I buried my face in my arms and waited. We could hear it coming — sizzling. I don't remember that I thought anything, and I was n't conscious of feeling anything. I simply waited, but I think I lived ten years in those few seconds. We heard it strike. There was a dreadful roar and a blood-red flare. I could see it even with my fingers pressed against my eyes. My ears rang and my head seemed to be bursting. Something fell with a crash in one of the huts. Earth and stone pattered down on us.

When I crawled to my feet I found that I was shaking all over, which surprised me, for I was still not conscious of any emotion. Fred, putting out a hand to help me, felt the tremor, and said gently: 'Don't you mind it. It will wear off in a little while. I did the same thing when I was up the line the first time.' I could have blessed him for understanding, but I made no reply for fear he'd hear my teeth chattering. He was right, however. It did wear off in about half an hour. Meanwhile we went on to the hut, and the boys, seeing us coming in safe and sound, pulled themselves together and did very well in the hours that followed. The raid continued with the same vigor until three o'clock, and now we are trying to find places for

the boys who have come in the ambulances. We all look seedy and tired. It is a bit wearing to be scared stiff for four hours.

May 20–21. — Seven nurses were killed last night, and many more wounded. They say there were forty planes over.

The casualties in Étaples number over 3000. And the rumors are wild beyond description. Little knots of people gather on every corner and gesticulate frantically. The first greeting is invariably, 'Gosh, did you hear —?'

I certainly did. I never heard so many wild tales in my life. Nobody knows what to believe.

Some of our shell-shock patients ran so far away that they have n't come back yet. Three were found under the water tanks this noon.

May 22. — Last night was my last on night duty. It was decidedly hectic. We had three air raids. All patients who were able to walk, and all the personnel not on duty, were ordered to the hills — which look flat from an aeroplane and are not worth bombing.

Everybody *on* duty has to wear a tin hat, and at the first sign of an air raid must lower all the patients' beds to the floor. The tin hats are a beastly nuisance. They weigh a ton, and seem as big as a carpet, until a nose cap comes whanging through the air. Then they feel about the size of a postage stamp.

We had a lovely time watching the crowd traveling to the hills. Sisters, officers, and Tommies, all cold and mad, and most of them only half-dressed and dragging blankets. Three times they scrambled across the field and up the hills. Three times they trailed back — madder every time.

We, having let the beds down as per order, sat perkily in the doorways of our huts, our tin hats cocked over one eyebrow, and leered at everybody who went by. At least we did until the third time. Then Fritz, apparently scared by something, dropped all his bombs at once, as one would drop an apronful of eggs. I went over backward in my chair. My tall Jock orderly gave one squawk and dived for the drainpipe in the gutter.

After that we stayed inside.

May 31. — We 've been bombed every single night this week, except one, and then we stayed awake anyhow, expecting it.

June 5. — We celebrated our third anniversary in France with sports, tea for the people who are leaving, and a dance. I had a sudden attack of my old interest in athletics and won the 250-yard dash. Drapeau came in second. 'Crannie' yelled like anything and the Colonel swore and banged on his boots with his stick. Afterward one of the sergeants came up and solemnly presented me with a box of soap — the first prize.

The dance was a gorgeous success.

PROBLEMS FOR AN IMPARTIAL CHAIRMAN

FROM THE DOCKET OF AN INDUSTRIAL JUDGE

BY W. M. LEISERSON

It was my first case. A written complaint from the Rochester Clothing Workers' Union alleged that one Romanelli, — the name is fictitious, — an 'under-presser,' had been unjustly discharged and requested that he be reinstated, with pay for lost time. I read it and wondered what to do next.

'Mr. Chairman,' said the Italian business-agent of the union, who appeared as counsel for Romanelli, 'I think the labor-manager ought to tell why he discharged this man.'

'But this is the union's complaint,' said the labor-manager, who represented the employer, 'and I think the union ought to state first why it took up this case.'

'Well,' I said, 'we have n't any rules of procedure yet. I suppose we shall have to prepare a set of rules. But let's not be technical. The idea, as I understand it, is to get at the facts in the case and then decide what is the best thing to do. The agreement between the manufacturers and the union provides (*reading*): —

> 'The full power to discharge and discipline remains with the employer; but it is understood that the power should be exercised with justice and with due regard to the reasonable rights of the employee, and if any employee feels that he has been unjustly discharged he may appeal to the tribunal provided for, which shall have power to review the case, and its decision shall be binding on the parties.

'All I am interested in is to find out the reasons for the discharge, and then I must try to decide the case in accordance with this provision of the agreement. Since it is the union that has filed the complaint, suppose you tell us, Mr. C——' (the union business-agent), 'what steps have been taken to get the case adjusted.'

'We have gone through all the steps required by the agreement,' C—— answered. 'When Romanelli was notified of his discharge, the shop chairman — the elected representative of the workers in the shop — tried to get the labor-manager of the plant to reinstate him. But the labor-manager refused to do this. The shop chairman then notified the union. I was sent over to investigate, and I found that Romanelli was perhaps a little thoughtless, but he did not do anything serious enough to warrant discharge. I had several conferences with the labor-manager, trying to convince him of this. But he seemed to have his mind made up, and when I found I could n't do anything with him I filed the request for a hearing and reinstatement. I think it will be better for the labor-manager himself to explain to you why he wants to get rid of Romanelli.'

'All right. Mr. V——, will you tell us why this man was discharged?'

The labor-manager felt he must first explain wherein the business-agent's statement was not entirely correct:

'I did not have my mind made up. I even offered to put the man back to work, after a short suspension, but I proposed to transfer him to another shop. This the union would not agree to. Now the man has been out of work for three weeks, and they want us to pay him for all that lost time. Since they did not accept my proposition at the time that I made it, I have withdrawn it, and I don't think I ought to be held to it.'

Then he went on to explain the circumstances of the discharge.

'This man is an under-presser — that is, he presses seams and linings in the process of manufacture before the garments are finished. He stands at one end of a row of pressing machines, and just opposite him sits an elderly woman who does felling by hand — a "finisher," we call her. This woman is a devout Roman Catholic, and Romanelli, who I suppose was brought up in the same church, ridiculed her religion for the amusement of his fellow pressers. Every once in a while he would take the sponge that he uses in his pressing, dip it in water, and squeeze it over her head with remarks that he was blessing her with holy water. He is evidently one of these fellows who have recently become freethinkers, and he delighted in saying shocking things to her about her church. The woman complained to us, and when we found her charges to be true we discharged him.'

The union's defense of the man and his own testimony did not deny that he had done these things, but maintained that they were done in a friendly, joking spirit, and that no offense or insult was intended.

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What should an industrial judge do with a case like this? To think it over I adjourned the hearing until the next day. My only clue to a decision was in the employer's proposition to put the presser back to work in another shop. That seemed to me quite reasonable; but this proposal had been withdrawn. I therefore called the labor-manager in for a conference, told him I thought his offer was a very fair one, and asked him why we could n't settle the case on that basis now, without a formal decision. I would not order back-pay for the time the man lost, but would make the loss of pay and the transfer to another shop the penalty for the man's offenses.

The labor-manager answered that, even if he would agree to this, the union would not accept it. He preferred to leave the case entirely to my decision. I gathered that he would have no serious objection if I could induce the union to accept the proposition; or, failing this, he would probably not consider any injustice done to the employer if I made my decision along these lines.

Then I called in the union representative and asked him why he did not accept the labor-manager's proposal. He said the employer admitted the man was a good presser. Romanelli was young, and perhaps a little foolish; but he had had his lesson, and would not repeat the offense. Therefore he thought the man ought to be reinstated in his old job. The union could not accept the employer's proposition, but would be willing to settle the case out of court without pay for the time lost by the presser, if he were given back his old job.

There was nothing to do then but to make my own decision. The next day I delivered it orally, promising to write it out later. I said: 'The man is guilty of an offense for which, under the agreement between the manufacturers and the union, suspension is justified. But a permanent discharge seems too severe a penalty, considering that he has a good work-record, and seems to have

learned a lesson from this experience. He is young and has been thoughtless, and will probably not repeat the offense if he is transferred to another shop. The three weeks he has lost are therefore to be considered a period of suspension without pay, and the employer is to reëmploy him now, but in another shop.'

Both the union representative and the labor-manager seemed to have expected this decision, and apparently were satisfied. I told the former to translate what I had said to Romanelli, who could not speak English. When this was done and I was about to adjourn the meeting, the presser began to talk loudly and volubly in Italian.

'What is the matter?' I asked. 'What is he saying?'

'He says,' answered the union representative, 'that he does not want that kind of decision. He could have had that before, and not have lost so much time. He wants to know from the judge "Am I right or wrong?" If he is right, he says he should be reinstated with pay. If he is wrong he should be discharged.'

That gave me a little shock. There flashed through my mind the idea that maybe I had not done my duty properly. Perhaps the duty of a judge is to decide between right and wrong. But what is right in a case like this, and what is wrong? I thought a little, while everybody stood around waiting. Then I said: —

'Tell him that my decision is that he was neither right nor wrong. He was just foolish.'

II

The shirt-makers of New York had an agreement with their employers. It provided two sets of piece-rates. For the various operations on cotton shirts there was one list of prices, but for the same operations on silk shirts there was another list of considerably higher prices. After this agreement was made a new material came into the trade. 'English broadcloth,' it was called. It was one hundred per cent cotton, but it looked and felt like silk. Naturally enough the workers wanted silk prices for work done on this material, and just as naturally the employers desired to pay the cotton prices. Who was right and who was wrong?

'Mr. Chairman,' said the representative of the shirt-manufacturers at the hearing, 'the only question involved in this case is whether a contract with these people is really a contract which they are under obligation to live up to. We jointly entered into an agreement which states, in as clear terms as can be desired, that cotton shirts shall be paid for at certain stipulated rates. This English broadcloth is pure cotton. No one can doubt it. Here is a little magnifying glass which is used in the trade to detect the real character of the fabric. Here is some of the material, and you can see for yourself through this glass that it is pure cotton. What more is there to be said about the case? There is the contract fixing prices for cotton shirts. There is the material which is cotton and nothing else. The only question in this case is to make these people live up to their contract.'

'But we don't work with magnifying glasses,' answered the manager of the shirt-makers' union. 'We work with sewing machines and pressing irons. This English-broadcloth material slips under the machine and wrinkles in pressing exactly as silk does. It is harder to work on, just as silk is, and that is one reason why higher piece-rates were fixed for silk. Another reason is that all silk shirts sell at higher prices to the consumer. There is more profit in them, and the manufacturers can afford to pay the workers more than the very low rates they pay for work on

cotton shirts. They sell these broadcloth shirts at silk prices — or almost at silk prices — and we think the intent of the agreement is clearly that the workers should get silk prices under such circumstances. It is the manufacturers, not we, who are trying to violate the agreement; for it is plain that the same reasons that justify higher piece-rates for silk also justify higher rates for this broadcloth.'

By the time I was called to decide this case I had already learned that troubles between employers and wage-earners rarely arose because either wanted to be unfair or unjust to the other. The disputes came rather because it was so difficult to tell what justice and fairness required as between the two. But how shall the 'impartial chairman,' as the industrial judge is usually designated in the needle-trades, determine the justice of the conflicting claims for silk and cotton piece-rates? No statute exists embodying the common sense of justice of the people in such industrial affairs; and there is no common law formulated from decisions of judges on the basis of past practice. Perhaps, though, there are customs in the industry itself, I was led to query — common rules by which a decision might be made.

This thought was suggested to me by testimony in the case to the effect that a number of employers had been making broadcloth shirts for several months and had agreed with their employees on a basis of payment. The attempt to elicit further information about these arrangements, however, raised vigorous objections from the manufacturers' representative. 'Expedience or necessity,' he said, 'may have led some members of our association to agree with their employees on certain piece-rates; but those have no bearing on the present case. We want to know what the agreement requires us to pay.'

But the impartial chairman insisted on inquiring further, and discovered that a substantial number of employers had voluntarily agreed to pay the silk prices for broadcloth-pressing. For the machine-operating, however, they insisted on applying the cotton prices. After these facts were established, the manufacturers freely admitted that pressing the English broadcloth was as difficult as pressing silk, and they were quite willing to pay the silk rates for pressing. Their main concern was to get a decision on the rates to be paid for machine-operating.

We were making progress. Half of the case was settled. But what were we to do about the rest?

'Is it customary in the trade,' I asked, 'to classify the same material as silk for one purpose — say, pressing — and as cotton for another purpose, such as operating by machine?'

They could not tell me offhand what the practice had been, but they did not see any reason why such a variation in classification could not be made, if the work of pressing involved difficulties that were not present in the machine-operations.

'Perhaps not,' I said, 'but let us make an investigation of what the custom has been in the trade with respect to all the materials that have been used up to the present.'

The investigation revealed the use of a wide variety of materials, but invariably, when a material had been classified as cotton or silk for pressing, it was classified as the same for operating. There was no exception to this rule.

'Perhaps an exception ought to be made in the present case,' it was necessary to explain in making the decision. 'But no impartial chairman can be wise enough to enact new rules or laws governing wage-relations in the industry. That would be like judge-made law in

the state, against which all our ideas of justice in government rebel. In the absence of a clearly formulated statement in your agreement as to what the law or rule should be, the impartial chairman must look to the usages, customs, commonly accepted practices, for guidance in making decisions. This is the industrial common law, which contains the "wisdom of the industry." No judge's conscience can be trusted to be wiser than this. And until the citizens of the industry — that is, the employers and the wage-earners — deliberately change the common practices by a definite provision in the agreement, as legislatures make changes in the common law by statutes, the impartial chairman must apply those customary rules. Since it is admitted that the silk prices are to be paid for pressing, and since the custom has invariably been to pay one set of piece-rates for all operations on a given material, whether done by sewing machine or pressing iron, therefore the decision must be that the silk piece-rates are to be paid for the operating as well as for the pressing of the English broadcloth.'

III

A member of the Typographical Union of New York — the 'Big Six' — was discharged for incompetence. The union demanded his reinstatement on the ground that the charge was unjustified and that the employer desired to discriminate against him because of certain union activities in which he had been engaged. In accordance with the agreement between the New York Employing Printers' Association and the Typographical Union, a Joint Committee on Discharges, consisting of three employers and three union-members, heard the case. The committee reached a substantial agreement on the facts. The charge of incompetence was not proved. Neither was it proved that the employer was discriminating against the printer for union activity. Their findings were as follows: —

'While neither of these charges was proved, the evidence did show that the man had been getting quite careless and slack in his work, so that it may be said he was not working satisfactorily. On the other hand, the evidence was also plain that the management of the shop was quite loose and that the foreman was inclined to overlook the slack and careless methods. The employer may therefore be said to be partly responsible for the unsatisfactory work. . . .'

Although the representatives of both parties agreed on this statement of the facts, they could not agree on the action to be taken in the case. The employers desired the discharge to stand. They proposed a written decision exonerating the man from the charge of incompetence and reprimanding the employer for partial responsibility for the man's careless work. The union representatives insisted that, since both the employer and the worker were guilty, it would not be fair to discharge the one and let the other off with a reprimand. They proposed that the worker be reinstated, and both be reprimanded. Since neither side was willing to recede from its position, the agreement between the union and the employers required the selection of an impartial chairman of the committee to decide the case. I was chosen for the place.

How much more guilty was the printer than his employer? How make the punishment fit the crime of each? I asked both parties at the hearing to direct their testimony and arguments to answering these questions.

'Mr. Chairman,' said the employer, 'not only has this man handled his work incompetently, but he even raffled off bottles of whiskey in the shop.'

'I object to that testimony,' protested the representative of the printers' union. 'This is a new charge, which could not have been a reason for the discharge, because the employer did not know anything about the raffling of liquor when the discharge took place. He discovered it only yesterday. I ask that you rule out all testimony on that question.'

The judge was in a quandary. From a legal point of view the union was of course entirely right, and the testimony about the liquor should be excluded. But from a business point of view it seemed clear that the man ought to have been discharged. Should I make a ruling that the testimony must be excluded and that I could not consider it in the case?

The union representative evidently noticed that I was troubled, and guessed the reason, for he said: 'Don't worry, Mr. Chairman. They expect you to rule out that testimony. They know that everybody in the shop, even the foreman, took chances on those raffles.' And all the representatives of capital and labor united in laughter.

It was plain, then, that a technical decision based on the amount of guilt on each side would be of little benefit either to the employer or to the union. It was impossible to say how much more guilty the worker was than the management. The important thing for both was that the conditions in the shop should be put on a proper basis. This could not be done if the discharged man were reinstated. Neither would conditions be likely to improve if the employer went free of any penalty for his negligence and inefficient management of the shop.

I therefore suggested that the committee agree on approving the discharge, but that the employer be ordered to pay the man two weeks' wages. This pay would serve as compensation for time lost by the printer while he was under the charge of incompetence, which might have prevented him from getting another job. The financial penalty would also be more likely to impress upon the employer the need of removing the conditions that encouraged inefficiency among his employees.

The idea seemed to impress the committee favorably. But both sides were afraid of establishing a precedent for future cases — a new rule with new customs for handling discharges, to which employers and workers would soon be appealing as their right in similar cases. The employers asked for an adjournment so that they might caucus. Then followed informal conferences, and both parties wanted assurances against establishing a precedent the full meaning of which they could not foresee. Finally my suggestion was accepted unanimously, and I wrote in the decision: —

> The Joint Committee desires to make it plain that it is laying down no general principle or precedent by which discharges are to be approved or reversed. Every case must be decided on the basis of the facts in that particular case, and it is unlikely that the facts in any two cases will be exactly the same. All the committee intends to do in the present decision is to decide on what is the best action to take considering all the facts and all the circumstances that have been brought out in the case.

IV

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of Rochester filed a petition in behalf of a woman — a sleeve-maker — who claimed that she was doing as much and as good work as the men on the same operation but that her pay was three or four dollars a week less than the wages the men were getting. The petition asked that the employer be ordered to pay the woman worker the

same weekly wage as the men, in accordance with the rule of the agreement that there should be equal pay for equal work.

Before the hearing, the chairman had an opportunity to look over the production records of the sleeve-making section, and found that the woman was turning out as much work as the men. If, then, the quality of her work was up to standard, she would be entitled to the increase in pay that she asked. At the hearing the employer made no complaint about the quality of the woman's work, contending that she had been employed in the shop only a few months and that her pay had already been raised once or twice. But the union's representative, instead of producing the records and presenting witnesses to testify to the quality of the work, — as was customary in such cases, — made only a half-hearted plea, and had neither the woman nor her shop-chairman present to press the complaint. He fumbled frightfully in handling the case.

Whatever may be true in the civil courts, the industrial court maintained by the Rochester Clothing Industry could not decide against a complainant simply because the facts or the law in the case were not properly presented at the trial. A case must be decided on its merits, not on the ability of the representative of either party to present and argue it. Nevertheless, the judge could not very well decide the case in favor of the woman worker, when all the evidence presented at the hearing favored the employer. A temporary adjournment was therefore ordered until the next day.

After adjourning the hearing, I called the union representative aside. 'See here, Mr. S——, what is the matter with you? According to the production records I have seen, this woman is entitled to the increased wages she is asking. But if you don't present the evidence at the hearing, so that the employer can have an opportunity to criticize it, and if you bring no witnesses and fumble your arguments, how am I to decide the case in her favor? The employer would have a very just complaint against me that I did not decide according to the evidence.'

'I know,' he answered. 'But do you want me to get my head taken off? I went over to the shop to get the records and the witnesses, and to prepare my case as I usually do. But the shop-chairman could not give me any information. He seemed to be afraid of something and left me on some excuse as soon as he could get away. Then I started to talk to the woman herself. It seems she is married, and I had no more than asked her a question when her husband, who works in the same shop, came running over, just as mad as he could be. "Hey!" he shouted at me, "what are you trying to do? Get my wife more money than I am earning? You better look out or I'll knock your block off!" And he brandished a pair of shears. I left the shop as fast as I could.'

Apparently this union business-agent considered the maintenance of peace in the family more important than justice in the relations between employer and employee.

V

A Rochester clothing-manufacturer installed steam-machines for 'off-pressing' coats — that is, final pressing — in one of his shops. The hand off-pressers, about fifty in number, refused to work on the machines, and all walked out of the shop. This was a 'stoppage,' and all strikes and stoppages were outlawed during the life of the agreement already existing between the union and the manufacturers. The manager of the union therefore ordered the pressers

back to work immediately. If they had any grievances, he told them, their agreement provided means of hearing and redressing them through the impartial chairman. By quitting work they were violating the agreement, and neither the union nor the chairman could take up their case.

The pressers demurred; but, after being out a day or two, they went back to work and filed a complaint that the employer had violated the agreement by substituting machines for hand-pressing without consulting the pressers and the union. At the same time the employer filed a complaint asking that the pressers be disciplined for engaging in a stoppage, contrary to the agreement.

All the pressers came to the hearing, which was held after working-hours. The impartial chairman's courtroom would accommodate comfortably only about forty people, yet more than sixty crowded into it. There was tensity in the atmosphere. The employer and his labor-manager felt that the action of the pressers was entirely unjustified, and that they had been caused unnecessary losses by the stoppage. The workmen, knowing they were wrong in the matter of the stoppage, were all the more incensed at the employer, and at the machines, which they feared threatened their livelihood.

'Since there can be no dispute about the stoppage,' I said, in opening the hearing, 'we will dispose of that issue first. The agreement prohibits stoppages. It also provides means of redressing all grievances, and particularly in the matter of improved machinery it is very clear in stating how the workers' interests shall be protected and what the employers' rights and duties shall be. The usual punishment for such an infraction of the agreement will therefore have to be given. The men will make up, by working overtime, the production lost to the employer on account of the stoppage, and they will do this overtime work at straight-time pay.' (Under ordinary circumstances the pay for overtime was at the rate of time and one half.)

'Now we will take up the off-pressers' complaint.'

But this punishment, which most of the men knew was coming, seemed to increase their anger. Their complaints against the employer for introducing the machines became more vehement. One after another they expressed their opposition to the machines in ardent protests, voicing their fears, but giving little consideration to the protection that the union agreement guaranteed them. The employer's labor-manager was not slow in calling attention to this.

'Mr. Chairman,' he said, 'it seems to me these men are entirely unreasonable. What are they afraid of? No man has lost a job on account of the machines. No man's wages were reduced. The agreement gives us the right to introduce labor-saving machinery, and we are not doing it at their expense. On the contrary, they get some of the benefits, too, for we relinquish part of the savings due to the machines in order to protect their interests. Hand-pressing is skilled work, which takes years to learn, but men can be broken in on the new steam-machines in a few months. At best the latter is but semiskilled work, and we could easily get men to do it for $25 or $30 a week. But we do not propose to discharge any of our hand-pressers and hire other men at lower wages. Every one of these pressers is to be given work at one of the machines, and he will continue to receive his present wages of $41 a week. True, on the machine each man will have to press more coats, and therein will be our saving; but we divide some of this gain with him when we continue

to pay $41 for work that we might get done for $30 or less. This is required of us by the agreement, and as long as it is in force we propose to abide by it. After the agreement expires, perhaps, we may take up the matter of getting the less skilled work on the machines done by lower-paid men.'

One of the pressers, who had not spoken before, arose in the back of the room and said:—

'Mr. Chairman, hear that? I want ask question!'

He was tall and thin, with black hair, hollow cheeks, and flashing black eyes. He wore no coat, his shirt was open at the throat, and he had no collar. He spoke in broken English.

'I want ask question,' he repeated. 'When we break agreement by making stoppage, you fine us. That's right. I understand agreement. All right. If we break boss's machines we get arrested. That his property — no must break. That all right, too. But I want ask Mr. Chairman why boss can break up my trade and he no get arrested. I take five years to learn trade — that *my* property. Now boss he come along and say no more "off-presser" press whole coat. He break up with machine. One machine press sleeve, one press collar, another press back, another press front. Anybody can do that. Get man from street, $30 a week, maybe $25. No need off-presser any more. My trade all smashed to pieces. Boss do it, but he no get arrested.

'I know, Mr. Chairman, you no can do nothing. Boss keep all pressers and pay scale $41 like agreement says, then we must work on machines — you decide like that. But labor-manager say afterward — maybe one year, maybe two years — he get men with no trade and pay them $25 a week. I want, Mr. Chairman, you explain why boss not get arrested because he break up my trade — my property.'

VI

Reading an essay recently on 'The Conflict between Labor and Capitalist Historically Considered,' I came to this concluding paragraph: —

> There has been no wrong, nor misery, nor injustice recorded here that has not sprung from ignoring the fact that the capitalist and the laborer are, after all, brethren. Let us restore the Brotherhood, and the problem is solved.

But what does brotherhood require in a case like that of the pressing machines? To guarantee that men will not be discharged because of the introduction of machinery and that their wages will not be reduced — as the Rochester Clothing Agreement now guarantees — would seem like brotherhood to the millions of wage-earners who have no such protection. In fact, with respect to labor-saving machinery, this is the protection for which most unions are fighting. Neverthless, the Rochester pressers did not think that justice was done them. And who will say that the presser's question in the last case did not present a real grievance? Who will give him a satisfactory answer?

We protect investments by depreciation funds against losses from new devices and new machinery which render the old equipment obsolete. Electric light and power companies insist that they must have a high obsolescence-charge in their operating-expenses, because inventions are so rapidly making out-of-date the equipment of their power houses, into which the investors' money has been put. Our courts and public commissions have upheld this contention and the obsolescence depreciation fund protects the investors' property when the equipment has to be scrapped. Why, then, should not the presser's property in his trade be equally protected?

One answer is given by the manufacturers, who find that they cannot afford to use improved methods of production and labor-saving machinery if they have to keep all their old employees and continue to pay them the higher wages of skilled hand-labor. If they are compelled to do this, they can make but little reduction in price to the consumer, there is less buying than there might be under improved methods with lower costs, and the wage-earners, as well as the employers, have less work.

But another answer is given by our state and municipal governments, and by our courts, when they refuse to permit motor-buses to compete with street and interurban railways. As with the skilled presser whose trade is destroyed by the steam-machines, electric railways are threatened by the improved methods of motor-transportation. Before these improved methods can be used to compete with the old, however, a certificate of convenience and necessity must be secured from the state or city government; and in order to protect the property of the investor these certificates are often refused. Motor-buses are thus in many cases kept off the roads and streets, and the inferior service of electric railways is maintained, for a time at least. It is well to remember that a workman has as much reason to fear the machinery that threatens the trade by which he earns a livelihood as the railroad or electric company has to fear motor-bus transportation.

Too simple, then, is the answer that brotherhood will solve the problems of the relation between employers and wage-earners. What are 'brothers' in such relationships supposed to do? Too simple are the remedies that tell the employer to deal fairly, justly, and honestly with his employees, and tell wage-earners to give an honest day's work and be fair and just to their employer. What do honor, fairness, and justice require of us in cases like those described above? Equally good and honest people were on both sides of those cases, and equally good and honest 'impartial chairmen' might have rendered quite different decisions. Moreover, I have no doubt that among the readers of this paper there will be many opinions as to the decisions that should have been made in these cases to ensure exact justice.

However bitter the conflicts between employers and wage-earners, I have found it rare indeed that anyone concerned in them consciously wanted to do the wrong or unjust thing. The conflicts came because it is so difficult to tell what is right in these industrial affairs. The standards by which employers, managers, wage-earners, investors, and consumers measure industrial justice are not the same. And until a common standard is attained none of us can be sure that he knows what is right and wrong in labor relations. But out of the hundreds of disputes decided every day in many of our industries, as the cases above were decided, a common standard of industrial justice is slowly being achieved.

TWIN PEAS IN A POD

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

In the First Baptist Sunday School, where I was a reluctant but regular scholar, the session was sometimes prolonged by a talk from a returned missionary, back from the foreign field to drum up funds to carry the light to millions sitting in darkness. His appeal did not move me. Indeed it quite spoiled my day. It was already long past the usual First Baptist Sunday dinner hour, which under ordinary circumstances was two hours later than the week-day meal. I was hungry and skeptical. Had n't the Chinese as much right to be heathen as we had to be Baptists? As the missionary described them, they seemed far more interesting in their heathen wickedness and strange clothes, sitting in darkness, than transformed into neat rows of near-Christians, sitting on hard benches on a hot Sunday in their best clothes, with their shoes blacked and their hair slicked.

I meditated that if I should contribute the penny clutched in my sweaty fist to his propaganda I should be the means of establishing more Baptist Sunday Schools in China and blighting the lives of more Chinese boys and girls, who, though undoubtedly heathen, had never done me any harm. Besides, there were other uses for a penny. But I was weak, and a victim of the system under which I lived. When the collection was taken up, in an instrument something like a dumb ukulele, my contribution went in with the rest.

Now I know that if I am ever so fortunate as to visit China I shall suffer from the fruits of my indiscretion. For I shall find it neither Chinese nor Baptist. What might have been a jolly Oriental country will be diluted with a thin stream of what we complacently call our Western civilization, evident from the flotsam and jetsam on the surface, mainly hard-boiled derby hats, which look so funny on Oriental heads — and, for that matter, on Nordic heads also. Fancy exchanging the mellowed philosophy of Confucius for the ethical standards of the First Baptist Church of Galesburg, or the flowery, flowing silks of the Celestial Kingdom for long pants!

In the course of time I became an advertising man, and with the proceeds and profits of my occupation I traveled. The rebellious state of mind engendered by waiting too long for dinner, together with the diversion of pennies from their legitimate use, has been strengthened rather than diminished by what I have seen. There has been too much missionary work. When it was not religion, it was business. I regard without enthusiasm the signs so visible in European countries that they are earnestly striving to make themselves acceptable in the eyes of American tourists by adopting, or at least offering, American comforts and conveniences, — installing bathrooms, opening American bars, dispensing nut sundaes, serving ice with drink, contriving tiny elevators in

stair wells, — but chiefly by abandoning costumes intrinsically picturesque and admirably adapted to their daily needs for the ugly and commonplace garments of the Western world.

How well I remember my first trip abroad, my first sight of England! I was fearful it would not come up to the advance notices. I savored every scene and incident that was peculiarly and indubitably English. I relished even the discomforts. I should have been disappointed if the rooms had been warm, the beer cold, or the coffee good. I drank tea for breakfast, scorned the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, and took in the *Morning Post*. I rejoiced that a sensational murder-story should be hidden behind so noncommittal a head as 'The Pimlico Affair.' At Tilbury where we docked was a P. & O. steamship tied up alongside. From a porthole protruded a gayly turbaned head, with a black-bearded East Indian face beneath it, a timely symbol of Britain's far-flung empire. I felt as if this gorgeously illuminated footnote had been set just here at the beginning of the very first chapter of my English experiences for my sole delectation.

As we rode up to London I regarded the landscape with a jealous eye. I was delighted with the haycocks standing in the fields, each wearing a tidy hairnet of rope, weighted at each corner with a stone. In London the bobby with the mysterious striped cuff on the outside of his right coat-sleeve, the 'clarks' with shabby top-hats and tightly rolled umbrellas, the Horse Guardsmen with their preposterous bearskin shakos, sights so familiar and so new, helped me to chant with thankfulness, 'So this is England.' It was England, the England I had known from boyhood, familiar from years of reading, from inherited tradition, from Mother Goose, from the toys I had played with — London Bridge, Banbury Cross, Tooley Street, Wapping Old Stairs, Tottenham Court Road, names so packed with meaning and association they resembled those tightly rolled Chinese paper flowers which so mysteriously open and expand when thrown into water.

Even then I was already late. Progress had ripped out whole chapters of Dickens and built modern and sanitary structures in their stead. But Crosby Hall still stood. Hansom cabs still plied. The Charterhouse school was where it had been when Thackeray attended it. Temple Bar had been rusticated, but Mr. Bush had not yet erected his London version of an American skyscraper. There was still enough of London to make me happy — there is yet, for that matter — and outside London lay rural England, a symposium of everything I had read from Chaucer to Thomas Hardy. I was not confronted at every turn by the triumphant commercial supremacy of my own country.

That was twenty years ago. Last summer I visited England with intent to explore its highways and byways in search of cathedrals, almshouses, inns, and cottages, but chiefly of that pastoral charm which pervades the pages of such old books as *Our Village* and *Selborne*. It was a delightful outing, for England is still England, war or no war, and in the country one is less conscious of change, the change the economist commends, in the course of which a people sloughs off the habit and habits that have no right to exist, except that they are old and picturesque and human and lovable.

The hayricks still wear their hairnets. The farmsteads remind one of mezzotints after George Morland. The hedgerows are still gay with flowers, the fields spangled with poppies. The skies continue to look like backgrounds in Constable's paintings. Flocks of sheep still go to market on the hoof,

offering difficult problems to the navigator of a motor-car; but the shepherd no longer wears smock and gaiters. He is entirely out of the picture in clothes that are a sketchy caricature of the most commonplace costume man has devised since Adam and Eve made themselves aprons of fig leaves.

There are yet thatched cottages, but the examples of England's new housing-improvements in between are as raw and ugly as they are no doubt sanitary and comfortable. The great landed estates are fringed with new buildings, bearing a striking family resemblance to the dreary and disconsolate realies-tate developments to be seen on Long Island and in the Bronx. In the towns the dingy façade of High Street is rubricated with the shining red-and-gold front of the five-and-ten-cent store, not at all mitigated by the fact that they are here known as three-penny-six-penny shops. Everywhere are evidences of the enterprise of the American salesman. The windows of the shops in even remote and out-of-the-way villages, villages where cottages are still thatched and shops still have bowed windows, are filled with American goods — safety razors, tooth-pastes, shaving-creams, soaps, cosmetics, sewing machines, typewriters, collars, and phonographs. They have become, those villages which bear names that are poems of rich and musical suggestfulness, — Bibury, and Much Wenlock, and Nether Stowey, and Malmsbury, and Godalming, and Great Tew, — red-headed tacks in the map of an American sales-manager.

In a little inn in a tiny village in the West Riding of Yorkshire I was offered with considerable pride a bottle of a well-known American condiment as a relish to my dinner — a thoroughly English dinner, it was, with choice of soup, 'thick or clear,' fish, joint, boiled potatoes, ditto cabbage, a sweet, cheese, and a stalk of celery to taper off with. But the soup was oxtail; the fish, salmon taken by a gentleman visitor in the neighboring Wharfe; the joint, Southdown mutton; the sweet, plum tart with thick Devonshire clotted cream; and the cheese, Cheddar, with those delicious, thin, almost impalpable Carr's Biscuit, washed down — glory be — with a pint of pale ale in a pewter tankard with a glass bottom. Cross and Blackwell, yes, or Lea and Perrin, would go with such a dinner. They are English, and have even got into English literature; but this American sauce! It is a good sauce, better than any of its British compeers, without doubt. I have said so a thousand times, for it is one of the products to which I devote my business life. Its manufacturer is a valued client. I am in a way responsible for its being there in that remote English village at the gateway to Wharfedale. I of all people should not mind instances of American commercial prowess. But yet, when I have laid aside the advertising guise, and go elsewhere for the sake of viewing man and nature in aspects new and strange, it disconcerts me to find there the tin cans and long pants of everyday American life.

II

One fine evening in the spring of 1912 I was riding along the pleasant road that runs beside the Cher, as is the delightful habit of French roads, from Chenonceaux to Tours. We had just dined at the Hotel of the Good Laborer which stands close to the castle gate, and were on our way to spend the night at the Hotel of the Universe at Tours. It was such an evening as comes only in spring and only in France. The delicate rose-color of the sky was reflected in the mirror of the slowly moving river. On the tops of the rounded hills that sloped up from the banks on either

side were peasants, both Tourangeaux and Tourangelles, engaged in seeding the fields with corn, broadcasting the grain in handfuls from sacks at their girdles, with the practised sweep that has not changed since Christ told how a certain sower went forth to sow. The peasants were silhouetted against the sky in time-honored poses and attitudes, making a series of Millet-like pictures. It was a scene so primitive and pictorial we felt we were indeed in the Old World.

But when we reached Tours, and I wandered out into the beautiful Court House Square where Balzac's statue stands, I found it full of American agricultural machinery. Some sort of fair was in progress, and here were McCormick, Deering, Walter A. Wood, Plano, and Adriance, glistening and shiny with red and yellow paint. Up and down between the rows of labor-saving machinery walked sun-browned peasants, — in their light-opera costumes, with straws between their teeth, gazing at the strange new devices with speculative inquiry, — whose confrères had so short a time before delighted us with the primitive methods along the road to the town. I realized that this spelled the end of that. The fertile fields watered by the Loire would in time be cultivated by the same ugly, useful contrivances I had so often seen, and indeed worked with, on the prairies of Western Illinois. In due course, by some mysterious association of ideas, the peasant dress would be exchanged for the coats, long pants, derby hats, and shirts of civilization and progress.

I do not begrudge the French peasant his reaper and twine-binder. Surely France needs all the economic help she can get. But along with the old, primitive, back-breaking implements and utensils disappear so many innocent and pleasant customs and costumes. Perhaps the old and the new will not mingle. Possibly the peasant can no longer think progressively in the clothes that once so perfectly expressed him when they were the evolution of his environment, way of life, and native arts. There might be something incongruous in the picture of a Breton farmer with his big black broad-rimmed hat, his short jacket and gayly embroidered waistcoat, his trunk hose and wooden shoes, riding on a Ford tractor. But is n't the fault with Ford? Could n't the tractor be made to harmonize with the peasant dress as much as the high two-wheeled cart? It could, but it never will. For the bagpipe has given place to the phonograph, in which exchange surely no economic need is evident.

The picturesqueness of the peasant's garb, like that of his dwelling, is due to isolation, to lack of interchange of ideas. As the world opens up, local customs give way to national and international standards, but it is disappointing that it should standardize, if it must standardize, on the one pattern most lacking in all the qualities that made the local so appealing and likable. Already at this same visit, twelve years ago, one often saw the old mother in the cap of her *pays*, the daughter beside her wearing a Paris hat which, if not the latest style, was a hundred years or so later than her mother's. Country girls who go up to the city to enter service generally retain the *bonnet*, but this is probably due to the taste of the mistress. The maid, no doubt, would gladly throw it aside or throw it over the windmill, for that matter.

Italy has more comfort to offer the contrite advertising man than either France or England. She may be furiously engaged in altering her social system, but one feels that some of the most charming and sightly spots in Italy are beyond the reach of modern progress. What efficient use, for

instance, can be made of a hill town? It utterly defies that connecting link of civilization, the railroad. Perched on its lofty peak, it maintains the atmosphere of the fifteenth century, while the train shrieks harmlessly by in the valley below.

In their time these hill towns were the expression of the one-hundred-per-cent efficiency of their age. War was the chief business, and warriors were the captains of industry. When Tuscan or Etruscan princes built cities they had but one object — to make them safe from attack. They had no more intention of making them picturesque than a modern business-man has of making a factory picturesque. The steep hills were natural fortifications, extended higher by the unbroken walls. When the railroads came they ran their lines close to the foot of the hill, tunneled under it in some instances, but the town remained on its eyrie, serene and unperturbed, untouched by this near approach of the modern world. No fear that five-and-ten-cent stores will ever punctuate Orvieto's Corso Cavour (odious name; this is a modern touch). It may in time be a station on an airplane line. It is well situated for that, but at present it remains a well-preserved museum piece.

My feeling about these things is not unique, if I am to judge from the occasional outburst of spleen in the writings of sensitive travelers, but, like Mrs. Gummidge, I feel it more than other people. This complaint is the grievance of a deaf traveler. People go abroad for different reasons, but with me it is always to see. I want something more than change of sky. I want to see the people in their habits as they live, and not a caricature of what I have seen all my life at home. Deafness debars me from intimate contacts, from actual acquaintance with the natives, by which I should learn those differences of speech and thought which go so far toward strengthening the impression of the foreignness of a country. I cannot hear the European mind. I can only observe the European scene, shops, houses, and clothes, the pageant and panorama of its daily life, and so I quarrel violently with those who in the name of religion or business seek to destroy the ancient landmarks. Europe is my show, my supreme recreation. I view with alarm, a selfish and personal alarm, the tendency to standardize the stage settings and the costumes of the actors to a pattern which has unfortunately come to be regarded as the symbol of progress.

III

Apparently progress is not a steady march, as we sometimes suppose, but a series of waves. Each wave sets the mark a little higher up the beach, but there is always a recession which leaves the beach for a time uncovered, an interval when the new is still unassimilated and the old already obliterated. The immediate effect is distressing, like a wound skillfully dressed and sterilized and sure to heal nicely with scarcely any scar, but, for the time being, raw and ugly. Each old craft displaced by a wonder-working machine has gone its way, taking with it something individual and fine, but leaving behind, to be sure, increased comfort, convenience, and cheapness.

When the typesetting machine displaced setting by hand, typography was disorganized. The craftsmanship of five centuries was scrapped and thrown into the discard, and there seemed to be nothing to take its place. The old-time printer disappeared, with all his faults, but with all his virtues, too, and a new race of machine-operators arose, without history or tradition. A new labor-saving invention is concerned at first

only with material results, such as economy and large-scale production. It takes time to acquire a spirit of craftsmanship in a new method, and when it is acquired it must come, not from the workman, but from his boss, the head of the business.

Already the new typography begins to lift its head, and will no doubt find itself in time. The manufacturers of the two principal typesetting machines have invoked the taste of master typographers and are applying it to the problem of machine composition. We begin to identify machine-set type by more promising earmarks than the eternal *etaion* and *shrdlu* of the careless make-up man.

When I first began my trips abroad the vessel that carried me, while driven by steam, still bore a remote resemblance to a ship. It still showed in its lines some memory of its splendid ancestry, just as the earliest motor-cars reflected the coach and carriage. And in those days a frequent spectacle in the ocean lanes was that most magnificent creation of man, the cathedral of the sea, a square-rigger, every sail set and drawing and the sunlight painting purple shadows on the bellying canvas. And now sail has disappeared almost entirely from the seven seas, merely hastened a bit by ruthless torpedoes, and with the ship has gone the deep-sea sailor, with all his inherited lore and skill, his hitches and his chanteys, and particularly the character his occupation bred. No modern turn of fortune will ever again produce those strong quiet men with far-looking eyes whom you still see sitting around in front of hydrangea-decked white cottages on Cape Cod. The men who now perform menial tasks on ocean liners are not sailors, although they wear spring-bottomed trousers and flowing collars. One need only watch them pick up a rope and make it fast like a grocer's clerk tying up a bundle. And the steamship has become a floating palace, with elevators and fireplaces, and swimming-pools and Ritz restaurants, with so little of the atmosphere of the ocean about it that one must go to the rail and look at the waves to remain convinced he is really afloat.

I am under no illusion about either the printer or the sailor. The printer was often a tramp, frequently locked up in the calaboose to sober up, and the sailor on shore leave became a proverb; but each within the limits of his craft was a master of an art, while the failings and shortcomings of both were merely poor human nature, which we still have.

My earliest heroes were the printer, with his sleeves rolled up to display his red undershirt, and the old shellback taking his trick at the wheel. I might have realized a double ambition by becoming that ultramarine printer who puts in type the menu cards and concert programmes on an ocean liner, thus blending the tradition of Caxton with that of Cabot, but a printshop on a ship is a *reductio ad absurdum.*

There is something sterile about operating a machine. The craftsman, no matter how humble his art, — thatcher, hedger, stonecutter or woodcarver, — left some impress of himself on his material, some individuality which gave it its charm. The older countries are rich with the personality of such workmen; the uplifting arch of a stone bridge, the topiary work of an English garden, the grotesques on the misereres of choir stalls, the neat haycocks, the groups of vegetables on a market gardener's wagon, the gayly painted carts of the Sicilian peasants — all these things are humble art expressions of inherited crafts, and are more delightful and soul-satisfying, I am afraid, than rows of efficient factories, shiny machines, reënforced concrete bridges, mill-cut trim, and the other

standardized products of our prosperous new age.

That word 'standardization' has become a favorite catch-phrase in modern business. I was once at a meeting where the chairman continued to refer to me as St. Elmo Calkins, a natural mistake when one considers the extraordinary number of St. Elmos there are in the advertising profession. When I finally corrected him and politely remonstrated against my undeserved canonization, St. Elmo Lewis rose and gravely reprimanded me, advising me to have my name standardized and avoid future embarrassment. I might very well have explained that more than my name was involved. I am unable to standardize even my mind. I am unable to like the idea of standardization or enjoy the results of it. Secretary Hoover said recently that all nuts and bolts in this country are now interchangeable, the same thread for the same size, and I cannot refrain from the unholy hope that there is at least one radical rebel nut which insists on its affinity.

But however logical and convenient uniformity in nuts and bolts and other mechanical adjuncts, the standardization of the human unit may be carried so far as to make us a nation of Babbitt Robots.

I look out my office window on the fifteenth of May, a date as weighty in sartorial history as St. Bartholomew's in ecclesiastical, and see thousands of men all wearing the same hard, stiff, flat-topped straw hat with a black band as if they all belonged to one Bund. A man who has delayed making the change feels self-conscious, while those who have followed the hests of custom and the hatters have an air of complacency as of having done their duty. It is something more, something stronger than fashion, that impulse to conform to the approved pattern of the American standardized business-man. Its uniformity and conformity are typical of a state of mind in this country, of our disappearing individuality and our overwhelming fear of asserting the little individuality we have left. In me it creates an irresistible desire to violate the tradition and indulge in some peculiarity of dress, but if I dared thus risk my standing as an American business-man some sartorial St. Elmo would gravely call me to account.

For instance, I wear a beard. It is a very small beard, but enough to constitute a heresy against the clean-shaven tradition. One esteemed manufacturer of shaving-soap is devoting his advertising to warning me and my fellow heretics, showing photographs of awful examples from a hirsute age, when baseball-players wore sideburns. To-day the few wearers of beards are those who have burned their ships, and ask nothing of the age socially or financially. They have either arrived or abandoned hope.

Somehow, I should like to look at a world where the inhabitants wore beards or not as they chose, and changed to a straw hat if and when they wanted to, and adopted whatever clothes they liked, without loss of social or business prestige. It was this freedom from concerted action that made the streets of London and Paris so fascinating a pageant, a quality they are in a fair way to lose under the inexorable propaganda of the most successful nation in the world.

One recalls the time when newspapers, while far less efficient news-gathering machines, were as different as the men who made them, when even small country dailies had Bill Nyes, Petroleum V. Nasbys, M. Quads, and Danbury Newsmen, while the greater ones were lengthened shadows of Danas, and Bowleses, and Greeleys. To-day such men would be syndicated, along with

Ed Howe, Walt Mason, and Dr. Crane, and share with the comic strip, the syndicated cartoon, patent insides, boiler plate, and the Associated Press, the ungracious credit of making each paper an echo of all the others. A traveler who sits down to his breakfast in a chain hotel and unfolds the local *Times* or *News* learns that the paper is increasing its circulation by a voting contest to send the most popular quick-lunch cashier to Paris or give the most popular school-teacher a piano, as was apparently the case at every stop. He may have changed his sky, but certainly not his grapefruit, or breakfast food, or newspaper, or hotel. Out on Main Street the movie theatres, each a faithful replica of all other movie theatres, show nightly the same film that is entertaining thousands in all the other towns and cities, while over the radio are coming the same jazz and bedtime stories, and around the public square are parked legions of Ford cars.

If a newspaper, or a magazine, or a business house adopts an idea which for a moment seems likely to distinguish it from its fellows a bit, that idea is promptly snapped up and used by all the others in the same class, and the danger of individuality is again averted. It is as if public opinion said, 'Right dress,' and every person or thing promptly adjusted itself, pulled in its stomach, stuck out its chest, and toed the line.

It is this uniformity, this hen-mindedness, which makes advertising so successful. The reactions of the public in the mass can be counted on. It explains the vogue of such things as crossword puzzles, Mah Jongg, 'Yes, we have no bananas,' bobbed hair, quotas, conventions, jazz, movies, radio, motor-cars. In a machine age human nature takes on the technique and characterization of the machine. And the result, as far as a deaf man is concerned, is a much less interesting world to look at.

Does n't the tendency to create a standardized world spoil the picture of the many Utopias from that of Sir Thomas More to the latest effort of H. G. Wells? They smooth out the differences, the variety in fortune and circumstance, that make for adventure and romance, and the picturesqueness of life goes along with it. Even the Book of the Revelation, with which John whiled away his exile at Patmos by imagining an ideal Heaven, offers nothing interesting. His picture of a hard, shiny, nineteen-jeweled Heaven reads like a realtor's booklet describing some luxurious and banal Park Avenue apartment house — 'Foursquare . . . the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal,' with the first floor finished in jasper, the second in sapphire, the third in chalcedony, and so on up to twelve stories. As a boy I felt it had little if anything on the other place. I was never quite sure whether perpetual gnashing of teeth was n't at least as amusing as perpetual singing of hosannas.

In a recent issue of the newspaper there is an item headed, 'American Workers Americanizing the Near East.' The transforming medium is baseball. What has so hindered the development of these backward nations into Christian Americanized communities, according to the writer, is lack of baseball. 'These people have been unable to play the game of life according to American ideals of sportsmanship!'

Meanwhile I am not at all cheered to learn that a flat in the New York manner is to rise on the site of famous Devonshire House in London, that gasoline launches are replacing gondolas on the Grand Canal at Venice, and that a telephone system has been installed in Lhasa, the forbidden city of Tibet.

THE LADY OF THE PORTRAIT

LETTERS OF WHISTLER'S MOTHER

[The letters, which were found in a house once owned by a friend of Mrs. Whistler, came eventually into the possession of Katherine E. Abbott, who, at our request, has arranged them for publication. — The Editors]

Scarsdale, N. Y., *September 28th*, 1853

My dear and esteemed friend, —

While incessant claims upon my daily attention have denied me leisure for the desk, my heart has prompted responses to yours and your sister's welcome letters; but I will try to snatch time enough to answer questions about the child who nestles in my tenderest regards. It was well with him indeed while he inhaled sea breezes, securing him regular appetite and sleep. I wish you could have seen his cherub expression, as clasping his tiny taper hands he would say, as he gazed with delight on the beautiful harbor of Stonington, 'Big water! how nice!' But whether such a fragile bud is to bloom in our world of blighted promise seems to me improbable. Little Georgie's mother was early taken to the home of the blessed, yet he gladdens the sorrow-stricken grandmama. Now on October 1st my Willie has left me alone to go to his examinations for entering Columbia College next Monday.

The World's Fair has brought many meetings about. I had two cousins from Georgia spending a day here last week, who were companions of my childhood. One I had not seen since the year after my marriage, 1832. It was a meeting of stirring memories to us four! This week, one of the sons of the American who protected Willie and his widowed mother from Russia came for a day and night. I had not, in four years, seen him.

Write me of your rejoicing in the Lord always — it may arouse me from an unusual depression. All the circle are about me, talking with love and esteem. Mr. Popham has been as delegate to the New York convention this week. He describes it to me as almost making him weep from the good emotions which prevailed.

The circle here are, as you saw them, in health, going about doing good. Mrs. Popham throws open her parlors to the ladies' sewing circle with greater alacrity than ever; already they have realized from quilting, etc., more than $100. I observe your kind interest in my cadet [James McNeill Whistler] at West Point, and my prayer is that he may enlist under the banner of the Captain of our Salvation. He was promoted in his class after the examinations of the 29th of August and writes me of his health. He is not reconciled to barracks in contrast to his cottage home. Think of me ever as your grateful friend,

Anna M. Whistler

Scarsdale, *November 18th*, 1853

My heart has so craved, as friends, the family circle of James H. Gamble since forming his delightful acquaintance, that I have lamented appearing indifferent as a correspondent with you, my dear Mrs. Mann. But quiet

being restored to my retreat, and liberty to follow my inclination, I, by degrees, hope to satisfy absent friends that it is only pressing claims upon my attention of guests and relatives which have distanced theirs, tho as tenderly cherished by me.

The family is well. Prince, the Irish canine, is gallant as ever and shows his excellent training by waiting outside the church for the ladies, tho in every other house he is inseparable from them. A parsonage is being built at the west side of this cottage. Your brother will see many proofs of prosperity among this favored people of the Lord, when he comes again next summer, as we all hope he may.

My Willie entered Columbia College in October. We find the daily travel of 50 miles not favorable for a student and the anxiety during the inclement months approaching would be very trying to me. I have decided to board in the city from December 1st to the 1st of April. My attached servant Mary attends Willie and me. I wish your brother could read the bright reports of the little girl from Florida, whom I have been training for three years. A dear friend of mine in Bath, N. H., has taken her into her service.

Indeed I have incessant exertions to make and my health has suffered. How grateful I shall be for a quiet season, and if by the blessing of our Heavenly Father we may return to this happy valley how we shall enjoy the sounds of nature again!

My Willie unites with me in cordial greetings. He is well now. You may judge how precious he is to me, a widowed mother, and the only son left at home! With what thanks to God I welcome him every evening! My cadet at West Point is only homesick. Willie goes to spend Thanksgiving with him.

May I offer to your brother and your honored mother my respectful regards.

SCARSDALE, *April 3rd*, 1854

MY DEAR MR. GAMBLE,

Your New Year's greeting was welcomed by me at my pleasant West 14th St. lodgings, and it was only the claims of family connections surrounding me there prevented my immediate response of cordial and Xtian greeting. Since then I have been too unsettled to write more than absolutely necessary. The Lord sees not as man sees. My friends all thought me so properly settled here in this happy valley, but He finds it necessary again to admonish me that I am but a sojourner. My heart was sorely stricken when required to part from my Willie, the more because of my long cherished hopes that his collegiate course would fit him for the highest occupation. I had given him to the Lord, as Hannah did her Samuel. And now when he writes me the sad contrast of the din and mob of a machine shop in Baltimore and his pleasant life at college, I can only pray, while I weep in the solitude of the 'Prophet's Chamber,' that the severe discipline may be wholesome to higher ends than Engineering! If the Lord will, He can by His Holy Spirit's power, after my Willie suffers awhile, settle him in the holy ministry. My soul has been brought to Gethsemane by this last passing under the rod, more than ever. But in Lent how seasonable, and how the Lord mingles mercies with needful afflictions! I expect to go to Stonington to-morrow. My solace will be in lightening my sister's cares and especially in helping to train her children to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

Willie I hope to go to see in May. Jemie, at West Point, may not come to me. His last report of health records a most miraculous escape from sudden death in his cavalry exercise!

Please offer my affectionate greetings to your honored mother.

SCARSDALE, *September 20th*, 1855

I have not dried my pen since talking pages to Willie, but kind thoughts are not exhausted and at last I may send you, our dear Mr. Gamble, a portion of those cherished in review — of our renewal at the cottage, and in response to your welcome report of your home greeting from your honored mother and sister. I spent, as did Willie, the last week of August in 14th St. in his society, at the home of our branch of the Jaffray house. Dear friend, unite with me in prayers for these precious lads, that every change to them may be sanctified. Willie read aloud the tract you sent him, but not as though he were convinced. We can only sow the good seed and wait the Lord's blessing upon it. Willie speaks of you affectionately, so for his sake you will wish to repeat your visit on his holiday.

SCARSDALE, *February 4th*, 1856

My New Year's greeting is quite a month later than I had hoped to offer it. But you know how much my pair of hands have to accomplish daily, though my thoughts are excursive among dear absentees. My children, scattered, must each be written to separately. Willie, since his return to Trinity College last month, has had a check put upon his ardor to study more earnestly; a cold and fever confined him to bed. I doubt not the Lord ordered it for his more permanent benefit. How many lessons has a widowed mother to 'Be still and know it is the Lord,' that faith may be exercised. What can I do now for my Jemie but pray, believing! The Lord may draw him nearer to himself in his absence from me. He benefited by spending six weeks with his sister in London, for her winning counsels so affectionately impressed him, and her husband, an amateur artist, was a most capable advisor. Jemie finds his stipend enough for his living in Paris. He goes to his drawing class just after breakfast until two o'clock; directly after that to a modelling school, after which he discusses with Étudiants. You can imagine how much he is in his element. But now, dear Mr. Gamble, I will not indulge in a retrospect of the happy days when you were the companion of my precious boys in the Bronx, though my heart treasures it.

SCARSDALE, *January 13th*, 1857

Willie was two weeks, at Xmas, at the cottage, and we were tête-à-tête in the snuggest corner we could make or he read aloud to me while I repaired his tatters! Dear Willie, how I miss his companionship! I hear of my student in Paris as *well* and doing well. And now I am wishing you a happy New Year. I will close my twilight scrawl.

STONINGTON, CONN.
June 10th, 1857

Since your proof of valuing conversation with me, in the trouble you put yourself in meeting me at Jersey City, you may have wondered at my making no communication. But you are too charitable to suspect me of being a willing defaulter. During two months after my return to the cottage, there was a greater demand on my strength than was easy to meet. The suspense about my dear Willie was not relieved till a fortnight since, when he availed of a smiling Providence for entering upon his course of medical study in the office and under the roof of a most exemplary friend, Dr. Darrach in Philadelphia. I have two reports since then very encouraging. I have always valued the overtures from your home circle and shall not be satisfied until I have seen your honored mother. My time is very limited, health requiring me to go to Richfield for the healing waters of

the sulphur springs. A very nice Mrs. M—— is to accommodate myself and friend, for five dollars a week. The day after Willie went to Philadelphia I went to visit friends in Springfield, Mass., who had wished to talk with me of Jemie since their return from Paris. I enjoyed a week in their home.

1203 Arch St., *October 17th*, 1858

If my Willie were here as he usually is on Sunday, at my side, he would be eyes to me in devotional reading. I attempt to use my pen because alone and unable yet to read. Perhaps I was unwise in being on the side of the Eastwiches in their call to take my dear Willie to their rural home last evening to spend the Sabbath, for certainly I wished him; listening as I did this morning to a very graphic sketch of the power of religion, sweetening the toils and vexations of Pilgrims, drawn from the text of the waters of Marah, I felt the force of the arguments as in my daily experience. Willie could not have but been interested by so eloquent and earnest a preacher. But the medical course of lectures and study keep Willie so confined he needs country air, and, among so exemplary companions of his own age, to relax his mind and invigorate his frame. He was sorry at leaving me alone, to be gone two nights! He reads to me always before saying good night. I tell him I am reconciled to the suspension of sight that he may thus unite with me in 'daily steps towards Heaven' and the searching the Scriptures in connection with that well arranged Church accompaniment. Sometimes I cannot do without Willie's eyes even at our family worship, in the Scarsdale book which I ought to know by heart. I know, my dear Mr. Gamble, you and your dear mother pray for me and my boys, for I think of you both daily, when I beseech God to hear and to bless His people who so remember me and mine. My poor Jemie has lately been tenderly affected by the death of Madame B—— in Paris. She was as a sister to him; he spent his Sundays at her house and sometimes went at her entreaty with her to Chapel, the English Church. Her funeral was in my daughter's home in London, as her request was to be buried in her native land. He needs your earnest prayers and I know you love the thoughtless but affectionate Jemie. Willie has just heard that he is to go to St. Louis to engage in an enterprise there, even without a parting embrace! Well, sad to say, such is the course of this world!

1203 Arch St., *December 5th*, 1858

On Saturday I was so delighted to get a letter from Jemie dated Sloane St., Nov. 14th, where he says he expects to stay all winter. His sister and brother write me they are exerting all their energies to make him prefer London for his work to Paris. I shall try to interest all friends to become subscribers to a set of etching views of France and Germany, Jemie's first complete work of the kind! Twelve single sheets (Mr. Haden, who has superior artistic judgment and taste, thinks them of rare beauty!) at two guineas, the set to be bound as a drawing room album or framed as separate pictures, as subscribers may prefer. You must know that the dear fellow, during a pedestrian tour through those parts of France and Germany this Autumn, was inspired by the beauty of nature to sketch them, then on his return to Paris to impress on copper plates the etchings. Mr. Haden happened to go to Paris, sought Jemie after he had attended to whatever took him there, was surprised at the beauty of his work, but was pained to see him not taking care of his health and coaxed him into

consenting to spend the winter in their home, and realizing a competency from sale of his work. You may imagine my trembling anxiety, my earnest prayers that God may bless the endeavors of my pious daughter and her good husband to settle Jemie's versatile genius at this crisis. Mr. Haden warrants him 25 subscribers at two guineas each in London, and depends upon my interesting 25 in Jemie's native land to subscribe. What can be done must be promptly communicated by me to Sloane St. Jemie writes enthusiastically of his expectations, too, from the exhibition in Paris, but his dear, fond sister replies, 'To succeed he must receive 50 subscribers. Mr. Haden will forward safely to all subscribers.' Praise God and bless His holy name for all His tender mercies towards the widow and the fatherless!

7 Lindsey Row, Chelsea, London
May 5th, 1864

A sprained forefinger on my right hand explains the mystery of my silence, for you know readily your old friend Mrs. Whistler has always welcomed your arrival. Jemie has returned recently from his second trip to Paris this spring. He is so pressed for time because of a picture now on his easel, ordered and promised for a birthday present, that he can neither read nor write for his mother; he had to, however, your letter in pencil from Homeland which my eyes could not read. Believe me, your expression of loving him as a brother was not thrown away upon him! Don't come yet to London; it would so mortify him not to be at liberty to show you attention. He joins me in love to you. We have no plans yet for summer.

Chelsea, London, *February 10th*, 1864

It is needless to tell you how much I have wished to respond to your kind letter. Accept now my heartfelt thanks for the friendly interest you continue to show towards Jemie; he will be most delighted to attend to your commissions, especially to paint you a cabinet picture, for painting is so irresistible. He has been so engaged in subjects ordered before I came that I fear they will not be finished this season and the etchings will have to wait until summer, but that will be a more favorable season for shipping them. I enquired of a New York lady lately of her experience. She encouraged me by showing it to be reasonable, but said articles sent last November, most pressingly needed before Christmas, were not delivered before January 1.

Are you interested in old china? This artistic abode of my son is ornamented by a very rare collection of Japanese and Chinese. He considers the paintings upon them the finest specimens of art, and his companions (artists), who resort here for an evening's relaxation occasionally, get enthusiastic as they handle and examine the curious figures portrayed. Some of the pieces more than two centuries old. He has also a Japanese book of paintings, unique in their estimation. You will not wonder that Jemie's inspirations should be (under such influences) of the same cast. He is finishing at his studio a very beautiful picture for which he is to be paid one hundred guineas without the frame, that is always separate. I'll try to describe this inspiration to you. A girl seated, as if intent upon painting a beautiful jar which she rests upon her lap — a quiet and easy attitude. She sits beside a shelf which is covered with matting, a buff color, upon which several pieces of china and a pretty fan are arranged, as if for purchasers; a Scinde rug carpets the floor. (Jemie has several in his rooms and *none others*.) Upon it by her side is a large jar, and all these are

facsimiles of those in this room, which is more than half studio, for here he has an easel and paints generally, tho he dignifies it as our *withdrawing* room, for here is our bright fire and my post.

To finish my poor attempt at describing the Chinese picture, which I hope may come home finished this week — there is a table covered with a crimson cloth upon which there is a cup (Japanese), scarlet in hue, a sofa covered with buff matting too, but each so distinctly separate, even the shadow of the handle of the fan. No wonder Jemie is not a rapid painter, for his conceptions are so nice; he takes out and puts it over and oft until his genius is satisfied. During a very sharp frost of a few days, I think for two days, ice was passing as we looked out upon the Thames. He could not resist painting, while I was shivering at the open window, two sketches which all say are most effective; one takes in the bridge. Of course they are not finished; he could not leave his Oriental paintings, which are ordered, and he has several in progress. One portraying a group in Oriental costume on a balcony, a tea equipage of old China; they look out upon a river, with a town in the distance. I think the finest painting he has done is hanging now in this room, which three years ago took him so much away from me. It is called Wapping. The Thames and so much of its life — shipping, steamers, coal heavers, passengers going ashore, all so true to the peculiar tone of London and its river scenes. It is so improved by his perseverance to perfect it! A group on the inn balcony has yet to have the finishing touches. He intends to exhibit it at Paris in May with some of these etchings which won him the gold medal in Holland last year. While his genius soars upon the wings of ambition, the everyday realities are being regulated by his mother, for with all the bright hopes he is ever buoyed up by, as yet his income is very precarious.

I am thankful to observe that I can and do influence him. The artistic circle in which he is only too popular is visionary and unreal, tho so fascinating! God answered my prayers for his welfare, by leading me here. All those most truly interested in him remark upon the improvement in his home and health. The dear fellow studies as far as he can my comforts, as I do all his interests, practically — it is so much better for him generally to spend his evenings tête-à-tête with me, tho I do not interfere with hospitality in a rational way, but I do all I can to render his home as his father's was. My being in deep mourning and in feeble health excuses my accepting invitations to dine with his friends. I like some of the families in which he is intimate and I have promised to go to them when the birds sing and the flowers bloom in the fields. The Greek Consul is one of his patrons; I like his wife and daughters.

I have had some relief to my deep anxiety about my dear Willie, in hearing from him that his health was improved by his having gone to visit his wife's relatives. I must not omit mentioning that Jemie goes to church with me and likes the pastor of Christ Church, which we attend. The winter has been remarkably fine but now again a thick frost, no snow, and scarcely any rain. The fogs are very gloomy. I prefer my native land at all seasons. Ah, shall I ever have a home in it?

Thursday, 11th

You will notice of my reporting yet of Jemie, dear Mr. Gamble, he had a trying time yesterday; because of the frosty fog, he had to abandon his painting, so he came to his dinner not in his usual bright way; and his mother sympathizes. We neither of us had relish

for our nice little dinner; however, in the evening the parcel delivery came to divert our disappointment. The gold medal which you knew was awarded him for his etchings, in Holland, came most seasonably, with a flattering letter from the president of the Academy of Fine Arts. The inscription too, on the massive gold medal with James Whistler's name in full, how encouraging! There was no American news in the *Times*, so that was soon despatched. Then Jemie was inspired to begin a pencil sketch, after which he read aloud to me; at eleven I left him at his work. In the morning I asked him what message to you; he said brightly, 'My love to Mr. Gamble and tell him I shall be much pleased to paint the picture he so kindly ordered; also I will send the two sets of etchings as soon as I get through my pressing engagements.' He is now thinking of selling the large picture 'Wapping' to a gentleman in Scotland. Share my most affectionate remembrance with your dear mother.

7 Lindsey Row, *June 7th*, 1864

I have wished and endeavored to thank you for your tokens of remembrance, but tho I live secluded, I find my strength unequal to the demands upon me. Jemie is quite well, but too closely confined to his studio. I never am admitted there, nor anyone else but his models; so you see, my dear friend, you might as soon let him be at your side in your Country House, as to give you a place as spectator at his easel. He unites with me in the most hearty greetings and thanks you for the ticket of admission to the Museum. I rejoice in your prospect of a tour into Scotland. How comforting that you are with dear, kind relatives in your absence from Homeland.

The distressed state of my beloved native land depresses me, but the Lord will order as most fits to promote my future and eternal interests. The struggling South is not fighting for Slavery, but in defense of its homes. My daily prayer is that God will bring North and South to repentance, for it is his rod of indignation which has taken away the pride of the Union! I hope to have to report something more cheering of my darling Willie. God has so far encouraged me to hope he is protected. I have heard that which I have sent him has reached him safely, but only one of his letters has come to me as yet. God has always been a help to me; I can truly say, 'Hitherto, hast thou blessed me,' and my faith does not fail me.

London, *April 10th*, 1866

I wonder, dear Mr. Gamble, if your sister will be welcomed home before this can reach you! I have been ill since she called to bid me adieu; Jemie has been confined to his studio for nearly a week because of a bad cold. Willie is our beloved physician, trudging all this distance to attend to us. I know you will be glad to hear that Jemie is quite well now and in good spirits about his work. He had some artistic friends on Easter Tuesday to see my portrait especially, as that was sent the same evening to the Royal Academy and with it a lovely grey dawn study of the river. I was up in my Japanese bedroom seated in my armchair and refused not the particular friends and admirers of my son's work, who begged permission to tell me their impressions of the picture. If I were to write all that was said, you'd fear a proof of the human weakness had overcome me in my declining years. But my gratitude goes up to the One source of help on which I rely for the continued success of either of my dear boys. Their struggles are so unwearied to attain position to enable them to keep bright their name and to gain an honest livelihood. Both their professions involve

unavoidable expense with the strictest self-denial and practical economy, as yet the income so inadequate to cover expenses. But I know all the discipline must be best for them. I am always sorry to be an additional care when I fain would be up and doing to keep our house in a good method.

I wish I could take you into the home next door to see a couple who are the genuine English lady and gentleman of the old school! They have lived at No. 3 Lindsey Row for 39 years. I love her as a sister. Just now a neighbor and friend interrupted my writing. She has just told me what some of Jemie's friends said of the portrait of my unworthy self when they were here on Easter Tuesday. An artist said to her, 'It has a holy expression. Oh, how much sentiment Whistler has put into his mother's likeness!' Your sister will tell you how wonderfully the three cases of portraits were preserved from fire on the railroad train, tho many packages of valuable luggage were entirely consumed. The flames had reached the case in which my portrait was, but in time to be discovered; the lid was burnt, a side of the frame was scorched, yet the painting uninjured. You will know my thankfulness for the Interposition that my dear Jemie was spared the loss of his favorite work. I hope it is a favorable omen that it may be hung properly in the Royal Academy for the exhibition. It is more encouraging to my hopes of Jemie that at this time, when the World is offered him, he should confide in me voluntarily his desire to unite with me in the highest of all attainments. His is natural religion; he thinks of God as the diffusive source of all he enjoys, in the glories of the firmament, the loveliness of flowers, the noble studies of the human form. The Creator of all!

Yesterday was unexpectedly a meeting in his studio of admirers of his pictures now exhibited in the Dudley Gallery and in a Bond St. exhibition of the French School. My dear son was so happy that at last his paintings are appreciated; his years of hard work seem now to be rewarded, and tho he is more than ever industrious, it is scarcely labor. I shall send to my sister extracts from the paper, upon the Whistler pictures now in the two exhibitions. She likes to have them for the Stonington *Weekly News* and sends to our friends. The Alexander portrait is nearly finished.

2 Lindsey Houses, CHELSEA, LONDON
September 7th, 1870

I am delayed in answering your letter because of ill health. The London Season brought many visitors to Jemie's studio. I must be mistress of ceremonies, for Jemie keeps closely to his work all day and I *have* to *try* to be agreeable to the friends and patrons till he can receive them. Mr. Leyland, who is not only a prosperous man in Liverpool but a very cultivated gentleman of taste, has been especially kind, and while the family were in their elegant mansion at Queen's Gate, Hyde Park, our intercourse was frequent, but Jemie was most there, dining or going with them to operas, which was healthful recreation after his long day's work. Now he has been staying at the Hall four weeks; he is there to paint a full-length portrait of Mr. Leyland, which he writes me is getting on capitally. I was invited to accompany Jemie for a longer visit than we made there last fall, but I would not leave Willie.

CHELSEA, LONDON, *March 13th*, 1872

We are in the pressure of the season. Jemie begins work directly after our eight o'clock breakfast. He is perfecting the portrait of Mr. Leyland and trying to finish a beautiful life-size

portrait of Mrs. Leyland. The pictures must be sent to the Royal Academy the 1st or 2nd of April, though the exhibition is not to open until a month later. I will not build castles or anticipate rewards to Jemie's diligence. I am sure you will be interested in your friend Jemie coming before the London artistic world after his withdrawal for perfecting his studies. He is an early riser now, that he may benefit and enjoy a row on the river from 7 until 8 o'clock, when he joins me for breakfast. It is his only meal until the 7 o'clock dinner or even later; while he works almost without respite, he seems to realize no desire for food, but only work whilst it is called to-day!

April 20th

A cheering report came about Jemie's picture of his mother. It is considered a fine work and it is well hung at the Royal Academy!

CHELSEA, LONDON, *November 5th*, 1872

Did I not write you of a moonlight picture of this river, exhibited in the Dudley Gallery last Autumn? We have formed a friendship with Mr. Alexander and his family since he bought that picture in June. He is a banker of prominence. Jemie is painting a life-size portrait of his second little daughter. The picture is nearly finished now. Mrs. Alexander has brought Cecily twice a week to stand in the studio. Their home is eight miles from here, so of course they come for the day and lunch with me; thus my time is spent. Tho pleasant, friends require the courtesies; it accounts for my not writing absent ones whose claim is more on my heart! I went once to the home of the Alexander family in their carriage and staid in with them from Saturday afternoon till Monday, attending their church and also the Lord's table with them, so at once we became attached. They have sent me delicious fruits, hothouse grapes and peaches! Always so thoughtful of me.

CHELSEA, LONDON, *September 30th*, '74

It is a fortnight since my return home. Jemie not yet come, but I am cheered in waiting by thoughts of his benefiting in country air while at work.

My own birthday was on Sunday, 27th September. My sons cannot realize that their mother, who sympathizes with them so, as if yet young, can have attained the term allotted to pilgrims on earth. But *I* do, and try to live day by day prepared for the summons. I am not requiring spectacles to write and only by candle light a reading glass. I wonder if I ever wrote you of all Jemie did to this house, No. 2? You would be delighted at its brightness in tinted walls and staircase. We have a nice Swiss youth in place of the little Irish Romanist, whom you thought not cheerful looking.

Talbot House, 43 St. Mary's Terrace
HASTINGS

Here I have been for 13 months, and by the blessings of the Lord upon this salubrious climate, and loving attentions bestowed, health is restored beyond the expectation at 'threescore and 10.' I am sure you will both be charmed in this retreat; when London fogs envelop the Park, even in winter, we often have the contrast of blue sky. Some friends of mine came to Hastings for the Easter holidays and sought me, exclaiming, 'Where did you hear of this house, so exactly suited to you?'

My dear Artist son's summer has been spent in decorating a spacious dining-room for Mr. Leyland. It is indeed quite an original design! A great undertaking, painting walls and ceiling as he would do a picture in oils. By the desire of Mr. Leyland Jemie staid in the home, beginning work at

7 in the morning, and I know how reluctantly he would break off to dress for 8 o'clock dinner. Imagine him on ladders and scaffoldings using his palette and studio brushes! No wonder he looks thin, tho he is so elastic in spirit and thankful for strength according to his need. He sent me last Saturday's weekly of 'the Academy' with an article on this work which he has just finished. I think we must have an extract sent to New York to appear in some home journal for the gratification of our kind sympathizers. Once his sister, having called in vain to see him in Lindsey Houses, went to the room and saw him at work. She wrote me that it was beautiful beyond her language to describe. Tho when dear Jemie came to see me for a day or two last month, he with his pencil enabled me to fancy it.

He came to bid me good-bye, in anticipation of soon going to Venice to make a set of 12 etchings. I pray he may be permitted to succeed in working out-of-doors. I fear if your friend Mr. Moore found Lindsey Houses, he was told, as all others are, that the Artist was not at home, and he may have concluded that at least he might have returned his call. But I beg of you to explain that his time was not his own. It is about two years now since I saw any of his work except a lovely moonlight picture which he brought up to show me in my sick chamber. I hear from the few who are admitted into his studio that he has some very great improvements in painting portraits. You may be sure I was sorry that he had nothing finished for the Centennial. It would have been so gratifying if he could have attended our National Exhibition in person, but you know he has never left England since he established himself among its competitors for distinction in Art. You will be interested to hear that he has the undisputed ascendancy as an Etcher! Prices for his etchings have risen to four times their original value and it is gratifying to collectors to know that he will resume this branch of art.

Don't think, dear friend, that my mind is yet set on worldly things! But my sympathies go out, tho my heart is bent on higher attainment for my sons; God has given the talent and it cannot be wrong to appreciate it.

On the 27th, my birthday, 72. 'In the evening it is light.'

How gracious is the Lord!

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE FREE?

BY MANUEL KOMROFF

AFTER the usual breakfast he was taken downstairs, given a bath, a fresh suit of civil clothes, and brought to the office. Here he was presented with several documents and a five-dollar bill.

The warden got up from his desk. 'I see by your papers, Joe, that you have been here twelve years. Well, you have been a good prisoner; good-bye and good luck to you.' They shook hands.

He was led through the yard to the gate. The moment had come. He stepped through. Again they shook hands before the gate was closed behind him and locked — locking him free.

He carried his hat in his hand as he started along the road and down the hill. He was confronted by a fresh, bracing breeze and a most bewildering sense of vastness — a vastness bathed in light. His eyes blinked, and his steps were short and hesitating.

On top of the high gray wall a guard, rifle in hand, walked in the same direction. 'Good-bye, Joe,' he shouted. 'How does it feel to be free?'

How does it feel to be free? To be confined, bottled-up, held in check, restricted, controlled — and suddenly turned loose upon a dizzy world!

A gray mist has surrounded it all. Imagine yourself completely enveloped as though your life had been becalmed by a fog. A fog through which it is difficult to see. Only overhead can you see a tiny circular opening through which the bright sky shines like a sparkling jewel. Soon you discover that the mist has hardened about you. The fog has encased you completely, except for that far-away opening overhead. You examine the walls and find that they are composed of long narrow ribbons of gray celluloid hung from what appears to be a small hoop in the sky. No — you have more space than that. Your walls are round, but you have ten feet from side to side. And every side is alike. From the sky to the ground your life is encased in a celluloid tube made of cold gray ribbons, and you are unable to see what is outside of yourself.

But when you examine the walls closer you find that the strips are made entirely of little squares, and each square has a queer design. You had not noticed them at first, but everywhere you look and as far up as you can see you find the little squares. Then on examining them closer you discover that each square is a separate little picture in which you yourself appear! Each square a frozen moment of your life. Each picture a tiny recollection dimmed and made gray by that rapid piling-up — that multiplication called the Past.

Frozen memories in miniature. As though the ribbons were discarded cinematographic records, — records of your discarded past, — complete and shameless.

There are different scenes of long ago; some are comforting and some are horrid. At some you tarry, but others you are happy not to see at all. Those

high up are hard to see, though some seem clear and fairly distinct. You make vague guesses at what they are, and some you are sure you recognize. It is like a game. The forgotten past hangs over you as high as you can see, and a circle of light comes through from the sky.

The whole thing is quite natural, and at first you see nothing very strange about the affair; a little odd, perhaps, or maybe like a dream; but it does not seem very startling until suddenly you discover that the sequence is wrong. Why should it be wrong? Why do the scenes not follow one another as they happened? Why is this thing all helter-skelter?

You try to select and arrange, but the task is enormous. Here and there and everywhere are pictures that you have not included and some that you would like to — if you could only cut them away with a penknife. Yes, cut little toy-windows so you could see clearly outside — the outside world — the real world that at present you can see only by looking through your own experiences, and see dimmed by the shadows of past images. But you have no knife that could sever. And it would not help.

Oh, how tired you are of it all! How dreary, how oppressing, how monotonous! Days are gray and nights are gray. You are tired of yourself — the constant repetition of yourself. If you could only run away. But the cylinder is light, airy, and nimble. It rotates as you run. You are imprisoned in this strange thing called life, — life dreary and gray, — surrounded by cameos and smudges of black.

The sequence is wrong. You try to escape. The walls are pliable, and with pressure could yield. You wedge a hand through, and another; you work a foot through, making still another opening, but at no time can you manage to get your body through. Then, too, where would you go? You give it up; and in time you are resigned and engage in that restful ploy of thinking back and of looking out at the real world through the lightly tinted squares.

You see the world — the real world that is made of kisses and snow. Of fire, milk, dreams, straw, water, tobacco, and children. You watch the real world that is built solidly of things that do not last — built firmly of vital sparks that cannot endure.

Every now and then you discover a new square or two added to your walls. Something that happened only yesterday; but what was in its place before you are unable to tell, try hard as you may.

In a year many different pictures have presented themselves. In three years a fair number are new; in six, three quarters are added pictures; but in twelve hardly any of the old remain and these seem greatly dimmed. A comforting dimness. Time makes all things restful.

In the outside world you can see children playing. They are playing with matches, lighting old brooms and paper, and running across the fields with trailing flames and shooting sparks. They had never done this before.

You watch closely. They are putting fire to the whole business! Suddenly a flash, a puff of smoke, a blaze of light, and there you stand on a hill confronted by real colors and a free, bracing breeze. In the distance the frightened children are running and you hear one whimper, 'I did not know it could burn.'

Everything is sky and land. You are surrounded by a vastness bathed in light.

You blink at the glamour of it all, as with hesitating steps you wander down the road to — The station is a

mile away. Here a train comes from somewhere and can take you to — exactly where you do not know, but it can take you there. You must go!

That is how it feels to be free.

At the station Joe changed his five-dollar bill to buy a ticket and a plug of chewing-tobacco. The train carried him home — to the city of his former life.

Here the streets are paved with stone. Square next to square, with hardly a crack between. Cruelly mortised by man for the benefit and convenience of his fellow men. Long lines cemented together so that mud and dirt are not tracked about — tracked into the little pigeonholes called homes.

Joe reached home all right. His wife had been dead a number of years and his children had all grown up and married. Old memories were quite dim. He hardly knew them, and they certainly did not recognize him; but it was all very pleasant.

In the evening they all had supper together — that is, after the babies had been put to bed in one room. The table was dressed as in a movie, the room was bright with lights, and everything was merry.

A steaming chicken was brought on and the oldest son stood up, removed his coat, and rolled up his cuffs before carving. 'Now, dad, I'm going to cut for you this-here leg, first and second joint,' and, pointing the knife at him, 'also a good big chunk of the white meat. Mollie, dish the gravy.'

They spoke about the comic strips in the illustrated newspapers, about recent screen-dramas, about dance records for the phonograph, about everything that amused them. The checkered past was carefully avoided. They were all quite intelligent and they said they understood.

Joe had a nice home. He could stay about the house and just 'rest up.' The children had seen all kinds of reunions in the movies, and would do their best to make him happy. They gave him a room to himself, a warm pair of carpet slippers, a pipe with a yellow stem and fancy gold band, a pair of cotton-flannel pajamas, razor blades, and everything that a male mortal needs for comfort.

But Joe spent a most uncomfortable night. The large meal did not agree with him and kept him awake. The rushing light of morn came blaring into the room. He looked about. Small photographs hung on the walls. There were scenes of Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, and of big trees in California. Little gray squares dotted the walls — views that Joe had never experienced.

It was all very natural that Joe should be a bit uncomfortable at first. The children said that they understood, and that it would take a little while for him to feel really at home.

Joe proceeded to make himself comfortable. He tried the carpet slippers, but found them loose, soft, and uncomfortable. The pipe was a nice thing, too, though he did not really enjoy smoking. The pictures he removed from the walls, and then he drove nails on which to hang his coat and pajamas. He greatly distrusted the closet, where it was dark and where mice perhaps were free to wander.

He amused himself by collecting old bits of wire that he found on old picture-frames and in the basement of the apartment house. It gave him great pleasure to send the wire down the neck of a bottle and watch the odd twists and coils it would make in the bottle — as though it were life itself going through its many painful convulsions. He kept the bottle on the open fire-escape in front of his window.

Just as soon as Joe found that the

friendliness of his children was quite genuine he proceeded to make himself really comfortable. He brought up some thin boards to slip under the mattress of the cot. This made it much firmer. He nailed up the closet door and painted the rods of the fire-escape black, under the pretext that its former color showed the dirt too much. At night he had several times been bothered by a notion that there might be rats about and that his cot was too low. This he soon fixed by bringing up some old wood from the basement and raising the cot so that it resembled an upper berth in a cabin. He was careful to eat very little meat and kept closely to a diet of soup and hot cereal. Day by day he was feeling more comfortable. Now only one thing more needed his attention. The room was too large! Too large for one person. This he remedied by rigging a pole across the room and hanging down a heavy curtain dividing the space in half. It also divided the window. Now all seemed cozy.

By this time the bottle on the window was packed tight with bits of wire. He carried it down to the basement and broke it over an ash can. The heavy wad of iron wire was freed from its container. It was nothing but a rusty solid mass, the same shape as the bottle that now was scattered in fragments.

He turned it in his hand and examined it closely. Was it an experiment that had failed? Did he imagine that the tough springy wires would jump back to their former state once freed? No. It was a rusty solid mass, brown as a cough mixture and shaped like a bottle. If he had a label he could paste it on and mark it — 'Free!'

He brought it back to his room and carefully put it in its place on the window. Then he climbed up on his cot.

Outside it rains, and outside it snows, and then the sun sings forth and dries up the long lines of pavements made of stone cunningly mortised. From his cot he can see a tiny bit of sky — a small bright opening far away. Now and then a figure walks across a neighboring roof and reminds him of the man on the high wall who held a rifle in his hand and shouted, 'How does it feel to be free?' From his cot he can see glimpses of the outside world — the real world that is made of kisses and snow. But between him and the great outside is the window-ledge upon which stands that rusty, packed-together wad of wire, shaped like a bottle.

THE CRANE IN BLOOMSBURY

BY FRANK KENDON

Man's god to see, backwards I bent my head,
Like any saint intent upon his vision.
There, dark against the clouds, the monster raised
Colossal arms, and moved with slow decision
Half over heaven. Yet no one seemed amazed,
No one fell prostrate, worshiping his power;
But midget men, commanding, while I gazed
Moved their weak arms, and brought the god's arms lower.

Roared all around me motor evidence
Of our assault upon life's brevity:
Men hurried as though death were at their heels,
And would not leave their thoughts alone, lest he
Should gain upon them. So they rushed on wheels
From door to door, filling the moments out
With twice each moment's labor — though there steals
Only behind more haste a heavier doubt.

And from the ground an exhalation came,
Even in the breath of stone and iron streets,
The breath of Autumn, earthy from the leaves
Fallen beneath the trees — such breath as meets
An idle harvester when all the sheaves
Are carried, or some ploughboy wandering home,
Who, missing the late swallow from his eaves,
In darkening silence listens, and is dumb.

THE INFINITUDE OF THINGS

BY MARY LUCIA BIERCE FULLER

I

A MISSIONARY, perhaps more than most men, has his memory stored with unfinished stories. When I look into my 'chambers of imagery' I find them filled with the faces and forms of unforgettable people, many of whom I never saw but once. A multitude of these I met on trains; but of many I cannot now recall any circumstance: only their faces, with perhaps some significant gesture or arresting garb, stay with me — suddenly revitalized by a secret association I am not able to trace. Or, sometimes, they appear before me when I am in prayer, faces consciously or unconsciously appealing, and I can but pray for them, though I have no other remembrance of them.

During my twenty-eight years in India, I usually traveled in the 'women's box,' as we call it in Marathi — a compartment reserved for third-class Indian women passengers, which in the cruder days of my childhood used to be labeled 'Females Only.' The European Third was rarely as interesting as this Women's Third, where one often met women one could have met in no other way. Either their own prejudices, or those of their family or neighbors, would have barred their doors to a foreigner, for in India fear of what 'they' will say hedges the ways of the women especially; but on a journey curiosity and tedium break down prejudice and timidity, at least for the time, and one meets with much friendliness. There are no prying neighbors' eyes in a train, the usual restraints are suspended, 'Madame Mother-in-law' may not be along, 'King-husband' is in the 'men's box,' and so to many women a journey becomes a holiday on which they feel an exhilarating freedom and gala excitement. Besides, the fact that they are in a train at all has already defiled them, if they are of high caste, so that they might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and enjoy themselves as much as possible.

A journey I took nearly sixteen years ago is one of those I love to remember. I was on my way to spend May, my summer vacation, with one of the most unselfish women that ever lived. Her idolized mother, very old and tiny and frail, was expected to die, and her friends could not bear that Grace should be alone when this happened. She lived in Inampur, a little old-fashioned village ten miles off the railway, and was, I think, about one hundred miles from any other American or European; but, like myself, she was born in the Maharashtra (the Marathi-speaking country) and was at home anywhere in it. A friend, who keenly regretted the necessity, had already brought a coffin from a distant workshop and placed it in a storeroom, since in India burial or burning must follow death within twenty-four hours. To Grace it was all agony, but she hid it with a whitely serene face, and the tenderer solicitude for the sufferers who came to her little dispensary. Only once did she speak of

the desolation that approached her: 'Ah, no matter how long beforehand one may know, it can be no easier when it comes!'

Of the journey from my own province of Berar to Bombay, where I stayed a night, I remember little; but from Bombay to Inampur in the Southern Maratha Country, as it is named, the journey lives again whenever I recall it. I got into the train at six in the morning and found at one end of the Women's Third a group of Brahmin widows on their way to Vithoba's shrine at Pandharpur, which is the greatest Hindu shrine in all the Maratha country. They carried the little triangular saffron flags on slender poles which are borne on pilgrimage by Vithoba's devotees. Each of them had little bundles of bedding and foodstuffs (flour, rice, pulse, spices, certain sweets, parched grains — anything ceremonially pure, which may therefore be taken on a train without defilement), and these they would carry on their heads or tied behind their waists when they got off the train. They were full of zeal and anticipation; and one of them, a thin, masterful little woman with square jaws, high cheek-bones, and fiery, fanatical eyes, led them in singing songs from Tukaram, Vithoba's greatest lover. He was a poet-reformer of the seventeenth century who was bitterly persecuted, and by that same token is now accounted a great saint and is greatly beloved. He and his songs have permeated the whole Maharashtra.

Except for the leader, who was not yet forty, the widows were all old or middle-aged. Their bald heads were pathetically outlined by the scarf ends of their red or white cotton saris, — widows of the Maratha country may wear no other color, — their cheeks were sunken by old age and fastings, and they had the widow's look of grieving sadness or bitterness, of hardness or heaviness, of questioning wistfulness or that heartbreaking patience to which one never gets quite used. While they sang, their faces lightened and their eyes brightened; but afterward the older ones dozed with the 'easy sleep of old age,' or sat telling their beads, while two, who seemed happier than the others and whose soft old cheeks were rounder, sang the cow song.

It is interminable. Every stanza, two or three times repeated, praises some member of the cow's thrice-sacred body: her horns, her brow, her eyes, her nostrils, her teeth and tongue, her dewlap, udder, teats, tail — literally every part of her, for in each dwells a god. They sang and sang in little thin high voices that were full of enjoyment in the words, in their own singing, and in this long-anticipated pilgrimage. Pilgrimages, however real the devotion and hunger that may inspire them, and however real the hardship involved, especially before there were railways, are nevertheless desired holidays, and furnish that change which William James says is a vital need of our kind. A Marathi proverb says that pilgrims are of three sorts: *naushi*, *haushi*, and *gaushi*. *Naushi* are they who go to pay vows — the religious; *haushi*, they who go for pleasure — the frivolous and voluptuous; and *gaushi* may be construed to mean the profiteers who have wares to sell and tricks to play on trustful ignorance.

I was very much interested in the singing and the singers, but they were naturally shy of me. They had probably classed me as a 'defiler' — to become a Christian is to be defiled; besides that, I doubtless ate beef and other abominations. I was really persona non grata in that pure company; however, I could see that they were observing and listening while I talked with other women, and that their eyes grew kinder as they watched.

II

The other women, of whom there were plenty, were the usual mixture of all castes, and promptly put me through the usual catechism: Where did I live? Where was I going? *Why* was I going? *They* were going to weddings; to 'look at' girls, for boys in their families; to visit their mothers, perhaps for confinement; or to wheedle a loan out of some kinsman.

How many children had I? I felt a slight chill when I had to confess to none, for it was at once evident that I had a pitiably 'cracked destiny'; besides, childless women may be inauspicious, and are very likely to have an evil eye.

Where was my master? Was he in the men's box? When I said I had none my lucklessness was established, for what can be more misfortunate and inauspicious than a widow? One sad young thing of the Phul-mali (flower-gardeners') caste, who though she was not shaven, as Brahmin widows are, yet lacked the black bead necklace, the glass bangles, and scarlet *kunku* brow-mark of wifehood, touched her forehead sympathetically to show that none can evade the fate written there, and asked how long before my lord had died. Then the unimagined, the outrageous fact appeared that I had never married, and the chill increased perceptibly — I was evidently not even virtuous!

One wearies a little of that bleak tribunal, though it is rather good fun in the end to win them over all by one's self. However, one sometimes has help; and a Maratha woman with keen humorous eyes and a kind sensitive mouth came gallantly to my rescue. 'These people do not always marry,' she said. 'Their customs seem strange to us, but their unmarried women are very virtuous and given to good works.'

I had then to explain those customs. Shocking and dangerous they sounded to Indian ears — certainly not nice. Marriage a matter of choice, and delayed until the twenties! Men choosing their own wives, and women saying yes or no as they pleased — the hussies! One indignant pattern of virtue spat her disgust out the window, and several old women shook their heads; but one or two very young ones looked interested, and even tittered discreetly. The Maratha woman's eyes twinkled at me, and she gave her brows a little lift and her head a little wag that spoke volumes of amused sympathy. I talked some more and got them laughing; then I took the offensive and got in a little preachment about child-marriage and our heartbreaking Indian mortality in babies and child-mothers. There were sighs and nods from some, while others maintained stoutly that it was all a matter of fate and the will of the gods. There was no dodging one's karma. If a child was fated to live you might throw it on stones and it would be unharmed; but if it had come only for a season, to pay or collect some old debt, nothing could keep it, once the account was even. The old ways were best. There had been a neighbor who had had his head turned by *sudharlele* (reformed) folk in Poona and had thought to save his daughter from the early widowhood betokened in her horoscope by keeping her unmarried until she was fifteen, but the wedding was scarcely over when the bridegroom sickened and died. Of what avail to contend with the gods?

But one sturdy goodwife of the Lohar (blacksmith) caste grew restive at the reiteration of anything so obvious as the inevitability of fate. When the talk had been of infant mortality, she had offered a few infallible remedies: —

'For sore mouth,' said she, 'find a

black goat without one hair of other color on it, hold it fast, and swab the babe's mouth with the goat's tail. The swelling will go down in one night.

'For a stake in the belly (severe colic) remove the evil eye: make passes over the child with a packet of peppers, both red and black, a *bhilava* (blistering nut), a hair of the head, and dust from three roads. Burn the packet. This has more virtue than peppers alone, or to make passes with only a besom or an old shoe. A barren woman put her eye on my boy last month when I got him a new gold-embroidered cap for the wedding of my younger *dir's* (husband's brother's) elder son. "What a handsome cap!" she said, and the poor child screamed with colic that night. But I made up a good packet, and in three days the strumpet had sore eyes (ophthalmia). May the eyes of all evil-eyed ones break!' And the good soul had stowed a huge wad of consoling betel leaf, areca nut, and tobacco into her cheek.

After that her interest waned; she burned for knowledge; so presently came more questions: Why did I wear a hat? What did I do? How much pay did I get? Why did I sit with 'black people' — they were all of pleasant shades of brown, and beautiful olive — when I belonged to the 'king-people'? Were white women real women in every particular? Even so and so?

'These be very deep questions,' said the Maratha woman then very gravely, and some looked abashed; but the smith-wife was bashless: 'Nay, I wish to know. Folk say thus and thus — is it true or false?' It happened to be false, and she was disappointed.

Then I steered the talk into pleasanter channels. It veered to religion: Why did we defile people? And presently I was telling again the ineffable story of the Perfect Life to rapt listeners. One never knows how wonderful the story is until one tells it to someone who has never heard it. A question, a gesture of amazement, a shake of the head, a sigh, from one and another, marked the progress of the story from ancient prophecy, Annunciation, holy Nativity and angel-songs, through more than thirty years of unimaginable exile, to the Cross. 'Hai, hai!' said they then, 'hai, hai!' And in the Maratha woman's eyes were tears. Then the light of Easter Morning shone down the centuries, and some faces were very wistful when I repeated the last great promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

He had not left us orphaned, and He would come again. He had said it. He was not a private, tutelar god, nor any foreign god. He was for them as much as for me. God loved the world. He loved them. He wanted them themselves, not offerings of goats, nor cocks, nor coconuts; not prostrations, nor circumambulations, nor penances and tortures; but their very hearts and all their love.

It was good talk, they said. It was true talk. It was very sweet and heartening talk. There were there all the four soils of the parable: hearts as insensitive as the trodden path, shallow hearts, and hearts still wedded to their cares; but I knew that some would cherish the story, and that in them it would live; that in the darkness of their manifold fears a Light had shined. The story is still the Gospel.

'And tell me,' said the sturdy one of the deep question, 'why you put no coconut oil on your hair. It looks very untidy!' We were nearing Poona, where I must change trains, so I opened my Gospel box, in which were Gospels in eight languages. Could any of them read, I asked. The Maratha woman

could. Had anyone a son or grandson or other kinsman who could read? There were several. The Brahmin women's eyes had brightened at the sight of books. Only the leader could read. She had 'learned two books,' — studied the first and second readers, — but all the rest had reading boys and girls in their families and took my books eagerly.

Of course I observed the courtesies in not handing them the books but dropping them into their hands. If they and I had touched a book simultaneously, it would have been a conductor of defilement from me to them. To be sure the train had already defiled them; still there was no need to make matters worse than they already were. As it was they would have to bathe and wash their clothes before they could eat, while the more fastidious might further disinfect themselves with a sprinkle of cow's stale in order to feel perfectly pure again.

However, I had a very pleasant talk with them before the train pulled into Poona, and when I left them they said, 'Let acquaintance remain if we meet again.' Several women put their heads out the windows to say good-bye again, and the Maratha woman put out a slender hand and made a little benedictory gesture that is very sweet.

'Will you know me if we meet again?' she asked.

'I could not forget,' I said.

'Who knows if we meet,' she said and touched her forehead in wistful submission to fate.

'Would that we might!' I said, 'but whether we meet or not, God bless you always.'

'Go in safety,' she called, as I turned away to follow my coolie and holdall.

'Yes, yes, go carefully,' shrilled the smith-wife, as she leaned out to spit red betel juice on the platform; 'don't fall under the train!' And then I heard her say to the station at large: 'Fancy, no husband, no oil on her head, and not afraid of anything — a strange people truly!'

III

How dear they all were! And I never saw one of them again. It was now noon, so I ate my lunch in the waiting-room and was presently traveling south once more. In this train the women's compartment was very crowded. It was labeled, 'To seat 28 passengers'; but, as often happens, we numbered, with babies, well over thirty. Every woman had at least one bundle tied in a cloth, and as big sometimes as two feet in diameter. Then there were tiny tin trunks, painted in blinking pinks and greens, or gone shabby; and brass drinking-vessels, and what-what, as we say in Marathi. The racks above and the floors below were crowded with things and there was barely sitting-room. There was a little tart talk and huffiness before everyone got settled, but for the most part it was a good-natured company. More than half of them were returning from the festival at Pandharpur, and though tired, and without the zest and excitement of anticipation, they had much to tell.

Some had gone there to fulfill vows made during illness in their families or some other adversity. Some had gone to make vows, or to perform penances, or to pay priests for the doing of meritorious rites, or to make offerings in the hope of receiving some special boon in return. One heavy-eyed little thing who had no children had probably been asking for a son, though she could not talk about it. A delicate, tired young mother with a still more delicate baby had been making vows for his life. 'Are you a doctor?' she asked me anxiously. 'My children do not live. Always some evil eye falls on them. I have lost five — three boys!' She held up three

delicate fingers while the tears filled her eyes. 'We have named this one Shenpadya (fallen cowdung — to avert any jealous god's malevolence), and I am always taking the evil eye from him, but he is fading. What more shall I do?'

The baby was burned up with opium, as the soft flabby flesh on his thin little arms and legs and the glazed dullness of his lovely great eyes showed all too plainly. But he was well protected against evil eyes by irregular smudges of lampblack on his pale soft cheeks, and various charms and strings tied round his neck and wrists and ankles. Of course I urged her to break off his opium gradually, and advised her as best I could. And, since her anxiety was poisoning both her and the child, I told her to trust God and be unafraid.

Other women had made other vows: some had pledged offerings of money, gifts for the temple, a distribution of sweets; some to pay for a feast for Brahmins, or to refrain from eating some choice dish or fruit. Some told their vows, some hid them in their hearts. 'I offered figs,' said one woman, 'for five years.' She was of the Kunbi (farmer) caste, fat, prosperous, good-natured, and noisy — anything but an ascetic type; so I greatly admired her devotion, for I am fond of figs.

Most of the women were of the middle castes, but near me sat a Konkanasth Brahmin widow of perhaps thirty, who kept her own counsel as her keen eyes watched and studied her neighbors. One could see she was entertained, but her thin, clever, hard little mouth showed scant sympathy for the frailties and sorrows of mankind. The Konkanasths are as hard-headed as they are able, altogether an extraordinary and fascinating race, excelling — so they themselves claim, and not a few agree — all the peoples of India.

As soon as the train started I went through another catechism and was called by one group and another to be questioned afresh. With each I stayed a while and to each I gave my little books. Our number was constantly changing, for stops were frequent and at each place some got out and new ones got in.

At one station a man with a basket on his head passed down the platform calling '*Anjir! Anjir!* (Figs! Figs!)' The Kunbi goodwife got up excitedly and pushed her way to the nearest window on the platform side, saying, 'Let me see the figs! There are none in my country' — meaning her district. I looked round to see if anyone remembered her complacent vow to refrain from figs for five years, but only the Brahmin widow had noted it. Her eyes twinkled at me and mine at her, and we could see that the good soul was sore put to it to resist buying and sampling some figs on the spot; but the vow held and she was the more pleased with herself.

'I offered figs but yesterday, and today I see them!' she said. 'Surely Vithoba has tried my virtue, but I have not lost!'

She did not belong to the southern fig-country, but being a practical soul was killing two birds with the one stone of pilgrimage: she was seeking her son a bride in a village where she had a man-cousin with a daughter reported to be very fair and apt at housework. In her caste, as in several, a brother's daughter — a sister's daughter or a niece by marriage will not do — is considered a very desirable daughter-in-law; and as a cousin, especially a maternal aunt's son, ranks as a brother, this should be a good match, provided the horoscopes were in harmony, and omens were auspicious, as they should

be, with a pilgrimage to hallow them. If all went well she would be able to claim the girl as of right, since a sister has the first choice of her brother's daughter for her own son if the children's ages are suitable.

Toward evening a party of five or six comely young Kunbi women got in with babies and bundles, and a very frail keen-eyed old lady who was mother, grandmother, or mother-in-law to all of them. They helped her in and seated her on the floor, as the jarring of the train made it difficult for her to sit on the narrow wooden benches. She ordered the disposition of the babies and bundles with great good sense and in a clear voice used to command. The party had come from Pandharpur the day before and had broken their journey at the old lady's brother's village.

When she saw me she called me to come to her, but as I was talking with women at the other end of the compartment I replied that I would come presently. She waited a few minutes and called again. Again I pleaded delay, but soon came a third call that brooked none. It was impatient, but neither peremptory nor hectoring: she was simply used to obedience. I laughed and went to her.

'What is in those little books?' she asked.

'The life of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to earth to bring men to God.'

'Sit here beside me and read the book,' she said. I sat on the floor beside her.

'Ah yes, tell it to mother,' said her daughters. 'Her mind is all on religion and she remembers all she hears. We are taken up with our children and our houses and the cares of this world. We should forget by to-morrow, but mother will remember and tell us again and again. Why do you not oil your hair?'

But the old lady permitted only a few questions and then bade me read. 'I want knowledge,' she said. 'Begin at the beginning.' I read chapter after chapter of Saint Luke's lovely, lovely Gospel, while she nodded understandingly, made some delighted comment, or asked a question. Sometimes, when I would be explaining, she would run away with a clue and say delightedly, 'I know, I know,' and finish the explanation herself. Finally, after midnight, she said she must soon alight. And she must have the book. She had a little grandson at home who would read it to her.

'Thou 'lt soon forget an old woman like me,' she said, 'but I will remember thee while I live; and the story — I have it here!' She pressed her heart. 'But thou 'lt forget me.'

'Nay, never,' I protested. 'I will always remember.'

'Truly?' she asked, searching me.

'Truly and truly,' I said. 'And I will do more than remember: I will pray God to bless you with great blessings.'

'Nay,' she said, 'pray for these, and my sons, and my little grandson at home. What need to pray for an old woman whose life is done?'

'But I *like* the old woman!' I laughed. 'I will pray for her and for them too.'

The train began to slow. She raised herself, frail and indomitable, and I stood beside her. She put her old hand on my shoulder — a capable, shapely, sensitive old hand that had done much work — and looked me in the eyes.

'*Lek majhi!* (My daughter!)' she said with great love. And with great joy I put my hand on her thin shoulder and said, '*Mai majhi!* (My mother!)' And then I think we both winked very hard and laughed a little. Then she took my face in her hands, and drawing them away she cracked her knuckles on her temples, thus taking all my ills on herself. The train stopped.

'I will never see thee again,' she cried, as they lifted her down.

'Who knows?' I said, but without hope, for she lived far from the railway.

And then, that I might contradict her, she said from the platform, 'Thou'lt forget!'

'Nay, I will not,' I said stoutly. 'Does one forget one's mother?' The train moved.

'Go in safety, and live in happiness, my *maina!* (a pet bird, a common endearment for a daughter),' she called, and blessed me with her hand.

'I will remember thee *always*, mother, *always!*' I called, waving my hand into the darkness, as the train gathered speed. And I always have remembered.

IV

Most of the women left in the compartment were asleep. Indians have an enviable faculty for sleeping under difficulties. I had sat on hard wood for over eighteen hours, — I carried a cushion about with me for two days afterward, — and I was hoarse from talking and reading above the noise of the train, and mortal tired. But I did not know how to sleep bolt upright, — it is still my ambition to learn, — so I talked with the little Brahmin widow, who was also awake and very friendly. At two o'clock my own station came and I found awaiting me a man with a hackney pony-tonga sent by Grace the evening before. But to start at once would mean getting her up at a senseless hour, so I told the man to go back to sleep and to call me at four. He would sleep in his tonga just below the platform, and I knew he had an alarm clock in his head, though he will die without knowledge of Coué.

It was a night to remember. On the open platform was piled an orderly hillock of gunnysacks filled with fragrant turmeric roots. I opened and spread my holdall on the ground beside it, and lay down with sighing contentment. Above me was the deep, deep Indian sky full of great shining stars and constellations moving to unthinkable music, and peopled by wondrous beings of wind and light and flame. The air was so clear that one saw measureless reaches behind, and behind vast world and vaster world. The stars were myriad. They were the 'many mansions' of the 'Father's house' of which all this inconceivable, splendent immensity was only a charming chamber. The universe itself was not infinite, but only a lovely making of the Father's. And this ineffable 'Father of eternity' was 'our Father' and our very 'Home.' I sighed for love and delight, for delight and love.

Before me was a three-peaked hill yearning to the stars, and behind me a great pipal whose shining leaves glinted in the starlight and rustled deliciously, like running water. And beyond the pipal, far away in the west behind the misty Ghats, I knew that the sea lay vast and darkling under these same stars, lay slowly heaving, and singing sonorously as the night wind blew across it and over the western mountains to our hot plains. There was healing in the wind's cool breath, and I lay still in utterest rest and peace.

I remembered again all the women I had seen that day, and I loved them all. I loved everyone in the world, and most of all I loved God who had made the world all fair, and loved it too, though it was so sad and spoiled; who is so dearly knowable, so gloriously beyond knowing. And so I fell asleep, and dreamed happy dreams until the driver's voice awoke me at four.

'Bai Sahib,' he said, 'if we leave now, we shall reach Inampur at the *Ramprahar*.' The first watch of the day, sacred and propitious, is named for Ram. It is very unlucky to lie or cheat during those three hours.

I shall never forget that drive. The

countless host of heaven on high shone and sang and wheeled in great glory; and as the drowsy pony jogged along, little birds, awakened by our coming, twittered sleepily in the gracious *nimbs* and young banyans that lined the road. Sometimes spreading mango-trees interlaced their branches overhead, and for a while we drove along a dark tunnel sweet with clustered mango flowers and budding fruit. And sometimes 'watered gardens' beside the road chilled the starlit night and filled it with fragrances. Attar-sweet roses, chaste slender 'rose-rods' (tuberoses), jasmine of many lovely kinds, luxuriant oleanders, holy basil (*Ocimum sanctum*), beloved of Govind, the sacred waxen *champak* (*Michelia champaca*), and the starry, coral-stemmed *parijataka* (*Erythrina fulgens*), sweeter than honey and incense — all these were in the gardens, to be gathered morning by morning and sold to the flower-sellers, who would make them into garlands for the neck and wrist and hair, into turban-balls, and *bashings* to veil the faces of brides and bridegrooms; and, most important of all, into wreaths for the gods, and little leaf-wrapped packets of loose stemless flowers which must be offered unscented by human nostrils.

As we went the driver told me all manner of village news, pleasant homely things, and at last of an exorcist who was charming and snaring all sorts of small demons who had haunted wells and wastes and lodged in people's flesh and troubled women with child. He sealed them in bottles and buried them deep in the earth with charms and adjurations. His fees were small and many people had employed him.

And while he talked came the sunrise and hushed us with its splendor. A fan of light that paled the stars flared up behind the three-peaked hill, and suddenly, swiftly, surely, great Prabhakar, glorious, exultant, shot up and claimed his world again.

'The king has risen,' said the driver then, and with clasped hands made the sun a *namaskar*.

Very soon we were in old Inampur, wide-awake and gathered about its wells, busy with its morning businesses of noisy mouth-washings and garglings, of splashing cold baths, of drawing the day's water and filling shining brass and cool clay waterpots. In a few minutes Grace and I were kissing each other and trying to forget the shadow that lay upon the house.

And whenever I smell turmeric it all comes back to me, all of it — things unfinished, and infinite, and very dear.

BUYING HAPPINESS

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

My pilgrim path sometimes takes me, whether I will or no, into the City of Destruction and among the enormous buildings of Vanity Fair. In their spacious and palatial interiors the air is soft and warm and sometimes even fragrant. A huge reception-committee of affable young men and women occupies each building, so that you have but to express a wish for anything and simply for the mention of your name and address it is yours. A vast throng of happy people, mostly women, streams continually through the broad aisles of these great houses, which, wonderful to tell, stand wide open to the public from morning till evening, so that any may come in or go out whether he have money or no.

Not less wonderful are the outsides of these houses, for instead of walls their sides are nothing but windows, until you marvel that the upper parts of them do not fall to the ground for want of support. These windows do not let light into the buildings, but each of them is boxed in like a little stage, set to be seen from the street; and in truth a great many spectators hurrying along the streets of the City of Destruction see these little scenes as they pass. Nor has any passer-by to pay any charge or fee for seeing them; he may even stop and look at them as long as he likes; none will turn him away.

Sometimes the scene is a stately old baronial hall with oaken wainscots and rich tapestries and huge ancient chairs like thrones. Sometimes it is a rich withdrawing-room, with worldly men and women of wax, modishly dressed, ogling one another. But always the scene is rich and splendid. Never have I seen any poor or ragged man among these waxen actors, nor any ugly hovel among the scenes the little stages show.

The philosopher Epictetus remarks that a man who has good clothes and hangs them in the window to air should not lament if a thief comes by and appropriates them, since that would be to repeat the thief's mistake of supposing that to possess good clothes is in itself a good. And as I pass along our city streets, and steal at least a glance now and then at the show-windows elaborately set with exquisite ladies and sumptuous furniture, I am reminded of Epictetus. Back of all this cleverness in display, this seductive elegance, does there perhaps yet lurk some vestige, by implication at least, of the old mistake? Do not the gowns and furniture say in the clearest tones to our sight, 'Possess us and be happy'?

I hasten to agree that these windows are, some of them, in the most excellent taste, that they are often a delight to the eye, and that they are in many instances historically correct in period and style. I cannot deny a certain educational value to them; they cultivate taste and contribute to intelligence. They undoubtedly afford pleasure to the passer-by, and relieve the inevitable dinginess and dullness of city streets with intervals of warmth, interest, and color. Of all the forms of advertising they are perhaps the most reasonable and legitimate. Yet after all they

certainly fall somewhat short of the moral ideal of Stoicism.

For what would Epictetus say to all this? Rather, what is the message of it all to the passer-by? Its message is, I suppose, 'Stranger, enter in, and make these accessories of luxury yours by giving for them a fair return. These are such gowns as your wife and daughters should have; these are such rooms as they and you should live in; these are such chambers as real people retire to when the day is done. Such should be your surroundings. Such is life.'

I doubt not many a man has gone home from viewing these refined splendors and removed an unworthy chromo from over the mantelpiece and many a woman has been led to strip the parlor furniture of tidies. Beyond question they help to educate the public taste and raise the standard of living. And they probably interest many in actually buying something at least faintly resembling what they show. But it would be easy under the influence of Epictetus to exaggerate their seductive effect upon the seasoned citizen of the City of Destruction. He is a bird that has seen the net spread often enough before, and it is his art to take the bait and leave the hook. He knows the Fable of the Married Pair who were Ruined by being Given a Grand Piano. His first emotion on beholding the rich and massive furniture of a baronial hall is joy that he does not have to pay the hall-rent. A snug apartment where you can sleep on a door and eat in a cupboard is about his size, and a couple of footstools would be all the baronial furniture he could accommodate.

This great emancipation from the accumulations of furniture which our ancestors, baronial or other, thought necessary of course leaves a better market for the other merchandise the windows offer, such as dresses. The succinct style of these, so suited to the spirit of the age, is entirely compatible with the narrow limits of the modern abode. It no longer takes an armory or an arsenal to accommodate our wardrobes, as in the days when ladies wore hoops and gentlemen hardware.

It should surprise no one, therefore, if the habiliments of fashion thus seductively displayed lure the seasoned shopper into the fatal web. What does occasion surprise is the dismay with which even this partial success fills its contrivers. Only to-day I was stirred by the distress of two great store-managers who found their employees buying silk stockings to wear at labor. The Walrus and the Carpenter! After agonizing efforts to advertise silk stockings, after wonderful window displays of fashionable ladies wearing them, how disconcerting to find the public actually and extravagantly buying and paying for the very articles the managers have been moving heaven and earth to sell them! Who would not weep? Did not Alexander weep when he succeeded in what he undertook? He did. They do.

Nothing is more entertaining than the horror of the rich at the extravagance of the poor. Having exhausted ingenuity and sacrificed health to get what they call a market for their goods, they are shocked to find common people wearing them. But if it be wrong for the poor to wear such things why does all business conspire to get them to buy? Why are they pursued all the time and everywhere with adjurations to do so? What is there to see in a modern city but the show-windows and the signs? Of course the philosophic mind will find the library and the museum, where advertising has not yet penetrated; but everywhere on the street and in the cars the business of buying is eternally thrust upon you in season and out of season until it seems

as though there were nothing else to think about.

I would not deride the genuine solicitude sometimes felt by the affluent for the more diligent members of society, nor forget their well-meaning efforts to guide us in the narrow path to honorable wealth. Under a frugal impulse I recently established a small savings-account, as promising a possibly painless way of providing against a subscription I had been weak enough to make. What was my happiness to receive this flattering evidence that my obscure hoard had gained the approbation of the banking fraternity; and not unnaturally, for had I but invested it, as I thought of doing (and as my banker doubtless has done), it would have made me fifty per cent instead of three. But hear his gracious words: —

'Persistence in the accumulation of money will make it easier to do the things that you may later wish to do. Your first deposit is only the first step. The first thousand dollars will be great progress. Once beyond that and you will be well on the way to being the master of your financial situation.'

Would that I would! But alas! The vice-president has not sufficiently explored my financial situation. It will take more than the first thousand to set me well on the way. Bankers should be less sanguine and optimistic about money matters, and not so carried away by rhetorical impulses. At the mere thought of three ciphers they lose their heads. This one is right in perceiving that I want encouragement, but not at such extravagant cost. From a banker, at all events, what one desires is not rainbows, but the truth.

Nor are the bankers — jolly fellows! — the only ones ready to help us on our upward way. Having a young friend with leanings toward the chauffeur's calling, I recently wrote to an automobile college for a catalogue, which promptly came. It was followed by a letter which, in the face of native incapacity and previous engagements, almost swept me into that profession. Like the banker, the college president was all hope.

'There is a big future ahead of you,' he boldly wrote, 'if you will only prepare for it now. The vital point of interest to you right now is, will you be too old to enjoy your success when it comes and *if* it does come. Let me answer that question for you. You will not be too old for this enjoyment if you determine to start right now on the road to success. The gate to success is my shops. In a period of only eight short weeks you can master the training and be able to step out into the world and be a man among men, have the necessaries and luxuries of life, and be a credit to yourself and to your loved ones. The thing for you to do, Mr. Goodspeed, is to decide now to jump on the next car bound for the shops and tell the world that you are headed for success and no one can stop you.'

If only I had received this stirring letter earlier in life, everything might have been different.

Window-dressing, I own, sometimes takes extreme forms. When Tutankhamen was in flower, an original spirit in the dry-goods business asked of me the loan of a mummy from the museum for a few days to give a lifelike touch to an Egyptian scene. I would set no limits to the window-dresser's art, but surely this verged on the impractical. What profit to create a craving for mummies in the passer-by? Thus is the human spirit, caught in the strong currents of enthusiasm, carried past its goal.

For my part I enjoy show-windows, and I approve of them. They brighten the way about the otherwise dismal streets of the City of Destruction. And

to the men who have provided them I am grateful. But I am prepared to take the consequences, and to acquiesce in the purchase of their contents by persons something less than baronial in station. If they can pay, let them buy, say I. If it be unwise, only thus will they learn so. But, wise or foolish, they are getting what they are paying for, which is satisfaction.

The school-teachers of the City of Destruction having recently been granted a slight increase in wages, politely known as 'salary,' a loud outcry was raised, not at the increase, but because they spent it, it was said, 'like drunken sailors,' on their personal adornment. What a boon it is that we can thus derive pleasure from condemning one another's purchases, and all absolutely without cost to ourselves. The rich perceive that the poor are improvident; the poor consider the rich extravagant; the employer laments the prodigality of his employees; the banker grieves over the luxury of the farmer; the politician agonizes over the school-teachers spending their increase like drunken sailors. Broadly speaking, the spenders are evidently all wrong — or all right.

What most of these critics of expenditure fail to see is that it is not economic but psychological needs that these spenders, poor as well as rich, are meeting. They are buying something more than food and clothes. They are buying pleasure, enjoyment, happiness. It would be a drab world if they could not and did not.

I could wish that these critics might visit, as I have done, lands where people are not concerned to go beautifully. I would have them not simply pass through on a train, but get off and live there, month after month, for a year, seeing perhaps one or two well-dressed people a week. I would guarantee in them at the end such a state of mental depression at the sheer sordid unloveliness of their human horizon as might disturb even their economic pessimism, and make them see a little deeper into this business of buying and selling, which after all is not the whole of life.

Some people, to begin with, find a genuine pleasure in buying. What they buy may also be useful to them afterward. It may even be very useful. It may be worth far more than it cost. But over and above all this there is an insubstantial return they have received in the enjoyment of buying it. Nor is this an unreal thing, unless it be supposed that all merely pleasurable emotions are unreal. They certainly function really enough in this business of buying and selling, as the very pleasant places in which we are invited to buy clearly show.

Nor need it be thought that this pleasure in the sheer buying is a merely momentary satisfaction. It is rather the culmination of an extended social process known as shopping and often maligned by the uninformed. In this enjoyable process, and in the overt act of purchase in which it culminates, reside real if imponderable values with which any understanding economic estimate must reckon.

An opulent traveler once overwhelmed his fellow tourists by making them costly presents from the lands they visited. To their protestations he replied that he enjoyed buying such things but really had no use for them afterward. More people are like that than realize it. It is a wise man who understands himself.

Here belongs the economically indefensible practice of 'collecting.' Experienced collectors have been known to express the hope that their heirs would sell their collections, in order to begin others of their own, since the joy lies in making the collection, not in possessing it. This should be remem-

bered before indulging in superficial criticism of the Shah of Persia for collecting clocks, or the Esquimaux for collecting alarm clocks. It is the act of acquisition that enthralls.

Beyond doubt the buyings of many of us look strange to most. One man buys first editions, all the dearer if uncut; another Lincoln manuscripts, not to publish — that would spoil their value — but to protect from publication; another bindings, regardless of what they contain; another Chinese snuffboxes, though he is not Chinese and does not take snuff. 'Cui bono?' says the sensible man to all this.

'Multo bono,' I would reply. They are all buying the same thing in different packages. They are buying happiness.

LITTLE LOWIZY

THE QUARE WOMEN'S DISCOVERY

BY LUCY FURMAN

THE previous Fourth of July there had been a great picnic on the quare women's hill, with songs and speeches, to which all the country had come. This Fourth was to be celebrated differently: by a big 'Working,' at which the new schoolhouse was to be 'raised.' All things were now ready — logs all hewn, foundations completed, stone hauled for chimneys.

Long before dawn on the Fourth, Uncle Lot, who was to be joint master of ceremonies with Uncle Ephraim Kent at the Working, started for the Forks, leaving Aunt Ailsie to feed all the property and do her own work as well. It was therefore late when, in her best linsey dress and black sunbonnet, she rode into the village. Nags were tied to palings all along the street, and riders were coming in from three directions to the school bottom. Not only were the nags loaded, but the people as well, for they were taking this occasion to housewarm the women and bring gifts — pokes of beans, corn, potatoes, and apples, strings of chickens, baskets of eggs, gourds of butter.

Many men were at work in the bottom, where the great log-pen was already two or three feet high. In the cottage yard two quilting-frames had been set up in shady spots, and loud calls came from the women surrounding these for Aunt Ailsie to join them. But she had no intention whatever of seeking the society of her contemporaries. She made straight for the two young newcomers, Christine and Susanna, who, at the cottage door, were helping Virginia and Amy to welcome the people and put away the gifts.

Already the string beans began to make such a tall pile on a sheet in the yard that the quare women were troubled, not knowing what they could do to save them. But Aunt Ailsie was ready with a suggestion.

'Muster a crowd of the young-uns that 's so thick underfoot, and let 'em

thread them bean pods; and then you can hang 'em up and dry 'em, and have all the shucky beans you need for winter. Hit would be a scandal to see 'em spile.'

Susanna ran for needles and strong thread, Christine rounded up a number of children, mostly girls, and in five minutes they were sitting on the ground around the sheet, having an exciting competitive bean-threading.

They had hardly taken a good start when, on an old blind nag, four children arrived at the horse block, and a little procession came down the walk, led by a small girl of apparently eight or nine, who walked with a painful limp, wore a long-skirted gray calico dress and sunbonnet, and carried two hens by their feet. Two slightly taller boys and a smaller girl, all bearing gifts, followed.

The first child stopped to inquire of the bean-threaders: —

'Where 's the quare women at?'

Cries of 'Lowizy! Lowizy!' greeted her, and Aunt Ailsie exclaimed, 'Well, if hit hain't Phœbe's young-uns ! How you come on, Lowizy, and how 's your maw? Here, Dovey, you hain't too big to hug your granny's neck, air you? I hain't seed none of you sence last summer in the women's tents, you live so fur — you four mile up Troublesome and me three mile down. Hain't Phœbe a-coming?'

'The least-one hit 's teething, and colicky too, and so pettish maw allowed she would n't see no peace if she come. Pappy he 's been here sence sunup,' replied Lowizy.

'How did the winter sarve you this time, Lowizy?'

'Hit was kindly bad; but I come through all right, like I allus do. Where 's the quare women at? We fotched 'em some presents.'

'Amy and Virginny they gone in the house to put away things. But here 's a new one hain't been here long — Christeeny 's her name; she come from New England beside the briny deep. I allow she'll take in your presents.'

Christine arose and conducted the four children through the hall-sitting-room-library, crowded scene of all the socials, sings, and clubs, and back to the kitchen, where Virginia and Amy were deep in consultation with a number of the village women about dinner. Everything stopped, however, when they saw Lowizy, who was affectionately greeted from all sides.

'How very nice to see you again, Lowizy!' said Amy. 'Why have n't you been in before?'

'I been so busy minding and teaching young-uns, and making gyarden, and cooking, while maw and tothers tended the crap, seemed like I could n't make out to come in. But I have thought about you a sight sence last summer, and I got that pretty book you sont me a-Christmas.'

'We had your letter about it. How did you get through the winter?'

'All right, same as I gen'ally do; I was n't no wusser than common. And now I'm pyeert and feeling fine. And hit holps me up to see your faces again.'

Through the kitchen door Christine had glimpses of Susanna in the back yard, with gangs of boys building fires under the big iron wash-kettles, filling them from the well, chopping the necessary wood, and the like.

The gifts bestowed, Christine and the four returned to the front yard, where Lowizy promptly took her place in the bean-threading circle, motioning to her two brothers and little sister to do the same.

'This-here new woman, Christeeny here, aims to teach in the new school,' said Aunt Ailsie to Lowizy. 'Maybe she'll be your teacher.'

The child looked up at Christine

with sudden grave interest in the large, lustrous, wonderfully beautiful eyes that lighted her thin face.

'I'm afraid not,' said Christine, 'since I'm to teach the higher grades, from fifth to eighth. Lowizy looks rather young to be in any of these.'

'Giles he allowed I could take eighth reader,' remarked the small creature.

'The eighth! Why, you hardly look old enough for the fourth!'

'Her looks is deceiving,' explained Aunt Ailsie. 'She jest hain't growed good, on account of them risings in her hip-j'int. How old air you, Lowizy? I got so many grands I can't no-way keep track of their ages.'

'Going on eleven,' replied the child.

'But even eleven is amazingly young for the eighth grade,' said Christine, in astonishment.

'Hit is that, woman,' agreed Aunt Ailsie, 'but that-air Little Lowizy hain't to be measured by no sot rules. She is famious for her larning, and the most knowingest child on Troublesome. I maybe ought n't to say it, her being my grand, but everybody knows hit for the truth.'

Lowizy received the praise calmly and without self-consciousness, as she might any other mere statement of fact, and, pushing back her sunbonnet, took another long look into Christine's face.

'You look like a good woman — and pretty, too,' was her grave verdict.

'All but her hair,' agreed Aunt Ailsie. 'Hain't hit a pity she's a redhead?'

'She hain't no redhead; her hair 's jest goldy,' declared Lowizy.

'Hit 's red, too,' maintained Aunt Ailsie. 'Any man that laid eyes on it would say the same.'

During this appraisement Christine had not been so successful as Lowizy in keeping her composure. Seeing her flush of amused embarrassment, Lowizy spoke again, even more decidedly than her granny.

'Hit *hain't* red, and I like hit fine; and I allow she'll make a right teacher, too!'

'I hope so,' said Christine. 'I shall certainly try.'

'Of course a body can't expect you to teach as good as Giles — nobody could n't do that,' continued Lowizy.

'No, of course not. I have heard what splendid work he has done here in the past four years, and teaching the entire school alone, too. I can't imagine how he did it!'

'Giles, he can do anything!' affirmed the child.

'He can that,' said Aunt Ailsie. 'I would n't put anything beyand that-air Giles Kent. Though he never tuck a start at larning till he were seventeen — his paw being kilt in the war with Fallons when he was eight, and his maw bedrid up'ards of eight year more — in three schools he larned all the teacher knowed, and got a certificate to teach hisself. And the four years he teached here at the Forks he studied of nights on high-school books and history books and law books, — I have heared his lamp never went out a many of a night, — till he got him more larning than any man in the county. He allus contended, though, he never knowed enough to teach right; and when the quare women come in last summer he was the main-chiefest one, with his granddaddy, Uncle Ephraim, to beg 'em to come back and start a proper school. And afore he left for law-college a-Christmas, he allowed he was glad for all the young-uns the women was a-coming back, but gladdest of all for Little Lowizy here.'

Christine put out a hand and clasped Lowizy's pitiable little claw. 'I shall feel it a joy and a privilege to teach you,' she said. 'I'm only afraid I can't do you justice, as I am new at teaching.'

Lowizy smiled reassuringly into her eyes. 'You'll teach good, too, you will,'

she said. 'And if any of the young-uns tries to sass you or fight you, jest call on me. I allus holped Giles with 'em, and they are afeared not to mind me.'

Very soon Aunt Ailsie became restless and suggested to Christine that they leave the bean-threading in Lowizy's charge and walk about.

Everywhere they found things moving. In the back yard groups of women and big girls were picking chickens, peeling potatoes, rolling out dumpling-dough — all for the stew that was beginning to bubble in the great wash-kettles. Other women of the village were bringing in stacks of plates, saucers, cups; and still others were unpacking baskets of biscuit, corn bread, cake, and pie.

In the school bottom, herculean labors were in progress. The huge log-pen, forty by fifty-five feet, was already breast-high. A log would be dragged by ox-teams to the bottom of the skid-poles, then a score of powerful men would push and shoulder it up, while a dozen more pulled with ropes from the top of the wall. On arrival, it would be quickly and skillfully notched by the men at the corners — Uncle Ephraim and Uncle Lot, or two other equally famous notchers — and dropped into its place. Other men, not needed for the main job, worked about in groups, finishing the hewing of joists, beams, and rafters, or with froes riving boards for the roof or palings for the fence.

But the raising was the great sight, and Aunt Ailsie and Christine returned to it, fascinated.

'What a meracle to see so much peace at a gathering!' exclaimed Aunt Ailsie. 'Hit 's the first ever I seed where there wa'n't drinking and shooting. Allus at 'lection time and Christmas and big funeral meetings hit 's the same old story, and has been for twenty year, ever sence the war betwixt Kents and Fallons tuck a start. Last summer Fult and Darcy, the two main-heads, — them two boys a-shouldering far eends of that-air log, — give their word to drap the war if the women would come back; and yander works Fallons and Kents side by side, peacified as doves. I'm afeared every minute I'll wake up and see 'em start to shooting. But Uncle Ephraim he allows the peace will hold, and so does Giles. Giles he never would take no part in the war, though some faulted him scandalous for not revenging his paw.'

A spur of Uncle Ephraim's mountain ran down to the creek edge almost opposite the school bottom, and down it, below the timber line, a figure was now seen to be hurrying.

'If it hain't Giles, my eyes has sartain failed me!' continued Aunt Ailsie. In another moment a tall young man had swung down the point, along the bank to the foot-log, and was coming swiftly across.

Aunt Ailsie left Christine and ran forward. 'Giles!' she cried. 'Where did you drap from?'

'From the ridge-tops,' he said, gravely smiling, and taking her hand. 'Am I much late?'

'They been at it sence sunup, but there 's a plenty left to do,' she said. 'Why did n't you tell nobody you was a-coming?'

'I was n't sure I could get away between the college term and summer school,' he said.

Calls of 'Eh, Giles!' 'Howdy, Giles!' rose from the men on the pen. He went and shook hands all around, impartially with Kents and Fallons, and last with Uncle Ephraim, perched on his corner.

'I'm hunting a job, grandsir',' he said. 'I traveled a long way to have a hand in this.'

'Did you walk acrost from the railroad?'

'Yes, all day yesterday and most of the night. But I'm not werried; I feel better than when I started out.'

The news had spread, and from all directions shrill childish voices were crying 'Howdy, howdy, Giles!' and then the youthful population bore down upon him, the bean-threaders in a body, Lowizy limping along last of all, but with the most radiant face.

Christine stood apart, watching the reception of Giles by his townspeople. As he stood beneath the corner where his grandfather was perched, she noted the striking resemblance between the two men — the same nobly modeled brows and heads and features, the same fine, intelligent dark eyes. But where Uncle Ephraim's hair floated in a white wavy cloud about his head, that of Giles was straight and dark; and in the face of the older man life had softened the austerity noticeable in that of the younger.

In another moment Giles, throwing off his coat and broad black hat, had climbed up to take his grandsire's place at the notching. Aunt Ailsie had returned to Christine, and the two again set forth on their rounds.

Christine saw no more of Giles until dinner-time, when she helped the other women serve the men at the long plank tables; and then she did not meet him. The men having eaten and gone, the women and children began their dinner, but were scarcely half through when word came for all hands to hurry to a 'speaking' in the school yard.

On their arrival, Uncle Ephraim, wearing the flax shirt and trousers and moccasins in which he had been working, was mounted on a log, saying: —

'Folks has been a-faulting me and Lot severe for mustering so many here on the birth of our nation and not having no speaking or glorifying, like we had last year. I hain't minded to be contrarious, and sence hit 's the feeling of this gathering to speak, let 'em speak. Hit is everly human natur' to ruther speak than do. Still, a leetle talk can't hurt nothing, if everybody bears in mind this-here house has to be raised by sundown, and talks quick and to the p'int — the p'int being this: that instid of fighting over old dead-and-gone battles, and scandalizing the British and the Rebels and the Spanish, let every man tell what he'll do here and now for his country by giving more timber and labor for tother houses the women aims to raise here, so 's not only our young-uns at the Forks, but them out in the country that has will to come, may set here in the light of knowledge. I have fit in two wars — in Mexico, and again' the Rebels; but I allow I am doing a better job for my country when I roll up my sleeves and raise this-here schoolhouse than ever I done, or could do, with my rifle-gun.

'Now you, Tutt, being the main-oldest man here next to me, and one of the talkingest, lead off — but ricollect: timber, not Gettysburg, is where you air headed for!'

The fires of oratory were somewhat damped by this exhortation, only two or three old men having to be called back from ancient battlefields to the business in hand. The younger men, a number of whom had fought in the Spanish War a short while before, needed no reminders, but came forward with offers of timber or labor or both. Giles was the last of these.

'All the poplar timber in our boundary of land, and any other they want, I and my brothers and sister are glad to give to the women,' he said.

He dropped modestly back into the crowd. But there were cries of 'Speak, Giles — you speak! You allus had a tongue in your head. Tell us about what you seed in the level land!'

Mounting the log, Giles began, quietly: —

'Friends and kindred: I am proud to be home again, even for a day. My heart is always here with my own people. Yesterday, when I walked across from the railroad, following the ridge-tops mostly, was to me from rosy morn till misty moonlight a day of remembrance. To-morrow, when I take the back trail, will be another. But to-day, when I see my dreams for the young of this country come true, this fine schoolhouse raised for them, these good women here to lighten their darkness, is a greater day — the very best of all my life. It's a terrible thing, friends, to starve for knowledge, as many of you know, but none better than me. You all remember how I started in here at seventeen in the first-reader class. You know, too, how when I went to teaching three years later I never felt anyways equal to the task, and how I rejoiced when, in answer to my grandsir's prayers, these women came in. And now that they are here to stay, and start the school where our children will get training for mind and hand, and learn to make better homes, and to go out as teachers in dark corners, it is rightly a day of thanksgiving, and of praise to God that windows in Heaven have been opened for us.

'You ask me to tell you about the level land. I used to follow standing on one of these ridge-tops, friends, gazing out over these steep hills and valleys, and picturing in my mind the world beyond — a world where, because everybody had knowledge, everybody was virtuous and law-abiding and God-fearing, a Kingdom of Heaven on earth. When I went out, I never found that Kingdom, that city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God. It's not in the level land, or anywhere in our great country. I had to learn that it is not knowledge but righteousness that exalteth a nation. Everywhere men are seeking riches, success, pleasure, more earnestly than the Kingdom of God, forgetting the Hand that led them to these shores, the purpose for which they came.

'We mountain people, shut away here for so long in our rugged hills, knowing nothing but hard work and plain living, never tendering ourselves with ease and pleasure, have been freer from temptation, better able to keep the faith of our fathers. We never forget that some day we must give an account to the Judge of all the earth. The wickedest man among us believes and trembles. Our good Old Primitive preachers — all honor and love to them — may not have had learning and education, but they had what was better, the Word of God, and never ceased for a hundred years and more to hold it up before us. And not because of the written Word only are we a believing people. Like the patriarchs of old, we listen for the Voice of God, and hear it. We call upon Him and He answers. In the gray of the morning, climbing through the mists to hoe corn, in the cool of the evening when work is done, He meets with us, and blesses us. In dreams and visions of the night, too, He makes Himself known to us. We are men of faith in the Living God.

'Looking through the length and breadth of this great land of America, reading and inquiring about all sections, it seems to me that maybe the people of these mountains are more like the founders of this nation, the old Pilgrim Fathers, than anybody else now in it. You know the Pilgrims were plain, honest, hard-working men that sailed across the wide sea from Old England nearly three hundred years ago, in a little boat called the Mayflower, and other boats, and settled on a wild bleak shore, that they might have freedom to serve God according to their conscience. Who knows but that some

day plain, rugged men like us may again be needed to make the nation safe — that we have not been shut away here so long for some divine purpose? My prayer and hope is that we may be ready when our time comes, may be to our country in our day what the Pilgrims were in theirs: bulwarks of truth and righteousness, haters of sin, builders of the Kingdom of God in a backsliding world.

'And now, since work is waiting and everybody werried of talking, I will say no more, save that my prayers rise daily for these good women who have cast in their lot with us, and whose lives aim to reflect back into the lives of our children the light of knowledge and the love of God.'

As Giles stepped down from the log, his hand was seized by Little Lowizy, who gazed at him for an instant in a kind of rapture, then drew him in the direction of Christine, saying, 'Here's the woman aims to be my new teacher — Christeeny is her name. She come from the land of New England, beside the briny deep.'

Giles put out a hand to Christine. 'I'm proud to meet you,' he said, gravely. Then he looked searchingly, even a little anxiously, into her face, as Lowizy had done earlier in the day.

'You are wondering whether I shall be worthy of my task,' said Christine. 'I must tell you I feel quite unequal to it, being just out of college. I shall do my best, however — though I can never hope to do the splendid work you have done here.'

'I?' questioned Giles. 'I was n't able to do much — I could n't give what I never had! But you,' wistfully, 'you have the bread of knowledge to break to them — you can lead them into green pastures.'

They stood looking into one another's eyes for a moment. Then Giles smiled — a smile surprisingly kind and beautiful, melting all the austerity of his countenance. 'You will be a good shepherd to them — I feel it,' he said.

A pause fell, which was broken at last by Lowizy.

'Giles,' she said, in an anxious tone, 'her hair hain't red, is it?'

Giles gazed hard at the log-pen, and seemed not to hear.

'Hit's just goldy, hain't it?' demanded Lowizy.

Giles looked still more sternly at the pen, and made no reply.

Lowizy jerked his hand vigorously, and insisted in a sharp voice, 'Hit hain't red, now, is it?'

Thus cornered, he glanced desperately about, as if seeking a way of escape, but, finding none, replied, in the tone of one from whom the truth is being extracted by torture, 'Yes, it's red.'

Christine broke the awful tension by laughing pleasantly. 'Don't feel so sorry for me,' she said. 'I don't mind it a bit — I really don't.'

He breathed a sigh of relief. 'I'm glad,' he said. Then, gravely, with a shy glance at her hair, 'It's sightly, anyway.'

'Thank you,' she said. Then, 'In your talk you spoke of the Pilgrims who came over in the Mayflower. I wonder if you would be interested to know that a forefather and foremother of mine were in it — the foremother dying from the hardships of that first winter?'

Embarrassment all gone now, his fine eyes glowed, the strong and beautiful light shone again in his face. 'It's a noble heritance,' he said, 'and I'm not a bit afraid you won't live up to it.'

And if a Pilgrim father or a prophet of Israel had expressed faith in her, Christine could not have felt more cheered and heartened.

Twice after the school-raising little Lowizy Rideout rode in to beg Christine

Potter, her prospective teacher, to take the day with her, but for weeks various things prevented. There was so much social work of all kinds on week days, and Sunday School and Bible Class on Sundays. Then the usual typhoid epidemic broke out at the Forks, and the women had to abandon the social work and put in their time nursing.

One morning, when the quare women were at breakfast at the cottage, an old man, Uncle Tutt Logan, rode up, begging that someone come to nurse a family of five — renters on his place — down with typhoid. 'I hain't got ary woman to my name,' he said, 'and a man-person don't know no more 'n a sheep when hit comes to tending the sick.'

It seemed impossible for anybody to go, with school opening on Monday and so very much to be done; but to everyone's surprise — and probably her own — Susanna Reeves, the visitor from the Blue Grass, who had intended returning home the day after school began, volunteered. Half an hour later Uncle Tutt rode off with a canvas cot before him and Susanna and various supplies behind.

The following day was Friday, — mill-day in the mountains, — and Christine prepared as usual to take the women's corn and Uncle Ephraim's to mill on his sorrel mare. As she started off, with the two pokes across her sidesaddle, Amy said to her, 'While you're that far, why not go on and visit Little Lowizy Rideout, and have dinner at her house?'

Leaving the pokes at the water-mill a mile up Troublesome, where half a dozen men and boys were already waiting for their turn, she rode on along the beautiful, winding creek, with its steep green sides, until she came to the 'shut-up, lonesome house' described to her by Lowizy as belonging to Giles. It was a comfortable house, surrounded by large apple-trees, but had that desolate air common to deserted houses and ownerless dogs.

Christine knew that the branch emptying into Troublesome just beyond the house must be Bee Tree, and she turned up, coming in a few minutes to the Rideout home.

In response to her knock at the open door, a small mild-faced woman, carrying a large fretful-looking baby and followed by two near-babies and little six-year-old Dovey, came through the house.

'If hit hain't the woman aims to be Lowizy's new teacher!' she exclaimed. 'I'd know you by the color of your hair. Lowizy she's been keen for you to come, but has nigh give you out now. Fetch a cheer for the woman, Dovey. I allow she'll take the day with us.'

'I'll be glad to,' said Christine. 'I have wanted to come ever since the Fourth of July, when I first saw Lowizy, but have been so busy that the only real visit I have made was to spend a night with Aunt Ailsie.'

'Maw she's might'ly tuck up with the quare women,' said Phœbe. 'I hain't seed none of 'em myself sence last summer, when they lived in the cloth houses. I liked 'em fine then. But this-here last least-one is so pettish and colicky, and a-teething too now, I don't never get nowheres.'

'Where is Lowizy?'

'She's up the branch a piece, teaching her school she holds for young-uns up there — she allus starts hit up soon as the crap is laid by. Hain't she never named it to you?'

'No, I think not,' said Christine.

'Well, she's been at it about three year now. What possesses her to squander her time on them ign'ant, feisty young-uns passes knowledge. But she allus was quare-turned.'

'She is the most remarkable child I ever saw.'

'She is that, woman. I hain't disputing hit. She takes larning easier than ary young-un ever I seed; 'pears like from birth she were marked for hit. I lost my first two babes, and when Lowizy come along seemed like she could n't noway make out to live, neither, and had to be packed on a piller for nigh a year. But she lived on somehow or nother, and was the leetlest and pyeertest young-un ever I beheld, in spite of them risings in her hip-j'int, and all the rest of her puning. And from the time she sot in a-talking hit would be, "Maw, pappy, I aim to get me a big-grain of larning some day!" Where she kotched hit from I never knowed, lessen hit was from Giles Kent. He lived down yander at the mouth, and allus had craving for larning, though no show to get it till he were nigh a man.

'The very first day Lowizy heared Giles had started in to get schooling, though she were n't but three then, she tuck on scandalous, wanting to go too, and kep' hit up from then on. Me 'n' her paw would jest laugh at sech a leetle scrap a-talking so bigotty, and would n't pay no rael attention. So one day, when she had jest turned four, we missed her round the middle of the morning, and when we could n't find her, and I was skeered stiff, David he says, "That-air Little Lowizy has jest about lit out atter larning; she 's liable to be down yander at the Forks at school." And shore enough, when he rid down, there she sot, as big as life, a-studying on her A B C's, having walked them four mile all by her lone, on that leetle short leg of hern.

'David he said that night, "'T ain't no use, Phœbe; that-air young-un craves larning same as tother babes their mothers' milk. Hit 's the Lord's work, and who air we to stand out again' it?" Then we would let Giles or Ronny or Lafe pack her down every day, till court-time, when her pappy could trade around for a old safe nag for her to travel on. And long as the weather lasted go she would, every day, getting in anyhow three good months every school, afore November come and I would have to keep her home. But she allus larnt more in three months than tother scholars in five; and atter that first school she could read most anything. And along in the second, she says to me 'n' David, "I hain't noways happified over getting all this larning by myself, maw and pappy. I crave for you to have some too. I aim to teach you larning of a night."

'Never having had no sooner chancet, — for my paw he is strong again' larning for females, — I was glad and willing. David, manlike, naturely baulked some at being teached by a leetle splinter like her; but he could n't hold out long; and of nights she would larn us to read and figger. And as tother young-uns got sizable she would take 'em behind her to school, and teach 'em going and coming. But 'peared like that were n't enough to satisfy her. Up this-here branch, Bee Tree, though it hain't more 'n three mile long, is jest scores of fighting, drinking, cussing young-uns, that never so much as heared of knowledge, let alone set in a schoolhouse; and they began to lay heavy on Lowizy's mind. "Maw," she would say, "hain't hit a scandal for young-uns to grow up like them, and nobody to do nothing?" And next thing I knowed she had the whole b'iling, several-dozen head, rounded up of a Saturday and Sunday, larning 'em books and civility. Three year now she 's been at hit. Summers she holds school under a big rock-house about half a mile up the branch; winters, when she is shet in the house with them risings in her bones and that cough, she has 'em in here. Hit 's hard on a body with sech a mess of 'em

underfoot; but, law! seems like me 'n' her pappy can't deny her nothing. If she was jest well and stout, we would n't have nothing left to desire.'

'She looks very, very frail,' said Christine. 'I suppose you do all you can to build up her health?'

'My Lord, yes! We've tried every yarb-tea and salve and charm we ever heared of, and oncet David he rode plumb to the railroad to get her a bottle of physic we had knowed folks to brag on.'

'Did the nurse who was here with the women last summer see her?'

'She did, too; and she said give her a lavish of milk; and David he got a extry cow straightway. Then, too, Lowizy had follered laying in bed of a night with tother young-uns, and sometimes of a morning she would be all bruised up from them a-wallowing over her in their sleep, them being stout as mules; and the nurse allowed hit was too hard on her. And David he tuck and made her that leetle 'stead yander, so she could rest more peaceabler.'

Christine looked at the little hand-made 'stead,' with its feather-bed, patchwork quilt, and dark-blue calico pillow-slip, to match the two large beds in the room.

'And that-air's the shelf he made for to hold her pretties,' continued Phœbe.

The 'pretties' on the small shelf were two little stacks of books, apparently schoolbooks.

'You say she has to stay in the house all winter?'

'Lord, yes — from November to Aprile I don't never let her poke her nose outside! Of summers she pyeertens up a right smart; but come cold weather her risings starts up, and she gets a hacking cough, and hain't never off my mind a minute, I'm that consarned to keep a breath of air from getting to her.'

'But it must be very dark in here in winter-time with the doors shut — I see you have no windows.'

'We allus have good firelight. And David he'll go miles to get fatty pine for her to read by.'

'But she needs sunshine — it is the best possible medicine. I tell you what I should love to do: the school women have just brought in a lot of small windows to trade off to people who have none in their homes. I'll give Lowizy one if your husband will cut out a hole in the wall there by her bed for it. Do you think he'll be willing?'

'Sartain he will — there hain't nothing he would n't do for Lowizy. And I allow a glass window would pleasure her a sight.'

'All right, I'll send it up early in the week.'

'Thank you kindly. Dovey, you and tother young-uns go out along, now, and run down a chicken for dinner.'

Dovey and the two near-babies disappeared, and soon there was a sound of wild squawking as the children brought the loudly protesting captive into the room.

'Mind the least-one, now,' directed Phœbe, trading with Dovey, baby for chicken, and forever silencing the poor bird's cries by a deft twist of its neck.

'Maybe you'll get lonesome whilst I pick the chicken and cook dinner,' she said to Christine. 'If you feel to, you might go up the branch to Lowizy's school; hit hain't far, and time 's ample.'

'I shall love to,' said Christine.

Walking up the beautiful, wild branch, its sides rising sometimes in rocky, moss-hung cliffs, sometimes in steep slopes covered halfway with tasseled corn, Christine came at last upon a memorable sight. Under an overhanging cliff that made a deep and perfect shelter, forty or more children sat in rows on the ground, all with eyes

fixed upon the small figure that stood, stick in hand, pointing to a sum done in chalk upon a rough, propped-up slab of slate.

The pupils were so intent upon the words of their young teacher that nobody saw the visitor until she was almost upon them. Then Lowizy's happiness shone in her face.

'Here, scholars,' she said, 'is the woman aims to be my new teacher, down at the women's school, where they have rael larning. Christeeny Potter is her name. If you'll be civil and mind your manners, I'll leave you come up by and shake her hand. Line up now proper, and see you don't do no scrouging, less'n you want to be sont home!'

The 'scholars' began to file past in perfect order, forty-odd small dingy hands being poked forward to Christine. Many of the boys wore nothing but long-tailed flax or cotton shirts, while the girls were usually clad in but one garment, a faded cotton dress. They were dirty and unkempt; they may have been, as Mrs. Rideout said, 'ign'ant and feisty,' but there was not a stupid face in the lot.

'Now,' announced Lowizy, importantly, 'we aim to have a Speaking. My new teacher will now speak to this school.'

Christine had never made a speech in her life, except to reply to toasts at college; but, gathering her wits as best she could, she praised the pupils for their eagerness to learn, congratulated them upon having such a teacher as Lowizy, and also told them of the chance there would be in another year for some of them to come down and live at the women's school, when the big log house of twenty-four rooms and the smaller buildings should be put up. 'The first child we shall want when we get into the new big house is Lowizy,' she said, 'and the next ones will be those most highly recommended by her.'

Lowizy then commanded her pupils to choose up for a spelling-match; and, with Webster's old blue-back Speller in her hand, she put words to them that would have staggered many a college graduate, their response being wonderful. Christine was amazed.

'Now you young-uns can sing that-air song the quare women teached me last summer on the hill, and I passed on to you,' said Lowizy; 'and when hit's done you can go home. And ricollect Monday's the opening of the women's school, and I'm a-starting in there, and can't hold no more school up here except on Saturdays and Sundays, till cold weather comes and I get down in bed. Now sing out — don't be afeared!'

As the words 'My country, 't is of thee' rose shrilly from the forty small throats, Christine's heart contracted painfully; the quick tears sprang to her eyes at the thought of how shamefully 'my country' had forgotten and neglected these little citizens, capable of so much, entitled to the best it could give, but left to grow up in ignorance and evil, save for such chance ministrations as those of Little Lowizy.

The school having been dismissed, Christine and Lowizy went back down the branch.

As they reached the house, Lowizy's father and brothers were just coming down from the field. Under Lowizy's supervision there was a grand wash-up on the back porch, out of Christine's sight, but not out of her hearing, some of the near-babies protesting plaintively. Seeing the look of concern on Lowizy's face as she flitted back and forth between porch and kitchen for the next half-hour, — for in spite of her short leg she could move very fast, — Christine almost regretted that she had come.

At last she was called out to dinner and seated at one end of the oilcloth-covered table, David Rideout occupying the other. The six younger children, little Dovey still holding the heavy baby, were all lined up against the wall in solemn silence, while Phœbe and Lowizy stood by to hand dishes back and forth between guest and host. But first there was something else. Lowizy poked her father with a sharp little elbow, and he gravely requested the visitor to 'wait on the table.' She was nonplused for an instant, till, seeing Lowizy's head bowed, she guessed it must mean to ask a blessing, which she proceeded to do.

The chicken, beans, potatoes, cucumbers, biscuits, corn bread, coffee, milk, honey, and preserves were then passed. Seeing the expressions of the little faces against the wall, Christine begged that the children be permitted to eat, too. But Phœbe was adamant. 'Hit hain't proper,' she said. 'Let 'em wait for the second table, like young-uns ought when there's company.'

When Christine spoke of the glass window, Lowizy's eyes shone with excitement.

'Yes, I want hit,' she said. 'I want hit wusser than anything I ever heared of but larning. Hit'll holp me to get more larning. Of winters then I can lay here with the sunball a-shining in all day, and study on my books, and teach my scholars. Now hit's so dark, and fat-pine light so smoky, we can't half see. Pappy, I aim to have it quick; you got to set it in right off.'

David Rideout smiled in his slow, kind way. 'Anything to pleasure you, Lowizy,' he said. 'You know I don't never hold back nothing from you I can get. I'd ruther pay for the window myself as to have the woman pay for it, though.'

'Whichever way will suit you best,' said Christine, 'though I should love to give it to her. My idea is to have two sashes, so they can be raised and lowered, and Lowizy can always have fresh air as well as sunshine, — fresh air, you know, is the great healer in cases like hers, — if you can make that kind of window-frame without too much trouble?'

'Hit hain't nothing to make,' said David.

But Phœbe was regarding Christine with an expression of disapproval, her small mouth rigidly set. 'Fraish air hain't bad of a warm summer's day,' she said slowly, 'but time out of mind folks has knowed that cold air was dangerous and night air pyore pizen, even to well folks, let alone a puny young-un like Lowizy. The nurse that was with the quare women last summer she allowed, the same as you, that fraish air ought to be turnt in on Lowizy. But I told her no, not while breath was in my body; that I loved my child too good for any sech; that hit allus had been and allus would be the business of my life to keep the air from her.'

Christine was too taken aback and shocked for a moment to make any reply. Then she considered it best not to argue the matter, merely saying, 'At any rate, the sunshine in the winter-time will be good for her.'

As she rode back down Troublesome, she tried to persuade herself that this prejudice of Mrs. Rideout's would not be insurmountable; that her mind must in time be open to persuasion and reason. But all the time a cold and strange foreboding tugged at her heart.

FIDDLES AND DRUMS

THE INDIANS AND THEIR INVESTIGATORS

BY LEO CRANE

HAVING had charge of the Hopi for a longer period than any other official of the United States Government, — eight years and two months, to be exact, — I venture to picture them and their empire. To have visited and counseled with them, to have wrangled with them, to have traveled long distances in all sorts of weather because of their childish factional quarrels; to have arrested and judged and disciplined them, even married them, if that may be separately classed; to have cared for them in severe illnesses and advised them in times of stress; to have ransomed them from enemies; to have espoused their uninteresting cause in the face of Departmental opposition; and, when their meagre business of living was over, to have buried them — well, this ought to embrace an angle of vision.

Yet, I hesitate. Reflection cautions me that this may be presumption; for, after all, what do I know of the Hopi Indians?

I

During those eight long years I met on the reservation thousands of visitors — students and their mentors; painters and etchers and sculptors of distinction, and those who thought they were; photographers and lens-artists; ethnologists, philologists, and sociologists; ballyhoo men from Eastern department-stores and half-wits taking an outing; journalists and authors and publishers; geologists and common 'water-witches'; motion-picture men and others wearing puttees; actors and lecturers; composers, musicians, and vocalists; museum scouts and 'scratchers'; clergymen and soldiers; Oxford men, Harvard men, men from Bonn; retired statesmen and unretiring politicians; representatives of foreign governments; persons from the far-famed city of New York; tourists, and caparisoned dudes, and simple guides; plain gentlemen and plainer roughnecks.

Some of them sought me out courteously to explain their missions, some of them just happened to see me en passant, and a few earnestly avoided me. The permit system was very irksome to those who did not have a good excuse. I listened to many theories concerning the Hopi and their curious customs, and I made a brave effort to answer in some pleasant manner ten thousand questions. Finally I prepared a plea in avoidance:—

'Don't ask me. I have lived here only six years. Ask the chap camped now at the trader's post — he came last week.'

I plagiarized this method from a brother superintendent who knew much of the Navajo and their rare designs in weaving.

'Now, my dear Mr. Shelton,' the tourist would ask hopefully, 'does n't

that sign indicate the rabbit-foot following the lightning?'

'Make up your own story,' he would gravely reply, 'and then you won't forget it.'

So with Hopi secrets. Little of their history is known. The rest is speculation. The believed facts of their ethnology may be had in Smithsonian Reports, moisture proof, dessicated. The bones of their ceremonies have been diagramed and painted, their chants recorded in scaled notebooks, their odd ceremonial objects looted and catalogued. Sentimental word-pictures one can procure from those journalists who flitted rapidly in and out seeking impressions, and who never failed to get them.

But I am not one whit more ignorant than any other white man. Despite reams of theories, no one has learned anything of Hopi lore that the Hopi did not want him to know. 'Make up your own story, and you won't forget it.'

When certain Christianized worthies of the tribe have pretended to expose their knowledge, I have paid little attention, since I knew the mental calibre of such fellows before conversion, and the depth of their gray matter was never impressive. The last who gave evidence proceeded well in his story until, with a foreign fervor, he began to lie about the Oraibi happenings within my own time, and as I had taken his testimony under oath in Hopi trials I knew just how many Bibles to trust him on.

Moreover, being the recognized Moungwi or Chief of the Hopi, and having some instinctive conception of the manner in which an alien and suspicious people should be governed, I respected their privacy and reticence, to gain and hold their own respect. One cannot play with an Indian in the morning, and expect to summon him to judgment after noon. The poorest stick of an Indian Agent I have seen is he whom Indians address by his first name, or familiarly without a title. When one lowers himself to an alien's social level, he seldom achieves more than the privilege of dipping his food out of the same dish. It was my job to manage all things for their best interests, against their strenuous efforts otherwise if that were necessary — as it often was; and I hoped to restore to them a confidence in white men, whereas they had come to believe that all white men were a mixture of abnormal curiosity and treachery, coupled with an astounding rudeness.

As for their psychology, no itinerant will ever grasp the subtlety of these people. It is something elemental and therefore indescribable. Those who have lived among Asiatics will know what I mean. Fatalists, they are as patient and immutable as the Pleiades. Much of this is vanishing with the elders as they wend their ways from the mesa stages to the Great Place of Ceremonies that Youkeoma has told me of. The pastoral peace and solemnity of the desert shrines is passing before the roar of motors and the harangues of 'dude wranglers.'

Now I remember a curious red-haired visitor who came into the Agency one drowsy afternoon, herding a squad of burros. He looked a figure from a Conrad novel, and would have graced any one of them. His animals were packed with matting hampers having an Oriental touch. His flaming head was bare to the summer sun, his worn and rusty boots of cordovan preceded war-time styles and spoke of long journeys. The seat was absent from his trousers. An astonishing man.

His first question of me was: 'Who is the new French Premier?'

It just happened that I could tell him. He handed me his credentials,

and I found that this dilapidated tramp represented the French Government in his wanderings after strange cacti and other plant life. He strewed the contents of his hampers over my quarters and forgot to sort the wreckage for a week. Meantime — in my bath — he was analyzing corn, Hopi corn, and rare Indian dyes.

And he related to me strange things. He had been to Lhasa with the Younghusband expedition. He said that the Hopi were duplicates of the Tibetans, and that he believed the languages contained similarities. That fellow knew how to reach the heart of a secretive people. He had procured seventeen distinct varieties of Hopi corn, and other seed, as well as old dye-formulæ and samples of ceremonial cotton.

'Zey call me ze man wi' ze burros,' he said, naïvely.

You see, he had walked in on their level, prodding his patient beasts, covered with the desert dust, a wondrous simplicity on his face. He had touched the Hopi heart. *He* could have told one things of the Hopi people — but the opening guns of the Great War summoned him away to die at Verdun.

II

The Hopi live in northern Arizona, surrounded by the reservations of the Navajo. They speak a Shoshonian dialect, and are often miscalled Moqui. The Department for forty years libeled them under this misnomer. Moqui is a Hopi term, and has been used against them by Navajo to signify anything inert, unpleasant, cowardly, dead. The dignified Navajo has another distinct title for the Hopi, and uses it when filled with courtesy. Moqui is probably a Keresan word originally, since it is found as 'motsi' in Cochiti and San Felipe pueblos of the Rio Grande, whose warriors and rebels fled to the Hopi country for sanctuary after the rebellion of 1680.

Near the centre of that huge space on the Arizona map marked 'Moqui Reserve' are the Hopi towns. These were known to the Spanish conquistadores as the Seven Cities of Tusayan. There are now nine pueblos.

In that early hour of geologic time when the receding waters carved the great gorges in the face of northern Arizona, the more resistant sandstones and clays and coals were left as shattered cliffs, and from these reach out many bony headlands — long fingers, at the crumbling tips of which, like villages clinging to a rocky coast, are the eyries of the Hopi. Below them, as seafloors, are the sandy valleys and drifting dunes of the Painted Desert.

These nine little towns are set oddly in groups of three, and so are the Hopi divided, quite as into three distinct provinces. Three are balanced on the narrow backbone of the First Mesa, a knifelike projection that rises hundreds of feet above the valley, and is at one place not more than twenty feet in width. These are old Walpi, beloved of etchers, and Tewa of the warriors, and Sitchumnovi. Three are built on the broad mounds of the Second Mesa, known as Machongnovi, Chepaulovi, and Chimopovi. And perhaps the oldest and certainly the youngest of the villages are at Third Mesa — Oraibi, the aged; and tiny Bacabi; and redolent, sullen Hotevilla.

Their first contact with white men was made in the dark of an autumn night in 1540, but it was in the next dawn that they realized invasion by a new and strange enemy. Most of Hopi history has the dawn atmosphere. Their footprints lead back to the caves of the Dawn Men. Their homes face the rising sun from the highest point of the landscape; their ceremonies and

hunts begin at sunrise. They are a dawn-loving people.

Contact with the Spaniards was broken by the revolt of 1680, and completely ceased with 1700; but the gifts of the enemy remained in fruits, and wool, and beasts of burden, and perhaps some loot of swords and church vessels hidden to this day. The obstinate Hopi were not worth the effort at reconquest, and later the Mexican Government did not bother them. For more than one hundred and fifty years the Hopi knew only the Navajo and Apache and Ute as his enemies. With the close of the Mexican War and the treaty of 1848, this nearly forgotten tribe came under the nominal guardianship of the United States. I say nominal, for their first Agent was located in far-distant Santa Fe, and, unlike the Spanish, he had no missioners to risk martyrdom for the spreading of his doctrine. In 1849 he accompanied an expedition against the Navajo, and reached Cañon de Chelly, about sixty miles from the First Mesa. One year later a delegation of Hopi visited this chief to petition for protection against the Navajo. I fancy them plodding afoot, behind their burros, timidly crossing the Navajo country to pass through the provinces of their kinsmen, the Pueblos, and on to the City of the Holy Faith. In that same year, 1850, their Agent was prevented from visiting them, as he wished, *because he lacked an escort of troops.*

Many estimates of the Hopi population were made in the early years. The Spaniard was an expert at overestimating for the benefit of distant kings. His thousands were always given as tens of thousands, and when he wanted money and help toward new colonies he stressed the saving of souls and could easily imagine millions of baptisms. But it is recorded in 1780 that smallpox had reduced the Hopi to less than 800. In 1899 their first resident Agent stopped guessing and made a count. He found and listed 1832 Hopi. In one hundred and nineteen years the population had little more than doubled. In 1912 there were 2068 on the Reserve, and in the next seven years they gained 217, or 31 per year — 15 per thousand annually. They lost nearly sixty per cent of this seven years' gain in 1918, the year of Spanish influenza. In 1919 there were 2158 Hopi on the Reserve, and adding the absent, who had increased and multiplied in the west, at Moencopi, there were less than 2500 of these Indians alive. But this handful has interested more distinguished men and women than have many greater nations.

While there is much of Hebraic resemblance in the Navajo Indians, their pastoral life and their religious customs, — a matter that strikes every thinking visitor and student, — there is more of this in Hopi history. Their retreat southward from the cavern villages, from Betatakin Cave, from the Swallows' Nest and Scaffold House, — stopping to build a hamlet here and to reap a harvest there, leaving always testimony in potsherds and corn refuse, — to their present cliffs, was much the same as the migrations of the Jews. Perhaps, having lost one citadel, they moved on to the next best position for defense; or perhaps a remnant of a once-powerful tribe fled; for we do not clearly know whether these cliff-dwellers migrated from choice, or to escape pestilence, or to avoid captivity. And across the relatively narrow territory of their hegira the Navajo and the Apache, — the once-combined Apaches du Navaju, — and perhaps the Ute, fought and harried, the Hopi quite as helpless as Judæa between Egypt and Babylonia. When they retired finally to such a place as old Walpi, to barricade the narrow cause-

way at the mesa-end and to defend the Walpi stairway, just wide enough for one enemy at a time, surely this was a desperate people making a last desperate stand. I have no doubt that the Hopi, peaceful as they have been and are named, fought some worthy fights before the white man was known on this continent. The determination that wore down the Spaniard must have had its martial quality when facing enemies armed no better than themselves. It required a brave war-party to attempt to storm those mesa strongholds. And their foes must have stood somewhat in awe too of Hopi incantations, made so impressive by their Snake legends and solemn mummery. The Snake gods protected them more than once, according to their priests, and are remembered in the ceremonies.

And the resemblance is not only in fanciful surmises. The daily life of the people duplicates in many ways the customs of the Judæans. A people of legends and portents. In the quiet nights they have watched those burning signals of the heavens that mark wars and the birth of kings. Perhaps their shepherds too have been summoned by such signs, inspiring them to missions and pilgrimages, bearing gifts, relating to that mythical Bohanna who will one day come to redeem and revivify the people. From the great chart of the heavens they take their calendar. And certainly, in the sunsets of that quiet and ever-tinted land, their pueblos reflect the Old East, with its donkeys and goat-bells, and simple gardens by the springs, and the blurring dust of sheep in the half-tones of desert twilights.

Government reports of to-day give the unqualified fact (?) that the Hopi have a reservation of 3863 square miles, large enough, in all sense, for twenty-five hundred people! But the Hopi exist on and use less than one fifth of this semiarid land, the remainder being held and dominated by their old plague, the Navajo. The Hopi Indian Agent has absolute jurisdiction — on paper — over all those Navajo living within the boundaries of the Hopi Reserve; but this does not mean that he is or ever has been able to control that undisciplined element of Navajo who pillage the peaceful Hopi whenever in the mood. Many bitter and scathing reports have been sent to Washington concerning this. Agents have not minced words, and have not always spared themselves in an effort to get justice — well, let us say, 'consideration' — for the Hopi. When reports failed to procure attention, one or two started crusades against the Navajo, not always successful, that ended in blows and bruises, to say nothing of the chance of sterner wounds. A difficult task to find the offender; and, if found, he was invariably supported by a gang — his gang. I recall one investigator who stated blandly that it was similar to a condition often found in cities: that of a corner gang. Quite so. But the investigator did not ask to see the corner, nor did he evidence any anxiety to encounter the gang.

The nomadic Navajo have a vast country to make themselves scarce in, quite 30,000 square miles of wilderness, much of it untracked; and there is no quick communication between the six Agencies established to govern these people. It has been possible to coördinate business methods, so as to have uniform stock-regulations, for instance; but nothing has been arranged to guarantee the peace. There have been numerous murders in the Navajo country. Representatives of the Board of Indian Commissioners, particularly Major-General Hugh L. Scott, and inspectors of the Indian

Department have fired verbal volleys in support of Hopi Agents. Navajo have been dragged to the Agency guardhouse, and other Navajo have been haled before the Federal Courts when the Agent could arrange locally all the details of the haling. A one-time United States marshal, charged with the duty of assisting, remained conspicuous by his absence from the scene. The matter finally attracted the attention of a Subcommittee of Congress, and brought about a field investigation of Hopi conditions, pictured in a printed report. I know that the report was complete, for I wrote it; in fact, I had prepared that report in 1918, and placed it before Congress two years prior to the appearance of the Subcommittee. The gentlemen graciously inserted it as a tailpiece to their otherwise innocuous comments.

But that wall of political indifference to anything that does not furnish a vote has not been dented. It is a mere matter between obscure tribes, a squabble in the hills, which occasionally embarrasses an Indian Agent and constantly annoys a helpless people who have no other court of appeal. Neither tribe nor Agent can threaten a politician. Both tribe and Agent are kept mute by an uncaring Bureau.

Announce, however, that these same Hopi Indians are wont to dance with live rattlesnakes! Ah, that is a quite different story, and received with different emotions. The politician rushes in to view the spectacle, and the Bureau sheds crocodile tears about it. Reams of reports are called for and written.

During the past twelve years the Hopi Snake Dance has troubled the Solons of the Interior Department far more than any signal of Hopi distress. The Christian ire of three administrations has been aroused by this primitive pagan ceremony. Result: the Hopi Snake Dance is as well advertised as the Grand Cañon of the Colorado!

III

Most picturesque of the Hopi towns is Walpi. You can procure a fine appreciation of this — the effect of standing on the roof of the last Walpi house and viewing the entire First Mesa therefrom, the narrow rugged top and the deep valleys on either side, the trail down to Polacca, the whole vast sweep of that distant and beautiful landscape — simply by visiting the New York Museum of Natural History. The artists have constructed a wonderful reproduction of that Enchanted Empire citadel. My friend of various wild spots in Indian country, Mr. Howard McCormick, magically brought the charm of the Hopi eyrie to the edge of Central Park.

I recall a particularly drab day in New York, one of those having a wintry edge that comes only off great waters, when I wandered into the Museum, seeking this exhibit. I had anticipated something of the usual order — papier-mâché, plaster, dust, and a ticket; but behold! I found myself at home, on the mesa-top, below me the First Mesa and the Wepo Valleys; and to my right would be Huh-kwat-we, the Terrace of the Winds, and in the dim distance Moits-o-ve, or Yucca Point. I felt that in a moment I should surely see Harry Shupula, the chief Snake priest, emerging from his kiva; and half aloud I addressed one of the group as 'Quat-che' (friend). And at the foot of the winding trail, a little beyond the spring, would be the camp of the water-witch and a desert welcome — such a welcome as 'Mac' and wandering Indian Agents receive. A great feeling of *Heimweh* came over me. I wished for a magic

carpet, that I might step instantly from the lonely desert of New York into crowded, speaking Hopi-land.

I remember a conversation with a clergyman from Canada, as we stood at the inner edge of the crowd on the Walpi Snake Dance ledge, passing that bit of ominous wait just before the entrance of the Antelope priests for the annual ceremony. That is the time when the Hopi Indian Agent meets most celebrities and makes most of his enemies. Some words passed concerning the picturesqueness of old Walpi, and the magnificent view from our position. The plain below was bathed in a lemon light.

'Yes,' I said, casually, 'the people would be better off in the valley, if we could get them to remove.'

'What!' he cried out in pain and direst astonishment. 'Would you have them leave this beautiful place — this beautiful life?'

I had uttered sacrilege. No Hopi of the old school could have bettered the clergyman's utter horror at the thought. But the gentleman, I am sure, gave little attention to many things an Agent sees that are not beautiful, things of distinct menace, hideous things. Walpi is a scenic place, a ruined castle in outline, and always steeped in color effects; but there is the dangerous ledge-road up which all supplies and wood and water must be packed, a road that has accounted for more than one Hopi when the brake would not hold. And did he not forget that women did much of the packing on their backs? And those old and blind, who had plunged over the sheer face of the cliff? And, above all, the constant danger of the filth-infested houses, where trachoma and tuberculosis abide? These are things that a tourist does not notice, and when he is away from the color effects and the sound of drumming chants they do not impinge on his vacant — his vacation mind.

Destroy Walpi as a picture? No; but as an habitation, Yes!

I recall a visit to the Indian Office at Washington shortly after one of my characteristic reports on this very subject.

'What!' said a Bureau chief who, because he signed a great many letters daily without reading them, believed himself intelligent. 'You recommended dynamiting First Mesa — the destruction of that oasis of beauty, and peace, and — and — '

'And trachoma, and tuberculosis, and child prostitution,' I finished for him, as he gasped and his words failed, as I knew they would. Words always fail a Bureau chief. Like the long-range gun of the Germans, he is accustomed to firing things across the continent, secure in that the other fellow cannot immediately crash his words back into his teeth.

I had not recommended that. I had simply advocated the destruction of the road leading to Walpi, since the Government and its Bureau chief would not advance sufficient moneys to make the road safe for travel.

That is the point of view of tourist and bureaucrat, — the artist has one of pure sentimentality, — of all those who have viewed the Hopi, who have been charmed by the color of his life, but who have been utterly blind to his miseries, and who have contributed nothing to his well-being.

No one has a keener appreciation than I of the artistic value of the Hopi pueblos — those old streets of worn rock where the bearded Spanish walked; the curious archways and the irregular little balconies from which children peer over at one; the thought of phantom Mission bells from the peach orchards. But I was not stupid enough to overlook that these same

streets contained offal, that the houses were not ventilated, and that there were various unseemly stenches in the air. A tourist must leave his olfactory organs at home. And I knew, being in charge, that all the labor of the industrious and conscientious field-matrons was not enough to keep those quaint streets and courtyards clean.

I remember another visitor at a Snake Dance, a man sitting on the parapet of a Hopi kiva, looking down through the ladder entrance. I saw that a number of dancers were below there, preparing costumes. They had an array of skins and masks and feathers, with many cans of bright paints.

'I suppose you know a good bit about that too?' I asked.

'Well, I recognize some of the signs, common to Indian people.'

'Shall we go down? You can give them a hand,' I suggested.

'I should like to, very much; but won't they object?'

'Perhaps I can arrange that,' and I started down the ladder.

Several of the Indians glanced up, but, observing it was only Moungwi, said nothing.

'Here!' I called to them. 'Here is a real friend of yours. You may not know him, but he understands many tribes, and their ways, and their signs. Put him to work. He can help with those costumes.'

One looked up from a robe he was painting, and thrust forward a brush and paints, as if to say: 'Welcome, brother; fall to!'

The white visitor showed a rare facility. The Indians noticed it.

'You know him?' asked one, pointing to a design.

'Yes,' he said, naming it.

They laughed delightedly, and soon he was friend to them all. I left him in the kiva, busily working with them and chatting as much as possible with a limited vocabulary and many descriptive gestures. This was Ernest Thompson Seton. I have not seen him since, but afterward he forwarded a letter, thanking me for his entrée to the wardrobe-room of the First Mesa, and giving some excellent advice concerning the things we had discussed before he signed on as costume-painter for the Hopi tribe. Among all the visitors I met in Hopiland, he was one of very few who understood what should be done and what not done for their welfare. Briefly, his idea was that the community life should not be violently disrupted, for fear of the effect our own isolated rural populations had suffered; and that efforts should be made to keep alive all that is best in the social and mesa plan of living, without permitting the Indian people narrowly to confine themselves to it. This of course would include the harmless dances or shows, the social features that many confuse with ceremonies. I could recall the earnest efforts made by former Agents to induce the people to leave the mesa heights — notably that one beginning in 1891, when houses were built for them in the flats, and later completely furnished. By 1900 at least one hundred such houses had been placed at Hopi disposal. And I knew that in 1911 not more than half of those houses were used even temporarily. The people would return for the society of their kind, drawn, too, by intense religious feeling for the ancient mesa home.

I could recall two abortive efforts made toward the allotment of these people in severalty: the scheme to have them accept parcels of land, many of which were miles from water, and on which it would have been impossible for families to subsist themselves, to say nothing of maintaining their sheep and other stock. The first of these allotment plans blew up in 1894; but

the Bureau, wedded to the allotment theory, was not deterred. A second and most expensive effort died in 1911, after friends of the Indian plainly showed the farce of the proceedings, if they said nothing as to the malignant and inhuman side of it. This did not please the allotting agent, eager for his pay and job, nor his son, nor his assistants, nor the camp cook and the other hangers-on of an allotting crew. But thank God! it died, nevertheless.

The average bureaucrat, admiring the Allotment Acts, thinks that an Indian's head may be jammed into a regulation lathe, and with a few twists and spins turned out a full-fledged Mid-West agriculturist — just such a man as Thompson Seton said needed community centres made for him, to keep him from becoming an inmate of an insane asylum. Just so. But it cannot be done, my masters, with the speed of the mimeograph that grinds out your tirades and exhortations. Your Allotment Acts have been good friends to South Dakotans and others who wished to speculate in lands; but they have produced untold misery among the Indian peoples, and have utterly destroyed an innocent and simple phase of American life.

Now I never agreed with the ecclesiastical gentleman who thought that the Hopi mesa system was wholly one of beauty and idealism. But the writing man did force on me a realization of the utility and sanity to be found in the life that the Hopi had unconsciously adopted. Begun as a defense against enemies, the result in peace times was for good, if accompanied by sanitation and the protection of the younger generation. And I accepted a new view of the Indian ceremony and dance.

Until we furnish something as good in place of the Indian social dance, why rave about it? We might easily have a large number of low-spirited, sullen, and even dangerous Indians on our hands if it were not for these joyous occasions. So long as the dances are clean, can anyone quarrel with a Ya-be-chai of the Navajo, a Corn Dance of the Hopi, or one of the Pueblo spectacles, half pagan, half Catholic? I have seen scores of such dances, not as a tourist, but as the man on the ground in charge, and I have not been able to figure out that they are one bit worse than a country picnic among our own bucolic population of Texas or South Dakota, for instance. I have seen a South Dakota Rotary Club cut as many fool antics as a Southwest Indian clan.

I recall an illustration from my very short stay among the Sioux in 1922. It was the Fourth of July, and I had permitted the old Indians to hold their dance on the hills. It had long been the custom to stop their merrymaking at sunset, and a very good ruling too. But this Fourth was unusually quiet, the booze-runners not having appeared as per schedule. The Indians petitioned me to permit just a little dancing after nightfall. The day had been very peaceful, and my special police force was large enough, and seemed loyal enough, to assure good order.

'All right,' I said. 'But please remember that I shall have a squad of police there, and I shall be there myself; so don't start any shines.'

They had a very creditable evening party, and the peace was not broken. Later I visited the Agency amusement hall where a number of whites, visitors from the countryside, and more than one mixed-blood couple of education, were enjoying themselves to the latest jazz. Now I am no authority on dancing and, having lived among Indians, I am not easily shocked; but the postures and attitudes of those South Dakota whites were — well, they were

a trifle extreme, to say the least of it.

'We have looked at them both,' said an old Sioux to me, anxiously. 'Au-tay-ah-pe (Father), there may be something wrong with the Indian's drum dance, but — *I do not like the white man's fiddle dance.*'

I told him very frankly which I thought the worse. There is no use in trying to bluff an old Indian. He can see through a hypocrite quicker than any man I know.

This is not a sentimentalist defense of the old Indian dance. I have bitterly excoriated the 'secret' dances of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, but could never get sufficient backing from the Department to end them. Such indecencies may be found among all primitive peoples, and those of the Pueblos who indulge in them are most primitive — the barbarians of San Felipe, Santo Domingo, and other decadent backward pueblos. But I have tried to envision the social side of an alien people who have no other form of diversion than the spectacle of the dance. Were the Government to put them on a moving-picture circuit — but we were discussing the decencies.

And, to repeat: When we have established among them an amusement as appealing, as simple, and as inoffensive, it will be time for the condemnation of those features that are innocuous and foreign. And it will be long before I shall forget the comparison, by an Indian, between the dance of the Sioux with drums and sleighbells, a noisy soul-stirring hullabaloo, and the seductive, suggestive 'white man's fiddle dance.'

THE EVANGELICALS' DILEMMA

BY JUSTIN WROE NIXON

I

THE advanced elements in the Evangelical Protestant churches are in trouble. Their Unitarian brethren say these Evangelical Progressives deserve their trouble, for they have halted between two opinions. The Fundamentalists prosecute a frontal attack of ecclesiastical and political pressure designed to wipe out this 'defeatism' which attempts a 'both-and' when the temper of the age requires an 'either-or.' If historic Christianity engages in mortal conflict with modern science the prudent man should take sides or keep still. The Progressive Evangelicals do neither. They speak out constantly and vigorously. They maintain that there are values in historic Christianity which must be preserved. They contend also that the scientific spirit has the same origin as the faith of our fathers. They cherish the old. They are hospitable toward the new. Hence their difficulties increase rather than lessen. The future promises no release from the tension in which they find themselves.

To the readers of the public press the most apparent aspect of this tension is the strain in the relationships of

the two great parties within the Evangelical churches. Militant Conservatives insist upon an all-or-none policy in reference to inherited creeds. They will allow no distinction between form and substance, between the transient and the permanent, between basic convictions and the phraseology of bygone times in which those convictions have been enshrined. Christianity is static, finished, perfect. You must take it or leave it.

The Progressives refuse to allow their choices to be confined to these alternatives. They will not take the flat earth, the Ptolemaic astronomy, the six days of creation, the Adam and Eve origin of sin, or the verbal infallibility of the Scriptures. They do not find the supreme attestation of spiritual truth in narratives of miraculous disturbances in the order of physical nature. They know that spiritual things are spiritually discerned and that Christ's authority and power over the human spirit do not grow out of events which are duplicated in the legendary biographies of other historic characters. They know that the confidence of the Christian Church in His 'everlasting power and divinity' rests upon what He was and is and upon what faith in Him did and does. The centrality of Jesus Christ in the process of world-redemption is as real to them as it is to their Conservative brethren. But they look for the validation of their faith to a heroic venture of life in His name rather than to labored disquisitions on the dogmas concerning His person.

At bottom, however, the difficulty between the Fundamentalists and the Liberals, as we may designate the two contending parties in orthodox Protestantism, is a symptom rather than a cause. The ultimate source of their mutual embarrassment lies in the disintegrating effects of the scientific method upon the doctrinal deposit of the Christian religion. It is a serious question whether in the long run science is going to feel very much more at home with Liberalism than it does with Fundamentalism. Liberals talk easily of the reconciliation of science and religion and there are many men of a simple and devout faith among the scientists. But the main currents of scientific thought reveal no unmistakable movement toward a spiritual interpretation of the universe. The tendency is rather the other way. The results of Professor Leuba's investigations a few years ago into the religious beliefs of scientific men were not encouraging.

Students from the Far East are detached observers of our culture, and the world-view which they have taken home as most representative of our intellectual life is a naturalism in metaphysics and a pure humanism in ethics. If this is to be the philosophic result of science, the tension between the Evangelical Liberals and the scientists will be fully as acute as that between the Liberals and the Fundamentalists. It is the flank attack of scientific Naturalism coincident with the frontal attack of conservative religion which constitutes the dilemma of Liberalism.

Religious consequences of 'the historical method' may illustrate how contact with science tends to create this dilemma for Liberalism. If a theological seminary has any 'taint' of Liberalism about it, it will profess adherence to 'the historical method.' That phrase for years has been a shibboleth of the mildly progressive institutions. The method suggested seems to be an innocuous concession to intellectual respectability. But it proves to be the opening of Pandora's box, and the hapless student may feel before he is through that the concession has been a religious fatality.

The essence of the historical approach lies in its effort to reconstruct in thought the entire milieu of relevant circumstances in which an event had its setting. The historian, for instance, studies the development of the conception of God. He shows how changes in this conception are correlated with social crises, with larger political horizons, and with transitions from a pastoral to an agricultural economy. So far, so good. But presently he asks where the conception of any God at all arose — not merely the substance of the idea, but the form; and you receive from Professor Gilbert Murray the interesting suggestion that the very idea of God is an evolutionary relic and that prayer is simply the residual sniffing of a lonely member of the pack for the lost leader.

A similar result may follow when the historical method is applied to views of human destiny. The historical scholar moves easily and he seems to have little at stake as he strips Heaven of its material glories and Hell of its physical terrors. But presently he comes upon the question, 'Under what circumstances did the idea of any future life emerge?' Then, 'Under what circumstances did there arise the idea of a soul as distinct from a material body?' Could such an idea originate now in our scientific culture, with what we know of dreams, visions, trances, and coma — the complex of experience out of which man seems to have built this construct of a spiritually detached 'self'? The answer is likely to be that such conceptions as God and the soul originated in naïve, erroneous interpretations of experience and that they survive because they satisfy certain emotional cravings of human nature. The analysis of these cravings is then turned over to the psychologist, who finds in religion a 'defense mechanism' by which man escapes from the gnawing terrors of an 'inferiority complex' from which many human beings suffer constantly and to which all men are susceptible in the face of the precariousness of human existence.

The historian and the psychologist between them, once admitted to the laboratory of theological study, succeed in disintegrating about all the compounds of our dogmatic inheritance into their original constituents — the raw impulses of human nature and the more or less hazardous circumstances of life upon this planet.

II

It may be true that the application of science to the study of religion should not leave us with the pessimistic inferences we have indicated as to the future of Christian beliefs. The reasoning processes just described reveal the common fallacy of judging the value and the validity of an idea solely by its origins. Such logic would condemn the idea of 'liberty' because it was the rather sordid, rationalized compromise of contending groups unable either to enslave or to devour one another. It would flout the idea of 'chastity' because this conception did not grow up without the support of property motives and the sanction of superstitions. It would look askance at 'loyalty,' which doubtless had its rise in the crudest reaction to the pressure of the herd. It suspects man's faith in a friendly and purposeful universe because that faith breaks forth amid the casual, the naïve, and the historically ephemeral. It ignores in all cases the fact that these conceptions have proven to be doors through which the human spirit has escaped to the endless exploration of its own greatness. Its rigid and formal method discounts the re-creation of all ideas by developing experience. How far it is from the

faith of a savage to that of a Millikan or a Pupin!

But, though the logic be weak, the trend which it symbolizes is the dominant one in the philosophy which is developing out of modern science. That philosophy, which seems to have most in common with the world-view known historically as Naturalism, gives us the following verdict on the human experiment.

'Man is simply an animal. Out of a dream world of gods and souls, the creation of his own half-awakened consciousness, he has come up into the light of science. He knows himself now for what he really is, the adventitious result of a blind thrust by Nature. His business as a terrestrial animal is to satisfy his most imperious cravings. All his ends are but means for accomplishing this task. There are no intrinsic values such as beauty, truth, or goodness. They have gone the way of their supernatural habitat. The whence and the whither of this experiment of Nature's are no concern of ours. The very question is fatuous and inept. Man is here as the atom and the amœba are here. For the span of an animal's existence let him be as happy as he may.'

There are certain losses, of course, in a world-view without gods or souls or intrinsic values. Man loses the kind Providence which curved the arrows about him. He has no charm against danger except his own wits. In his battle with fate there is a loneliness which his fathers never knew. There is no compensation for his losses in either achievement or pleasure during the brief moment of cosmic time that his dust is animated by consciousness. As George John Romanes suggested years ago, the words, 'Work . . . while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work,' contain a new and fearful imperative.

On the other hand there are, perhaps, advantages not to be despised. Every individual will know that it is up to him to make the most of life here and now. Revolutionary ardors, not being dampened by the promise of future bliss, will consume more quickly the débris of tradition which separates man from his heart's desire. There may be a new tenderness toward every human creature, since all joy must be found within the span of an earth-bound career. To postpone is to lose forever. Naturalism invokes a humane ethic to protect its adherents from the full effects of the 'cosmic chill.'

Such is the view of life which seems to be growing out of certain popularized results of science. A writer in the *New Republic* describes it as 'the emerging American philosophy.' Its intellectual prestige is guaranteed by such thinkers as John Dewey and Bertrand Russell. It is proclaimed actively by younger men who have all the enthusiasm of the neophyte. Positivism, ethical culture, and left-wing Unitarianism may have failed in general appeal. Naturalistic thinkers are not abashed. They herald for humanity a spiritual renaissance.

Is it not obvious that the challenge to Liberal as well as to Conservative Christianity from this type of thought is unequivocal? The position of the Liberal in particular is most difficult. He has admitted enough of the scientific spirit and method into his thinking to invalidate the ancient supernatural realism which constituted the philosophic basis of Catholic and Protestant orthodoxy. On the other hand, he retains at least a simple faith in a spiritual world-order and in the deathless worth of human personality. All of this side of his life is exposed to unremitting and often cynical attack from the completely emancipated spokesmen of modernity. The Fundamentalists

charge the Liberal with treachery to the cause of religion in going as far as he has, while the Humanists warn him that the beliefs he still retains will ultimately force him once again into the bog of obscurantism and superstition. He is told by the Conservatives that he is no longer a Christian; and he is told by the Naturalistic philosophers that he is not yet a scientist.

He is accustomed to hear from the Fundamentalists that he has betrayed the faith, but it is quite disconcerting to find the same charge on the lips of the wise with whom he has desired to associate. Yet the charge is made. Let us put it in the words of George Santayana. 'In a frank supernaturalism, in a tight clericalism, not in a pleasant secularization, lies the sole hope of the Church. Its sole dignity also lies there. It will not convert the world; it never did and it never could. It will remain a voice crying in the wilderness, but it will believe what it cries and there will be some to listen to it in the future, as there have been in the past. As to Modernism, it is suicide. It is the last of those concessions to the spirit of the world, which half-believers and double-minded prophets have always been found making; but it is a mortal concession. It concedes everything; for it concedes that everything in Christianity, as Christians hold it, is an illusion.'

III

Challenged as it is by both Fundamentalism and scientific Naturalism, what is the task of Liberal Christianity?

If Liberalism cannot go back to the Fundamentalist's position, as Santayana rather satirically advises, it must choose between the following alternatives. It may follow the lure of Naturalism, give up its cosmic faith, and go on to the position of the ethical culture societies. Or it may undertake to continue its rôle of interpreting historic Christianity and science to one another. If it chooses the former alternative the solid body of American Protestantism will harden in its conservatism, while the educated classes will live without any cosmic faith. The two great groups will become more and more disparate, tension will increase, and the struggle between clericalism and anticlericalism, already evident in the legislation against evolution, will divide the soul of America.

If Liberal Christianity chooses the second alternative and strives to mediate between historic Christianity and the modern scientific world, certain aspects of its task appear to be obvious.

Where Liberalism is patchy and opportunistic it must develop intellectual consistency and courage. It must cease to drift. It has meant emancipation from the past. It must now challenge the elements in the higher culture of our own age that represent superficial wisdom and spiritual decadence. It must be as critical toward the new as toward the old. It is now suspected ecclesiastically; it may find itself suspected academically. It must become positive and creative instead of being negative, nerveless, and fearful.

It must not mistake the science of religion for religion. The former should serve the interests of the latter, but literature is more than grammar, architecture more than engineering, and human love more than the psychology of sex. After science has cut the steps of certain knowledge into the mountain of experience, faith will always scramble up beyond to get the view from the heights.

Liberal Christianity must realize that education, social reform, and philanthropy are not valid substitutes for religion. They may be stop-gaps for

people who have lost their faith. They may be and often are the expressions of religion and the conditions of religious growth. But they are not religion. Religion is the perspective of life which gives meaning to these activities and the power by which we may carry their burdens. This distinction represents no disparagement of the 'social gospel.' No group of Christians has served this generation more heroically or practically than the Quakers, and no group has been more conscious of the inward need of the Divine in order to meet the challenge of the world's woe.

Liberals must accept the invitation, however, to demonstrate their faith by works. The integration of the demands of intellect and heart which they seek will not be secured simply by cogitations in the philosopher's chair. Their faith must produce more happiness, more patience and endurance, more courage to meet the unknown, more venturesomeness of spirit, more fellowship among human beings. It must be more daring and yet more livable than reactionary types of Christianity, on the one hand, and purely humanistic philosophy on the other.

As the Evangelical Liberal approaches this conflict with Naturalism, the most serious aspect of his dilemma, his confidence in its outcome rests primarily on his knowledge of the resources of historic Christianity for meeting human need. He has no hope that either Unitarianism or Fundamentalism can successfully resist the shock of Naturalism. He fears that the former, along with the excess baggage of doctrinal Christianity, has discarded the Christian's weapons of spiritual warfare. He fears that the latter will keep the weapons of the faith locked up within ancient formulæ. He knows that Fundamentalism breeds atheism as certainly as autocracy breeds revolution.

As for the Naturalistic philosophers, he questions whether, with all their show of realism, they know life with sufficient intimacy. Have they reckoned on the perennial tragic gap between aspiration and achievement? Have they perceived how prolific civilization is in new pains, in subtle refinements of human agony? Have they appreciated what it has meant to the race thus far to realize in the uttermost depths of failure that it was not alone in the blackness of cosmic night? Have they heard the answer of faith to lifelong frustration? In bottomless despair have they felt a Hand reached down to help? Do they know the experience of untold multitudes who testify that at the moment when human effort was exhausted they were reborn into hope, peace, power — and God?

The Liberal believes that these needs are not temporary or transient, but that they are implicit in the very dignity and greatness of human life. He does not believe that either the stoic self-adjustment or the tenderness growing out of a common tragedy, which Naturalism preaches, is a solution commensurate with the situation.

He is aware, on the other hand, that the solution which Christianity discloses is not a reality measurable in exact units. He knows this reality much as an ignorant settler in a new country knows his little corner of the world. The pioneer cannot measure his acreage or designate his house upon a map. He can direct others to his habitation only by rough signs. Many lose their way trying to find it. It is on the frontier and he is an ignorant man.

In like manner, the devout Christian of every theological type knows the home of his soul. Ask him for the exact information which scientific gentlemen consider alone fit for filing and he can

give you little. He may even be bewildered by your question. You have found him upon the frontier of human experience and he is painfully conscious of his ignorance. But he knows where to go when his life is broken and his soul bereft. He knows a place of healing; and his search for it always carries him to a reality beyond himself.

Evangelical Liberals feel that it is their task to interpret this reality disclosed by the soul's quest in the history of the Christian faith, and at the same time to explore the reality opened to the modern world by the scientific method. The use of that method has already brought a great enrichment of spiritual values. Liberals do not believe that Naturalism will be its necessary result. They are confident that in the long run the reality disclosed by religion and the reality unveiled by science will prove to be one.

It would be far simpler for the Liberals to solve their dilemma by going all the way with Fundamentalists or with Naturalistic thinkers. In either direction they would find peace. As it is, they live with souls distraught. They are held to their task by two considerations. They know that, historically, progress has been won at the point of tension. They know also that the integration of Western civilization, the possibility of securing for it a unified life of intelligence and faith, depends upon such efforts as they are making.

They see in their moments of clearest vision that they are building a bridge between historic Christianity and the modern scientific world. It is their belief that, as time goes on, the traffic over the bridge will increase, the bridge itself will be broadened and its supports strengthened. The bridge may become a thoroughfare. Finally the civilization of the new age may grow out over the river along the thoroughfare, and our children's children may go back and forth between what were originally separate realms of experience without being aware of any discontinuity between them.

Such is the hope and the faith of those who believe that Liberal Evangelical Christianity has a mission in the world and that the values of historic Christian experience and of modern scientific method may both be at home in a greater age where

> . . . mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster.

ONE PERSIAN FRIDAY

BY THOMAS PEARSON

So many people look with commiseration on the poor benighted mortal who chooses to bury himself in Persia that I am driven to protest. Sometimes I am able to carry my point with a dissertation on the beauty of Persia or the charm of its people, but generally no sooner do I consider the battle won than the skeptic comes back at me with, 'But what on earth do you do to pass the time out there?' — as who should say, 'Answer me that if you can.'

Fortunately or not, we members of the American Financial Commission have not as yet been able to catch up with our work. Every evening we stagger home under six or eight pounds of voluminous *dossiers*, which we tell ourselves we will wade through before morning. Where there is so much to be done, time cannot drag, but every now and then we lay aside our dossiers and take a day off anyhow. On these days we have learned from the Persians that pleasure can be found in simple things.

To-day is Friday, the Persian Sabbath. It is the New Year season, which comes in early spring. There is a popular legend that trouble will follow throughout the year for all whom this day finds indoors, and so my good friends Gholam Ali and Abdorreza have asked me to go out into the country with them.

Gholam Ali, who is back on vacation from Cambridge, is the most remarkable young Persian I know. He, of all my friends, has most successfully combined the wisdom of the East with the learning of the West. I never cease to marvel at his amazing knowledge of English literature. He is familiar, not only with the poets and the novelists, but with the biographers and the historians as well. He has read scientific works which I have always thought well of myself for knowing by name. And the delight of him is that he is so unspoiled. He loves Persia. He loves his family. He loves their ways and traditions. He fits in when he comes back; he knows that he fits in, and he is wise enough to rejoice in that knowledge. He will never have to work for a living, but he wants his ability and training to count for something. Just at present he is at a loss to know in which direction he will best be able to apply his energy.

Abdorreza is an orphan, who has come up to the capital from Ispahan. He too has an income. He has never been outside of Persia, but he has been through the American High School in Teheran. He is ambitious in a political way. Just at present he has a job in the Ministry of the Interior.

There is a toy railroad which runs from Teheran a few miles out to the gold-domed mosque at Shah-abdul-Azim. A Belgian company built the railroad. I believe it pays them. On holy days and Fridays the train is crowded with a cheery band of pilgrims going out to acquire merit at Shah-abdul-Azim. The best *mast*, too, can be obtained, by the way, at Shah-abdul-Azim. Mast is a species of whey very popular with the Persians, and the

Shah-abdul-Azim product is always cool and fresh and fragrant in its earthen jars.

There is much good-natured jostling and confusion at the toy station, but Gholam Ali, Abdorreza, and I, being personages, are shown through a special passage, and find seats in the train before the crowd is let loose on us. The cars are open, and on all sides the warm spring air blows through. Finally everyone who can possibly find space is aboard, and with an impressive premonitory whistle we are off.

The train rolls along out into the open plain. The snow-covered mountains smile down on us, glistening in the morning sunlight. The atmosphere is clear and invigorating. We can see impossibly far.

Our neighbors smile and talk among themselves. We pass a graveyard on the right; a blind beggar praying by the wayside, pilgrims walking barefoot to the shrine; a string of camels bearing silks from Ispahan. On the left we can see where the Judas trees make a scarlet path to Doshantappeh, and farther along a splash of white on the dark hillside — the Tower of Silence, where the Parsees hang their dead.

A rider on a white Turkoman stallion dashes up and challenges the train to a race, but the train has outgrown such childishness and prefers to puff along at its own pace. The horseman laughs and wheels, and the passengers crane their necks, watching the glint of sun on stirrups and white flanks as the rider draws away. They smile among themselves and resume their conversations. What do Persians find to talk about so interminably, I wonder?

Almost before we know it, pomegranate flowers and apricot blossoms are brushing our shoulders, and we have reached the end of our journey. We are swept a little way by the crowd, but soon the rest are headed for the gold-domed mosque, while we strike out into the fields. This air never knew smoke, and will know no moisture until the rainy season comes, months hence.

We pass a group of houses. On the stoop of one a venerable dervish is sunning himself. Then we come upon an ancient hollow tower, perhaps twenty feet in diameter and a hundred feet high, set in a grove of fruit trees. We walk around it and through it.

'What is it for, anyhow?' I ask.

Neither of my companions seems to be quite certain.

'I think it was for storing grain,' suggests Gholam Ali helpfully.

'I think it was rather a signal tower, or watchtower of some sort,' says Abdorreza.

I do not know to this day the history of that tower, and I make no apologies for my ignorance. I derived just as much pleasure from it as if I had known all about it.

'Let's go on top,' says Gholam Ali.

'How in the world do you get up it?' I ask, as there seems to be no entrance, no stairway.

We walk around, looking up hopefully, and finally discover a small opening on one side, some thirty feet above the ground.

'There's where we start,' says Abdorreza. The point now is to find some way of reaching the opening. We hail two peasants working in a field, and explain our predicament. They both become intensely interested in our problem, and each thinks he has found the best solution. We finally succeed in quieting them, and tell them to go off and find some poles. They readily fall in with the idea, and before long come back, dragging behind them two great poles, which with considerable difficulty and much exhortation they succeed in placing up against the wall, within easy reach of the opening. Gholam Ali, Abdorreza, and I in one way or another

manage to reach the opening, and find in the obscurity of the walls some semblance of a circular staircase. Up this we crawl, feeling our way in the darkness, until suddenly we are blinded by sunlight, and find ourselves on top. A flock of white pigeons, startled by our approach, circles around us, while the two men below hail us with delight, expressing pride in our achievement.

From here we think we can see Ghoom, where Fatima is buried, but I doubt whether we actually do. At any rate we get a good view of Teheran against a white back-drop of mountain. It is very peaceful. Some chickens are quarreling near those houses, and on the stoop the old dervish basks contentedly in the sun. Perhaps a quarter of a mile away we see a wall of rock with carvings on it.

'What is it?' I ask.

'Old Fath Ali Shah with his twelve sons,' replies Gholam Ali. 'Come along, we'll just have time to make it before lunch.' And so we clamber and slide down to earth again.

We thank the two peasants for their helpfulness and give them a few shahis apiece, for which good act we are assured we will find our reward in Paradise. We then pass through the little village and so on out into the open country again. Shade trees line the road, and it is pleasant walking. We talk of this and that, comparing notes, contrasting East and West, until we reach the wall of rock on which Fath Ali Shah is carved, with six of his sons on either hand. He is always shown this way, in painting and in sculpture. His sons all have long square beards, and one of them carries an umbrella on which a parrot perches.

A soldier is praying near a pile of rocks on the right. He has found a spot where the noise of life cannot reach him. I believe he is close to his God here.

On the left a stream of clear water gushes out of the rock and falls five or six feet into a pool which fills the hollow of the hill. Opposite, where it grows marshy, there are lily pads and rushes. I crawl around to the waterfall and look down. Perhaps six or eight feet below the surface I can see fish when the sunlight strikes them.

Across the way, two men stand up to their knees in water, holding opposite ends of a great carpet. It is an unwieldy thing to handle, and it interests me to watch them wash it. They lift it, in and out, in and out, each time with greater effort as it grows water-logged. They have a little donkey waiting on the bank above them. He looks down with concern, because he knows what to expect. They fold their carpet now with much heaving and tugging and, having carried it up the bank, they succeed in completely hiding their donkey with it. The poor animal staggers under the first impact of its dripping burden, but finally gets its bearings and heads off up the hill, followed at a leisurely pace by its owners. I pursue the line of march to where above us, in the sunshine, a hundred square feet or so of hillside are gay with drying carpets.

'Come along,' calls Gholam Ali. 'We'd best be getting on. It's lunch-time.'

And so we wander back to the cluster of houses surrounding the gold-domed mosque — the village of Shah-abdul-Azim. Here servants meet us bearing great hampers of food. Gholam Ali's mother, who is very thoughtful and kind, has sent them, and we are to eat luncheon in a garden which a friend has lent for the purpose. The servants spread cloths under a willow tree beside a fountain. They lay out knives and forks and a number of porcelain dishes with the lids on, some of which are still warm. They set the samovar up beside

us and retire to a respectful distance, from where they watch us interestedly. They are somewhat doubtful about me.

Gholam Ali's mother has sent us partridges and lamb chops and various kinds of vegetables. She has, of course, sent us a dish of rice, and a pitcher of *dukh*, or curdled milk with saffron in it. She has told the servants to buy us a jar of the deservedly famous mast of Shah-abdul-Azim. We have a variety of homemade preserves and a bottle of pickles direct from London. The latter was probably sent along tactfully for my benefit.

After luncheon the servants remove the dishes and retire from view. They can doubtless eat more freely with no one to watch them. We three lie around smoking and drinking our tea. It is nice to look up at blue sky through willow branches on a spring afternoon. Time passes. Much later we decide to wander out to Rei and nose around among the excavations.

The archæologists who know about Rei would smile were I to attempt to give them any information on the subject, and those who have never heard of Rei would be no happier were I to tell them all I know. Suffice it, therefore, to say that in ancient times was once a city Raghes, or Rei, in the region where Teheran now stands.

Monuments of the past are few in Persia. Architecture there is not such as will stand the test of time. In the neighborhood of Kermanshah is the original prototype of Stone Mountain. There a king once carved his record high up on a wall of rock: 'I am Darius . . . the King of Kings,' for all to see even to this day. Hamadan, they tell me, is the ancient Ecbatana. There Queen Esther and Mordecai are buried; but the present population has no respect for Semitic queens, and the tomb is used as a refuse heap. In Hamadan too is the home of Avicenna, that pioneer among physicians. And a few hundred yards from Hamadan is an ancient lion carved of stone, placed on the brow of a hill where the road winds by. They say it guarded the entrance to Ecbatana. The poor animal is somewhat disfigured in looks now, because Persian maidens, in the hope of offspring, have for countless generations anointed his nose with oil. Then, of course, in South Persia close by Shiraz we have Persepolis, the marble city of Alexander.

But to return to Rei. I know nothing of Rei. Tobit, I believe, stopped there once on his way to Ecbatana, but of this I cannot be certain. I only know that its site, or rather one spot where enterprising Persians somewhat unsystematically discover treasures underground, lies within easy walking-distance of the garden where we have just had lunch.

There are some men working there now in pits ten or fifteen feet deep, sifting the earth that they throw out, and burrowing around haphazardly. Occasionally one of the workmen, who seem to be simply peasants or field laborers, stoops to pick up a shining bit of pottery, the handle of a pitcher, or half a bowl. See, that one has found four pieces which fit together perfectly. If you look closely you can see the design of gold inlay coming together properly. The foreman — or leader of the expedition, if you like — tells us delightedly that some days ago he found a golden bowl which brought five thousand tomans.

From Rei we wander up the mountainside to the east.

'There's another rock-carving over here,' says Gholam Ali. 'It's harder to get to.' We decide to see it anyhow and, crawling around the face of the cliff on a ledge of rock, we walk for perhaps a hundred yards along a narrow path, the plain well below us. A flock

of goats is grazing down there. The shepherd is singing, but he pauses in his song to watch us. This is more of a distraction than he has had in many a day. His goats would stray far afield were it not for the two dogs that are continually rounding them up.

The carving resembles in workmanship the one we saw earlier, but I am glad we did not pass it up. It represents a figure on horseback. There is a platform of sorts hewn out of the rock below it. From the platform the rock slopes at an angle of about eighty degrees. I notice a groove or channel two feet wide, perhaps forty feet long, worn smooth in the rock.

'That's a curious thing,' I volunteer.

'Nasr-ed-Din Shah, I believe it was, built it,' Gholam Ali informs me. 'He spent one winter at St. Moritz, and was very much impressed with tobogganing. He decided to introduce it, or at least its equivalent, here. So he had this rock polished off, and he and his court used to drive out here on picnics. It proved quite the sensation. They used to slide down on cushions, I believe.'

'Let's try it,' suggests Abdorreza.

'You can if you like,' Gholam Ali and I reply in unison. 'We're going back the way we came.'

Abdorreza sits down gingerly. Having suggested the thing, he feels he must see it through. After making up his mind two or three times, and then losing his nerve, he finally lets go, and shoots off down the rock, gaining speed with every foot. We can see from the way he waves his arms about that he is not enjoying himself. He is flat on his back now, and he lands in a heap in the field. Two or three goats take fright at this sudden intrusion on the privacy of their pasture. The old shepherd is delighted. He seems to have derived most pleasure out of the affair. Here indeed is something to break the monotony of an afternoon. He runs over to where Abdorreza is picking himself up. They exchange a few words and I hear them laugh. Then the shepherd turns back to his flocks. Abdorreza waves to us, and parallels our path as we make our way back to the road. When we join him we ask him how it felt.

'It burned,' he said, but he pretends that it was fun. We admire his spirit, for we see that the seat of his trousers is in shreds. We considerately refer to the matter no more.

A few yards up the road Gholam Ali's carriage is waiting for us. His mother has sent it out for us, thinking that it would give us more pleasure to drive back in the cool of the evening than to sit in the crowded train. It is a comfortable old-fashioned victoria, drawn by two fat horses with whom the driver seems to have a special understanding.

The mountains behind Teheran are pink when at last we drive through the gates of the city.

QUANTITY PRODUCTION IN IDEAS

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

Our nation is composed of individuals of marked energy, of average potential ability, of fair educational accomplishment, and of great material productiveness. We are doubtless capable of striking achievements. But, like any other inchoate mass of humanity, we become effective and move forward only under the inspiration of leaders. Where can we turn to find the leaders we need? We have a plethora of followers, but we are unable to refute the accusation made by our critics: that we have a marked dearth of true leadership in every important division of national activity.

The fields of art, literature, science, music, politics, frankly confess a shortage of fresh thinking and original expression, the surest evidence of a paucity of creative minds. In the world of business we have had leadership of a kind, though accomplishment has been chiefly in mechanical developments and the perfecting of organization, and success has been but meagre in wrestling with the more subtle and difficult problem of human adjustments in the industries.

We are inclined to be a little resentful that leaders have not turned up when they are so obviously needed. We ask ourselves what can be the reason.

Is it possible that the qualities of originality are entirely lacking in the diverse combinations of inherited traits that distinguish the constantly increasing millions of our population? All the races of the earth are contributing germ-plasm to the making of our citizens. It is improbable that any of the strains which have lent lustre to other peoples and civilizations are lacking in the material we are using in our gigantic experiment in crossbreeding. Other countries, without either our numbers or our resources, succeed in producing a creditable quota of persons of outstanding ability. It seems fair to assume that biologically we also produce our share. Our lamentable state must be due to a failure somehow to realize, in end results, on the investment Nature is making in these gifted individuals.

If the difficulty is not, then, in the material of which our leaders and followers alike are formed, we shall have to look for some factor of environment which is determining the quality of our population. Can there be something blighting in our national atmosphere, which withers the fresh, outreaching, sensitive intelligence of those marked at birth for leadership, and inhibits the development of the abilities that we first create and then neglect to foster?

I

A discriminating critic of Canadian life deplores the scarcity of cranks in his native land — not because the crank is in himself so precious a national possession, but because he is symptomatic of the tolerance for differences of opinion which is the very essence of an expanding intellectual and spiritual life. The generalization

need not have stopped at our pervious northern frontier, but might have extended all-inclusively to the Rio Grande and the Gulf of Mexico. We may have numerically more creatures with the tang of the wild places of the mind about them than our neighbor has, but in proportion to our population we probably are even less adequately supplied. We do nothing designed to increase their number. Do we not, instead, actually place obstacles in the way of their development?

We pride ourselves on a modern civilization which has eliminated the markings that denote class differences. In Europe the external trappings of the Middle Ages have long since ceased to distinguish the lord from the serf. Yet there may have been more real likeness between the mediæval king and his humblest subject than between a Fabre and his beekeeping neighbors in their peasant smocks. With the king and the serf the intellectual and political concepts were held in common, though the one individual might serve as the warp and the other as the woof of the completed social fabric. But between Fabre with his passion for organized knowledge and the beekeeper with his passion for profit there was an unbridgeable gap. No revocation of sumptuary laws can alter the vestments of the mind.

We in America have not rested satisfied with stripping off externals alone. Our ambition has been to make ourselves in all respects alike. Whether as a result of our effort to build a unified nation out of diverse racial material, or as an accompaniment of an intellectual simplicity unaware of the penumbra of ideas beyond its own mental margins, or as the product of innate conservatism, we have throughout our country, North, South, East, and West, stressed conformity and looked askance upon difference. To our Puritan tradition irregularity in party or creed, divergence in social theory or in literary form, have all smacked of immorality. The rural philosopher who noted that there was mighty little difference between men, but insisted that that little difference was almighty important, would meet with warm sympathy from us if he agreed that the almighty importance demanded that we reduce that difference to zero. The slashed doublet and the silken hose, the royal crown and the jester's bauble, have been cast out. We feel the victory would be incomplete unless we offered up at the same time the crank and his nobler counterpart, the genius, to the glory of equality and the preciousness of uniformity.

Canada shares with us a shortage both of cranks and of intellectual leaders. In our two countries we may find that the shortage of the one is as inevitably related to that of the other as the price of butter to the number of old maids in Darwin's biological parable.

Such social deficiencies suggest a disease at the root of our civilization, which allows only the weeds of the human species to grow up into the light.

II

We cannot look at our people as a whole without being struck with the fact that we have two prepossessions: we are either trying to be like everyone else, or trying to make everyone else like ourselves.

In the first place, we have a penchant and a passion for quantity production in all kinds of fabrication, from the building of automobiles to the manufacture of college graduates. Quantity production means uniformity on a colossal scale. We show our fondness for this uniformity in everything we undertake, from our style of hairdressing to

our choice of plumbing. The flapper, who wears a skirt to her ankle one year, just below her knee the next, and finds it necessary the third season to walk through the park in knickerbockers, seems to be demonstrating diversity, but she is a monument to conformity. No more thinking is required of her than of the chameleon when he changes his hue. The reptile and the primate shrink similarly from the discomfort of being different.

We like to build our houses from the plans in the Sunday-paper supplement. We enjoy making the interiors replicas of department-store models. From such experiences shared in common we get a warm feeling of being fellow citizens in a great democracy. The certainty that millions of meals are being prepared to-day, all over this land, on the same type of kitchen stove gives us a sense of cozy familiarity, which puts geological eras and interstellar spaces out of the way of our thinking, where they can do us no harm.

We love to be like all the others: to wear what they wear, eat what they eat, cut our hair as they cut theirs, ride in automobiles as they ride, bathe in the same type of enameled tubs, listen-in to the same concerts, and be buried in identical cemeteries. Yet we occasionally come upon people who may indeed wear the prevailing style of headdress, but who beneath that orthodox covering develop theories of life and social conduct radically different from our own. We feel both uncomfortable and censorious. What is the advantage of riding in the same make of automobile if our thoughts are to be antipathetic? Standard concrete houses that shelter, indiscriminately, anarchists, pacifists, atheists, and communists have obviously failed of their fundamental purpose, which was to provide homes for the one-hundred-per-cent Americans who are making this country what it is.

This is our first impasse. It has been clear sailing and a joyous holiday trying to be like everyone else, but here and there, injected into our midst, we have found people who not only make no effort to be like everyone else, but frankly admit that they have no desire to add to the number of homogeneous Americans. The situation is not, however, beyond the range of our inventive genius. If these nonconforming individuals do not spontaneously see the light, they can be made to see it, and such energy as we have left from our own efforts to conform we employ in forcing conformity upon the recalcitrant. The Spanish Inquisition is denied us, but we shall in time be able to develop methods at least as efficient. We are at present in the experimental stage, but much ingenuity is being employed to make this country safe and sane in the presence of new ideas.

The Ku Klux are undoubtedly convinced that they have found a solution of the problem of living righteously together. What more natural and altruistic than forcing that way upon the dissenter?

But the dissenters present difficulties, because they refuse to accept this well-meant guidance pleasantly. They display a penchant for their own convictions. They will not admit that in a plastic, developing universe a single group has hold upon the only solution of our problems. They insist that such an idea is not only unreasonable but, above all, uninteresting. We may be condemned by the orthodox to a heaven where nothing ever happens and dull perfection is the order of the day, but they declare that on earth there are still hundreds of possibilities of right and wrong, better and worse, to stimulate and quicken our imaginations. We should therefore

owe no debt of thanks to an organization pledged to reduce these hundreds of delicious uncertainties to one tedious certainty.

The tide of rebellion against Ku Klux dictation rises. Even could he justify their use of secrecy and recourse to super-law, the dissenter would not submit to their doctrine of infallibility. He would rather think wrong for himself than think right under the direction of someone else.

There are critics who think the heresy trials of which we are so fond are out of harmony with our national ideals. They may seem out of harmony with some of our theoretical convictions, but they symbolize our love for uniformity and our enthusiasm for clipping off the groping tendrils of thought to a neat hedge, behind which the true believer may be safe. Who could say to what unforeseen interpretations of accepted dogma we might come if each individual were left free to think in such matters as he would? We feel safer to accept authority in our religious as in our social life. The Catholic has for centuries accepted the authority of the Church without question, and he is consistent. The Protestant, whose whole religious status is that of one who has protested against that very authority, meekly puts himself in turn under a similar yoke. He accepts the dictates of a church synod, or of a formal creed, or of the words of the Bible as interpreted by his congregation, or by a sectarian convocation, or by a body of church elders or trustees. He sells his protestant heritage for a confusion of textual arguments. Every church has its would-be believers who are trying to crowd the genii back into the bottle and practise a religious life in which the critical intelligence may remain quiescent.

We hear much about one-hundred-per-cent Americanism. The phrase implies that the perfect social and political formula has been found, and that the coming-in of the millennium is merely a matter of fitting all the inhabitants of the United States into the Procrustean bed of a true democracy. The skeptic hesitates, in the face of such certainty, to be more than a fifty-per-cent American. He feels as if he had been asked to be a one-hundred-per-cent admiring and satisfied parent. We know nothing is more fatal to both parent and child than such undiscriminating affection. We have to practise pessimism — though we may secretly cherish optimism — in dealing with our children. We can hardly do less as citizens, if we hope for better things for our country. Love America though we may, we must still be conscious of its limitations, and anticipate decades of guidance, criticism, and discouragement before it can come to a dependable maturity.

The Babbitts of this country have only impatience and distrust for such qualified patriotism. Our 'bigger, better, and busier' campaigns all over the country exploit optimism. They force it upon us as the only preventive of national decay. Yet the optimism which they practise bears a striking resemblance to the delusions of grandeur which the psychiatrist treats as a mental disease. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make optimistic. A little more pessimism introduced into our national consciousness would not so much slow us down as make the progress that we do achieve sounder and more enduring. Pessimism is a frank recognition of the facts which an easy optimism ignores. The booster is a less obvious but more deadly belittler of his land than the knocker, for his insistence upon the glaring brilliancy of white blinds the eyes to the subtle colors of the spectrum, and his use of the heavy major

chord drowns out the delicate vibrations of the overtones. If our country were really what he claims it is, it would be a region to flee from. The critic is our nation's truest friend. He is the real one-hundred-per-cent American for whom we have been looking, for he alone will enable us to see ourselves — not as we like to imagine we appear to ourselves and to the world, but as we are.

The post-war veterans' associations assume the responsibility of the war-thinking for the rest of us. Any effort toward peaceful understanding with other nations, any constructive attempt to prevent the recurrence of war, is denounced by them as disloyalty and the work of traitors to their country. They labor unrestingly, not to illuminate the very complex and difficult problem of so organizing society as to make war impossible, but to thrust without the pale those who substitute for vain-glorious memories of military service plans for installing safety devices against the future need of such sacrifices. They are comfortably able to forget the long succession of reformers, struggling through the centuries to substitute law for force in every type of human relation, who have always been like voices crying in the wilderness, persecuted and despised.

It seems only reasonable to believe, in the light of history, that there is some solution of international differences other than war.

Why cannot we let the cranks and enthusiasts work at the problem without attempting to stifle them? In the troubled days of the World War thousands of schemes for annihilating the Germans were sent to the War Office. The War Department, — which is proverbially hard-boiled, — instead of rejecting them in toto, winnowed the wheat from the chaff and gathered in some very valuable ideas. Even on a subject to which they claim rights prior to those of any other citizens, the veterans' associations could still afford to keep an open mind. Who knows what person living to-day, or yet to be born, holds the key to the riddle? We can do no better than listen with fresh hope to each new voice.

The pressure on state legislatures to exclude the teaching of evolution from public educational institutions registers an unwillingness to allow within our boundaries any variety of explanations for terrestrial development. A fear of moral chaos, following untrammeled diversity, actuates these zealous lobbyists for a safe American education. One has to hark back to the days of Galileo for a parallel. Such lawmaking does not occur within the narrow confines of a religious sect, however, as did the suppression of Galileo, but in a country dedicated to freedom of thought and expression and sanctimoniously certain that theory and practice are identical. The whole attitude betrays a callous indifference to the factors that make it possible for men to endure the rigors and disappointments of life.

'Freud regards dreaming as fiction that helps to sleep; thinking we may regard as fiction that helps us to live. Man lives by imagination.' Yet these lawmakers would practise a head-binding far more rigorous than that of any savage, for they would alter, not the mere shape of the skull, but the very form of our thinking.

It is hard to picture any danger to the individual or to the society in which he lives for a man to think thoughts genuinely his own. He and his community alike are stimulated by the presence in their midst of a reality instead of an imitation. Individuals are inferior and national life impoverished when men are forbidden to think save according to a prescribed pattern.

Whether the pattern be according to my ideas or yours, it is equally benumbing to the intellectual life of the world about us.

There is no more impressive sight in this country than the instant stoppage of traffic on Fifth Avenue when the signals change. It symbolizes the assent of the individual, with a gesture extending for miles, in a conformity that allows the streets to perform their function. But traffic regulations cannot be applied to the thoughts of men without hopelessly blocking the free functioning of the mind. Thoughts do not occupy space. They can move freely through the universe without regulated right and left turnings. They can coexist or envelop each other, so that there is no danger of crashing collision. The cross-currents of ideas, instead of leading to hopeless confusion or an inextricable jam, freshen and broaden the main direction of thought and increase the momentum without exceeding the speed limit. We can employ no better method for assuring steady intellectual progress and for making the alterations in theory and practice, inevitable in a changing world, follow each other without disastrous accident than in leaving all roads open to the free passing of ideas.

Yet how suspicion of the unfamiliar hedges us about! Our insistence upon conformity does not even ignore the most trifling hint of origin foreign to our experience. Whether it be a salad-dressing which departs from the orthodox sugar and vinegar of our forefathers, or music that disregards the traditions of Moody and Sankey, or literature which defies our Puritan shibboleths, we deplore them all alike. Every new current of thought makes us scan our vacillating landmarks anxiously for fear our anchors are dragging.

What measure of originality can we expect in such an atmosphere? What encouragement for fresh thinking can there be in such widespread satisfaction with secondhand conviction? Our whole attitude is the expression of a fear of finding on our own premises — or, worse, on those of our neighbor — that possession most menacing to the status quo, the open mind. We fear it as the past generation feared the nihilist's bomb. We are as eager to keep the ingredients of its manufacture from the dissatisfied of to-day as were the Russian tsars to control the distribution of dynamite. We tell ourselves, if we can only keep things as they are — or, better, as they were a few years ago — all will be well. And yet we are amazed that, though we score highest at the Olympics, the Nobel prizes so seldom cross the Atlantic.

III

We find it human to enjoy likenesses rather than unlikenesses. Our clubs, associations, churches, societies, are founded on the basis of like-mindedness. We narrow our personal lives by surrendering to this preference and spending our free time with those who are socially, economically, and intellectually of our own kind. When we meet one of the audacious ones of the earth who have ignored such distinctions and known all manner of men, we have a momentary pang of envy and then, all too easily, slip back into a studied avoidance of the disputatious.

Superficially we seem ready for novelty. No nation shows such enthusiasm for new breakfast-foods, or such haste to inspect the fall model of a favorite automobile. No people search more zealously for the most recently advertised roofing material, or more readily adopt balloon-tire soles for their shoes. Yet, actually, the most ardent patron of the latest thing in

cigar-lighters may be the first to shy off from a new idea.

Most of us complete our mental as well as our physical growth by the time we are twenty-one. We achieve it by building a framework which is originally almost unshakable and then made perfectly secure by being concreted against any stray intellectual concepts from outside our own circle. We are like the Leamington bobby who, unable to direct the traveler five miles to Kenilworth Castle, defended himself against the foreigner's astonishment at his ignorance by saying, 'We 'ave our boundaries, you know.' The boundaries vary in extent with different individuals, but they are there for us all. The only point for us to consider is whether we regard boundaries as something to stay within or something to climb without.

The alarmists tell us that we have thousands of Bolsheviki in our midst. But why should we be alarmed? Could anything offer more incentive to our own straight thinking? The friends who are always most stimulating to us are those who most completely disagree with us. It is they whose company we should keep, whose ideas we should ponder; not necessarily that we may be converted thereby, — though an occasional change in our convictions would be most invigorating, — but that, in the light of their certainties, we might search out the basis of our own.

We dignify by the name of our beliefs a jumble of inherited and acquired traditions and superstitions, and we need to go over them periodically, spurred by some skeptic, to sort out the grain from the chaff. The only danger the radical has for us is in making us see red, and we should hardly hold him responsible for our own bigoted reaction. If he can make us think, we have nothing but gratitude to offer him.

Our real danger lies in agreeing with the majority. When we find ourselves doing that, we should be well advised to take our intellectual temperature. We are probably victims of the fever and chills of our locality and need to go to a higher altitude, where the outlook is more extended and the atmosphere clearer.

Chidley, the itinerant philosopher in the streets of Sydney, to the outward eye clad scantily in bathing-trunks, but to the inward eye gloriously arrayed in the luminous truth his sensitive imagination revealed to him, lends more genuine distinction to Australia than all its muttons and wool. The outraged authorities could think of no place save an asylum or the jail appropriate to house so extreme a nonconformist. His fellow citizens neither cherished his brief incarnation in their midst nor rejoiced in his uniqueness, and yet he may have been one of the leaders for lack of whom their national life languished. Nothing is so intolerable to an age as an individual who is — or is suspected of being — superior to it.

On the plains of the West thousands of cattle may be seen grazing as one. They move slowly, feeding as they go, their heads pointing in the same direction. Occasionally among the hundreds there will be one individual that ignores the custom of the others and feeds where it will. The cattlemen have learned through experience to look to such an animal for the salvation of the rest in times of emergency. When wild creatures attack or sudden storms break, the solitary feeder is the one to give warning or lead the herd to safety.

Yet what do we feel save distrust for those fellows of ours who will have none of our ways and who walk with their eyes fixed upon a vision which we cannot see?

Whitman has sung the joys of the

open road. The open mind has adventures no less intoxicating, but we are wary of the uncharted way. Your timidity and my timidity shut us in behind the high hedge of the prevailing opinions. The loss of our ranging may not be a national disaster, but our acceptance of those barred gateways makes it increasingly difficult for the brilliant and daring minds of our potential leaders to break through and make a thoroughfare for us into new and more fertile lands.

Once in a while we come across that most perfect flower of creation, a mind defenseless against the truth. No prejudice, no preconception, no yearning for intellectual or spiritual loyalty can save such a nature from the onslaughts of reality. Persecution cannot wipe the record from the brain, nor martyrdom distort the image. Galileo's lips might utter recantation, but his intelligence was incapable of thrusting out the concept of cosmogony that had formed within his mind.

Many of us have erected definite defenses against the truth and are quite capable of keeping it out of our lives. We may deplore this in individuals; but in a nation it means stagnation. If we foolishly expect to formulate final truths at this stage in human development, if we ignore our Galileos or laugh them out of court, if we practise a denial of the enrichment a variety of minds and ideas brings to a country, we are giving up the movement of a fresh-flowing spring for the heavy inertness of a mud bath.

We may breed minds of high calibre, our cradles may be full of wonder-children, but none will achieve complete maturity or bring to fruition the gift of leadership which turns the mob into a force for good.

We want our bigots here and there, as we want any other type of human diversity, and we expect to endure amiably the hearty good-fellowship of the conformist; but we cannot let the tumult of the klaxon drown out the other notes of the universe. The value of moral attitudes and the success of human expedients are still unmeasured. We can lose nothing by putting off decision, and we can gain much by keeping the way clear for the bearer of the new idea. The idea may be trivial or useless, and the bearer a nuisance and a bore, but he serves to give assurance that the path still lies open to the great truths for which the whole world waits.

THE VIOLINIST AND THE LADY

BY HELENE MULLINS

Deliberately he builds a cage
Of glamorous music to entice
Her curious but cautious feet;
And when she scorns her heart's advice,
And lifts her skirts, and daintily
Steps in upon the shining floor,
He tiptoes softly after her,
And softly bolts the narrow door.

She sits at ease a little while,
Adjusts her dress and pats her hair,
And glances up and glances 'round,
With an amused and gracious air.
But finally the lights become
A bit too glaring and she grows
A little weary of the place;
She rises, and superbly throws

A heavy flower at his feet,
And goes to learn the comedy
Of her unique imprisonment.
Dismayed, she wanders carefully
About an unfamiliar world,
Yet utters no soft reprimand,
But slyly tests the golden bars,
Until one bends beneath her hand.

Triumphantly she leaves the cage,
And, in relief at her escape,
She flings toward him words and smiles
Of a peculiar tender shape.
But though he bows in gratitude,
He scorns the small bit of her heart
With which she half maliciously
Attempts to pay him for his art.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES

BY VALESKA BARI

THE purser of the Ponce de Leon halted as a hand was laid on his arm. 'Do you see what I see, Mr. Springer?' inquired one of the passengers from the ship.

The purser laughed. 'That's not a bad description for all Porto Rico, and the oftener you come here the more you'll see that you would n't believe could happen.'

Riding toward them on the brightest and shiniest of kiddy-cars was a boy about five, clad only in a white jacket which reached not quite to his waist. Against the snowy linen his sunburned body appeared startlingly unclad as he swept joyously past them.

'Some American got a law passed down here that everyone must wear at least one garment,' explained the purser, 'but the law was too modest to specify its exact purpose, and a lot of people never guessed. That's the trouble with some other institutions we've tried to introduce here overnight. Probably that boy's mother has a real thrill of patriotism when she sees him in that jacket; she thinks she's following American institutions, even if she does n't understand the process.' He lifted his hand and signaled to someone down the street. 'The only thing to expect in Porto Rico is what you don't expect. I'm looking for a waiter whom we left here at the hospital a couple of months ago. He comes from this district; maybe I'll find him in the next block and maybe I'll ride around until the boat leaves to-morrow without finding a trace of him. Coche! Coche!'

The carriage which he had signaled drew up. 'Care to come along, Mr. Davis?' With a rattle of bells they were off.

'A good boy who can wait on table in all the languages of the Caribbean is worth looking up,' remarked the purser, as they drove through narrow streets lined with pink and green houses.

At St. Luke's the hospital register showed that José Gonzales had been discharged a few days after his arrival, and that later he had sent word to have any mail forwarded to the general post-office in care of Hermano Paco.

'A pretty chase now,' remarked Springer as he returned to the carriage. 'Alcaldía!' to the driver. 'Hermano Paco — that means Brother Paco — is one of the unofficial priests, cross between a beggar and a prophet, who go around in the scattered hill-districts where there are n't any churches. They teach a mixture of Christianity, herb medicine, nature-worship, and law and order. I've heard that some of them teach that Christ was an Indian born in Santo Domingo and that the Virgin came from the Virgin Islands. Hermano Paco is the most influential of the lot, and he has some sort of connection with the Mayor — the municipality includes the hill district as well as the city.'

The carriage stopped before the city hall. 'Come along with me and meet old Don Rafael.'

An obsequious black boy seated them at one end of a long room, the kind of room which the Spaniard learned to build in the tropics, with its high ceiling and long shaded windows and cool checkerboard-marble floor. At the opposite end, behind a monumental carved desk, sat the Mayor, his shrewd kindly face lighted with interest as he talked with his guest. Their voices were subdued, but the pantomime was clear: the visitor, apparently a beggar, was asking some favor. With a jerk Don Rafael stood up. One after another he turned out his pockets and laid on the desk a handkerchief, a key, a penknife, and some papers. His purse he turned inside out, but in vain. In embarrassment the visitor protested; but the Mayor continued his dramatic exposition of poverty. With outstretched arms and with all his pockets displaying their emptiness, Don Rafael stood for a moment, a picture of abject helplessness. Then he glanced down at his visitor's bare feet.

'Pedro!'

The boy who had shown Springer and Davis into the room appeared at a door near the Mayor. A volley of Spanish from Don Rafael and he was gone.

'He has sent the boy to his house for some old carpet-slippers,' whispered the purser.

Against the protests of his caller, Don Rafael began to remove his shoes, slowly, stopping continually to make expressions and gestures of sympathy. As the Mayor started to pull off his socks the visitor laid a firmly detaining hand on his arm. Don Rafael sat back in his chair, one sock hanging from his left hand. With exclamations and gesticulations of gratitude the guest seized the Mayor's right hand in both of his, wrung it strenuously, and his ragged figure departed hastily across the marble floor.

'The old boy's been mayor for eight years,' remarked Springer, as they gave Don Rafael time to replace his shoes. 'They call him the Little Brother of the Poor. When he has any money he gives it away, and when he has n't any he offers his shoes. He is commonly credited with offering his shoes to at least one person a day since he's been in office.'

'Faker?' queried Davis.

Springer shook his head. 'You can't be so quick to say "Faker." Latin, yes — old-time Porto Rican. It's the dramatic way of saying that you're sorry, that's all. Nobody ever accepts his shoes, of course, but it's a brotherly gesture, even if you know he's offered them a thousand times

before. Now they'll both be happy the rest of the day.'

Without reference to the scene they had witnessed Springer made the inquiries of politeness and came to his errand. 'Don Rafael, is it possible for you to tell me where I might find Hermano Paco?'

The wrinkles around the Mayor's eyes contracted into a searching glance, as he shook his head slowly. 'The holy man is in the hills, I think. When he comes to the city he gives me his benediction; he was here a week ago; perhaps in a month he will return.' Don Rafael shook his head again.

'If you would like to take a ride in the hills and would like also to meet Hermano Paco, if possible, in which direction would you go?' inquired Springer. 'Dos Palmas?'

'Who knows?'—and Don Rafael shrugged his shoulders with the gesture which inevitably accompanies 'Quien sabe?' 'I would ask at Dos Palmas — yes. And it is a beautiful road, señor.'

'Which means,' remarked Springer when they had taken their departure, 'that we are not very likely to encounter Hermano Paco at Dos Palmas. We'll try the road to Rincon.'

Abandoning the carriage with its jingling bells for a motor, they left behind them the picturesque streets of Ponce. The hills rose abruptly into mountains, the city vanished, and only little thatched huts dotted here and there on the hillsides told of human habitation. A few miles along the highway they turned off into a narrow road which threaded its way into the less accessible parts of the district. About them everywhere were hills covered with trees in whose protecting shade grew coffee bushes, now studded with ripening berries.

Suddenly Davis touched Springer's arm. His finger pointed to a black flag hanging from a near-by hut, and involuntarily he placed his handkerchief to his nose as they drove past. 'Plague?' he asked, in a voice which he tried to make sound unalarmed.

'Don't know. We've had no notice of any epidemic on the island,' replied the purser, 'but there's another black flag, with two white crosses on it!' He laid his hand on the chauffeur's shoulder and pointed to the black cloth flapping ominously against the hut. The man shook his head, at first apparently in ignorance and then with obvious apprehension.

As they drove on, one after another of the scattered huts bore the same mysterious flags, some with white crosses and some without. At the approach of the car the inhabitants would disappear hastily, almost in panic. Around a curve in the road they came sharply on a man on foot, and Springer leaped from the car and grasped the man's arm as he asked him the meaning of the signs. The man shook off Springer's hand and abruptly refused to answer any questions.

'Something's decidedly wrong,' said the purser as he jumped back into the car. 'I've never been told before in Porto Rico to mind my own business.'

The chauffeur was plainly alarmed, and Springer and Davis exchanged uneasy glances as more flags appeared on the huts. The road turned again on a hairpin curve. Before them lay a little settlement, every hut draped in black!

Past the settlement shot the car. Without asking permission the man turned the machine about and drove back to the city. His eyes were bloodshot with fear and speed as he deposited his charges at the hotel.

The Department of Health disclaimed any knowledge of epidemic in the hills, but Davis and Springer

reeked from their antiseptic baths as they departed from the hotel room.

'I'll ask Martina,' said Springer, as they walked down the corridor. 'She's been here at the hotel forever and she has the most amazing way of knowing everything that anyone is even thinking on this whole side of the island.' At the turn in the L-shaped corridor sat the old colored woman, where she could watch the progress of the chambermaids. 'I'll join you in the lobby.'

'Good afternoon, Martina.' Springer stooped and shook hands with her. 'Don't move,' as she showed signs of an intention to raise her huge bulk. 'Wonderful day!'

The purser paused, bracing himself to catch her reply. Martina had four modes of speech: English with and without teeth, and the corresponding varieties of Spanish. The fact that she was addressed in English was no indication that she would reply in the same tongue, and no rule existed as to when she might be expected to wear her teeth. Her English had the peculiar flat intonation which the Danes taught the blacks in St. Thomas, from which island she had originally come. Spoken with teeth, it was strange but intelligible; without teeth, the consonants dropped out and with the utmost difficulty one tried to pick distinguishing landmarks on the ocean of liquid sounds. Her Spanish had none of the Virgin Island flatness. Spoken with teeth, it was well articulated, although it suffered at times from lapses into the patois French of her Haitian husband; but without teeth Springer was hopelessly lost.

Martina opened her mouth slightly, but without revealing whether or not she had her teeth. A moment she hesitated. 'Beautiful.'

Springer breathed more easily. She was speaking English, with teeth.

'I have been driving in your beautiful hills,' he began cautiously, and gradually worked his way around to the subject of the black flags. 'Why do they have those black flags, Martina?' he asked, but not betraying too much interest. She looked him over thoughtfully, in evident doubt as to answering his question. 'You know everything, Teeny,' — he used the diminutive when he wished to coax her, but never without astonishment that anyone so huge could respond, without malice, to such a name, — 'and of course you know about the flags!'

She nodded. Vanity of looks in youth had yielded to vanity of accomplishment in maturity, and that in turn to vanity of knowledge. 'You know Hermano Paco?'

The purser nodded.

'The flags are for Hermano Paco!'

'Dead?' asked Springer. 'Hermano Paco dead?'

Mysteriously she shook her head. She leaned forward and laid her hand on Springer's fingers. 'Hermano Paco has gone to Heaven,' she whispered, — she paused dramatically, — 'but Hermano Paco did not die!' She leaned back, rocking her head, with evident thrill in the miracle and in her revelation of it. After a moment she went on: 'The flags are for Hermano Paco. The people pray for him. They do not work; they will not speak; they pray. If they pray enough he will come back and lead them again; he will come back from Heaven with the word which will make the souls of men free!'

Don Rafael was at the dock when the ship left Ponce. Springer made his way to the Mayor's side. 'We did n't find Hermano Paco,' he remarked casually.

Don Rafael lifted his hands and shoulders in a gesture which conveyed regret, ignorance, helplessness. 'Hermano Paco is a Little Brother of the

Poor, and I also am their Little Brother. He has always given me his benediction before the elections and I hope for it this year also. That is a month from now. Your ship returns again in three weeks? Good. Perhaps he will be here then.'

Three weeks later found Springer making his way on a little native pony toward the valley of Rincon. He had brought Martina some cottons from New York. After thanking him with exclamatory gratitude she placed her finger significantly on his hand and, waiting until the long corridors were clear of possible listeners, she whispered mysteriously that the hill folk were expecting Hermano Paco to reappear from Heaven at dawn on the following day. 'To-morrow is Sunday,' she finished earnestly. 'The hill people have prayed faithfully; Hermano Paco should return from Heaven, and he should return on a Sunday!' Springer thanked her casually, but as he left the hotel for the familiar, picturesque streets of Ponce a sudden resolution came to him to see for himself the miracle.

Dusty and tired, he jogged down the road toward Rincon. The moon had set, leaving the shaded road in obscurity. The usual silence of the deserted night was broken by the movement of phantom groups going in the same direction, but no one spoke. When Hermano Paco had left them he had vanished in the night from their midst; at dawn they had caught a glimpse of his thin figure in its simple brown robe, outlined against the sunrise from the peak of the mountain. It was seen for a few moments and then swallowed up in the light of day. The conviction had spread that in the same manner he would return. Silently the straggling groups gathered about an elevation backed by a semicircle of trees, which formed a natural platform from which Hermano Paco in the past had frequently addressed them.

Springer tethered his pony in a little clump of palms, safely apart. He had no fear of bodily injury if discovered, but he had no wish to be caught intruding at a ceremonial to which he had not been bidden. He nodded. He must have slept.

Through the valley ran a shout. With the first streak of dawn, on the peak of the mountain stood Hermano Paco! The staff with which he had walked the roads through all the years was in his right hand. His left hand rested on something else. The minutes sped by. As the red of sunrise faded into the light of day Hermano Paco was seen to move along the path. What his hand had rested upon rose and followed him in the guise of a man.

Over the hillsides and through the little valleys raced the word that Hermano Paco had returned from Heaven. Springer stayed in the distance in his clump of trees. He saw Hermano Paco and the disciple come down the path of the mountain, to be surrounded by the eager throng. From his shelter he could still gather the sense of awed excitement pervading the throng on the elevation, as they prepared the food which they had brought for the blessing and refreshment of Hermano Paco. The feast was followed by a silence in which Springer saw the people lying down to rest. The night's vigil had been tiring; the morning was still early. Springer changed his pony's tether and again fell asleep.

He woke to find the sun nearly straight overhead. The crowd had moved in among the trees so that they were sheltered from its direct rays. Springer pulled the native hat he was wearing still farther down over

his face as he fell in unobserved at the edge of the gathering.

Hermano Paco was speaking. His patriarchal beard fell over his brown tunic nearly to his waist. His eyes had fire, but the arms which he raised to emphasize his words were thin and old. He spoke in the dialect of the jibaros, the Spanish of the seventeenth century, which the forefathers of the hill folk had preserved from the time when they took the places of the vanishing Indians. Only a word here and there could Springer catch, but from the gestures with which Hermano Paco placed his hands upon the head of his kneeling companion the purser gathered that Heaven had sent an assistant to the old priest. At length Hermano Paco placed his fingers beneath the arm of his disciple and raised him to his feet. It was José Gonzales. With a gesture Hermano Paco presented him to the gathering and a hum of approval went through the throng. Hermano Paco touched his finger to his lips and lifted his hand to the sky. The thrill of the miraculous passed through the crowd. Springer caught the words, 'the gift of tongues.' The gift of tongues had descended upon the disciple of Hermano Paco!

In breathless excitement the crowd waited. The old priest stepped aside and José, raising himself to his full height, held up his hand for silence. The dramatic stillness was broken by his rich, slow tones: —

'Consommé, mulligatawny, julienne!' His voice rose in exhortation: 'Purée de pois, purée de bœuf, purée de champignon!' He paused. His right hand outstretched, he accented the solemn syllables: 'Boiled eggs, poached eggs, scrambled eggs, eggs à la Turque!' Again he waited. The crowd was with him. His voice was oracular and the repetition of the strange syllables was poetry: 'Bluefish meunière, swordfish Parmentière, codfish Parisienne!' Slowly he raised both hands, the palms toward the throng: 'Roas' beef! Roas' lamb! Roas' chicken!' His hands dropped and his voice sank to a tone of consolation: 'Mashed potatoes, buttered beets, petits pois, cauliflower au gratin.' The eyes of the country folk were transfixed. On one who sorrowed with the sufferings of the world had descended the gift of tongues, but comfort and strength came back into the voice of José Gonzales: 'Salade printanière, salad of vegetables, salad of prunes and cheese!' With both arms outstretched came his benediction: 'Ice cream, marmalade, biscuit Tortoni,' and with a ringing 'Demi-tasse!' his arms fell.

Once again José Gonzales sat at the feet of Hermano Paco. A hush of expectancy hung over the throng. The gift of tongues in his disciple was the proof of the message from Heaven which the old priest was to give them. Hermano Paco rose, slowly lifting his arms. Dramatically brief was his message: Heaven had sent them an opportunity to serve its ends. In a few days would be held the election. The children of the poor would vote for the Little Brother of the Poor.

Silently Springer made his way back to his pony. Lost forever to the dining-room of the Ponce de Leon were the polyglot services of José Gonzales.

AN AVATAR AT WYKEHAM

BY CARROLL PERRY

DURING my boyhood at Wykeham the town and the gown unconsciously rested in two great principles of science. The student body was strong for conservation of energy; the village, with its hinterland, revealed the centripetal force in obedience to which cranks and odd characters were drawn irresistibly into the being of the college.

But inasmuch as Wykeham was, essentially, not an institution at all, but rather a mystical force whose projections no man could measure or delimit, it possessed a subtile attraction for many persons of the greater world outside who, though varying in type from our local oddities, yet must be put into the grand category of crank. Being a native, I was wont to flatter myself that I knew how to tell the wild ones, and the cultivated varieties as well.

It must have been during the winter term of our second year in college that my classmate John Median and I became acquainted with Mr. O'Fayne. 'Drop the Mister, my lads,' he would say, 'and call me just O'Fayne of Trinity Dublin.'

He was living at the Kellogg House, an old red rambling tavern near the head of the village street, where he had a sitting-room, an open fireplace, and an iron kettle for the heating of hot water. A stout man, with clear blue eyes and gold spectacles, he had a complexion resembling rye bread, lit up by a nose that told of rye whiskey. A marble-topped centre-table supported several volumes of Shakespeare withdrawn from the college library, and what he called a 'Wemyss glass,' which was a graceful round goblet exceedingly thick. In this reclined a heavy silver spoon of curious shape, used for tamping down sugar and lemon. It caused him the greatest irritation if this spoon got misplaced.

It seemed to me I had never heard so rich and vibrant a voice. On Sunday afternoons while the winter snows of Berkshire were driving past the windows, and when there was no more hot water in the kettle, he would open a volume of the great Elizabethans, or a play of Shakespeare (who, by the way, was really an Irishman, according to O'Fayne), and read to us *Macbeth* or give us his favorite 'Falstaff' in a truly magnificent manner.

I had been informed on sure authority that O'Fayne made his living by writing dime novels. But I never mentioned this to John Median, for it would have broken his heart. I could hardly support the burden that I bore alone all that long winter. Our professors in the college were excellent men, but what were they when compared with O'Fayne of Trinity Dublin? Here was a sheer idealist. Here was a glorious Samson whom some Philistine publishing-house in New York was forcing to grind in tragical captivity. There was something unspeakably ignoble in this; and he so at home with the great spirits!

John Median's father was proprietor of a very prosperous clothing-store in Syracuse. He was also vice-president of the street-car company. 'Our company owns about four hundred horses,' said

John. 'Where do they all come from?' I asked. 'I don't know; from *Europe*, I think,' said John very quietly. Yet, with it all, he was simple and unpretending as a child. Also, I inquired why John never wore clothes from the family store, but patronized a very expensive tailor in New York. 'Noblesse oblige,' he answered. I did not know what this phrase meant, and I am confident John did not. I always intended to find out, in some book, the meaning of this expression, together with another word John often used, namely 'apropos,' but I never did.

On our way toward the Widow Green's, after our first visit to O'Fayne, I remarked that it seemed pretty horrible to me that a brilliant man should drink so hard.

'That 's not so strange,' said John; 'he is literary. All the great writers have done their best work when thoroughly drunk.' I never contradicted John Median, for I had been brought up in a small village, while Median had lived all his life in the big world of Syracuse, and, as I have explained, was more or less in touch with Europe.

The Widow Green lived in a big white house with tall pillars, which stood beside a brook overhung by great willows. She was an adept in the subject of oyster soup; and this she dispensed in great bowls to the duly qualified, on winter nights at Wykeham. Seated by her big fireplace, the Widow knitting not far from us, we would close our eyes and grasp the fullest possible handful of so-called 'animal crackers' and deposit it in our steaming bowls of soup. I had invented this game and I still think it had human interest. A lion counted two, an elephant four, and a donkey ten. Who totaled the smaller sum paid for the soup of both. But the paying was a delicate business. One had to leave the exact amount on the tablecloth; for the Widow Green was peculiar, and was, as she said over and over again, indifferent to money. 'I don't do this,' she would observe, 'for what there is in it. I do it as a side issue. My husband was an Advent minister.'

There were only two rules at the Widow Green's: the conversation had to be 'general,' and we had to leave at half-past ten. Many a time on moonlit winter nights, after a snowshoe tramp over the western hills, a tired procession would flop its way down through the burial ground and across the bridge, clattering the length of her front piazza, only to be met by the stern Widow at the half-opened door with 'It 's quarter to eleven! Was your comin' here a programme or an afterthought?' 'Programme! Programme!' we would all shout. But she would slam the door, nevertheless.

On the evening of our first Sunday-afternoon visit to O'Fayne of Trinity Dublin, John Median was more pensive than usual. Finally he remarked: 'Here we 've been a year and a half at this college, and I tell you, Commodore, we 're not *getting* anything. I sort of wish, sometimes, I had gone to Cornell. Mother wanted me to.' 'Cornell!' sniffed the Widow Green as her knitting-needles clicked ominously. 'Let me tell you you 're a big sight better off where you be. Mr. Median, you 've got to be more *to home* in this college, and you've got to be more *resigned*. This college, Wykeham, is like a heifer cow. Do you know how to milk, Mr. Median?' 'No, madam,' answered John, 'but I hope to learn sometime.'

'Well,' resumed the Widow, 'this college is like a heifer cow; the earnester and the nervouser you act, the less she *gives down* to you. I have always noticed — but I prob'ly ought not to say this — that the loafers often git the most out of it.' She here looked

significantly at me. I bowed gravely. The Widow went on, 'What would you do without any mountains and brooks?'

'Brooks! Brooks!' John Median half-shouted. 'Why, at Cornell they 've got a magnificent brook that flows right through the campus and makes a tremendous waterfall.'

'Yes!' answered the Widow. 'And they use it to run the college blacksmith-shop! My husband had a charge in York State and I know. Them two rules I gave you, Mr. Median, are the real ones for college, and for life, too. Wherever you be, be to home; and be resigned. That 's what I used to tell those two boys of my own.'

Very gently I pressed my foot upon John's, underneath the table; but I was too late.

'Where are they now?' asked Median. She rose from her chair, straightened herself, and with a rapt look of pride and dignity answered splendidly, 'Out in the world, and doing well.'

From my childhood I had remembered her excellent husband; but the two boys were wholly imaginary.

The next Sunday afternoon O'Fayne of Trinity Dublin was too ill to receive us; but on the Sunday following he was in wonderful form, though he uttered awful heresies that hurt and staggered me. John Median, on the contrary, listened with solemn approval, feeling firmly justified in his disappointment over what he was getting at Wykeham.

''T is a rare thing,' said O'Fayne, 'to find an institution that lives so completely on holy buncombe as does this one. You talk and write and sing — yes, you even pray — about these mountains; and what are they, in God's name? Windbreaks! Windbreaks! Windbreaks that shut out the real wurrld and all breath of the spirit that will be blowing!'

'There 's something in it,' said John.

'Something in it, you say? I tell you there 's *much* in it! You boast that you have no contact with the wurrld; and you think that 's made up to you by another variety of small-college buncombe, namely that you *do* have grand contacts with learned professors. 'T is I myself who witnessed one of these grand contacts the other evening. I was sitting in the library of one of these great men, whan a student came to the front door. The professor led him into the parlor across the hall. Awkward silence for three minutes. Finally the grand educator said, "Well, Smith, what can I do for you?" "Oh," said Smith, "nothing at all," — the truest word he ever spoke, — "I only came to call." "Ah, that 's very good," returned the professor. "I will go and summon my wife." He went into the next room and quickly reappeared with Mrs. Jones. "Mr. Smith has come to call," said he to his good wife. "We are very glad to have this call, Mr. Smith," said the admirable woman, and then, rising from her chair, she went out into the hall and led back by the hand little Susan, aged nine. "Susan," said her mother, "Mr. Smith has come to call." Susan made a very pretty curtsy, and after a minute or two went off upstairs to bed, stopping only to shout over the banisters to her older brother, "Bubbsy! Don't go into the parlor! There 's a student in there making a call."

'A while longer the poor victim stayed; then Heaven opened and he escaped. The call was over. Twenty-five years from now he will return for the reunion of his class, and at the banquet he will say to them, "Fellows! I want to tell you right here and now that the best thing I got out of college was the intimate social relations with the professors, in their homes, and all."

'Now,' added O'Fayne, 'in great universities like Trinity Dublin one

cannot do this. I might say there are none of these grand contacts. Though I would make no man discontented with his college, nor stir up rebellion against Alma Mater, — 't would be a horrible sort of matricide, — yet tell me this: What kind of a home of good learning is it, when two brilliant lads like yourselves have to fly to a foreign visitor like me if you 're to gain any real culture at all? Mr. Median is right. You 're not getting the least crumb at Wykeham College. Don't count on it. It can never be.'

I was greatly relieved when he suddenly turned his batteries away from us poor Americans and pointed them against the English. It came about in this way.

'When I finish this bit of lemon,' said he, 'we 'll talk of Biography. 'T is the finest of the arts. Did ever you read a biography?' John was painfully silent. Being an industrious youth possessed of a fine memory, he was what we called a high-stand man; but, being without curiosity and wholly devoid of imagination, he had never read any books other than textbooks.

'One of the cardinal sins of your faculty here,' O'Fayne had once told us, 'is this: they call the sinners to repentance instead of the righteous. On the one hand they let the honest cash-boys believe themselves to be great merchants of goodly pearls; and on the other, too human to be humane, they show overanxiety for keeping the black sheep and the wayward within the fold. Education it is not; 't is more like Polar Relief!'

O'Fayne now repeated his question. 'Mr. Median, did ever you read a biography?' John shook his head, so I came forward with 'I'm in the middle of one now — Dean Stanley's *Life of Arnold of Rugby*.'

'You 'll not finish it!' said O'Fayne. 'And why should you? Anglican Biography is not Biography at all; it 's Necrology.'

'What does that word mean?' asked John.

''T is a fair question, Mr. Median, and a right question,' returned O'Fayne. 'I 'll best answer it by saying that in all this Anglican stuff Death controls Life — the tail wags the dog. Before ever they get a man out of his short pantaloons they begin measuring him for his shroud and preparing the wake. Hundreds of them have I read. Dawn is nothing, noon is nothing, twilight is all. They 're written, most of them, by widows — during the interim. I 'll give you a specimen: fictitious, of course, but God 's truth.' He took a few turns about the room, steadily enough, and then announced with ringing solemnity, 'Chapter Four Hundred and Nineteen. Last Illness and Death of the Bishop of Bathing Well. By His Poor Widow.'

It was the most ludicrous scene I had ever witnessed. Pulling a coverlet off his bed and throwing it around his shoulders, he began to improvise; and discarding every vestige of his rich Hibernian tone he wove the color and inflection of cloistered Anglican talk.

'It was at the end of March,' began O'Fayne, 'it was at the end of March, though Mr. Snickscythe, the surgeon (a cousin once removed of Sir Limping Snickscythe of Cowstable Haybarn), thinks it was toward the beginning of April, that the dear Bishop, who had now reached the age of ninety-four, began to feel a premonition, as it were, of leg-ache. The question was, which leg of the two was affected, the Bishop himself insisting that the whole trouble lay with the calf of the left leg. But the surgeon could not see the matter in this light, and he insisted upon performing a rather serious operation upon the ligaments of the right leg.

'That following summer the Bishop

was compelled to give up the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau, though he did manage to climb the one peak of the Pyrenees he had left unmastered. Toward autumn he turned his face toward the States for the big-game shooting, and among the Blackfeet Indians of Montana he found some additional material for his book about the Lost Tribes of Israel. His edition of Euripides was, of course, his *magnum opus;* nevertheless he wished, before his life should end, to complete his researches along these Biblical lines. This autumn he added many new items of etymology which promised to prove important. For example, in the expression "hunka-tobac," in common use among the Blackfeet during certain ceremonials, he was confident he had discovered a corruption of the Latin phrase *nunc pro tunc;* and other evidences that the primitives of Montana had been subjected, early in the period of discovery, to distinctly Romanizing influences.

'But my dear husband the Bishop was growing weaker all the time; and two years from the following February, just as the extra services were coming on in Lent, he sent at last for the doctor, who had married the widow of the Dean of Hichester-Drawers, but who did not, I think, seize the Bishop's case imaginatively. "The trouble with you is, Bishop," said the doctor, "you are very old and very tough." Just seven months later, as he was riding his bicycle into Oxford, he felt that his collar was growing *tight*, and it is my belief' — here O'Fayne stopped and shouted 'Where are you going?'

'Evening Prayers!' we yelled from the hallway. 'Hear the Chapel bell? We're late!' And we bolted from the tavern up the village street. Toward the end of the President's long prayer, Median nudged me, and whispered, 'He has been going a long time, but how much have we gotten out of it?'

Two or three weeks later, in the midst of a blizzard of whirling snow, we trudged our way through deep drifts to the old red tavern, and found O'Fayne in a state of great exaltation. He had attended for the first time our Sunday-morning chapel-service, and his spirit fairly reeked with disgust at it all.

'I knew just what to expect,' said O'Fayne, 'for that preacher with the white vest and the grand paunch had supper here last night. I watched the man. When I saw him pour a half-pint of cream over a big piece of hot mince-pie, I knew the Gospel of the Holy God was not in him.'

'Mr. O'Fayne,' interposed John Median, 'is that logical?'

''Tis not, Mr. Median,' answered O'Fayne, 'and 't is not in the race. But we have something higher than logic, and that's insight. However, I'll say this, to my sorrow, Mr. Median: that those who drink too much are always the most fierce against those that over-eat. We reverse the saying of the Holy Book, for we who are born after the spirit persecute them that are born after the flesh.

'But to go back to that sermon this morning, what a poor thing it was, and how sterile! As Mr. Median sometimes says, we were getting nothing at all. As soon as ever the preacher began about the man at the Pool of Bethesda, I could see clear to the end of his hard gravel road. So off went my mind with the same text and the same subject, "Another steppeth down before me!"

'But lads, lads! What a difference! This sermon of mine, the first that ever I made, gives the freshness of an April evening, and the real tragedy of the wurrld. Listen awhile now. I will read it to you.'

O'Fayne took from the table some sheets of foolscap and began: —

'Commonplace minds will make little of this tale of Bethesda Pool; and

the hardy perennials of religion will find here naught but a case of good healing. Give but a name to the bodily paralysis and all the dull will be satisfied.

'Here was a man who never was healed, for he was damned from his birth. The Grand Teacher had no confidence about him, for he took pains that he rarely took, and followed the man to the Temple and gave him fair warning of the worse things that might come to him.

'Here was a man of no character, and without any germ of the same. He could look no man steady in the eye. And why do I say it? Because when first asked if he really wished to be healed he made no answer at all, but began to whine out his sad tale of hard luck. And I say he never was cured. Ten years later, when Saint Paul and Saint Barnabas came to Jerusalem with young Timothy the Greek, they found him back at the Pool again as helpless as ever he had been. He had not liked his mason-work, he said, and he had fallen into the custom of hanging around the old pool for the sake of the talk there was there.'

Here John Median interposed. 'But where do you get all this, Mr. O'Fayne? It's not in the Bible.'

For the only time that winter O'Fayne shot an impatient look at poor John and gave no heed at all to the protest.

'"One day," explained the man of Bethesda to Saint Paul, "as I was standing near the Pool, something gave way in my back and I found myself just what I had been before. So once more I made my living by tips, and got my pleasure by listening to strangers who told me that despite my infirmity I had a mind of great brilliance."

'"This is interesting!" said Timothy, but the Great Apostle turned to Barnabas and declared it was the most disgusting sight he had ever seen in his life. "However," said Paul, "we need not worry about his going to Hell!" "Why is that?" laughed the young Greek. "Because," answered the apostle, "he is there already."'

Suddenly O'Fayne stopped. Then a strange thing happened. Without any warning, without any reason, he broke down and cried like a little boy.

John Median and I were aghast. Then I made a quick sign and we stole down the stairs.

That was the last time we ever saw him, for two days later when we called he had gone! We asked the innkeeper in a startled way where O'Fayne had vanished. 'EAST,' he half-shouted, 'and thank God!' Our host took a jackknife from his trousers-pocket, impaled the butt of his cigar on one of the lesser blades, and added, 'But I'll say this, — and I won't go back on it in no way, shape, manner, form, or degree, — he paid me his bill. And that bill has been runnin' for a consid'rable spell.'

We left him there in his mean little office as the darkness settled down, and I remember thinking how keenly that weed, almost consumed, must have felt the sharpness of the knife-blade.

On our way to the Widow's neither John nor I spoke. We sat down, and the silly little game was a draw; no lions, no elephants, just a donkey apiece. 'John,' said I finally, 'what do you suppose O'Fayne was — I mean, what was he really?'

'I think,' answered John, 'he was an Irish lord.'

'But in the books,' said I, 'Irish lords are always borrowing money.'

'That's why I think he was one!' replied Median.

'Great Scott!' I cried out in startled thrift, 'you don't mean to say that you — how much?'

John looked around cautiously, and then answered, in that quiet gentlemanly voice, 'Four hundred and fifty.'

RUSSIA, WITHOUT PREJUDICE

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY

I

EVERYONE knows the type of man who pays a short visit to some country new to him and comes back posing as an authority upon it. In England that type of person is most conspicuously represented by the politician who goes to India for two or three months in the cold weather and then comes back and in the House of Commons lays down the law upon Indian affairs in the presence of administrators who have had a lifelong experience of the country. My visit to Russia was short and left me with a full realization of the fact that the problems there arisen for solution far transcended my powers of understanding. I have nothing, therefore, to say about the Russian Revolution, about the men that it brought into power, about their theories of government and economics, or about the future of the new experiments there being tried. On the other hand a visitor, like any other newcomer, is able to derive a first impression, and if his stay is very short he carries that first impression away with him as a clear and distinct thing, a thing clear and distinct in exactly the same proportion in which it is shallow and limited; yet a first impression has a value of its own and may be worth putting on record.

It is within the experience of all of us, who have heard much about some prominent person before the opportunity of actually meeting him in the flesh arises, that when the day comes and we encounter him in the flesh we may receive a sudden and very definite impression of his personality and one which in no wise squares with what we had expected. Maturer knowledge often reveals that the first impression contained elements of truthful appreciation which long experience ultimately confirmed. As it is with men, so may it be with cities or countries. Who that has been there does not remember his first impression of Venice — or, for that matter, of London or New York? And that first impression may and often does remain a dominant and truthful factor in his idea of the place.

The reader will, therefore, be prepared to expect from me no mature judgment about Russia and the Russians, nor indeed any judgment at all; but only an account, as truthful as I can make it, of the way Russia a few months ago impressed a visitor who went there intending to maintain an entirely impartial attitude of observation. I went to Russia, in fact, almost formally, and certainly honorably, pledged to maintain that attitude. For I had asked for and received an invitation from the Soviet Government to visit Russia for a single and definite purpose, and that was to examine and report upon the condition of works of art in that country. It had been promiscuously stated in all sorts of journals and other publications that the art treasures of Russia had suffered some such damage and destruction as overtook the treasures of France in the

great Revolution. Many usually well-informed persons thought that the pictures in the Hermitage Gallery, in so far as they had not been destroyed, were in danger of dispersal; that the crown jewels had been scattered all over the earth; that the treasures of the ecclesiastical foundations had been melted down and sold; and, generally speaking, that the great reservoir of ancient treasure which Russia was known to have contained was heavily depleted.

Obviously I could expect to be shown what I desired to see only if I kept free from political intrigue. I therefore made it a rule to talk politics to no one, to make no inquiries about the economic situation, and to repel all confidences that might be thrust upon me. It was, of course, understood that I might use my eyes and draw my own conclusions from what I saw; indeed, before I left, formal permission was given me so to do. I am not going to avail myself of it for propaganda purposes; neither shall I endeavor to fix upon any individual or group responsibility for the misfortunes of the country.

A terrific upheaval had taken place, an upheaval which affected the life and fortunes of every inhabitant of Russia. Private property had been destroyed. There had been fighting in streets and palaces; houses had been burned; the whole structure of society had been changed. It was only natural to expect that precious objects large and small would have passed through perilous times. What I found was that, by some concatenation of circumstances which I can neither define nor account for, almost everything of historic and artistic value had passed through this revolution furnace unscathed. A good many private houses and especially country houses had been looted, but they seem to have contained nothing which the historian of Art would consider to be of great value. Some unrecognized treasure may thus have vanished; but looting did much less harm where private property had ceased to exist, and where the acquisition of valuable objects was not only prohibited but rendered almost impossible, than would have been the case in any other country. If a man looted a picture or some other valuable thing and carried it home with him, he was just as incapable of retaining possession of it as its original owner, for every private house, almost every room, in the cities of Russia was examined, and everything of any value was confiscated and carried to some place of assemblage.

The only museum of importance which fell into the hands of the mob for a time and suffered irreparable damage was the Treasury of the Metropolitan at Moscow. The Treasury contained a great deal of valuable plate, jeweled icons, books in golden bindings, and wonderful embroideries. Certainly some of these things suffered. The half of one golden book-binding had passed through the melting-pot before the other half was rescued. I cannot say how far destruction went on that occasion, but it had nothing whatever to do with the Bolsheviki. The destruction was wrought by the mob, and the Government troops were instantly employed to terminate the looting and protect the residue. All the other museums, so far as I could observe or learn, remained intact. So did all the royal palaces of the Emperor and the houses of the aristocracy. In Leningrad the houses of the Yusupofs, Shuvalovs, and Strogonovs, with everything remaining within them, were converted into museums, and several other important houses containing art treasures could be turned into museums if the Government had the funds to maintain them. All the palaces are in like condition,

and there is no sign in any of them of the hectic hours when their fate was in the balance. The Kremlin was bombarded, but I could see no trace of damage done, though of course a good many of its halls and chambers were inaccessible to me, being at the time occupied as Government offices and the residences of officials.

I need not delay over this part of my subject, for all that I have to say about it has been told at length in my recently published book, *Art Treasures of Soviet Russia*. The purpose of the present article is not to cover any of the ground described in that book, but to supplement that inquiry which was the principal object of my journey with some account of the surface appearance of things as beheld by an intelligent traveler.

II

On journeying toward Russia nothing surprised me more than the total ignorance about it that I found among all people with whom I came in contact; and nowhere was this ignorance more abysmal than in Berlin. The tourist-agency offices there did not even know at what hour or on what day of the week trains ran to Moscow. It was not until I reached Warsaw that I could obtain even such rudimentary information. In Poland again most of the information I received about Russia proved to be false. I was told that the moment I crossed the frontier I should find a total change in the aspect of the country. I expected to behold farms abandoned, farm-buildings fallen into disrepair, fields unploughed, and so forth. In point of fact, there was no difference in the aspect of the agriculture on different sides of the frontier. Naturally one can judge but little by looking out of the window of a railway train, but what I did see was farms apparently well tended and quite a number of new farm-buildings recently erected or actually in process of erection. I do not cite this as any proof of the general condition of agriculture in Russia or of the condition of the country as a whole, but merely as an example of the false information which one receives. Before I left Russia I came to one broad conclusion — not to believe anything I was told on either side and to regard with common suspicion the statements both of the supporters and of the enemies of the present régime.

What I gained or lost by the fact that I had never been in Russia before the war I am unable to say. On the one hand I cannot make comparisons which no doubt would have been interesting, but on the other hand neither was my observation clouded by memories of the past. I was able to look at the phantasmagoria of the moment with perfect detachment and to confine my attention to the things seen with no bias resulting from the things remembered. Thus on arriving in Moscow I was not struck, as are those who knew it in the old days, by the complete change in the aspect of the streets. Gone, I am told, is all the ancient picturesqueness of attire of the various races that here met and mingled together. Gone is every bit of aristocratic display. The tide of humanity flows through the streets in as full a flood as ever, perhaps fuller, for Moscow has now become the capital of Russia and the seat of its government. What everybody most notices is not the diversity but the uniformity of the people in the streets. Now and again you may meet a man with the appearance of a gentleman, and very much more rarely you may meet a lady, but practically the entire throng as I beheld it consisted of working people or people disguised as such. Whereas in England

and America the working classes tend to approximate in attire and manners to the upper classes, in Russia the force of circumstances and the intention of the Government tend to lower the standard of living and to depress all alike to the working-class level. As I said to a Soviet official, 'You are trying to arrive at equality by making everyone a wage-earner. We want to arrive at the same result by making every workingman a duke.'

It is a little difficult to convey to a reader the depressing aspect of the streets of Moscow and Leningrad, not so much because of the men, but because of the absence of women with any kind of taste in their dress. I do not think I saw out of doors above half-a-dozen women who were nicely, though simply, dressed; in their case it was evident that they had been the architects of their own clothes and were displaying their own taste. The number of vehicles in the streets was not inconsiderable. Trams were numerous and crowded, and apparently the tramway system was working well. There were generally one or two motor-cars in sight, but I think they were all official conveyances. One-horse carriages were plying for hire in considerable number. The drivers were mostly thieves!

I can speak of the railways only so far as my own journeyings carried me. The weekly train from Warsaw to Moscow had comfortable though not exactly luxurious sleeping-berths, and the same was true of the train which ran, certainly more than once a week, possibly every day, between Moscow and Leningrad. They traveled at a good pace, kept up to time, and there was nothing to complain of in the service as far as it went. Those trains in which I made shorter journeys, distances of fifty miles or so round the two big cities, were certainly far from luxurious. They consisted solely of third-class carriages with plain wooden seats; and not only was every seat taken, but standing-room was also crowded from one end of the train to the other. The carriages were scrupulously clean, and I was struck by the cleanliness of the people against whom I was pretty tightly packed. The German custom-house officer who found packages of Keating's and other insecticides in my luggage, and asked what they were, said to me, 'You will want them all,' but as a matter of fact I never wanted them at all. I cannot say anything about the condition of the country, but as far as the towns are concerned cleanliness has certainly been attained. The streets are well swept, and the result has evidently been arrived at by a definite and well-maintained policy.

Moscow and Leningrad struck me broadly as rather dilapidated stage-scenery might strike one in an empty theatre. There was all the setting for a distinguished society, but the setting was out of repair and the distinction was gone. After all, distinction is the final flower of civilization. The country without distinction is a body without a soul. I do not for a moment suggest that after an enormous revolution, when the whole foundations of society have been broken up and when the future exists only in embryo, an embryo too small to be discovered by the naked eye, it would have been possible for distinction to be arrived at. What the future of Russia may be one hundred years hence no one knows. It may have created an entirely new social structure and arrived at a distinction of a new character. At present the old distinction is gone and nothing has arisen to take its place. Here are the palaces of the Tsars, with their enormous wealth of equipment, splendid tapestries, rare furniture, magnificent services of plate, and fine pictures. Here are the houses of the great aristocrats of the past,

rivaling in splendor the palaces of the Emperor. Here are the wide streets, intended to display fine equipages and with open spaces for ceremonial occasions. Here are the gilded domes of many churches, great museums, public offices, and all the rest. Here too are historical monuments, some of them of considerable antiquity, redolent of history. And all these things are but the empty shell of a dead organism.

Thus there arises in the visitor a sense of desolation, a desolation such as one feels in the streets of Pompeii or Timgad; and this sense of desolation grows from day to day and from week to week; nor as yet is it in any considerable degree counterbalanced by any sense of hope of a new world that must some day come in Russia as after the French Revolution it arose in France. Believing as I do in the future of every great people, confident as I am that Russia must rearise from her ashes to a future greatness of some new sort, I yet was unable in the brief time at my disposal to discover the vital germ of a new civilization. Perhaps it is too soon to look for it. Certainly it is too soon for a passing stranger to find it.

The sense of death is most powerfully felt in Leningrad. In Moscow every house is occupied and all damage that the Revolution may have caused has been repaired, but in Leningrad the population is greatly diminished. The whole aristocratic quarter of the town is irreparably damaged. Grass grows in some of the streets, and what at first looked like the façades of stately houses is discovered on closer approach to be nothing but walls behind which are interiors gutted by fire or destroyed by pillage; nor is there any reason, so far as I can see, why these streets of houses fashioned for habitation by the wealthy should ever be repaired. The population of Leningrad is not likely to increase much; the falling-off of manufactures has diminished the working-class population, while the removal of the capital to Moscow has lessened by tens of thousands the official and bureaucratic classes.

As you pass through the country around the two great cities you see many factory chimneys, but few of them smoking. In England the Labor Party is always eloquent about the vast trade that might be done with Russia if only our Government would promote closer economic relations with the Soviet. I can speak of this with no authority, but I derived an impression, which the study of statistics since published tends to confirm, that manufacture in Russia is carried on at a loss and that capital invested in the making of commodities results in the production of an output which costs more to make than it can replace by sale. If this observation is correct, and if the Bolshevist theory is to be maintained in practice for any considerable length of time, it seems to follow that as the years go on the manufacturing towns of Russia will atrophy, and the drift, already observable, of population from the towns into the country will become more marked and the towns will be continuously depleted of folk. If events turn out thus, the Russia of the future will be a great country of peasant proprietors, working on the land, and the towns will be nothing but market places for the sale of their produce and the supply of their small necessaries of life.

III

The reader will understand that I make no claim to have arrived at conclusions which amount to more than a very scanty hypothesis. I may be utterly wrong, but my opinion, for its small worth, is that the seeds of a counter-revolution do not exist. The pre-Revolution Russia, as depicted by

its best writers, was run by a very ineffective and unenterprising bureaucracy. Their complete failure to uphold their power in the face of a revolutionary body, insignificant in number and for the most part intellectually ill equipped, gives little promise of a reaction led by the same people.

I think the origin of the change that has taken place lay very deep in the heart of Russia. Up to the time of Peter the Great, Russia was developing a civilization of her own. In so far as any of its factors arose out of the ancient world, they were either Byzantine or Asiatic. That civilization, if it had been left alone, would have developed on its own lines and would have grown into something different from anything the world has elsewhere to show. But its growth was suddenly stopped; by the forceful personality of Peter the Great it was given an entirely new orientation. Peter the Great, Catherine II, and later Tsars imposed upon Russia the civilization of Europe, and for upward of a century the four or five million people who floated upon the surface of the great sea of Russian peasantry lived a denationalized life which had its roots, not in the soil of their own country, but in the upper classes of Europe. The Revolution put an end to that régime. Whatever Russia becomes in the future, whatever civilization or social structure Russia develops, will not be in any sense European. She will not look West for inspiration. She will not follow Western precedents. She will go her own way, and I have no doubt that great results will follow.

What is going on now is mainly destruction. The whole aim of the Soviet Government is to destroy the traditions of the pre-war civilization. The process is a terrible one. The Government has closed the universities to the children of bourgeois parents and opened them only to the offspring of wage-earners. If this process can be drastically carried out and consistently maintained, the children of the upper and middle classes will become day laborers and the professional classes will consist entirely of the children of the workingman. Imagine that process continued throughout a generation and you will see how deep a gulf will lie between the past and the future. Obviously in such circumstances it is impossible for anyone to prophesy the outcome.

Perhaps I should have mentioned that Lenin, by endeavoring to impose upon the Russian people the theories of Karl Marx, was in fact making the mistake that had been made by Peter the Great. He was endeavoring to construct a Russian civilization in accordance with German theories, and his failure was due to that fact. So long as the Soviet authority attempts to rule the Russian people according to theories which do not take their origin in the soil, and which are not in accordance with the national character, just so long will the birth of the new Russia be delayed.

Every civilization that has attained to stability and has produced an outcome of value to the world has been one that spontaneously arose out of the people. The idea that you can impose upon any people a system of government, and still more a social structure, which has been elsewhere and by other races developed is fallacious. One hears it suggested that experiments in government by one people will be of value to other peoples. Thus the Federal Democracy of the United States has been a great and successful experiment, but it has been successful because it was suited to the people settled in a vast and prolific country capable of enormous exploitation and full of natural wealth. The success of the experiment

in no way proves that the same constitution would be of any value to another race living under other conditions of climate, soil, and geographical position. The same thing is true of the British Constitution. The success the people of Great Britain have had in managing their affairs under a constitution that changes with the centuries with almost the variability of their own climate in no wise proves that a similar constitution would be of any value to other races. Thus the attempt to endow Oriental peoples with constitutions based upon voting has so far proved an absolute failure; only a few doctrinaires believe that Egypt or India can ever successfully govern itself with a machine constructed on British principles.

Even if Russia were to make a success of what is called 'Communism,' that would be no reason for believing that Communism would be a suitable form of government for other folk. The future form of government of Russia when she attains stability, prosperity, and local happiness will be a form which no one can foresee. It will arise by the application of the forces of nature to the immense human organism that grows upon her soil, and will be something different from what the world has ever known. I am one of those who believe that the germ of this future organism is alive and is growing, but I am bound to admit that my belief has very little of definite observation at its root. The States of Europe were moulded by Christianity, those of the middle East were moulded by the religion of Islam. Bolshevism possesses many of the qualities of a religion and it is those qualities which will prove to be its vital moulding forces.

IV

An illustrative parallel may be drawn between the growth and spread of Bolshevism and of Christianity. Bolshevism took its origin in Lenin, who was a man of enormous force, a man who imposed himself with overwhelming power upon the imagination of those who came under his influence. He surrounded himself with a small group of followers whose faith in him was unlimited. His vitality survives him. It may well be that a thousand years hence he will be as vivid a personality as is Mohammed to-day. However hateful we may think his theories, however we may revolt against his personality, however we may lament the cruelties that accompanied the movement which he led, we cannot deny that he possessed a power, diabolic if you wish to call it so, which as a personal force has been possessed by few men in the history of the world. He impressed himself, rather than his theories, upon his immediate followers. You may call them, if you please, the apostles of his religion. They attracted and organized the support of a larger body of adherents and they obtained control over the destinies of Russia. Thus was formed the 'Party,' which consists of some three hundred thousand individuals, corresponding to the Early Church. The creed of that party is in process of definition. Assemblages of its representatives meet from time to time, discuss, and decide upon this and the other principle. Once a decision has been arrived at, it is like the decisions of the religious councils of the Early Church. It becomes an article of faith, which must be accepted, and all those who do not accept it are in the position of heretics. Outside of what has thus been defined, differences of opinion are allowed and are even favored, but with a view to ultimate settlement and incorporation in the orthodox faith.

Thus there is growing up a body of dogma which by analogy I am calling

the Bolshevist Church. Behind this body of dogma there is the passionate faith of the Party, which controls Russia just as the Church controlled the Christian world after the days of Constantine the Great. But just as the enthusiastic believers among Christians at that time were but a small proportion of the population, and there survived among the masses of the people a great deal of paganism, so now the mass of the Russian people is but slightly impregnated with Bolshevist doctrines. This mass, however, is practically inert and is little likely in the near future to generate a rival faith able to threaten Bolshevism.

If what I have said is in any way true, it follows that it is foolish to expect any voluntary abandonment of propaganda on the part of the Bolsheviki. In practice they may in time come to discover that their faith finds no acceptance among their peoples. Up to the present day, Islam is in theory as propagandist as it was in the days of Mohammed. Christians, so long as they believe in their religion, will never cease their attempts to spread it. It is indeed the necessary characteristic of any living faith that it endeavors to spread. If the Christian churches ceased to send forth missionaries it would be a proof that the hold of Christianity upon its adherents had practically failed. In so far, therefore, as Bolshevism possesses the qualities of a religion, it must be propagandist. The rest of the world, if it desires to maintain its freedom from Bolshevism, must do so, not by obtaining promises of quiescence from the Bolsheviki, but by maintaining among its own people a lively faith in its own institutions. The Russian Government might promise to abstain from propaganda and, as a Government, it might fulfill that promise, but that would have no practical result, because the body that corresponds to the Bolshevist Church — that is to say, the Community of the Faithful — cannot in fact be restrained by the Russian Government. That Community does not draw its life from the Government, but the Soviet authority draws its life from the Community.

Herein, in fact, lies the peril of Bolshevism for the more advanced societies of the civilized world. Bolshevism may be compared to a low organism, a kind of cancer, which if it once gets into the system is liable to eat up and destroy the more complex organisms on which it grows. So long as other countries are living vigorous and healthy national lives, they are capable of resisting the attack of this low organism; but if there were to be a country which contained among the mass of its people a considerable body of folk of a low type living under bad conditions, and sundered by class and even racial differences from the healthy mass of the people, Bolshevism might quite easily fasten upon that group or class and might thence spread and destroy the whole social structure, in the end extirpating a much higher civilization. Though Bolshevism, coming thus as a disease among the superior peoples of the West, might be productive of the most terrible results, it does not follow that in Russia, among the very backward people that produced it, it might not prove to be the beginning of a reorganization of the people. In Russia some sound polity may grow out of it, which will ultimately organize that vast population into a coherent whole.

Let the reader, however, make no mistake. I am not an apologist for Bolshevism. I am not an admirer of it. I am merely an observer endeavoring impartially to look at the present and to reach out toward the future, firmly convinced that only those forces in a

movement can be productive of undying results which are based upon fundamental human qualities. Whatever is contrary to sound humanity must sooner or later come to nothing. If in the turmoil of the Russian Revolution and the emergence of Bolshevism there exist any germs of truth, they will manifest themselves in process of time. The forces of nature and of humanity will suffice, if left alone, to destroy the evil that no doubt exists alongside the good. All that the world has to do is to stand aside and leave Russia to work out her own salvation, seeing to it, each nation for itself, that it preserves its own people in sound national health and contentment.

AFTER CAVALRY—WHAT?

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

AUGUST 9, 378 A.D.

A SULTRY summer day on the plains of Adrianople; two armies engaged in desperate struggle — one the shield and symbol of Roman imperial power, the other the embodiment of the Barbarian challenge to Rome's sovereignty.

The Emperor Valens — confident in the superiority of the Roman legion, through long centuries the 'queen of battle' and with all the traditions of a thousand victorious fields behind it — had marched out from the shelter of Adrianople's walls that morning to attack the army of the Goths under their famous leader Fritigern. The moment was inopportune to the Goths, for the main body of their cavalry was away foraging at a distance. With a craft worthy of the Byzantine Emperors later, or of Kutusoff before Austerlitz, Fritigern employed an embassy to gain time for the recall of his cavalry. The parley proving fruitless, the Roman army developed a strong attack on the Goths' position. The scales of victory hung in the balance, when suddenly a cloud of dust appeared in the distance, growing rapidly larger and nearer until it materialized as the mass of the Gothic cavalry. Riding straight to the battlefield, the flying squadrons of Alatheus and Safrax charged like a thunderbolt against the flank of the imperial army.

'Two of Valens' squadrons, which covered the flank of his array, threw themselves in the way of the oncoming mass, and were ridden down and trampled under foot. The Goths swept down on the infantry of the left wing, rolled it up, and drove it in upon the centre. So tremendous was the impact that the legions and cohorts were pushed together in helpless confusion . . . in a press that grew closer every moment. The Roman cavalry saw that the day was lost and rode off without another effort; then the abandoned infantry realized the horror of their position; equally unable to deploy or to fly, they had to stand to be cut down. . . . Into this quivering mass the Goths rode, plying sword and lance against the helpless enemy. It was not till two thirds of the Roman army had fallen that the thinning of the ranks enabled a few thousand men to break out.'

When the sun went down that evening on the corpse-piled battlefield of Adrianople, it set also on the great Roman Empire, for, though the twilight was to be prolonged for several centuries, the spell that Rome had cast upon the Western world was shattered. The end was postponed by taking the Barbarians into partnership; henceforth the Emperor might be senior partner or sleeping partner in the firm, according to his ability and circumstances, but he was never again to exercise the sway of earlier days. As a military disaster to the Roman arms Adrianople finds its one counterpart in Cannæ, but its political significance is far greater.

It is, too, as great a landmark in military as in world history. For nearly six centuries, since Zama and Cynoscephalæ, the Roman infantry had been the dominant factor in warfare, its legions instrument and token of world power.

On the ninth of August, 378 A.D., the sun set on the supremacy of infantry, the glory of the legions was buried under the heaps of the slain, and the age of cavalry was ushered in. It was to last for nearly a thousand years — until the Swiss pikemen at Laupen and the English bowmen at Cressy reversed the balance.

AUGUST 8, 1918 A.D.

Another summer day, on the banks of the Somme in front of Amiens; again the fearful clash of two armies — one the weapon of Imperial Germany in her bid for world supremacy, the other the shield and symbol of outraged civilization in defense of her liberty. In her army Germany possesses a superbly trained instrument that reminds us of the Roman legions. For half a century her arms have been the menace of the modern world and, in tactical efficiency at least, have maintained the traditions of 1866 and 1870. During four years her machine-gunners, heirs of the Roman legionaries, have defied all the efforts of orthodox tactics to overthrow them, exacting as the price of any gain a cost in Allied lives out of all proportion to the barren results.

The foresight and insight of a small group of men, helped by the practical mechanical aptitude of a few more, had provided us with a new weapon — the tank, originally intended purely as an antidote to the German machine-guns and trenches. The obstacles and delays these pioneers met with are now part of history. Even when the tank emerged into being, for more than a year its advantages were lost, used in driblets or frittered away in the bogs of Flanders, — ground essentially unsuitable to its limitations, — until at Cambrai, in November 1917, its correct tactical employment was at last appreciated by authority, as distinct from its originators.

The story of 1918 is too recent history to need much repetition. The Allied armies, reeling under a series of onslaughts, were still 'with their backs to the wall' when the counterstroke of July 18 came to their relief. Even so, it seemed to an anxious waiting world that the scales still hung trembling in the balance. Hope was revived, but, even if the best befell, all felt that the path to victory must be long and arduous; none assuredly was vouchsafed a vision of what was to come about in three brief months.

The curtain fell and remained down for some weeks while the world waited expectant for the next act of the drama; only a privileged few were allowed behind the scenes. Then, in the early hours of August 8, the blow fell — the German machine-gunners were overrun and slaughtered by the charge of British tanks, almost as helplessly as their forerunners at Adrianople, exactly fifteen hundred and forty years

before. Let the story be epitomized in the words of the enemy, of Ludendorff himself: 'August 8 was the black day of the German Army in the history of the war. . . . The divisions in line allowed themselves to be completely overwhelmed. Divisional staffs were surprised in their headquarters by enemy tanks.'

The victorious method of August 8 was repeated and repeated, in essentials at least, during a brief and glorious 'hundred days,' until the German power and will to resist was broken. On this last phase the verdict of Ludendorff is: 'Mass attacks by tanks and artificial fog remained hereafter our most dangerous enemies.'

I

In this historical parallel between the ninth of August, 378 A.D., and the eighth of August, 1918 A.D., lies, it is claimed, the clue to the stalemate of the Western Front in the Great War, to the four years' stagnation of trench-warfare which was both the outstanding feature and the dominating factor of the world conflict on land. The rival armies were as powerless to shake free from the toils of the trenches as were often the actual men from the clinging mud of those same trenches. During those four years, offensive after offensive was staged and launched on either side, desperate and costly assaults hurled against the trench-barriers — to gain a few square miles, or less, of desolated, useless ground at the price of scores of thousands of lives, the losses of the self-acclaimed victors far exceeding those of the side which yielded these barren acres.

A school of thought has arisen in Europe since the war, — Jean de Pierrefeu is the best-known example, — which draws from these futile assaults of 1914–1918 the lesson that 'the offensive' is inherently faulty as a form of action. The eagerness of many of them, especially in France, to find any stick with which to beat the pre-war dog — the rival school which formed the entourage of Joffre and dictated the extreme offensive strategy of 1914 — makes them overlook the *reductio ad absurdum* to which a general acceptance of the offensive-defensive doctrine leads us.

It was not the principle of the offensive which was at fault, but the methods by which the general staffs tried to carry it into effect. Worst of all was their failure to grasp that the development of modern weapons had made war lopsided, and that until this lopsidedness was remedied not only were all offensives doomed to sputter out in a welter of useless bloodshed, but no decision could be possible save by the slow and mutually suicidal method of attrition.

The Russo-Japanese War gave us a foretaste of the stagnation of 1914–1918, but the lesson was lost on the general staffs of the world, who continued to develop the effect and range of weapons without troubling about their mobility, lacking which the offensive power of weapons merely stultifies itself. Thus does the technical study of a profession tend to blind men to its broader aspects, losing sight of the wood for the trees. Yet to any intelligent man, soldier or civilian, with a bare knowledge of the history of warfare, the lopsided nature of twentieth-century armies, its cause, and its inevitable consequence, should have been apparent.

The conduct of war, as distinct from its technical details, is a matter of pure common-sense, and throughout military history the hallmark of the great captains has been that they stripped the art of war of the entwining coils of professional custom and prejudice that habitually spring up in each era like

ivy until they suffocate and drain the sap from the tree of common-sense action. All fighting, whether a street scrap betwen two corner boys or *la grande guerre*, is in essentials the same, and to clear our vision of the undergrowth of custom and technicality we do well at intervals to go back and study war in its simplest form. In a bout of fisticuffs, a man leads off with one fist, in order to fix his opponent's attention and engage his resources, and then delivers the knock-out blow with his other fist.

The essence of these tactics is that the enemy is attacked from two directions practically at the same moment, so that in parrying the one he exposes himself to the other. Here in a nutshell is the ruling formula of all tactics, great or small — that of fixing combined with decisive manœuvre. That is, while one limb of the force fixes the enemy, pinning him to the ground and absorbing his attention and reserves, the other limb strikes at a vulnerable and exposed point — usually the flank or line of retreat and communications in war, just as it is the chin or solar plexus in boxing. If we read military history we find that this convergent attack from two directions simultaneously was the master key used by all the great artists of war, as distinguished from the mere artisan generals who relied on 'push of pike' and sheer weight of assault.

Right through the ages, however, so long as armies moved and fought as a whole, uniting before action and drawing up in a definite order of battle, this convergent attack was purely a battlefield manœuvre obtained by overlapping one or more of the enemy's flanks, or occasionally by placing a fraction of the force in readiness just beyond the flank of the army. Save for exceptional instances, the product of circumstances rather than deliberate design, the strategic convergence was unknown before Napoleon, and is the latter's supreme contribution to the art of war. The far-flung strategic movements of Jenghiz Khan and Subutai in the thirteenth century were undiscovered by students of war until recent years, and so have no place in the evolution of warfare among the European nations. In the strategic convergence two or more forces, or fractions of the army, converge on the enemy from distant points — the movements perhaps beginning long before, when the location of the eventual battlefield is no more than a shadowy idea in the mind of the commander-in-chief. In this connection the Battle of Adrianople has a special interest, for we may there see in embryo a limited strategic convergence. Though the division of the Gothic Army, and the fact that the cavalry of Alatheus and Safrax were at a distance, were due to the exigencies of forage and not to design, it is curious that the dramatic success of this convergence from outside the battlefield arena evoked no echo in the military thought of the time, or of subsequent centuries.

But the tactical use of the convergent attack may be traced in nearly every famous victory throughout history, and we find almost invariably that the infantry is the arm used for fixing the enemy and the cavalry for the decisive manœuvre — because of its natural suitability for rapid outflanking movements, the devastating momentum developed during its charge, and the demoralizing influence its furious onset inspires in exhausted or shaken troops.

To Alexander belongs the credit of developing this wise application of the law of economy of force, and from Alexander at Granicus to Hannibal at Cannæ and Scipio at Zama we see the employment of cavalry for the decisive

blow. Then for some centuries came the reign of the legions, with cavalry filling a comparatively minor rôle. By the highly developed skill of the legions the flanking action of cavalry was frustrated, as may be observed in Cæsar's tactics at Pharsalia. The reign of infantry continued, save for intermittent checks, until Adrianople, which, as we have noted, forced its abdication in favor of cavalry. Then for a thousand years cavalry was supreme and infantry became a mere accessory, to garrison towns or to operate in broken and hilly country. The decay of infantry was so marked that cavalry could ride it down by a direct charge and there was no need for tactical skill, nor in truth did it exist. This epoch was the Dark Ages of the art of war, as well as of European civilization.

With the growth of feudal chivalry, the mail-clad knight or man-at-arms was omnipotent against the raw, poorly armed levies, raised in emergency, who constituted the only infantry. Guarded by his armor, endowed with mobility through his horse, and producing tremendous hitting-power for shock action in his spear and sword, thus combining in himself all three elements, he was able to ride down the infantry levies with impunity. For the time he was indeed an ideal fighting instrument, lacking only tactical skill. It was this deficiency which brought about his downfall almost as much as any countermeasures. He had not the knowledge and insight to warn him against the increasing tendency to sacrifice mobility for protection, by a constant augmentation of his armor, nor to apprise himself of his own limitations and dissuade him from frontal attacks over unsuitable ground against strongly posted infantry.

The discovery of these limitations in the fourteenth century, against the Swiss pikemen and against the English archers at Cressy, came as such a shock that he swung to the opposite extreme and discarded the mobility which was his supreme asset. Thus was seen the absurdity of Poictiers, with its dismounted cavalry masses hardly able to advance because of the weight of their armor, a dense and immobile target for the English bowmen.

With the introduction of firearms came a still further negation of the true cavalry doctrine, the squadrons riding up to the enemy's line, discharging their pistols, and then wheeling. The cavalry tactics of the sixteenth century were for the mounted arm to rely on its rudimentary firearms, as if in feeble imitation of the Mongol horse-archers of Sabutai, instead of on the shock of the charge.

To Gustavus Adolphus is due the credit of introducing into modern war the true tactics of cavalry and of combining the action of the two arms as had Alexander, Hannibal, and Scipio. Thus it is that we see, again, infantry fixing the enemy and cavalry for the decisive manœuvre, in such famous examples as Cromwell at Naseby, Condé at Rocroi, Frederick — or rather, perhaps, Seydlitz — at Zorndorf, Napoleon at Dresden, Wellington at Salamanca.

The renaissance of cavalry in modern history was a revival of the characteristics of the era of Alexander and Hannibal, rather than of the cycle opening with Adrianople, for infantry, being now equipped with firearms and supported by artillery, was able to hold its own. It was perhaps fortunate for it that while these new weapons were in their infancy cavalry tactics were lacking in vigor and speed, and the progressive revival of cavalry shock-action coincided with a steady improvement in firearms, so that infantry was generally able to resist the onslaught, except when shaken or caught in disorder.

Unhappily for cavalry, also, its possibilities of tactical progress were necessarily more limited than the mechanical possibilities of firearms, and in actual fact reached their zenith while the flintlock musket was still the staple infantry-weapon. Then in the middle of the last century came the invention and general adoption of the breech-loading rifle and the Minié elongated bullet, and the increased accuracy and deadliness of infantry weapons soon brought about the virtual extinction of the cavalry charge.

But a traditional reluctance to face new facts delayed the general recognition of this truth. In 1870 the success of the Uhlans as a protective screen and for reconnaissance obscured both the rarity of offensive cavalry-action and the disastrous results of the few charges that were made, such as at Worth and Vionville. Clear thinking would have distinguished between the separate rôles of guarding and hitting — the latter of which was no longer feasible.

Finally, with the twentieth century, came the machine-gun and the automatic rifle, and with them the definite and complete disappearance from the battlefield of the cavalry charge.

II

The action of cavalry was vital to the functioning of the body military, and, when it ceased to work, warfare became stagnant.

To grasp the reason of this we have but to dissect war in terms of its three basic elements — guarding, moving, and hitting. The keynote of cavalry and its essential value have always lain in its mobility. In the first place this mobility has made it the best instrument to reconnoitre and to gain information about the enemy and his movements, and to form a protective screen at a distance from the main forces. This form may be termed guarding-mobility. Modern invention has, however, given us in the aeroplane an instrument immensely faster, possessing a far greater range both of movement and of observation, and untrammeled by surface obstacles, because flying above them — but, by reason of this, unable to carry out such a thorough and detailed reconnaissance as can a cavalryman who moves along the ground.

By the universal consent of all general staffs, aircraft have replaced cavalry as the means of distant reconnaissance, leaving to cavalry the duty of close reconnaissance and acting as a protective screen within a short radius of the main forces, supplemented, however, by armored cars on the roads. It is possible that even this rôle may eventually be taken over by light tanks, cross-country cars carrying lightly equipped infantry, or scouts mounted on tractorized motor-cycles. But this time is not yet, and must depend on mechanical improvements, though it may be hastened by the rapid disappearance of the horse from civil transportation.

In the second place comes the mobility of cavalry for strategic movements, a means by which a commander could transfer part of his strength from one point to another to effect an unexpected concentration of force at some vital spot. Even in the past the value of cavalry was hardly distinguishable from that of mounted infantry in this respect, and now the development of railway and motor transport for troop movements has practically replaced them for this function, save in desert or undeveloped lands. Even in the latter the cross-country car threatens their position, if we may judge by the French exploits in Morocco and the Sahara.

Finally there is hitting-mobility, —

that used for direct offensive action, — which lies in the impetus of attack and demoralizing effect given by speed of onslaught. This has been the rôle of heavy cavalry, as distinct from the early dragoons and their successors, mounted infantry. In the cavalry charge has rested the supreme value of this arm. From Adrianople to La Haye Sainte a thousand fields have borne witness to its sovereign efficacy.

But when modern fire made this impossible on the battlefield — though the farce was still played at the German manœuvres to please the showman's eye of the Kaiser — the punch went out of warfare, defense triumphed over attack, and the conception of decisive military victory became a mirage in the desert of trench-warfare. Infantry aided by artillery could fix the enemy, disrupt and disorganize his screening forces, but there was no effective means of completing their efforts by a decisive blow such as cavalry had formerly delivered. Here lay the root cause of the stalemates of the Russo-Japanese War and the Great War, the reason why during the years 1914–1918 it proved so easy to break into the enemy's trench positions, so difficult, nay impossible, to break through them in time to smash his resistance and prevent his preparing fresh positions a mile or two in rear.

It became one of the tragic jokes of those weary years to see the cavalry massed, in readiness for its long-awaited rôle, behind the point where a grand attack was to be launched, raising hopes never to be fulfilled, for, if even isolated squadrons attempted to pass through, a few odd machine-guns sufficed to bring to a halt their vain advance.

Can a more damning comment be made upon the leaders of the armies than they themselves afforded by their Micawber-like faith that 'something would turn up' to give cavalry its chance — presumably to enter a Promised Land where inconvenient machine-guns did not exist — and by their utter lack of effort to provide a substitute for cavalry's rôle suitable to modern conditions?

The deadlock was broken only by the coming of the tank, a new weapon thrust upon the military hierarchy in face of their distrust and opposition. Misused at first, whether from obtuseness or of intent, its value was disparaged by those who misapplied it, and its very continuance was in jeopardy, until the astounding surprise coup at Cambrai in November 1917.

The decisive part it played in the drama of 1918 was acknowledged, somewhat grudgingly, by the Allied commanders and, more emphatically, by the Germans who suffered from it. But with the coming of peace a characteristic reaction took place toward time-honored and traditional methods — typified by the Regular officer who at 11 A.M. on November 11, 1918, heaved a sigh of relief on hearing the Armistice signals, exclaiming, 'Thank heavens! Now we shall be able to get back to *real* soldiering!'

III

It is an axiom that nations learn more readily from defeat than from victory, and though for the nonce Germany is prohibited from building tanks, her post-war military reviews and text-books bear ample witness to the study that is being devoted to them and their tactics. Will she repeat both the recovery of the Eastern Roman Empire and the basic idea of its military reorganization? 'Theodosius, on whom devolved the task of reorganizing the troops of the Empire, appears to have appreciated to its fullest extent the military meaning of the fight at Adrianople. Abandoning the old Roman

theory of war, he decided that the cavalry must in future compose the most important part of the imperial army.'

Unable to provide this new arm in sufficient numbers or quality from home resources, he obtained it by enlisting wholesale the services of Teutonic allies. Here again we may ask ourselves whether Germany, temporarily debarred from producing her own tanks, though for different reasons, will use Russia as her tool in developing these new sources of military power.

Whether the former Allied Powers have imbibed the lessons of 1918, and adequately developed the means that brought them victory, is a moot point.

Financial stringency and war weariness played certainly as great a part as conservatism among military authorities in preventing far-reaching schemes of tank-expansion. There is justice in the claim that, as tank design is still in its infancy, such money as is available can be more wisely spent in experiments to develop more efficient and reliable types of tank than in equipping armies with a large number of tanks that may be obsolete in a few years.

Meanwhile, however, post-war reorganization and establishments have been crystallizing, and when once the proportionate strengths of the various arms are settled they have a tendency to become fixed. Save under the stress and shocks of war, large changes are difficult, if not impossible, to bring about. In peace-time, with estimates and expenditures rigidly limited, an increase in one arm implies the reduction of another, and, as is but natural, sentiment and interest combine to resist the change. Disbanded regiments mean not only marred careers but the severance of great traditions. To transplant individuals from one regiment or corps to another is too often productive of discord and discontent under the settled conditions of peace-time. Thus it is rarely feasible, save under the pressure of an imminent and vivid emergency such as will spur men to sacrifice their personal feelings and interests for the sake of the army and the nation. It is this fact that causes disquietude over the otherwise sound policy of experiment before production. Inevitably, military organization and thought are settling down into definite channels all the time the experiment is going on.

In the 1919 campaign 10,000 tanks and 7500 cross-country tractors were being built for the Allies. Now the British Army has only five tank battalions, possessing but a few-score tanks of up-to-date design. Like the American Army, it is experimenting — an official phrase that is often a pseudonym for inertia, or at best a limited safety-valve for enthusiasts who might otherwise become troublesome.

The French Army has a far greater number of tanks, though its tanks are obsolete and its mechanical progress lags behind its ideas. But it at least works on the basis of a higher proportion of tanks to the other arms than do the other countries, where one tank battalion to a division is the most that is visualized.

To appreciate that this idea is retrogressive there is no need to project ourselves into the far future, with its visions of naval warfare on land waged by tank fleets, or to number ourselves with the hot-headed reformers who would wipe out the existing arms with a stroke of the pen. Plain common-sense and a knowledge of history will show us that, even if warfare moves in cycles, they are progressive cycles, and that each succeeding war in modern times between the Great Powers shows an advance mechanically on the last, and at least begins where the last left off.

What, then, is the cause of this step

back in the proportion of tanks to the other arms?

There is no question that the general staffs of all nations regard the tank as a valuable adjunct to the arms already existing — infantry, cavalry, artillery.

Yet curiously, in this very recognition, as we have stated it, lies the explanation of the small proportion of tanks to the other arms in the armies of 1925. Similarly, with subordinate commanders, the value many of them now place on tanks is the cause of their misuse in post-war manœuvres.

Despite the high speed and relatively less obstacle-crossing power of the latest tanks, they are still regarded as an adjunct to the infantry, and a means of helping the latter — as was the primary purpose of the tanks in the Great War.

The root of the difficulty lies in the fact that for centuries soldiers have been accustomed to think in terms of three main arms — infantry, cavalry, artillery. Then in the last war came the addition of tanks, and soldiers were in a quandary where to place them. The British treat them as an extra arm to the three originals; the French consider them as part of the infantry.

The right classification and right use of tanks are to be found by a study of history in the light of the unchanging and fundamental principles of war — with one eye on the past and the other on the future, for history has a strange way of repeating itself.

IV

Herein lies both the explanation and the object of our opening comparison between the ninth of August, 378 A.D., and the eighth of August, 1918 A.D. The deduction is that tanks are not an extra arm, or a substitute for infantry, but the modernized form of heavy cavalry.

Cavalry enthusiasts, reluctant to see their old love disappear, draw such grains of comfort as they can from its success in the limited spheres of close reconnaissance and for movement in uncivilized lands which happen to be flat and suitable for cavalry. In their anxiety to prepare a case for the defense they overstress this limited value. If, instead of thinking of cavalry as men on horseback, one thought of it as the mobile arm, the source of many misconceptions and prejudices would be removed. For in fulfilling its historical functions cavalry has assumed many different forms and comprised radically different types and patterns.

On the other hand, the modernist school that considers cavalry an anachronism concentrates its energies on destructive criticism. What neither side seems concerned with is to remedy the lopsidedness of modern warfare and to discover a substitute for the vitally important rôle of decisive manœuvre formerly fulfilled by cavalry — a rôle that was indeed the main purpose of the mobile arm.

It is not too much to say that the drying-up of cavalry action has caused the decay of generalship and that the art of war as understood by the great captains cannot revive until a substitute for cavalry's former offensive rôle is recognized — for it has already been found, if the history of war be appraised logically. The Battle of Amiens needs to be studied in the light of the Battle of Adrianople.

The tank is at least as well protected against infantry weapons as was the mediæval cavalry, its range and speed of movement are greater, its hitting-power superior — making all allowance for the vastly improved weapons it has to face.

Like the cavalry of old, the tank has its limitations; there are certain types of ground on which it is handicapped

and certain defenses against which it is helpless. These limitations must be appreciated, and its tactical employment based on them, as were those of cavalry by the great captains. Has the eighth of August, 1918, ushered in a tank age, as the ninth of August, 378, brought in a cavalry age? Only the future can tell. The status of infantry is now in the scales. Those who shared in the experience of 1918, and even more those who have watched the latest tanks sweeping over rough country at twenty miles per hour, swinging round in their own length and then off again, like prehistoric monsters of Conan Doyle's *Lost World*, can have little doubt that, on ground suitable to tank action, infantry is helpless against them. But in most countries there is wooded, hilly, or swampy ground where tanks cannot operate. By taking advantage of such tank-proof localities and areas, infantry may retain a useful rôle until a modern successor of the longbow of Cressy is invented to restore the balance.

Conversely, the full benefit of the tank substitute for cavalry depends on how far the commanders of to-day take to heart the lesson that mediæval chivalry failed to appreciate until taught by bitter experience, and then misinterpreted in such a way as to rob cavalry of its chief asset, mobility. So long as tanks are intermingled with infantry and frittered away in driblets on unsuitable ground, they will be no more effective than the fourteenth-sixteenth century cavalry, before Gustavus Adolphus.

Once appreciate that they are not an extra arm or a mere aid to infantry, but are the modern form of heavy cavalry, and their correct tactical use is clear — to be concentrated and used in as large masses as possible for decisive manœuvre against the flanks and communications of the enemy, which have been fixed by the infantry and the artillery.

Then not only may we see the rescue of mobility from the toils of trench-warfare, but with it the revival of generalship and of the art of war, in contrast to its mere mechanics. Instead of machines threatening to become the masters of man, as they actually did in 1914–1918, they will give man back opportunities for the use of his art. On the battlefields of the future may be repeated the triumphs of an Arbela, a Cannæ, a Zama, or an Austerlitz. It will then again be true to say with Napoleon: '*Men* do not matter; it is the *man* who counts.' The realization that the proper rôle of the tank, at present a Cinderella, is the supremely vital act of decisive manœuvre will do more than anything else to sweep away the prejudice that always attaches to an innovation, and so pave the way for a readjustment of the proportions of the various arms.

Better still, the restoration of a mobile arm for offensive action will keep alight the cavalry spirit, the very soul of war. To-day the germs of trench-warfare still linger in the military system, with all their deadening effects on mind and action, which can be counteracted only by inoculation with the serum of mobility. To save us from the indecisiveness of recent methods of warfare, which inflict permanent injury on the economic life of both sides, we stand in great need of the lightning grasp of a situation, the rapidity of action, and the energy in exploiting the fleeting opportunities of battle, which are the essence of the cavalry spirit.

The tank assault of to-morrow is but the long-awaited rebirth of the cavalry charge, with the merely material change that moving fire is added to shock and that the cavalry-tank replaces the cavalry-horse.

Thus, to paraphrase, 'The cavalry is dead! Long live the cavalry!'

DEATH AND TAXES

BY RAYMOND EDWARDS HUNTINGTON

I

BELOW the age of forty the average man has little interest in inheritance taxes, but let him become an heir or an executor and suddenly he is keenly interested in a subject of bewildering complexity. Unless he has the legal turn of mind, the more he looks into the subject the more confused he is apt to become. The intricacy of the situation is appalling.

There is no standardized inheritance tax. The District of Columbia, Florida, Alabama, and Nevada impose no inheritance taxes. Each of the other forty-five States has its own individual tax-rate, exemptions, deductions, and special methods of computation. In addition to State inheritance taxes there is the supremely effective Federal Estate Tax on all estates of over $50,000. Again we find that the Estate Tax is based upon a fundamentally different principle from the inheritance taxes of the great majority of the States.

In fact the confusion has become so marked and so costly that President Coolidge himself addressed a conference of tax officials from the different States and made a strong appeal for a common-sense revision of inheritance taxes with a view to removing the vicious features, reducing the burden of these taxes, and clarifying the entire situation. He even went so far as to suggest for consideration either that the Federal Government should step aside, abolish its Estate Tax, and leave the field to the States, or that the States should retire, let the Federal Government collect all death taxes, and apportion them among the States which would otherwise have jurisdiction.

He laid special stress on the overlapping-tax evil which is one of the glaring injustices of the present situation, and made clear the dangers of such vicious legislation by illustrating the wasting of estates by this multiple capital levy. Pointing out the tremendous burdens imposed upon the estates of our captains of business by the high brackets of the Estate Tax, simultaneously with the overlapping inheritance taxes, he sounded a warning that a continuation of such taxation would kill initiative, undermine the very foundations of business, and lead to Communism. The logic of his argument for tax reduction and simplification was indisputable. The press gave wide publicity to and approval of the President's position. A few days later this conference of tax officials adjourned.

What has happened since?

Unmistakable results of the President's firm stand on multiple taxation and tax reduction soon began to appear in the different legislatures. On February 24, Nevada went to the extreme by passing an act which repealed her existing inheritance-tax law, this act to take effect on July 1. Bills began to crop up in other legislatures seeking to abolish similar legislation. For a short time it looked as if several States

would abandon inheritance taxes. Three days ahead of Nevada, Wyoming graciously let down the bars to nonresidents on stocks of domestic corporations. In Kansas a bill was introduced to repeal the transfer tax of near relatives; in Ohio a bill to repeal the inheritance tax of that State; in New York a bill to increase the exemption to members of Class 1 from $5000 to $10,000; in Pennsylvania a proposal to amend the constitution so as to grant exemptions, and another measure to exempt the transfer of personal property within the jurisdiction of the State of a nonresident decedent. In Arizona and Delaware we find efforts to abolish the inheritance-tax laws; in Oklahoma a bill aimed at the income-tax law as well; in New Jersey an effort to amend the constitution and abolish both inheritance and income taxes. Other States have made gestures in these directions.

New York is one of the few States that met the overlapping-tax evil sensibly, with a new law. In this new law that State inserts a reciprocal-exemption clause which exempts a nonresident from taxation by New York (*a*) if he is a resident of a State that has no inheritance tax, such as Alabama, or (*b*) if his State of residence extends a similar reciprocal exemption to nonresidents, as does Massachusetts.

To what degree do inheritance taxes overlap?

Speaking in general terms, the property of the nonresident which is most widely taxed is stock — shares of a corporation which may have one or more States of incorporation. If the corporation in which his stock makes him virtually a partner happens to be incorporated in several States, so much the worse for his family when the time comes to pay inheritance taxes. Each of those several States may exercise the power to exact and collect a tax on the same block of stock, and these taxes will be in addition to the tax of his home State (unless he lives in the small group which impose no inheritance tax), and in addition to the Federal Estate Tax, if he happens to leave over $50,000. The mischief of this tax upon tax upon the same bit of property is at once apparent, and the frame of mind of one who has been called upon to pay such taxes can be easily imagined.

In an estate of any size at all triple taxation is common and double taxation is the rule. Let us illustrate. Assume the estate is about $200,000. This means double taxation — tax by State of residence and Federal Estate Tax. But many of the stocks in an estate of this size will represent companies incorporated in another State. Let us say they are Michigan corporations. Then we have triple taxation as far as all the Michigan stocks are concerned — Michigan tax, home State tax, Federal Estate Tax. It is a perfect system. Collections are always good. The States are poor and need the money. They have been getting it. They hate to give it up.

II

Dropping the overlapping-tax evil, let us turn for a moment to another weak spot in the inheritance-tax situation in most of our older States — that is the exemptions.

The exemptions are the arbitrary amounts which a State says shall not be taxed. Some States insist that one exemption only can be allowed to an entire estate. Most States classify the beneficiaries into groups determined by blood relationship, and then allow a certain exemption to each member in a group or a certain exemption to each group as a whole. Here again we

glimpse the amazing variety and confusion of these laws.

Because of the remarkable efficacy of inheritance taxes as income-producers for the State, the exemptions in most of our Eastern or older States are much too low and do not take into serious consideration the actual needs of the widow. For example, Delaware, which is one of the fairest States in the Union in her inheritance-tax legislation, allows a widow a munificent exemption of $3000. Imagine a widow left a small estate as her sole means of support, and the meagreness of the exemption becomes at once a hardship.

At the time this article is being written the average maximum exemption of all the States is a little under $11,000. Kansas takes the lead in her fair-minded consideration of the widow, to whom she allows an exemption of $75,000, which is not even approached by any other State. The next largest exemption is $25,000, found in only two States at this time, and the next is $24,000, found in California only. From this figure we drop to $20,000, found in about five States. Thus we find the majority of exemptions below this figure, which in itself is inadequate.

If, then, we are to steer clear of confiscation and Communistic tendencies, must we not first of all give proper consideration to the widow and leave her, free from all death taxes, at least a competency which takes into account the present scale of living costs?

An unfortunate phase of the exemption situation is the exemption which has a trick of disappearing entirely, as is the case in Massachusetts, New York, and a few other States. For instance, Massachusetts allows a widow an exemption of $10,000. If, however, the husband has left her over $10,000, the exemption disappears and the tax attaches to the entire distributive share with the proviso that the tax may not reduce her portion below $10,000. When you add a disappearing act to an exemption that is inadequate at the start, injustice and sometimes hardship result.

Only the other day an executor told me of settling an estate the chief beneficiary of which was a gentle old woman who was left $12,000 as her sole means of support. Death taxes took $600 out of her principal. Without question this estate had been left in bad order, else the taxes would not have eaten so large a hole in the principal. But this does not alter the fact that this hardship has been inflicted upon a helpless old woman, and legally inflicted by presumably deliberate legislation. While there is much hue and cry about the high brackets of the Estate Tax, which falls most heavily upon the rich, should not our legislators first of all see to it that they have not taken away the widow's mite?

More recently a fellow tax-specialist called to my attention a small estate of $20,000 in which one of the heirs paid an inheritance tax of some $1500 to the State of Pennsylvania. Here we have a State which at this writing grants no exemptions to individuals.[1] This heavy tax was due to the fact that this particular heir was a cousin, hence subject to the ten-per-cent rate on the Pennsylvania property, which amounted to $15,000. Here again we find a situation where ignorance of the inheritance-tax laws or neglect of the donor to rearrange the estate properly cost the beneficiary an unnecessarily heavy tax.

The time limit is a third factor which too often causes hardships in the settling of estates. Vermont, whose inheritance-tax legislation is among the best of all our States, is broad-minded in

[1] Since this article was written, Pennsylvania has passed a law granting reciprocal exemptions to nonresidents living in States which grant the same privilege to residents of Pennsylvania.

allowing two years. The average time allowed for settlement, however, is but twelve months, and some States impose a penalty-interest charge if the tax remains unpaid at the end of six.

To put it another way, the average executor has but twelve months to settle up an estate and get all the death taxes paid. Otherwise he faces penalty-interest charges or suits to collect these taxes. He is further spurred to prompt settlement in certain States by a discount for cash, usually about five per cent for payment within six months of death.

More often than not the cash is not available. In examining the actual court-records covering the estates of men of large means it is surprising to note that the cash on hand in the estate is usually from a tenth to a twentieth of the amount representing debts and taxes which must be paid before the estate can be distributed. Take the case of G. M. Rothschild, who left an estate of a little less than six millions. His cash was found to be less than three hundred dollars, while taxes amounted to considerably over a million, to say nothing of debts. Nothing strange or discreditable about this. The man of large interests has his funds tied up in his business. He likes to keep his money at work, and frequently he has to tie it up in real estate or close corporations to get the return he demands. In his zest for conquest, however, he forgets his family and the price which they will have to pay through their executor in order to raise the cash within the time limit.

Where an estate is left largely in real estate, property which should not be pushed hurriedly into a market, the executor is forced to sell at once the best securities or the cream of the estate in order to raise the cash on time. If the estate should happen to be wholly real estate it is probable that the executor would have to borrow by mortgaging the property to get the cash. In either case the forced sale of securities or real estate depresses the market as a rule, and prices are accepted which may be far below the price which could have been obtained under fairer conditions.

It is but natural that in many cases Liberty bonds, Municipals, and the choicest investment stocks are thrown overboard regardless of the position of the market. When the estate comes to be distributed the heirs find themselves in possession of unlisted securities having narrow markets, real estate and other property not readily convertible. The cream is gone. Uncle Sam and the various States get it because this is the one tax they are sure of collecting on time.

III

One of the sorest spots in the entire inheritance-tax situation is the burden placed upon life insurance.

Over eighty per cent of all that men leave to their families is life insurance. Thus, when we consider how large an item life insurance is in the average estate, we see at a glance what a tempting field it offers to the tax-collector. Let us first touch upon the Estate Tax in this respect.

The Federal Estate Tax gives an exemption of $50,000 and further exempts $40,000 of insurance to a named beneficiary. In other words, a man may leave $50,000 worth of stocks, bonds, real estate, or other property, and $40,000 of life insurance to his wife, and his family will not have to pay an Estate Tax because of these exemptions. Any insurance over the $40,000 becomes subject to tax.

Here we have a point that has been subject to costly legal battles which will continue until it is cleared up.

In the famous Frick case, which has recently been decided in favor of the Frick Estate, the lower court held that this tax upon life insurance was unconstitutional. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, where it was hoped the question would be settled once for all. The Supreme Court ruled that the tax should not have been imposed upon the Frick insurance because this policy had become payable prior to the act of Congress imposing this tax; that this act could not be retroactive, and hence this tax should be refunded to the estate. The Supreme Court did not discuss or rule upon the question of the constitutionality of this tax upon insurance, deeming that it was immaterial. Thus the situation remains for the most part unchanged, in that insurance which has or may become a claim since Congress passed this act in 1919 is taxable above the $40,000 exemption.

When we realize in how many cases life insurance constitutes the sole means of support for a family suddenly left without a provider it would seem that the Federal Government should raise the exemption on insurance to at least $100,000 or exempt it entirely when made out to a named beneficiary.

In addition to the Federal Government we find five States which at this writing tax life insurance under certain conditions. Arkansas taxes except when the insurance is payable to the widow or a direct ascendant or descendant. Montana taxes all insurance over $50,000, while Mississippi taxes all over $20,000. In Tennessee, insurance payable to beneficiaries who are strangers or collaterals is taxable, while Wisconsin has the worst record of all, in that she taxes all insurance with no consideration of the hardship which such taxation may impose. The above constitute the exceptions to the general rule that insurance to a named beneficiary is usually exempt. This general rule should be the universal rule, because there is small excuse for penalizing a man's family for the one unselfish act of self-denial and thrift exercised in order that he may keep his family from want and suffering if he is taken away before he has been able to provide a competence. Such taxation is difficult to understand, almost impossible to explain on any grounds of reason or justice.

IV

Here then we have four outstanding sore spots in the inheritance-tax situation: (*a*) overlapping taxes, (*b*) meagre exemptions, (*c*) executor being forced to act too quickly, and (*d*) taxation of life insurance. Why do these sore spots continue to exist?

Ignorance is the only answer.

You and your neighbor don't know half as much as you ought to know about inheritance taxes because you think you will never have to pay them. Your family may pay the price for your indifference. It is human nature to postpone doing anything that pertains to death. We do not like to think about it. It is so easy to put it off another day. We are indifferent because we do not know how much our indifference may cost our wives and children. If you knew that a certain block of stock you were rather partial to would bring a death tax of just so many hundred or thousand dollars and that you could save your wife that tax by switching over into another stock just as good in every way, or by buying a certain bond, would you not make that change in short order?

It is very questionable if many of us would wish to give up our associations and friends, pull up stakes, and trek to a tax-exempt State like Alabama just to dodge the bulk of inheritance

taxes. Most of us think too much of the home State to want to do that. It is not necessary. Moreover, the taking-up of residence in a tax-exempt State does not dodge the Federal Estate Tax, which is likely to remain, in modified form, for just this reason. If this tax should be removed there would then be spots which would offer total exemption from death taxes, and such spots might become asylums for tax-dodgers. Uncle Sam is not keen to establish any such asylums. He does not believe in encouraging tax-dodging.

To trek to the tax-exempt State is not necessary, because with a little care and forethought a man can arrange his estate so that his family will have to pay no more than the legal minimum. And a little more forethought will see to it that cash, Liberty bonds, Municipals, or insurance are provided to take care of these minimum taxes.

Absurd or seemingly impossible situations have arisen more than once because of ignorance of inheritance taxes. Not long ago a man of wealth arranged in his will that one of his sons should pay all the death taxes of the estate. These taxes amounted to a sum so far beyond this son's share that he was thousands of dollars in debt in carrying out the terms of the will.

Speaking of the injustice of the present inheritance-tax situation, a business man wrote to me the other day and said, 'The situation is so bad that it certainly can't become worse and must improve.' If this man were to die now his family would have to pay handsomely in multiple taxes because of his indifference.

Secretary Mellon has termed such taxation 'economic suicide,' because it encourages the spending of capital for current expenses. One of our foremost financial dailies gives a more graphic description, calling it the 'eating-up of seed corn.'

Every man owes it to his family to familiarize himself at least with the inheritance taxes of his State of residence and should see to it that his will and his investments are made with due regard to the exemptions which are permitted. He should get the family attorney to advise him as to whether his will has imposed terms which will inflict a penalty on any one member of the family. He should acquaint himself in a general way with the States which are known as 'favorable' from an inheritance-tax investment standpoint, and when he buys stocks he should stick pretty closely to those States and his home State. He should know that the ownership of a single share of stock in a certain State may make taxable certain coupon bonds in his estate that would otherwise be tax-exempt.

He should be quick to see the advantage of having his wife own outright a goodly portion of his estate, and he should remember that the Federal Government imposes a gift tax on all gifts totaling over $50,000 in any one year. A good man of my acquaintance has already paid two different inheritance taxes on property which he had given to former wives. He has been a 'good sport' and has preferred to do this rather than run the risk of having his widow pay a very much heavier tax.

V

My experience in examining estates from the inheritance-tax standpoint points toward certain tendencies. It would hardly be safe to draw conclusions, so varied are the combinations.

If a man of large affairs is a financial man and has been largely concerned with the handling of securities rather than the conduct of business or real-estate operations, one is apt to find that his estate is in a better position to meet inheritance taxes promptly than

the average estate and with less shrinkage due to forced sales.

If, on the other hand, the client is wholly absorbed in one business and cares nothing for the market or for real estate, one is apt to find his estate carrying a large proportion of shares of a close corporation, which cannot be quickly liquidated or the sale of which may disturb the control of the business. In such a case we have a fairly typical instance where the executor may be forced to make sacrifice sales in order to raise the cash for the payment of taxes.

Another type is the young man who has accumulated perhaps half a million through a touch of inventive genius. He carefully divides his estate with his wife and in her portion he leaves most of the bonds and the more conservative stocks. In his share we find bonds and a wide range of stocks. His share, because of the variety and proportion of stocks, bears the heavier tax, which *the wife would have to pay* if he should die first. The diversification is excellent. It gives just so many more States the opportunity to impose their taxes. Thus diversification means one thing from the inheritance standpoint and another thing from the investment standpoint. Both should be weighed, because at times the inheritance tax can be disregarded in favor of the investment return.

In the estate of the man who has a fondness for real estate we may find a freedom from multiple taxation, but we are also apt to find surprisingly little cash or easily liquidated securities. Here again we find a case where the executor may have difficulty in raising the cash for the taxes, and in meeting this difficulty he may be forced to make sacrifices which would make multiple taxation itself blush.

Doctors, lawyers, and ministers represent groups on which inheritance taxes are apt to fall heavily. You may think it strange that I have included lawyers in this grouping. But a lawyer who is at the same time a successful investor and a specialist in inheritance taxes is the rare exception, not the rule. Each of these professional groups is so concerned with professional thought that it has little time for the study of investments. For this reason professional men quite often accumulate a wide variety of securities of doubtful value, or, if not of doubtful value, of extremely wide diversification. We have already noted the fact that diversification in ownership of stocks may mean a broadside of inheritance taxes.

One of the first estates which came to me for examination was that of a minister. Naturally an estate of modest proportions, the tax itself was small. But the estate was involved in some seventeen different States, calling for either taxes or waivers from each. A waiver is the document issued by the proper State official permitting the transfer of stock, and must be obtained before the stock of a decedent may be sold. The annoyance, delay, and expense in settling a small estate so involved would have been out of all proportion to the value of the property. Furthermore, the exemptions of the State of residence were such that a simple rearrangement ensured exemption for both wife and children.

'Eating up seed corn' is bad business. It will continue just as long as we are content to have it so. But more time is required to change laws than to change investments, and every estate-owner should look to his holdings as a first step in insuring his heirs against unnecessary and unjust losses through inheritance taxation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE!

LEAGUED and Associated and Brotherhooded to saturation though we are, we've got to L. and A. and B. ourselves again. We've got to organize a Society for the Enforcement of Mother Goose! We have stood stupidly by while our precious fairy-tales have been purged of their thrills. We have allowed Santa Claus to be cast into limbo. We have exposed the beneficent stork. We feel not a qualm when our five-year-olds ask if there is really a God. And *now* it is Mother Goose! The modernists say she must go. Pious old Mother Goose is not only silly, ungrammatical, and un-American, but is brutal and obscene! An obituary which does not appear on that time-eaten tombstone in the old King's Chapel Burying Ground.

Elizabeth Goose lived with her daughter's family in Boston over two hundred years ago. The Fleets had a houseful of children, and many a time this talented grandmother brought cosmos out of chaos with her jingling doggerel, sung in a none too musical voice, they tell us. Johnny was magicked into trotting baby sister on his foot to the tune of 'Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross.' Getting supper was play to Polly and Susan if Grandmother would only sing 'Polly put the kettle on' and then 'Sukey take it off again.' And as for saying one's prayers at night, one had only to remember the fate of that highly improper old man who was surprised 'in my lady's chamber.'

However, it took Papa Fleet, the irascible son-in-law, to make Mother Goose's story worth the telling. Unlike his entranced offspring, this upright son of grace considered his mother-in-law a public nuisance. Truth to tell, he became so 'het up' that he determined to write down the silly trash and publish it that Mother Goose might be held up to the contempt of the whole colony. Why, people went to the stocks every day for less! So publish it he did. And lo! a boomerang — he gave the world one of its most indispensable classics.

Howbeit, it has remained for the new school to psychoanalyze Mother Goose. And alas — she is found to be responsible for most of the ills of our day. She condones slovenliness in

> Deedle deedle dumpling, my son John
> Went to bed with his stockings on.

Yet if the truth were known perhaps the good lady used this very rhyme in gentle ridicule to induce her charges to prepare for bed in the approved fashion. I have seen college-bred mothers resort to methods less scientific. Simple Simon, we are told, advocates unsound economics, though it might be argued that the pieman rather effectually undermines Simon's theory. Miss Muffet and her spider engender a fear complex. King Cole, that ribald soul, extols imperialism, while 'Sing a song of sixpence' is un-American, since it deals with a monarchical monetary system!

Now the iconoclasts would not wholly deprive our babies of their rhymes. Not at all! They would merely exchange Mother Goose for such educational gems as this: —

> What makes us stand so tall and straight?
> Our bones, which number two hundred eight;

or this one, which tends to correct fear complexes by padding the strong arm of the law: —

Let Friend Policeman be your guide,
When into the street you go.
Whether you walk or in autos ride,
You must mind the rules, you know.

Recriminations aside — there is little danger of the modernists being taken too seriously. The babies would n't stand for it, and we can at least trust them for an honest verdict. I look upon my four-year-old as a wholly unspoiled critic. She has never read a dime novel or a movie caption or heard a radio bedtime story. I esteem her virgin taste. She was a year and a half old when I formally introduced her to literature. We tried first the 'Three Little Kittens.' The new school would scarcely approve their carelessness in the matter of mittens. However, Baby was enthusiastic, and after that other old favorites followed fast. At present her five-foot shelf contains *The Three Bears*, *The Three Pigs*, *Cinderella*, some of Carl Sandburg's stories, the *Child's Garden of Verses*, *Peter Pan*, various folk-tales, and much Mother Goose. These are her friends. They are of her world. She quotes them as we grown-ups quote Shakespeare. To my 'Where have you been?' she answers blithely, 'I've been to London to look at the queen.' Or if I ask, 'Whose girl are you?' she is quite likely to twinkle her eyes at me and say, —

'Little Tom Tinker's girl,
Bow-wow-wow!'

While I work, she 'reads' to me, her memory guided by the pictures. I doubt if the morals or the manners or the grammar impress her. Such impedimenta can probably be tracked to her great-grandfather as easily as to Mother Goose.

What she does get from Mother Goose is sheer delight and no mean amount of intellectual exercise. Her imagination is kindled, she is developing a feeling for rhythm, a sense of humor, and a keen instinct for dramatization. Now suppose we give the modernists a laboratory test. Just repeat to the average three-year-old 'Old Mother Hubbard.' Watch his face light up as the simple rhyme swings old familiar concepts into view. See how long it takes him to learn it word for word. And then watch him dramatize it with the aid of his dog, or his Teddy bear, or the circumambient air. Then read him one of the new medicated rhymes: —

Pitter, patter, rainy day,
Bringing summer showers,
Though I can't go out to play,
I know 't will help the flowers.

Unless I miss my guess you will be rewarded with an entirely sincere and equally impenetrable indifference.

Now the baby does n't know it, and perhaps his parents have given the subject no thought, but there is sound psychology back of our love for Mother Goose and all the fine old romantic literature for children. In fact the need for it has never been so urgent as it is now in our machine-made civilization. Already 'atmosphere,' as we love to call it, is a thing of conscious effort rather than the spontaneous expression of a rich fancy. If this stultifying process of standardization goes much further, we shall soon be reduced to experiencing all our emotions by proxy. All the romance left to us will be in books. And if our books must be civilized, too, God help us! Farewell to even vicarious adventure.

Indeed, it is bad enough for a whole nation of grown-ups to be painted from the same can, but it is inconceivable for children. And yet we are bleaching the color out of their lives as fast as modern methods will permit. We can all see the pathos of the little blue-gingham uniforms orphans wear, and it is high time we awoke to the tragedy of blue-gingham souls. Sound as it may be to reduce our babies' physical existence to clockwork, the virtue becomes a vice when it

threatens to print their minds in the same all-over pattern. What we need is less system and more color — less efficiency and more personality. Can you conceive of a Mark Twain brought up on Dr. Holt? Or could Stevenson so enthrall our boys if he had never prowled abroad at night with a lantern hidden under his jacket?

We have expurgated Bluebeard and his ilk from our children's reading, — no doubt rightly, — yet it is singular how many of our great writers recall with relish the weird, spine-pricking tales told them in the light of a flickering fire by some old Negro mammy or the Raggedy Man. True, conditions to-day make it seem imperative that we throw about our children certain safeguards, mental and spiritual as well as physical. But in our zeal let us exorcise only the truly harmful. Let us stop short of the picturesque, the whimsical.

Not long ago I took my two boys to see a beautiful performance of Barrie's *Peter Pan*. You remember when Tinker Bell is dying, how Peter appeals to the audience to save her. 'Do you believe in fairies?' he cries. 'Clap your hands if you do!' And as I fervently clapped, the tears that chased each other down my cheeks were not so much for Tinker Bell as for my two fact-stuffed, fancy-starved little boys who tugged at my elbows and whispered a scandalized '*Mother*, you *don't!*'

Perhaps I don't, — thousand pities, — but ten thousand pities if *they* don't! Realities claim them soon enough. But — and here lies the whole point of my brief for Mother Goose — reality itself takes its hue from the color of the spectacles we wear. Sentiment can lend glamour to shoestrings. And sentiment cannot be infused into our beings by an act of will. It cannot even be taught by mail. It is the flavor, the bouquet, the rare essence that our early contacts distill into our personalities. Like Heaven, it 'lies about us in our infancy.' Repulsed then, it is forever denied us when we are grown. It is like the faint star whose glint we can catch out of the tail of the eye, but which vanishes utterly when we turn our full gaze upon it. There can scarcely be too much of it. A normal quota is just about sufficient to season our everydayness. And an overdose produced our geniuses. So there you are! I move you that we leave the babies their Mother Goose. There is scarcely enough truth to go around for the grown-ups, anyway.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE diary of **Helen Dore Boylston** is the first chapter of the autobiography of an American girl between the years 1917 and 1924. At twenty-two, Miss Boylston, a recent graduate of the Massachusetts General Hospital, was serving her novitiate as nurse with one of the famous medical units in France. The diary, as it was hurriedly written in odd moments at camp, discloses the abrupt breaking-in of grim human realities upon a young girl reared in the best American tradition. Its racy and instantaneous record conveys the sights and sounds, the thoughts and emotions, the very texture of momentous days. Further installments of Miss Boylston's diary will carry the reader on among the conditions confronting the world to-day. Here is the 'modern' young woman in the making. **W. M. Leiserson** is chairman of the Board of Arbitration for the Men's Clothing Industry of Chicago. The cases he describes are all matters of fact. The clarity with which they illuminate the problems of labor relations will bring understanding to many readers. ¶Doubtless **Earnest Elmo Calkins,** an *Atlantic* philosopher, will persuade others that the democratic notion that all citizens must be of the same length, breadth, and thickness is the most awful terror connected with the advance of the proletariat. ¶The letters of **Anna M. Whistler** animate the gentle and lovely figure which was first known to us in her son's portrait. Discovered in a house at Intervale, New Hampshire, once owned by Mr. James H. Gamble, to whom all but two of the letters are written, they eventually became the property of Miss Katherine E. Abbott, who kindly arranged them for the *Atlantic.*

* * *

Traveler, printer, and in recent years designer of the distinctive books of a New York publisher, **Manuel Komroff** yet finds time for the creation of strange and beautiful short stories. His tales are soon to be collected in a volume which will include 'The Grace of Lambs,' originally published in the March *Atlantic.* **Frank Kendon** is an English poet whose work we have welcomed to our pages. ¶A new contributor, **Mary Lucia Bierce Fuller,** has returned to this country after twenty-eight years of devoted missionary service in India. In recalling the friendly group of Brahmin widows and her conversation with them, Miss Fuller seems to have overlooked 'two or three other types of widows not too uncommon in my dear Maharashtra,' which in all fairness she feels she must describe.

> There is too, of course, the occasional happy widow who has a family and is loved, who forgets herself in the service and happiness of those dear to her; who may even have the oversight of an estate; or who has found peace in meditation, austerities, and self-abnegation. If she is of to-day, she is not shaven, and may be a student, teacher, or nurse. Then there is the widow who enjoys respite, who out of the fire finds the frying-pan a refuge. After all, a dead husband, however calamitous à widow's status, may not be an actual calamity! But these widows were of those who sigh and 'go softly all their years' that they may earn a happier rebirth.

A new translator of the New Testament and Professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek at the University of Chicago, **Edgar J. Goodspeed** is also a felicitous essayist, as his forthcoming volume will give entertaining proof. ¶For many years **Lucy Furman** has been writing and working for the cause of the Hindman Settlement School in Knott County, Kentucky. Her present narrative gives an account of the school 'raising.' Begun twenty-three years ago in the heart of the 'feud district,' it has become one of the best known of all mountain schools and an instrument for peace throughout the countryside. At present the institution numbers thirty-three teachers and workers and, including a branch, a total enrollment of 434 pupils. Over six hundred children are waiting for admission. Yet, because of the impoverished district, the school is in grave need of support.

Retiring after twenty-two years in the Indian service, fourteen of them on the western frontier, **Leo Crane** is qualified to express his frank and stimulating diagnosis of Indian troubles. This narrative and those which have appeared in the three preceding numbers form chapters of the book by Mr. Crane, entitled *Indians of the Enchanted Desert*, published August 10, an Atlantic Monthly Press publication issued by Little, Brown and Company. ¶The Reverend **Justin Wroe Nixon,** pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in Rochester, New York, will earn the sympathy of many when in such troubled times he defines the difficult and dangerous path of the moderate. **Thomas Pearson** is a member of the American Financial Commission invited by the Persian Government to administer Persia's finances. Amid the clatter of an American holiday his serene and simple narrative is refreshing to behold. **Cornelia James Cannon,** wife of Professor W. B. Cannon, and herself widely known as an educator, is ever ready with trenchant and provocative criticism. **Helene Mullins** makes her graceful début in our pages. ¶To a number of observers, **Valeska Bari's** pictures of Porto Rico are both natural and characteristic. Miss Bari will be remembered for her story, 'Majority Rule,' which appeared in the January *Atlantic*. **Carroll Perry,** Rector of the Episcopal Church at Ipswich, Massachusetts, is one of five brothers numbering more wits and good sense than is customarily bestowed upon a single family.

* * *

Bulls are not the only animals enraged by red flags. The capacity to give or take an argument about the Soviet without violent loss of temper and dignity is confined to few, and of that few **Sir Martin Conway** is by odds the most sensible and dispassionate we know. A mountain-climber, a connoisseur, a politician, and a practical philosopher, he has watched life from many angles. ¶According to **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart,** man shall once more ride off to battle in armor, but, characteristic of a material age, the future Laureate shall sing 'The Charge of the Light Tank Brigade.' Captain Hart has been appointed to succeed Colonel Repington as Military Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. ¶The experience of analyzing the estates of men of affairs has familiarized **Raymond Edwards Huntington,** of Wellesley Hills, with a practical working knowledge of the inheritance-tax laws.

* * *

For those who found themselves discomforted by the disquisition on Darwinism in 'The Bee's Knees,' Mr. Charles Stewart has willingly prepared the following epilogue.

Darwin goes on page after page to show that all animals were built up by chance, fortuitously. They have a tendency to vary illimitably; and coincidence with the environment, chance, does the rest. This varying is not a deity working *directly* — it is 'spontaneous.'

About this time he becomes dissatisfied with this 'chance' and 'spontaneous' way of expression and wants to emphasize that there may be *laws* (though he does not know what the law is in any of these various cases). And so he puts up a plea that words do not exactly serve him — 'chance' or such idea as that does not say it; it is only his way of expression. All of which is all right, especially as anyone who is reading him in the whole gathers what he is driving at.

Suppose that every little variation in the millions that are made, according to Darwin, to produce a slight change was a variation according to a *law;* and that moreover Darwin knew what that law was. Suppose even that the *Creator* is behind it all with *laws;* and that even every little variation is the direct work of Deity. In either case Darwinism is pure chance — fortuitous. Because —

Of the millions of variations, there are millions that are unfitting, of no avail, purposeless, without reason or object or function. Millions of individuals, as Darwin tells us, vary unprofitably and die, are not perpetuated, do not go toward building up a new animal. As he *says* also, it is not necessarily the *best* animals that survive — simply those whose variations fit the environment. This is a matter of chance.

Therefore, Darwinism is fortuitous, and blind chance, not because the *variations* originate by law or not by law, or because they are attributed to Deity or not to Deity, but because of the way they are *applied*. Their application, the way they are set to work, is *haphazard*.

Now that is what I say in my article — that Darwin represents an animal as built up by chance. It is true; and anyone who has looked into the theory knows it.

CHARLES D. STEWART

The genuine story of this automobilist is but another proof that thrift and happiness are boon companions.

BOLTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read with deep interest 'Confessions of an Automobilist,' in the June issue. His conclusions are probably very correct — of a certain class of people.

I live in a country town of less than eight hundred inhabitants, with no industry other than farming, and the motor-cars owned here number about two hundred, only half a dozen of which can be called 'pleasure cars,' though the rest contribute to the pleasure of their owners.

The mechanic and the farmer look upon their cars as a business proposition. I have had six years' experience as the owner of a humble Ford. I have two sons in town, one with a home of his own. The other lives at home with us. Both of these boys are mechanics, electricians, carpenters, and builders. They are rarely out of work, but to find constant employment without their cars would be next to impossible. And we have in town a goodly number of young men and women who are enabled to live at home through the genius of Henry Ford. Being of the finer type of country-bred youth, this means much to the social life of such small communities.

My own experience is not unique. An old man, I had no idea of ever taking the risk of learning to drive a car, but when my home-boy enlisted he talked about selling his car, and he had some good offers for it. A friend persuaded me that I could learn, so I asked the boy to leave his car for me to drive.

Living in the country, five miles from railroad and trolley cars, I have always kept a horse as a necessity. I learned to drive the car. I kept the horse, but was able to let her out for enough to pay for her keeping. When the boy returned I found that I needed a car of my own. Now I have my third car.

From the beginning I have kept a careful account. During a period of six years the cost of driving the car, including gas, oil, repairs, and depreciation, has been inside five cents a mile — much less than driving a horse, and the cost is nothing when the car stands idle in the barn. Of course, I have no garage rent to pay, and being something of a mechanic I can do much of the repairing myself.

As an 'illustrative' story or two let me add that in my 'retirement' I sometimes have calls to preach at a distance from home. For three or four summers I supplied a pulpit twenty miles away. By public conveyance that meant a day's journey and often staying overnight. With the flivver I could leave home at nine o'clock and be home to dinner.

Last August my three sons and I loaded the camping outfit on to the car, visited my old home in Central New York, and went on to Niagara Falls, a trip of eleven days and 1128 miles, and came home feeling younger than ever, and it cost no more than it would have cost us to stay at home — even for gasoline. If we had been at home we would have been driving four cars about.

The banker's story does not apply to the country districts, where half or more of the cars are owned. Please give us the true story, the story as a whole.

Very truly yours,

J. N. PARDEE

* * *

A verdict from the Bench.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Towle's article on 'The Motor Menace' in the July *Atlantic* is a splendid presentation of the case for Compulsory Automobile Insurance as a means of reducing accidents and insuring compensation to the innocent victims thereof. However, greater stress should be laid upon the fundamental distinction between *Liability* Insurance and *Compensation* Insurance.

Liability Insurance only guarantees the solvency of the automobile-owner up to definite limits, usually not exceeding $5000 for one injury or death. It does not insure compensation to the victim of an automobile accident, but compels him to engage in an unequal contest with a powerful insurance company or a personal-injury suit to obtain damages. In case the party inflicting injury (1) cannot be identified, (2) is acting outside the scope of his authority, (3) is engaged in Governmental work, or (4) preponderating proof of 'negligence' cannot be obtained owing to the death or unconsciousness of the injured person, *Liability* Insurance furnishes no remedy.

Even when all the conditions to recovery exist, a personal-injury suit is necessary to recover damages, and this is at best a slow and expensive remedy. Other than insuring the ability of the automobile-owner to pay a judgment, liability insurance would inure largely to the profit of insurance agents and ambulance chasers.

These reasons led us to discard Employers' Liability Insurance and to adopt Workmens' Compensation Insurance, the principle of which has been so successfully applied in cases of industrial accidents.

Compensation Insurance can be written at a lower cost than Liability Insurance and will

guarantee prompt and adequate compensation to every injured person and to the family of every person killed by automobiles, according to uniform and definite schedules. It will protect the automobile-owner from his present *unlimited* liability to respond in damages. It will do away with the evils of the personal-injury suit and relieve the courts of the flood of automobile-accident cases which now clog the dockets.

Society as a whole would be relieved of the burden of maintaining courts and juries who now spend three fourths of their time in the trial of these cases, and of the burden placed upon charities in furnishing medical care to the injured and financial relief to the dependent families of the dead.

Compulsory Compensation Insurance would place these burdens where they properly belong — namely, upon the automobile-owners who cause the damage. In common with many other judges, I feel a debt of gratitude to Mr. Towle for his forceful and popular discussion of this subject.

Sincerely,
ROBERT S. MARX
Judge of the Superior Court

* * *

The land of 'Ain't?'

READING, PENNA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Frances LeFevre's story, 'The Victor — Who?' was much enjoyed by my family. We have lived in Reading ten years and number among our friends and acquaintances many of the Pennsylvania Dutch folk.

I well remember with what mingled feelings of dismay and astonishment my wife and I stepped from the train at the old Franklin Street station some ten years ago. It was Saturday night, and as we walked down Penn Street, seeking a hotel, we found that thoroughfare jammed and overflowing into the gutter with a race of people who spoke a strange language. Comfortably fat women, carrying market baskets stuffed with provisions, waddled along dragging tired children behind them. Collarless men with weatherbeaten faces, leathery necks, and backs bent from toil in the fields, shuffled along carrying live chickens, ducks, and geese under their arms. Lined up along the curb under the street lights were groups of flashily dressed young city sports ogling the passing stream of women and eating peanuts. Everything was so foreign to the life we had known that it was hard for us to believe we were in an American city.

But with the passing years we have come to love the place and its people. It is a friendly town. And, while the inhabitants have many peculiarities which can only be understood through long acquaintance, they are on the whole kindly, impulsive, warm-hearted people. Above all, they are thrifty.

We have had many laughs at their queer sayings and their queerer beliefs. Many of the older generation have implicit faith in powwowing and when ill will go to the powwow man rather than to a doctor. They also call in the powwow man when they have an enemy to get rid of, believing that he can cast a spell over the enemy so that he will sicken and die. I personally know one old woman who spent comparatively large sums for this purpose — happily without the desired result.

One afternoon my wife and I were standing on Penn Street at the Seventh Street grade crossing. The railroad gates were down and a long freight-train was passing. The interrupted stream of human traffic began piling up about the gates. Pressed close against us by the surrounding crowd was a Pennsylvania Dutch woman and her small son. When at last the caboose hove in sight, the little fellow turned to his mother and in an excited, piping voice exclaimed, 'Ain't, mom, when the little red car goes by it's all?'

One of my wife's friends had discontinued the service of ice to her house during her absence. Shortly after her return she was awakened very early one morning by a loud pounding on the kitchen door. From her bedroom window she recognized her former iceman standing on the steps below. On perceiving her in negligee the Dutchmen favored her with a broad smile and inquired cheerily, 'Mrs. Dalton, is you on yet?' 'What did you say?' inquired the good lady. 'Is you on yet?' repeated the Dutchman. 'On what?' asked Mrs. Dalton. 'On ice,' explained her iceman. He merely wanted to know if he was to resume his regular service.

With five young boys going to schools where most of their mates are embryo Pennsylvania Dutchmen, it has been a most difficult task for us to weed out the double negatives and split infinitives from their conversation. All the boys have acquired the Dutch accent and inflection to a large extent and it seems hopeless for us to attempt to eradicate it while we live in this community. Jack, aged ten, will instinctively say 'wanity case' or 'Queen of the Walley' rather than sound the *V* where it belongs. Everything in Reading is 'wim, wigor, and witality.' You can't get away from it. It's as contagious as the measles.

Yours very truly,
J. H. E.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1925

THE SHARKS OF NARBOROUGH

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

I ANCHORED the glass-bottomed diving-boat as close to the cliffs of northern Narborough as I dared, in a cove where the water was so deep that the swells remained unbroken until shattered against the lava itself. The rocks at this point showed very clearly their division into successive lava-flows, some like frozen, black molasses-candy six feet thick, alternating with thinner strata in the shape of huge bricks. The topmost layer was the same old ploughed field of cinder crags and snags with which we were so familiar on Albemarle. This is probably the eruption of one hundred years ago of which Morell wrote so vividly.

This, my seventieth descent, took me into a submarine world as strange as and as unlike that of Tagus Cove — which we could still see in the distance from the ship — as that differed from Tower. If they were jungles and deserts, this was a wheat-field. Swallowing as I went, I climbed down and down, and stood at last on a gigantic rounded boulder, thirty feet below the surface.

This roundness itself spelled a distinct difference between this and other shores of the Galapagos. The surf had pounded and rolled the rocks on this unprotected coast until they had become huge pebbles. This explained the absence of tide-pools along the shore — the water simply filtering away as soon as the tide-level went down.

The dominant note of the underwater scene in this marvelous island-eddy was the seaweed. Great fields of it extended to the limit of vision, with bare or sponge-covered boulders between. Sargassum, with small berries, grew on long, slender fronds, two or three feet in length, which gave completely to every surge, more so than any land growth to the wind. While I have dived where steady currents hold strong day and night, yet by the very force of circumstances my puny efforts are usually confined to the surge-affected shore. Like a tide which changes every twelve seconds instead of every twelve hours, the whole underworld swayed outward and then, with infinite grace, inward again. All the innumerable strands of greenish-olive bent and flattened away from me, and then, with the slow movement attained only rarely by such growths as weeping willows, rolled toward and wrapped around me, reaching out toward the steep ascent marking the beginning of that upper world which

seemed so little a part of my life at a moment like this.

As the grass shifted and vibrated, many weird little inhabitants were disclosed for a moment, and then scuttled back to shelter — wrasse never seen before or since, twisting worms, crabs, and snails, all identical in color with the weed. The numbers and size of the fish were remarkable, almost every species being represented by larger individuals than elsewhere, perhaps due to the unusual abundance of food on these current-bounded shores. My old friends, Xesurus, the yellow-tailed cows, were grazing in schools of two to three hundred, shadowing slowly about the corners of boulders.

I was halfway up a steep slope, and by twisting the boat around with me I succeeded in reaching the summit, where I could look down upon a sinister valley, narrow and dark and deep, with the opposite ridge covered with long, waving weed. As I stretched full-length upon a mat of the sargassum, a gang — they were too ugly and dangerous looking to be called a school — of giant groupers parted the fronds and drifted through toward me, all dark in tone with the olives and browns. They mouched along, their ugly jaws chewing eternally on the cud of life, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, there came a distinct glow, and next to the last grouper came one of the golden ones. In their evident opinion there was no difference. He impatiently nudged a neighbor and in turn was pushed aside by the fish following him. The most careful dissection shows absolutely no physical difference, and yet, instead of being clad in mottled olive-green of the dullest, darkest shade, he is solid gold from mouth to tail. The weed was appreciably illumined when he passed through it. One strange thing has been that, rare as the golden groupers are, both two years ago and during the present trip it has been only these gorgeously colored individuals that have attacked the propeller of our little outboard motors. Whether the color of the glistening brass attracts this shining caste more than the other duller grouper persons I have no idea.

A few minutes later a shadowy school, a second lot, of even larger groupers swept past in the blue distance with another golden brother in their number. He is all the more wonderful because there are no intermediates — one either has regal golden blood, or is of mottled-brown polloi caste. Here is materialized the mental effect which creates in fairy tales the one most beautiful creature or prince or lady among a host of dull or ugly ones.

Once again a huge sea-lion gave me a start. As I stood watching a mist of grazing Xesurus, I felt a sudden water-pressure against my back and legs, and turned in time to see a monstrous black shape bank and veer away, having rushed in a lightning sweep within a foot of me. His eyes were no longer the dull, soft, deerlike, half-seeing organs with which he gazed at me on land, but bright and clear and keen; the long whiskers stood out white and bristling, the mouth partly opened as he turned, and the dog teeth gleamed wickedly. As my eye caught the form I leaped involuntarily toward the ladder, forgetting that I was in a land where mighty acrobatics could be achieved with a push. I landed on a boulder at a height of about four rungs up, and some eight feet beyond the ladder — a standing high jump which broke the world's record in the upper air by feet. The strangest thing was that whenever I did such a thing as this I accomplished it slowly. I took off with deliberation in spite of my strongest effort, I went through the water with conscious elapse of time, and I landed as in a slow-motion picture.

The instant I leaped I realized my mistake and watched the wonderful form as it swung up from me. It turned just below the surface and again shot down. I think a considerable percentage of these manœuvres was pure side, executed for the benefit of a smaller, probably a lady, sea-lion who hung between earth and air a short distance away and watched. The big male — he was certainly over seven feet long — began his second rush at an acute angle, heading for the bottom some distance away. Turning like a meteor the moment his head touched the waving seaweed, he again cleared me by inches. I could not help flinching, not so much from a fear of being bitten, as from a disbelief that such a great body could possibly stop its impetus and avoid smashing into me. As he passed, I stretched out a hand and felt the smooth, hard body brush against my fingers. This was apparently a surprise to the animal, who in alarm inserted an extra curve into his simple parabola, and in the effort gasped out a mouthful of bubbles. This time he shot to the surface and half out, followed by his admirer, while the string of bubbles ascended slowly — coalescing, as it went, into larger and fewer spheres, like the puff of smoke from an aeroplane engine, or the blossoming of white shrapnel against a blue sky. In each bubble I could see a distorted reflection of myself, my helmet, and all my surroundings.

A glance around showed that every fish had vanished, and not until two or three minutes had passed did they begin slowly to come into view. The sea lions are the masters of these waters, and I was surprised to see even a great turtle slide hastily out of the way when one came too near. Sharks always disappeared with the fish.

Even if the fish had not returned I could have watched the movement of the seaweed for hours, it was so unlike the movement of wheat or grass. The whole mass seemed alive, — a field of Medusa growth, — each stem writhing and curling and twisting of its own volition, in its own particular way, and yet the whole ebbing and flowing as one frond in obedience to the rhythmic breeze. It was the old story over again of the single corpuscle tumbling and rolling individually, while yet helpless in the general current of the blood; and of the colonial organism, each individual ant doing his own work and bound irrevocably to the will of the whole; and — who knows? — it is perhaps no whit different from the apparent free-will personalities of our separate selves, compared with the destiny of the human race.

I sat me down on a couch of golden, blowing weed, with beautiful green-armed starfish sprawled here and there, and, leaning back, watched the bubbles of my life's breath tumble out from beneath my arms and shoulders. From invisibility, from the colorless, formless stream of gas flowing down the length of black hose, they became definite spheres, painted and splashed with all the colors in sight. Once, when I was making my first flight in a plane, I had for a short space of time the soul-devastating sensation of being suspended motionless in the ether while the earth dropped away from me. That has never been repeated; but here on the bottom of the sea, looking upward, I can as often as I wish conjure up the belief that I am actually looking at a constellation, a galaxy of worlds and stars, rolling majestically through the invisible ether. The background is as mysteriously colorless and formless as space itself must be, and as I peer out through my little rectangular windows I seem to be actually living an experience which only the genius of a Verne or a Wells can imagine into words. It

suddenly flashes over me that in giving over my moon and stellar longings for the depths of the sea I have in a manner achieved both.

I have even the sensations of a god, for in each of the spheres I have created I see very distinctly my own image. But I also see many more interesting things, and my moonings in the present instance are brought to an abrupt end by a glint of gold which appears on each globule of air — a fiery pin-point which becomes an oval, and soon a great spot as if a sun were rising behind me. If I were looking at a real planet such a thing might be a tremendous volcanic eruption on the surface. Twisting slightly and peering obliquely through my little periscope, I saw what after all is the most joyous thing in life, an old friend in a new guise — another great golden grouper was just behind me, revealed to me by his reflected image on my ascending breath.

II

To my left the rope from the anchor-weight led up in a graceful curve to the distant, dark silhouette of the boat. Now and then a window opened in the ruffled ceiling and framed the anxious face of my faithful assistant peering down, on the lookout for approaching danger. The face vanished, the window slammed shut as the water glass was withdrawn — and I am again visually lost to the upper world.

Two small, black forms approach from the offshore side of my aquatic sky, looking from below like the keels of funny, diminutive tugboats, but driven by a pair of most efficient propellers. These were rather turbines of sorts, furling and unfurling in a curling, spiral manner, which offered the most and the least resistance respectively to the water. Long rudder tails, two slender, sharp beaks, and sinuous snaky necks came into view, and a swirl sent both birds into my world — meaning complete submersion for them. There followed a chase which no man's eyes have ever seen before — a pair of flightless cormorants pursuing a scarlet sea-bass, viewed from below. The fish saw them coming and fled at full speed, not in a straight line, but in a series of zigzags, perhaps, like a chased hen, seeing the pursuers first out of one eye, on one side, then out of the other, apparently on that side. The cormorants separated, one diving deeply while the other followed its prey directly. Soon the confused fish dived at right angles, and before it had time to turn again was in the beak of the second bird. The moment he was captured, both birds relaxed every muscle, and with dangling wings and feet let themselves be drawn up to the surface. There, even from my depth, I watched a second race begin, and surmised the details of what I had seen enacted twice the day before from the boat — a cormorant coming up with a fish and instantly chased by another, both traveling at such high speed that, with wings spattering and feet going, their entire bodies were almost out of water. At the first opportunity there was a quick upward toss, reversing the fish, and a gulp, and down it went headfirst. On this occasion I saw only the frantic disturbance of the surface, rapid dodging, and then cessation of motion, after which the leading bird immersed and shook its beak in the water several times, and I knew that if I so chose I could write in my journal that *Nannopterum harrisii* includes *Paranthias furcifer* as an article of diet.

The surface ripples had hardly ceased when a cloud drifted across my sky. And at this place may I digress parenthetically long enough to make a certain point clear. As I ramble on of the adventures and sights which came

to me in my underworld, there would seem to occur there almost a rhythmic succession of happenings, one after the other, as with circus performers who wait in the wings for their turn to come. This works a hopeless injustice to this water world. Please remember that the exigencies of my place in that world and the physical make-up of my helmet enabled me to see only the merest fraction of occurrences even in an acute-angled single direction. A horse with blinders is a reasonable simile; or, better still, a half-blind old man, crippled with rheumatism and palsy, dropped suddenly into the busiest of a city's streets and requested to narrate the happenings about him, and give to them some sort of explanation!

Now, again, the ripples of the surface above me had scarcely died away to the usual heaving, opaque, moonstone appearance of my water sky, when a cloud came drifting past. If I had been looking behind me some time before, and had eyes which could penetrate the wall of blueness in the distance, this cloud might at first have seemed no bigger than a man's hand. Overhead, however, it was large enough to darken the whole bottom, and, except along the rim, formed a solid mass. At least twenty thousand slender little Galapagos snappers floated over and around me. They were only two to three inches in length, slender and sinuous, grayish-black above, silvery below, with seven or more narrow dark stripes running parallel down the head and body. This was the clear-cut vision I had as the host drifted slowly, almost without individual movement, toward and over me. Some danger, unknown to me, wrought a whirlwind in this living cloud, and instantly every fish vanished, the whole becoming a mass of blurred lines — a great gray something out of focus. As quickly, fear passed, and every fish again became clear-etched in its place among its thousands of fellows. Slowly all passed from view, a few hundreds along the lower edge sifting through the uppermost fringe of weeds. It occurred to me then that their man-given name was a singularly appropriate one — *Xenocys*, strange swift! It should have been *Xenocys xenocys;* they were too delicate, too immaterial, for any noun.

My sea lion returned for a last look, but slewed off, and then a turtle, almost as long as myself, swam into my ken. He was much more satisfactory a constellation than those in the heavens, of most of which I have never been able to make head or tail. But he was also a turtle at its best. Until one has looked up and seen eight hundred pounds of sea turtle floating lightly as thistledown overhead, balanced so exactly between bottom and surface that the slightest half-inch of flipper motion is sufficient to turn the great mass partly over and send it ahead a yard — until then one has never really seen a turtle. Two years ago when I visited these islands, I watched the little penguins waddling about with their Charlie Chaplin gait; I saw the cormorants awkwardly climbing over land, even hauling themselves along by means of a crook in their necks; the sea lions unlovelily caterpillaring along the ground; and great hulks of turtles ploughing their way as much through as over the sand of the beaches. It was now my privilege to see these same creatures in their chosen element, graceful, glorified reincarnations of their terrestrial activities. In all this I had no false illusions concerning my own relative functioning. While I have never heard any rumor as to my possessing any grace even at my best, yet on these same islands and beaches I can at least correlate my activity, and I can easily run down any of the creatures that I am discussing. Whereas here at the sea bottom I

sprawl awkwardly, clutching at waving weeds to keep from being washed away by the gentle swell, peering out of a metal case infinitely more ugly than the turtle's skull, and superior to them only in my hearty admiration of their perfect coördination in an exquisitely adapted environment.

My nice turtle friend still floated motionless when suddenly he was the means of my making a delightful discovery in Einstein relativity — making clear the fact that he was motionless and yet not motionless. I was resting lightly on a bed of weeds with a generous tuft of them in each hand. I was aware that with every surge there was a very decided movement of the whole mass, but as everything in sight was equally shifted my mind registered no definite motion. Of one thing only was I certain: that, however we plants and organisms at the bottom were blowing and vibrating back and forth, the turtle at least, isolated in mid-water, was as still as the distant rocks themselves. Becoming cramped, I decided to stand upright for a while, and gently lowered my feet until I felt them fit into convenient crevices of the concealed rocks beneath me. This gave me safe anchorage, and in a minute more all my surroundings, my whole world, went trailing off as far as it could; then, with equal unanimity, all faithfully returned. I glanced upward and was as astonished as if, when on land, I should suddenly see the moon or sun begin to bob back and forth in the sky, for my turtle was behaving like everything else and was being swayed back and forth, suspended in the invisible medium, exactly as we at the bottom.

To look back upon it, no more silly lack of reasoning could be imagined on my part; but when you leave the world for which God made you, and willfully enter other strange ones, it is reasonable to suppose that your senses and brain have to become readjusted as well as your more physical being. For five minutes I derived infinite delight from alternately swaying with the weed and holding to the rock, and thereby at will giving to my turtle absolute stability or rhythmical swaying through space. He seemed quite unaffected by the theory, but appeared fascinated by the sight of this strange copper-headed, white-skinned, wormlike being, with an enormously long, curving tentacle from the tip of its nose, forever pouring forth a mass of white, bubbly gas — a being that idiotically kept standing up and sitting down. Never for an instant did the great chelonian take its eyes from me. If I could put down what it actually thought of me, no halting words of mine would be necessary in this essay.

And still the turtle hung in the sky when two penguins arrived. For a time they swam around in little intersecting circles, constantly plunging their heads beneath the water to stare at me. Finally curiosity overcame them, they could stand it no longer, and down they came, clad in mantles of silvery bubble-sheen. They encircled me once and started on another round, but then became fascinated by the black hose and, after an examination, half paddled, half drifted, to the surface and were gone.

Two mighty schools of Xesurus passed me, grazing slowly. When within six feet they left off their eternal feeding and formed up into more or less orderly ranks which flowed like some enormously long sea-serpent around the identical corners of rocks where had passed the leaders yards and yards in advance. Invariably the formation of an irregular line led very close to me, the closing-up of ranks evidently being connected with the presence of danger or at least something suspicious or strange. It was an amusing sensation to have these hundreds of fish file

past, all rolling their eyes at me as they went. I felt almost embarrassed at times, as perhaps 'the remains' must occasionally feel as the viewing crowds stream past. With these yellow-tailed cows were widely scattered single individuals of a species of fish which we never caught or identified. In shape and in the general grayish-blue color of body they bore a considerable resemblance to the Xesurus, their characteristic marks being two white spots above the eyes; but they were not grazers, nor even, I believe, herbivorous. I never saw them graze even when the school of their associates remained in one spot, doing nothing else for a half-hour but scrape the algæ from the rocks. Once, too, I saw one of these white-spotted chaps pursue a small fish, and though he did not capture it, yet I could not mistake his intent — there was nothing of play or yet of sudden anger in the attempt, but a very evident desire for food. They were much more timorous than the yellow-tailed surgeon fish, and at any hint of danger would dart into the thick of the school. All this makes me think that they are very likely examples of real mimicry, gaining a good percentage of immunity by the resemblance to and close association with fish which by their great numbers and poisonous spines are well able to fight off ordinary dangers.

III

When I rolled over and looked about, there came to me a vision of the abundance of life in the sea. The cloud of little fishes had gone, even the ubiquitous yellow-tailed surgeons were out of sight for once, and yet from where I sat I could see not fewer than seven or eight hundred fish, not counting the wrasse and gobies that played around my fingers as thickly as grasshoppers in a hayfield. Out of the blue-green distance or up from frond-draped depths good-sized gray sharks appeared now and then. Two came slowly toward me, closer with the in-surge, and then floating farther off with the out-swing. They turned first one, then the other, yellow, catlike eye toward me, and after a good look veered off. Near them were playing round-headed pigfish; a few Xesurus swam still closer; and even small scarlet snappers, the prey of almost every hungry fish or aquatic bird, even these went by without any show of nervousness. The pair of sharks passed on, almost unnoticed, and all the mass of life of this wonder world seemed going smoothly and undisturbed. Far away in the dim distance one of the sharks appeared again, or it may have been another — when, looking around me, I saw every fish vanishing. While I have mentioned what must seem an identical occurrence before, yet this was as different as a great battle is from a street accident. Through copper and glass and air I sensed some peril very unlike the former reaction to the sea lion, and I rapidly climbed a half-dozen rungs, swallowing hard as I went to adjust to the new altitude. Clinging close to the ladder, I looked everywhere, but saw nothing but waving seaweed. The distant shark had vanished, together with all the hosts of fish, even the bullying, fearless groupers. I was the only living thing except the starfish and the tiny waving heads of the hydroids which grew in clusters among the thinner growths of weed, as violets appear amid high grass. Whether the distant shark was of some different, very dreaded kind, or whether some still more inimical thing had appeared, fearful even to the strange shark, I shall never know. Five minutes later, fear had again passed, and life, not death, was dominant.

I climbed to the surface at last, my teeth chattering from the prolonged

immersion. This water, although in no sense the Humboldt current, is much cooler than that at Cocos, and I become numb and chilled without knowing it. Excitement and concentrated interest keep me keyed up, and the constant need of balance requires that every muscle be taut; then, when I reach the surface and relax, the chill seems to enter my very bones. Fortunately there is always either rowing or pumping to do, and this soon warms me.

During my last dive I had noticed five or six new species of fish and, hoping to hook some of the smaller ones, I decided to get some bait. I had the boat backed near the shore, and at a propitious moment, on the crest of one of the lesser swells, I leaped off. The scarlet crabs here are remarkably tame, far more so than on any of the other islands — a fact for which I can in no way account. The casual visits of man may be, of course, ruled out, as having nothing to do with it, and yet here birds and fish, the crabs' most deadly enemies, are unusually abundant.

With two big scarlet crabs, I vaulted back on the crest of another convenient little swell, fortunately just avoiding the succeeding three, any one of which would have tossed our cockleshell high up on the jagged lava. I found to my disappointment that we had between us only one hook, and that a large one. However, I anchored again near the spot where I had last dived and threw over the hook. I immediately caught one of the round-headed pigfish. As I was pulling a second one in, a six-foot shark swung toward him, and this gave me a hint upon which I acted at once. I pulled in the fish quickly and studied the situation through the water glass. Two sharks were swimming slowly about the very rock where I had been sitting a few minutes before, probably the same individuals who had then been so curious about me. A small group of the pigfish swam around, over, and below the sharks, as they had also done when I was submerged, sometimes passing within a foot of the sharks' mouths without the slightest show of emotion, of fear or otherwise. An angel fish and two yellow-tailed cows passed; a golden grouper and two deep-green giants of the same species milled around beneath the boat, now and then cocking their eyes up at us.

I baited the hook with a toothsome bit of crab and lowered it. All the pigfish rushed it at once, and as it descended the sharks and groupers followed with mild interest, almost brushing against it, but wary of the line. Failing to elicit any more practical attention from the golden grouper, I allowed one of the pigfish to take the bait and hook. Then, watching very carefully, I checked his downward rush, and swung him upward. He struggled fiercely, and like an electric shock every shark and grouper turned toward him. Without being able to itemize any definite series of altered swimming actions, I knew that something radical had happened. The remainder of the school of pigfish, while they stayed in the neighborhood, yet gathered together in a group and milled slowly in a small circle. There was no question that, from being a quiet, slowly swimming, casually interested lot of fish, the three groups — pigfish, groupers, and sharks — had become surcharged with interest focused on the fish in trouble. I drew the hooked fish close to the boat, and could plainly see that the hook had passed only around the horny maxillary. There was not a drop of blood in the water, and the disability of the fish consisted only in its attachment to the line. Yet the very instant the struggle to free itself began, the groupers and sharks, from being at least in appearance friendly, or certainly

wholly disregarding the pigfish, became concertedly inimical, focused upon it with the most hostile feeling of an enemy and its prey.

For half an hour I played upon this reaction and learned more than I had ever seen or read of the attacking and feeding habits of groupers and sharks. When the struggling began, the sharks all turned toward the hooked fish. Not only the one nearest, who must easily have seen it for himself, but two far off turned at the same instant, and within a few seconds two more from quite invisible distances and different directions. What I saw seemed to prove conclusively that sharks, like vultures, watch one another and know at once when prey has been sighted by one of their fellows. The numerous sharks thus call one another all unintentionally; as happened when one of our party caught a shark at Cocos, and in an incredibly short time there were seventeen close by. On the other hand, it must be admitted that sharks differ from vultures as widely as the poles in the matter of scent. Vultures probably all but lack this sense, while we know that fish have it well developed. But, even in the case of blood in the water, it seems to me that diffusion cannot be nearly rapid enough to account for the instantaneous reaction on sharks near and far. The phenomenon is as remarkable in general aspects as the apparent materialization from the air of a host of vultures where a few minutes before none were visible.

Even more than this problem did the method of feeding of sharks and groupers hold my attention. After making sure of the first phase of interest, I allowed a six-foot shark to approach the hooked pigfish. It came rather slowly, then with increased speed, and finally made an ineffectual snap at the fish. The third time it seized it by the tail and, with a strong sideways twist of the whole body, tore the piece off. The second fish attacked was pulled off the hook, and two sharks then made a simultaneous rush at it. So awkward were they that one caught his jaw in the other's teeth and for a moment both swished about in a vortex of foam at the side of the boat.

I noted carefully about thirty distinct efforts or attacks on the hooked fish, and only three times was I able by manœuvring the fish to get the shark to turn even sideways — never once on its back, as the books so glibly relate. I sacrificed seven pigfish, and then tried to get the golden grouper, but it was too wary. A giant five-foot green grouper, larger than any we had taken thus far, was becoming more and more excited, however, and when I had tolled him close to the surface I let my fish lure drift loosely. One swift snap and the entire fish disappeared; then a single slight nod of the head, and the line parted cleanly. The general effect was of much greater force and power exerted in a short space of time than in the case of the sharks. When it comes to lasting power, however, the groupers fight for only a short time after being landed, while the sharks smash and thrash until they are actually cut to pieces.

After this exhibition I would, without hesitation, have dived in the helmet again in the very spot. I had had these sharks close to me a little while before; and, although my efforts under water seem to me no less awkward and helpless than those of a hooked pigfish, yet to these so-called man-eaters there is apparently all the difference in the world, and I am certain I should be absolutely safe from attack. The pigfish which entered into the experiment with no enthusiasm or volition were *Orthopristis forbesi*, the groupers were *Mycteroperca olfax*, and the sharks were *Carcharias galapagensis*.

AUGUSTUS BAGSTER, THOUGHT BROKER

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

In my mail I found a circular marked 'Important,' which seemed to indicate that it was n't. I was about to consign it to the wastebasket when I saw that it was from an old and valued friend whom I had not met for several years. It was written in that lucidly dictatorial style affected by modern advertisers.

AUGUSTUS BAGSTER

Thought Investment Broker and Banker

Safety and Satisfaction. Why not?

Watch your Intellect grow.

A thought saved is a thought earned.

When you invest in stocks and bonds, you choose your banker carefully. What about your thoughts? Does anybody look after them? Do you know how to select sound and seasoned ideas? Do you know how to invest your accumulated experiences so as to get returns from them? How much wildcat stock have you just now in your mental safe-deposit? Do you *know* that you are intellectually solvent, or do you only hope so? Did you ever have a skilled accountant go over your intellectual securities and estimate their present market-value? How much do you mark off for depreciation every year? Have you any facilities for coöperative thinking, or do you hoard your thoughts? What about that big thought that came to you last summer? Is it now a part of your working capital, or is it lying idle? Whatever your goal is, gain it through investments in high-grade thoughts. Let us help you. Bring your investment troubles to us. Send for our booklet. Do it now.

After reading the circular, I lost no time in going down to the financial district to call on Bagster. I found him on the fourteenth floor of a big office-building. He greeted me with his accustomed cordiality, and bade me disregard the notice on his desk that this was his busy day.

'What are you up to now?' I asked. 'Something new?'

'Not at all,' said Bagster. 'Same old job ministering to the unfelt wants of people who know that there's something the matter with their minds and want someone to tell them what it is. It's a common predicament in this all-too-complicated world.'

'From the sign on your door I gathered that you had taken up with some kind of New Thought.'

'Bless you, no. I have n't a thought that is less than two thousand years old. I never had any originality. I've a good deal of native applicability. I like to apply old thoughts to changing conditions — it freshens them up. When I find people who are muddled I like to help them if I can. That's all.

'The people I am interested in are intelligent persons who have come to the "years that bring the philosophic mind." That is about twenty years after the date set in our educational system for the study of philosophy.

'Touchstone asked Corin, "Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?" By that he meant to inquire whether Corin was interested merely in some

particular sheep, or whether he liked to talk about the shepherd's life in general.

'We curiously enough set apart for the study of philosophy the period in life when the mind has the fewest facilities for profitable philosophizing. We say to the husky youth, "Go to, now! Stock up with enough general ideas to last your lifetime. Meditate fruitfully on the One and the Many. See things steadily and see them whole. In the 'sessions of sweet silent thought' get acquainted with the Cosmos. Having absorbed large ideas and learned to see things in their true relation, then you may take a few years in the professional school to fit you for your specific job. Just now you must finish up with the fundamentals."

'But the youthful Gallio cares for none of these things. He is not interested in the Cosmos. He is interested in himself. He does not care to sit on the banks of the River of Time contemplating its mighty current. He wants to go in swimming.

'But the chances are that if all goes well with him, and he succeeds in his own business, he will in about fifteen or twenty years awake some fine morning and ask what it is all about. He will be in a mood for philosophizing. John Stuart Mill, speaking of his own education, says, "Anything that could be found out by thinking I was never told until I had exhausted every effort to find it out myself. My father always gave his explanations not before but after I had felt the full force of the difficulties." After about ten or fifteen years of independent struggle with circumstances, enough difficulties are encountered to make the explanations interesting. If even in a small way one has overcome a real difficulty, he is anxious to give others the benefit of his experience. He thinks that it forms the basis of profitable generalization.

'The people I have in mind have accumulated a certain amount of experience. They have learned to do what they set out to do, but they have a surplus of unexpended curiosity and energy. Having tended to their own business, they are ready for larger operations. They have come, after considerable effort, upon some thoughts that seem to have a wide application. They are sure these thoughts have intrinsic value, but they do not know what their exchangeable value may be.

'They are in the same state intellectually that they would be financially if there were no banks or exchanges by which the individual's savings could be combined with others and put to work profitably in large undertakings. They are even worse off, for they do not know of any circulating medium and carry on their intellectual trade by primitive barter — a mere swapping of ideas. Owing to the lack of coördination, there is a great deal of waste. Many mental factories are running full time, but at a loss. Their facilities for production are greater than their facilities for distribution.

'That being the case, it seemed to me that there was room for the despised middleman. These people need professional assistance. I am not a thinker. I am a thought investment banker and broker. I execute orders and give advice when it is asked for. In my advisory capacity I encourage intellectual thrift. I advise my clients that if their savings are wisely invested, and the accruing interest promptly reinvested, they can be assured of an intellectual competence. But they must beware of bucket shops.

'When a man in the course of his own business comes upon an idea which he is sure has wide applications, he does n't want to hoard it. He wants to get it into general circulation. He knows it has intrinsic value, but he does n't

know what its exchangeable value may be. "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him."

'Here, for example, is a man who has made his fortune in boots and shoes. He knows that business from A to Z. But one day he comes upon an idea that applies first of all to boots and shoes, and then to everything else. He feels like Jack when he began to climb his beanstalk. There seems to be no end to it. It's a principle, and he wants to apply it in a large way. He applies it to Church and State, the public schools and the board of aldermen. The thought expands and almost explodes. He wonders why the preachers and teachers and politicians have n't got on to it. It would revolutionize their methods. In fact, it would revolutionize society.

'Now, if in the first flush of his enthusiasm he were to present his ideas to his business associates, they would think he was a Bolshevik. But if he is fortunate to see my advertisement he will come to me and make a few inquiries. What is the present state of the thought market? Is it able without disturbance to absorb so large an offering? I suggest to him that he might be in a better technical position if part of his intellectual capital were in a more liquid form. In a revaluation of his holdings he must be prepared for some paper losses. There is likely to be a difference between the book value of his stock and the market value. In the case of unlisted securities there is often a considerable margin between the bidding and the asking price. All this seems reasonable to him and we sit down and do a little figuring.

'In estimating the exchangeable value of an idea, a great many considerations must be taken into account. The market price of a thought depends a good deal on who thinks it. An idea is like a check — its value is greatly enhanced by the name of its endorser. Here on the front page of the daily newspaper is an idea endorsed by Mr. J. P. Morgan. Large headlines proclaim its value. "Never do anything which you do not approve of in order to accomplish something you do approve of." That is a perfectly sound proposition. But if the minister of the Methodist Church in Sauk Centre, Minnesota, had said that, as he probably has many times, it would not have been telegraphed over the country. When Mr. Morgan says it, it is news.

'There are useful persons who are not original thinkers but who are indispensable in the commerce of ideas. They take thoughts from one province where they are cheap and transport them to another where they are rare. I think that these common carriers should receive some profit over and above the bare transportation charges. A part of the service I render is in facilitating these exchanges, and in analyzing the cost involved in transportation.

'Yesterday a prosperous merchant came to me and, taking a newspaper clipping from his vest pocket, read excitedly: "The *Manchester Guardian*, commenting on the shipment of cotton goods to Central America, expresses the opinion that the larger purchases of coffee in Germany in recent months contributed to increase the sales of Lancashire products to Central America and Brazil."

'"Here," he said, "is a commonplace in the business world. I wish you 'd tell me how to get it over into the minds of the clergymen. It has great spiritual value and it would revolutionize their preaching if they could only be made to see it. My minister has been running a course of sermons on Religion and Modern Civilization. He treats them as if they were trade rivals and the only way

were cutthroat competition. Now we business men have got away beyond that. He thinks if he can run down Modern Civilization he can get its custom into the church. He began with a sermon on the Bankruptcy of Science, then he has gone on enumerating one thing after another that has failed — Greek Philosophy, Ethics, and all the rest. When he's got all the competitors out of the way, he's going to wind up with a sermon on Religion, the only hope of a ruined world. I'm afraid that he will get us so in the habit of looking for failures that we shall be discouraged about religion, when we come to it.

'"Now I should like to spring that item from the *Manchester Guardian* on him, and see how he takes it. When we let up a little on the Germans, they buy more coffee, which allows the people of Brazil to buy more cotton goods from the Lancashire mills, and so it goes. Now does n't spiritual prosperity follow the same laws? If I had a chance to preach, I would n't run down Modern Civilization. I'd boost it. I'd show that Science and Art and Morality and Economics are departments of one Big Business. They help each other when they grow healthfully. I'd make a chart and make everyone in the congregation see the point. It does n't matter where the wave of prosperity starts. It spreads."

'"Why don't you do it?" I said. "You have Laymen's Sunday in your church. Just the chance for you to preach. I can tell you of some mighty good texts."

II

'I am continually warning people against reckless speculation. I tell them not to believe everything they see in a prospectus. Go slow on any proposition that promises abnormal returns for a small investment. Don't let anyone sell you the blue sky. Here is a letter from a man who says he is one of Abraham Lincoln's plain people: —

'"I'm a native American and don't care who knows it. Since the war I have accumulated an amount of patriotism that I don't know what to do with. How shall I invest my surplus? What do you think of Hundred-Per-Cent Americanism? Is that too high a per cent for a plain citizen who is n't running for office? Or should I be content with a more moderate return? What about investing a portion of my patriotic enthusiasms in K. K. K., Inc.? I enclose a circular which I have just received. It looks good to me. I don't see where I could get a hundred per cent so easily. I notice that in order to get in on the ground floor I have to be a Nordic. Could you tell me how I can qualify? All I know about them is that the Nordics were Protestants from away back before the Christian era. But were they any particular denomination of Protestants? Or does every stockholder get a certificate of Nordicity when he pays his ten dollars?"

'I answered in a conservative way: "The securities you mention are highly speculative. You should look into the history of these offerings and avoid irresponsible dealers. The market for racial and religious antipathies is very fluctuating. At one moment it rises to enormous proportions, and then it goes flat. Avoid companies that exploit two kinds of antipathies at the same time. One is enough. This is a big country, and you can't corner the hate market. If you must invest, choose your antipathy cautiously, then put it away in a safe place and think no more about it. Do not expect a ready market for it. Most persons have antipathies of their own and don't care to have others dumped upon them."

'Here is a letter from an excellent and

public-spirited citizen which shows the kind of questions that come to me. While they require only a moderate amount of business sagacity, yet they are not without their difficulties. One correspondent writes: —

'"My chief interest has been in enterprises dealing with the peace of the world. Complications in world politics have made it necessary to scrutinize my investments. I ask suggestions from your office. Almost any plan for keeping the peace looked good to me, and in the course of the last twenty years I have invested in pretty nearly everything that was offered. I have taken stock in Hague Tribunal, Benevolent Neutrality, Pan-Americanism, League of Nations (with or without reservations), Outlawry of War, Washington Conference, World Court, Youth Movement, Limitation of Armament, Society of Friends, Universal Religion (when, as, and if issued). I invested in the first issue of War to End War. These were short-time bonds to mature in 1919. When the date of maturity arrived, it was found that no provision was made for meeting these obligations, and an extension of time was asked.

'"As I am loaded up with these securities, which I took in good faith, I am looking for relief. Might not a committee be formed to protect the interest of the investors? I think we ought to consolidate our holdings. Perhaps some of the older pacifist issues might be retired and new issues be presented that would reach a wider investing public. Competitive peace-planning seems as wasteful as competitive armament.

'"Here is an editorial in a paper devoted to the cause of international peace. It bitterly attacks the League of Nations for not interfering in the recent crisis in Egypt, though it declares that if it had done so that would have been the end of the League. 'In our judgment it would have been better for the League to have smashed itself up in a vain attempt to settle the Egyptian question than to continue to exist amid wars and rumors of wars.'

'"What do you think of this as a business proposition? Should the League smash itself up trying to do something that it knows it can't do now, or should it try to keep on as a going concern even though it can't pay dividends for several years? What would you advise me to do with my various holdings?"

'I wrote my client in regard to the advantage of diversified investment. "I would suggest that this is not a time for panic. Do not dump any large block of peace securities on the market so as to depress it. The fact that a man like yourself can sympathize with so many ways of keeping the peace has a steadying effect. It is well to have even the weaker securities in strong hands. If the whole list can be kept active, it ensures a continuous market. You know Sir Philip Sidney used to advise his friends, 'When you hear of a good war, go to it.' That was a great encouragement to the sixteenth-century militarists. Why should n't you say, 'When you hear of a good peace, go to it.'

'"I agree that cutthroat competition between peace plans is uneconomic. We should remember that the best plan is not that which looks best on paper. It is the plan that can be put through. When at last it is put through it may turn out to be a combination of various plans, or it may be an old discarded plan with something added to make it work. Or perhaps what is needed is *somebody* who has force enough to work it."

'I suggested also that arrangements might be made for bringing Peace issues within the reach of the ordinary man. World peace seems rather a big proposition for a person of moderate

means. He does n't know how to swing anything so big. Now, if peace principles in smaller denomination were offered him, he might feel like investing his little all. A peace plan covering his own ward might seem attractive. If he found that he could carry on a neighborhood church or a town meeting peaceably, he might be induced to take stock in more ambitious enterprises. More attention should be given to the small investors.

III

'Perhaps there are no subjects in regard to which I have had more inquiries from well-meaning people whose minds are in a tangle than in regard to the various Temperance issues. They have so overlapped that it is hard for the ordinary person to find his way about. There was a time when Temperance was a comparatively simple proposition. Most people would agree in regard to Ten Nights in a Barroom. The first night was really enough to convince anyone that a barroom was a good place to keep away from.

'But as the Temperance movement has gone on, it has become involved in many complexities. Temperance people differ among themselves, and are not always able to discuss their differences temperately. There is often occasion for Father Taylor's ejaculatory prayer, "Lord, save us from bigotry and bad rum — Thou knowest which is worse."

'Here is a letter from an earnest Temperance advocate who feels the need of expert advice. She writes as follows: —

'"About 1867 my mother invested in Victory Bonds of Ohio Crusaders. These bonds were to mature in 1880. Before the date of maturity mother was induced to exchange them for W. C. T. U. preferred. I inherited these securities, together with a block of Moral Suasions from my grandmother's estate. They were, I was informed, no longer active on the exchange, but might have some value in the future. From time to time I have taken up the new issues of W. C. T. U. as they came out, particularly the Educationals. I invested in Coffee House, Local Option, Scientific Investigation, Three Square Meals a Day, Better Housing Conditions, Votes for Women, and State-wide Prohibition. I added to my holdings Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and Social Settlement. I looked upon this as a reasonably diversified investment. The bull movement in National Prohibition took me by surprise, but I promptly invested all my spare funds in Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Act. I do not regret this, but I confess that I have been a little bewildered by later developments. I don't know just where I stand, for I am also a D. A. R. and have inherited, from my revolutionary sires, a large interest in Personal Liberties. Must any of these valued securities be sacrificed? I have been advised to sell my old securities for what they will fetch in the open market and invest everything in Law Enforcement. What do you think about it?"

'I wrote to her strongly advising her not to sacrifice anything. "Law Enforcement is all right, but it is what we call a business man's investment. It has to be watched carefully all the time. It is a strenuous job to look after it. There are lots of laws on the statute books, and the law enforcer must n't play favorites. I don't think you can afford to throw away that old-fashioned Moral Suasion your grandmother believed in. A little more of it would come in handy just now. After you have persuaded people to pass a law you have to keep on persuading them to obey it. That's the hardest part of

the job in this country. Do you remember the text, 'What the law could not do . . . '? There are some things the law can do, but there are a good many more things that the law cannot do. They have to be done in a different way. Don't get in wrong on that Personal Liberty issue. But insist that Personal Liberty has as its only security Personal Responsibility."

'Speaking of the various temperance reforms reminds me of the reformers of all kinds who come to my office, and with whom I have established a brisk business. It is what might be called a seasonal trade. In his busy season the reformer has no time to consider the relation of his cause to society as a whole. He is not a general practitioner like Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, who could boast that the world was out of joint and he was born to set it right. He is a specialist and confines himself to a particular joint. He holds on to that with grim tenacity, till it is set.

'But when his particular reform has been accomplished the reformer is likely to have a gone feeling. The cause for which he labored has triumphed, but it is not *his* triumph. Its opponents have forgotten that they ever opposed it. It is no longer a great moral issue; it has become an accomplished fact, and all the people who stand for accomplished facts accept it — and then go on as if nothing had happened.

'If the reformer is a sensitive and self-centred person, this is gall and wormwood to him. He is like the workmen in the parable who had borne the heat and burden of the day, and begrudged the eleventh-hour man his penny.

'But if the reformer is a sensible person he comes to my office to talk over the matter just as any successful business man might talk with his banker about changing his investments. He has had a quick turnover. He has cleared a quite tidy sum in his last venture. He has an unexpended balance of pugnacity, and is in a rather speculative frame of mind. He would like to take a flyer in some new cause that conservative people are afraid of. What is there that's most unpopular just now? After talking with me he does n't lose much time in making the change. One can always find wrongs to be righted if he knows where to look for them. I keep a list in my office of reforms that are overdue. There are some choice bargains yet to be picked up.

IV

'A good many clergymen drop in from time to time seeking advice. They know that they are spiritually solvent, but they are not sure that they are intellectually so. One gentleman complained that he had some seasoned doctrinal bonds for which he had received no return in interest for a number of years. I looked up the securities and explained to him that these bonds had been called some time ago. The capital was safe, but the interest had stopped. The best thing for him to do would be to invest his spiritual capital in some securities that were not callable.

'A zealous minister came with his troubles. He had become, he said, socially minded, but he found it difficult to get his congregation to keep up with him. He had added one social activity after another in his church till the people complained that the addition of another good cause would be more than they could stand. What could he do about it? How could he keep his church up to the mark in social activities, without having it die on his hands?

'I took out a little pamphlet which I had received with the compliments of the U. S. Steel Corporation. It contained remarks by Judge Gary on the

subject of Pittsburgh Plus. "Let's get at the principle. You see, when the steel industry in this country was in its infancy, the cradle was in Pittsburgh. That's where the steel was actually produced. It was natural that the price in other parts of the country should be that established at Pittsburgh, plus the cost of transportation from that point. By and by steel began to be produced in Alabama and on the Great Lakes in large quantities. Why should transportation from Pittsburgh be included in the price of steel that had never come from Pittsburgh? Judge Gary explains how at last the U. S. Steel Corporation had to yield to the demand for a new standard for price-making. The price of steel is no longer determined by its distance from Pittsburgh, but there is a recognition of the point where it is actually produced.

'"Now you are dealing with the same kind of question. The time was when all social-welfare activities were centred in the church. It was the Pittsburgh for altruism. But one society after another has been organized to meet special needs. These nonecclesiastical agencies have proved very effective. You are going on the principle of the church — your church — plus. If a person wishes to engage in work for the community, you expect him to join your church and then go to work. But what if he takes a short cut and goes to work without joining your church? When the individuals of your congregation join with their neighbors in good works, you want them to do all these things over again so as to make a good showing in your denominational yearbook. You miss the point of the parable of the Good Samaritan. He was n't a good Jew or a good Christian — he was only a good Samaritan.

'"Why don't you cut out church plus? It will save a lot of bother. Your people then can do their good works in the ways most natural and efficient without spending too much time in figuring out who will get the credit. It will save duplication. It will be better for the church in the long run. People can have leisure to be spiritually minded and socially minded at the same time."

'It is not the church people only who are troubled by the needless duplication of effort. A well-known philanthropist came to me for help. He said he had for some time been converted to the modern view of social responsibility. He did not consider himself as a benefactor when he contributed to various organizations for social welfare. It was a voluntary form of taxation.

'What he objects to is that, now that his principles are known, his assessment has been raised and he is the victim of triple and even quadruple taxation. He asked, "Does the fact that I have given as much as I can afford to one good cause carry with it the obligation to contribute as much to every other good cause? Would there not be a more general participation in altruistic enterprises if the principle of limited liability were recognized?"

'Not only were the demands for money increasing beyond his ability to pay, but also the demands for all sorts of social and semisocial services. During the war he had conducted a number of successful drives. Teams were organized to go through each neighborhood. Two gentlemen appearing where only one had been expected had an intimidating effect on the nongiver. It was an effective method. But of late the number of drives for divers good causes had so increased that the drivers were in danger of collision. "On my last drive," he said, "I carefully chose names of friends with whose generosity and affability I was familiar. When I called at their houses they were out. On my return to my home I found their cards, each friend stating that he would

call again to interest me in a philanthropic object to which he knew I would gladly contribute." My client suggested that if well-known philanthropists would subscribe to a gentlemen's agreement not to solicit from one another they might get more from the general public.

V

'I am organizing a department of domestic relations so that young people and their parents can exchange ideas as to what constitutes propriety. At present the transactions are conducted with the bickering that belongs to private bargaining. Paternalism and maternalism, however necessary in the family, are subject to the law of diminishing returns. Now if the time comes when this is manifest the parents and children could bring their ideas into the open market, and much misunderstanding could be done away.

'There is a great confusion in regard to values. Matters of taste or of fashion are given an inflated moral value. A policy of drastic deflation is indicated for such cases.

'Here is a letter from a young girl. "Dear Sir: I learn that you are dealing in moral exchanges. I wish you would straighten out mother's ideas for me. She is much upset over bobbed hair. Can you tell me how to adjust the matter with her so as to make everything pleasant? She is so solemn about it. Is bobbed hair morally wrong, or is it only unscriptural? If it is unscriptural, where can I find a commentary that explains it the other way? I love mother dearly, but she does n't understand me. I just have to do something that she does n't approve of. Perhaps if I knew what she used to do when she was my age, and she wanted to show that she was n't tied to grandmother's apron string, I might do that. What I want is the equivalent."

'By a curious coincidence I received a letter from her mother, dealing with the same subject. She said that there is a reckless rebelliousness on the part of the rising generation that bodes no good for the Republic. Young people are taking things into their own hands. They won't take advice unless you give them the reason for it, and that is n't always convenient. What is going to become of Civilization?

'I answered in a way to allay her fears about civilization and then to focus her attention upon the immediate problem. In regard to things in general, I recommended some statistical study. A table of statistics is a great stabilizer of the emotions. There is a strong family resemblance among averages. I enclosed a chart prepared by a well-known banking house showing by means of graphic curves the fluctuations of business for the last fifty years. Most people when they hear of good times and bad times have an exaggerated idea of the difference between them. But this chart shows that business sticks pretty close to the normal. What is lost in one way is made up in another. The lowest depression in the worst financial year did not fall fifteen per cent below normal, and in the years of greatest prosperity the rise was not more than that above it.

'I promised to send her a similar chart showing the fluctuation in the manners of the young during a similar period. Our chart has not been completed, but our statistician thinks it probable that the difference between high and low will not amount to more than ten points. There is a complication that has to be taken into account in calculating these averages. Owing to the increased time required for education, the period which is designated as youth has been greatly prolonged. The ladies who took themselves so seriously in the old-fashioned novels were about

fifteen years of age. By the time they were eighteen or nineteen they were matrons too much absorbed in bringing up their own children to criticize their parents.

'"Your daughter is evidently irritated because you treat her as if she were younger than she feels, and she retaliates by treating you as if you were older than you are. The years make a barrier between you, and your minds, as the lawyers say, do not meet. She vaguely feels that the time has come when you should meet her more upon a level, and have a decent respect for her opinion. Perhaps she is right. If I were you I would look into the matter.

'"If you wish to establish permanently profitable relations with your daughter, I would advise you to take her into full intellectual partnership, giving her an equal share in all the risks and the profits of your joint undertakings. This sense of responsibility will be good for her. Nor will the difference in value of the contributions you make to the common fund be so great as you may imagine. The book value of your accumulated opinions may be greater, but hers may have the greater marketability. A good deal of your capital is tied up. You have a good many fixed ideas that have value only for their associations. When you clean up all your mortgages you may find that your equity is not large. If you are to develop any new and profitable intellectual business it will be very advantageous to draw on the quick capital which your daughter can furnish.

'"The difference in age need not trouble you. You are aware that in these days less importance is put on the dates in the family Bible. Estimates are now made on the basis of what is called mental age. Call at our office and let our experts determine your mental age. Perhaps when you ascertain it you may look upon your daughter as a contemporary."

'While mothers are likely to be concerned about any deviation from the manners of their girlhood, most of the inquiries from the fathers indicate that they are desirous that their sons should have advantages greater than those which they have enjoyed. Especially is this the case with those who have made their own way in the world. But when it comes to considering what these advantages are there is a great deal of vagueness. Only yesterday a prominent business-man came to ask my advice as to the best college for his son. Knowing that I dealt in intellectual exchanges, he thought I might furnish him with the ratings of various institutions. He brought with him a number of catalogues and I found that he was very much impressed by the colleges that offered the most courses and had the longest list of noted professors.

'"I am looking," he said, "for the college which offers the greatest advantages." "For whom?" I asked. "For my boy, of course."

'"Oh, that simplifies it," I said. "A good many of these advantages in the catalogue are not for him." Then I took up the financial column of the morning newspaper and read: "The capital structure of a company means little to most investors, and yet it is most important. There is a vast difference in investment merit between the common stock of a company that has no bonds or preferred stock ahead of it and the common stock of a concern that has so many other security issues in front of it that it represents nothing more than an attenuated equity.

'"You can figure out how much value to your boy will be the courses he will never take and the noted professors he will never meet. Perhaps a smaller

college in which he could have a larger part might be better for him. In the big college he might have only an attenuated equity."

VI

'I am thinking,' said Bagster, 'of establishing a branch office in Washington. There seems to be a demand for it from conscientious, hard-working members of Congress. Here is a letter which shows a distressing condition.

'"Dear Sir: Seeing your advertisement, it occurred to me that you might be able to do something for a deserving and much misunderstood class of American citizens. They are curiously called Representatives. When I was elected to Congress from the ninth district of my state, I labored under an altogether erroneous notion of what constitutes representative government. I supposed that the people of my district, not having the time or the special knowledge to deal directly with the specific questions that might arise during the session of the national legislature, had asked me to do some political thinking for them. Having the opportunity of listening to the debates and consulting with my colleagues, I could make decisions in regard to matters of which my constituents were ignorant. I now see that this was a great mistake. The alarming increase of literacy, cheap postage, and the radio have undermined the old foundations of representative government. My constituents know more about what is going on in Washington than I do, and they lose no time in telling me so. While I am acting as chore boy, they are making up my mind for me. They tell me how to vote on a bill which I have not had time to consider. I have no longer leisure to read my letters. I weigh them. You would not believe how many pounds of peremptory advice I receive every day. As for telegrams, they are as the sands of the seashore, and they have a curious way of confirming one another. Hundreds of my constituents will rush simultaneously to the offices of the Western Union Telegraph Company and express themselves vehemently in exactly the same language. They do not argue — they decide. The only liberty I have is the liberty of anticipating what they are going to tell me to think. If this keeps on, the government at Washington will be a government by Telepathy.

'"I am not complaining. It is a glorious thought that public opinion can express itself spontaneously on every new question with such terseness and timeliness. But is it public opinion? Who are the promoters who are putting it on the market? There must still be a good many people who have not acquired the habit of telegraphing to their Congressmen. Perhaps some of them rather admire a Congressman who has opinions of his own. Perhaps they would prefer to have him now and then make a mistake of his own rather than make all of theirs.

'"Could n't you help us out? I wish I could drop into your office and get the current quotations about public opinion, so that I need n't be dependent on the opinions that are wished on me by zealous promoters. If your office were on Pennsylvania Avenue, it would be a great convenience in case an emergency should arise in which I had to make up my mind in advance of telegraphic instructions."'

At this point I interrupted.

'I hope, Bagster, you did n't encourage that Congressman too much. He thinks his constituents have an undue influence over him, and that he could legislate better if they would let him alone. Perhaps he could. But this government is not arranged for the

convenience of Congressmen. This is a government not only of the people but *by* the people.

'By the way, there's a bill coming up for the benefit of the whole people. We must get busy and work up public sentiment. It's your business, Bagster, as well as mine, to get that bill through at once. I'd tell you about it if you had leisure, but as you have n't you must take my word for it. That's the way I did when it was brought to my attention by persons I have confidence in. We are at the parting of the ways. Send a night letter to your Congressman telling him how much the people around here are wrought up about it. I advise you to do it now.'

'Oh,' said Bagster, 'I'm here to give advice, not to take it.'

THE TEST

A CHAPTER IN 'COMING OF AGE'[1]

BY HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

June 14, 1918. — LONDON! Our leave, Molly's and mine, came through the tenth and here we are in London. O-o-oh! I'm all out of breath and glad of it. We have n't stopped a minute since we've been here. Dinner at the Savoy and the Troc. and Romano's and the Picadilly; lunches, matinées, tea at the Army and Navy Club, the theatre, dancing at Murray's — whee-ee!

Jerry is here, and his Major with him. The Major fell to me. I don't like him much. I might have liked him better if I had n't known that Don Gracie is in town. I've missed him at every turn. He went to our hotel looking for me the day after we moved to the Nurses' Club, and the people at the hotel said they did n't know where I had gone! It makes me sick! I'll bet I never see him again, and he was such a peach!

I've got scads of new clothes. I don't know what on earth I bought them for. My leave lasts two weeks, and I'll never wear 'em in France, and by the time I have another leave they'll be all out of style. But it is so nice to wear silk undies again, and to dress for dinner, and to sit in a clean white room having my hair done, and to look in the shop windows and speculate deliciously on what I will buy next. I am young again and alive, and there is no mud.

June 20. — Mr. Blake is in town. I went out to Epsom with him Tuesday to play golf. He plays well, and of course I had to poke my nose in where it did n't belong to see how he did it. The result was that, standing too close behind him, I got in the way of his swing, and he hit me a crack with his driver that cut clear through to the bone. Being on my forehead, the cut bled enthusiastically and scared him almost to death. He thought he'd fractured my skull. I did too, for a little, but I guess he did n't. He took me to a

[1] An earlier installment appeared in the September issue.

near-by Canadian Convalescent Camp to have it sewed up, and I had all I could do to keep him from carrying me. They sewed me up with a rusty needle, and I might say that I've had things done to me that I enjoyed more. Still, it was n't too bad, and I don't think it will leave much of a scar.

Last night Molly and Anne Murray and I had dinner at the Royal Automobile Club with Mr. Blake, John Grant, General Grey, Strong of the International Shipping Board, and the man who is financial advisor to the British War Office.

Strong is a New Hampshire man, and was delighted to find that it was my state. Oh yes, and Jerry was there. I almost forgot him.

I was interested in looking around the table.

With the exception of Jerry, every man there was a power in his own world. They were all men who had 'done things.' John Grant was undoubtedly the most interesting. He tells a story magnificently.

They sat there paying three girls all the little foolish attentions that women are supposed to like — the silly, insincere speeches, and anecdotes told in words of one syllable in order that our feeble feminine intellects might grasp the point, and so forth. Not one, except Jerry, gave us credit for having minds of our own. I felt an idle curiosity concerning the women they knew. I should like to see some of them, and to know what part they have played in the lives of these men. Obviously women are to them only a means of amusement, not to be associated with the real things of life. I wonder if all men are like that at heart. They seem to be except when they are very young, like Jerry.

We went to the theatre after dinner, and going home General Grey tried his darnedest to get me alone in a taxi. I would n't go alone in a wheelbarrow with that man. Every time he looks at me a horrible light comes into his eyes. It gave me cold chills. I attached myself firmly to Molly and Jerry, much to Jerry's disgust. He did n't understand. He's not old enough yet to be rotten. Molly understood at once. Women always do. And all the way home we kicked each other's shins mirthfully, while Jerry and the General sulked. It was so ridiculous. How can these mighty lords of creation expect us to take them seriously? Here was a young and exceedingly handsome subaltern grumping in one corner of the taxi, and a thin, white-haired General sitting in the other corner gnawing his moustache with a meat-axe expression — and all because they could n't have their very ownest way. Neither of them spoke a word until the taxi stopped before the Nurses' Club.

Molly and I simply shrieked when we got upstairs. But I was sorry for Jerry. He does love Molly so. I'll have to explain to him to-morrow why I spoiled his ride home.

June 24. — I'm beginning to be a little homesick for camp. The excitement of leave in London is beginning to wear thin. It's not very satisfying. Molly, of course, is willing to stay forever. But she is engaged to Jerry, and he is here, which makes a difference.

June 28. — Home again! I wonder why I went away. We arrived in camp with exactly one shilling between us, as is usual after leave.

London was wonderful, but not so wonderful as my hills, all green in the morning sunlight. It's so nice to wake up in the morning and hear the old familiar camp-noises. Even the fact that our water supply has given out and we can't have any baths does n't seem to matter, it's so good to be back.

July 22. — We are a little busier than we were. Just small casualties. A U. S. troop train passed me in Camiers yesterday — the first American soldiers I've seen. Immediately there was a yell of 'Look, fellers, there's a Yankee girl!' They howled and waved their hats until the train was out of sight.

I could n't yell because of the lump in my throat, but I waved back and grinned.

July 30. — To-day we did have a delicious time! The Fourth Cavalry Field Ambulance, which was billeted at Widem, has been moved to Bernville, and they invited Ruth, Mary, and me over for the day. Which really meant tea, since it takes half a day to get there. They came for us in a strange vehicle which seemed to be a cross between a prairie schooner and a steam-piano wagon, the reason being that there is some vague rule of the British War Office to the effect that Sisters can't go riding with officers in open wagons. I don't just get the idea, and I'm not sure that that *is* the rule. None of us really knew. The War Office issues so many rules. Anyway, in order to be on the safe side they brought this thing to take us out of camp. As soon as we got on to the Widem road we crawled outside, and beyond Frenq Captain Shone met us on horseback. Colonel Pitts had come over on horseback with the wagon, so I borrowed Shone's horse, and the Colonel and I disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust, leaving Ruth and Mary to ride with Gavin Argo and Shone. Jove, but it was good to be on a horse again!

We stopped for tea in a grove by the roadside and arrived in Bernville just in time for supper. We had a delightful time. And they took us home in an ambulance — which sounds a little odd, but is n't.

August 8. — We've had a fine string of air raids, but not much work. The atmosphere of camp is changing. I can't put my finger on what's wrong, exactly. I speak from a social point of view, of course. I don't know whether it is because we are n't working hard enough, or because the nervous strain of it all is wearing us down. But there is a vague tension and unrest in the air. People who used to be quiet and not very much interested in the social doings of camp are blossoming out amazingly, and those of us who always were interested are growing more and more hectic. What's the matter with us?

I have an idea that we are going to be very busy again soon. It has been rumbly all day to-day, and part of yesterday too. And the sky toward the north was very red last night.

August 12. — No new convoys came in during the night, so we got caught up with the work, and quit at five this morning. I'm working with Major Cottis now. Like him very much.

I do so love the atmosphere of the theatre. I noticed it particularly last night because I had a little time to think. Lunch was early, and we were allowed a twenty-minute rest afterward, so we climbed up on the tables and sat, a row of white goblins, in the flare of the primus stove. Except for that one spot of light the theatre was dark. The boys, lying on stretchers around the coal stove, were barely visible, just dark blobs that stirred now and then, and coughed. Through the windows, away to the north, the sky was red again, and the rumble of the bombardment came faintly.

After a little we woke up to the fact that we were having recess and began to chase one another around the tables with basins of water. Somebody poured at least a quart down my neck. We talked and sang and hung out the

windows watching the light in the north. Major Cranston was like his old self again. His brown eyes gleamed with mischief, and for the first time in many weeks I heard him laugh aloud. I'd almost forgotten he could play. He's been our chief for so long now that the man was almost lost in the surgeon, and it seemed as though he had always been operating, his eyes intent and his fingers flying.

It's a great life — this. I'm glad I was n't born too late.

August 15. — The push is nearly over for the time being, I think. Anyway we are getting time off again. Day before yesterday Ann and I went down to the beach and spent the day, just lying around. It did Ann a lot of good, for I let her talk about Johnnie as much as she liked, and she just poured it out. She told me all about her engagement, and about her honeymoon of a month, and all the time she was telling me about it there was an unearthly light in her eyes that I did n't like at all. When she came to the part of the story where she got the telegram from the War Office saying, 'Captain John Peyton reported missing,' and told me how she walked the streets of London all night, in agony, her face became so drawn and white I thought she was going to faint.

She is certainly on the verge of a breakdown of some kind unless she hears one way or the other. No reasonable person could believe that the boy was alive, but you can hardly expect the bride of a month to be reasonable about the disappearance of her husband. His squadron officers have told her that what was believed to be his plane was seen coming down in flames, over the German lines. The German reports for that day say that three planes came down behind their lines and that only one was a Bristol Fighter. Johnnie's plane was a Bristol Fighter, but the German report said that the bodies were so badly burned that identification was impossible.

In the face of this Ann insists that Johnnie is alive and in prison somewhere, and she believes that he will get word to her some way. Everybody in camp, being imbued with the English idea of not showing emotion, refuses to let poor Ann talk, and she is repressed almost beyond endurance. It nearly finished me when she said with tears in her eyes, 'I shall tell Johnnie when he comes back how good you have been to me, and how patiently you have listened to my ravings. He will want to meet you. You will be the very first one.'

I could hardly bear it.

August 22. — I've bought a dog! A month-old police-dog pup. I've wanted one so long. Bought it in Paris-Plage.

I was a little worried about the Colonel's attitude. He is getting very tired of all the animals that are springing up around the camp, and I have n't yet forgotten the day he came into B-2 and my kitten shinned briskly up his leg. But I knew I'd have to have his permission, so I went boldly to his office, the puppy under my arm, hoping that the fat foolishness of it would melt him. I put it on his desk, and it waddled across his blotter and fell plunk into the Colonel's lap. He grinned like anything, and I said, '*Please* may I keep it, Colonel?'

'Hell! Yes. Don't blame you,' said he, patting the pup. 'Here, take the damn thing away.'

And I took it, rejoicing. I've named it Pat. It's anything but an original name, but he looks as if his name was Pat. I do like dogs! And the Colonel is a darling.

August 29. — The push is still on, but *I'm* not doing *anything*. They've

taken me out of the theatre! I'm *loafing!* And everybody else is killed with work.

You see, I must have been more tired than I realized. I had n't slept for about forty-two hours, but, for that matter, neither had anyone else. The crowd in the theatre were fainting all over the place. Pratt is the nurse in charge of the theatre just now, and she walked up and down between the tables with a bottle of aromatic spirits in one hand and a bottle of brandy in the other, ready to pounce on the next person who wilted.

It must have been about 3 A.M. night before last. I was working with Eddie Welles. I remember it quite distinctly. I was nearly asleep and I suppose I was swaying slightly. But it was from sleepiness. I never faint. Anyhow, I chanced to look up, and there was a canary, in a cage, hanging from the ceiling of the theatre. I grabbed Eddie by the arm and said, 'My Lord, Eddie! Look at the canary!'

'Where?' said Eddie.

'Right there, you idiot! Can't you see it?' I snapped, pointing at it. 'Gosh! It's gone now.'

Eddie looked at me queerly for a moment, and then went on operating. I got sleepier and sleepier, and presently everything in the room faded except the glow of light on our patient's red blanket, and on the square of flesh we were working on. I looked up at Eddie to see how he was standing it. He had been growing steadily whiter for some time, but when I glanced up at him I was absolutely stunned to see that Major Cranston was standing there, not Eddie at all. I began grabbing sponges and snaps. The Major requires lively assistance. Then I heard Eddie's voice saying, 'Whoa there, Troub, what's the rush?' And there was Eddie, and I remembered that Major Cranston was up the line.

I grinned rather sheepishly. 'Sorry, old thing. I thought you were Major Cranston.'

When the op. was finished Eddie went over and talked to the Colonel for a long while. I did n't care.

Some time later — I don't remember what I was doing — the Colonel walked over to me and said, 'Look here, Sister, you go off duty and go to bed — and you *stay* there!'

I started a protest, but it was no good. The Colonel roared at me, 'Damn it! *Go to bed!*'

I went.

And I slept all day, all last night, and most of to-day. This noon the Colonel came over to see me and soothed my ruffled pride greatly. He explained that he had sent me off because he had seen for some time that I was working on my nerve and that I was nearly at the breaking-point. And that he did n't want to see a good operating nurse ruined, and so forth. Anyway, he made me feel a lot better. And he said I could go on duty again as soon as I wanted to, but it would have to be on day duty, and he'd suggest to Matron that I go on a medical ward, where the work was n't quite so hard.

He's a dear.

September 1. — The season has reached the uncertain lingering stage between summer and fall. I shall be glad when the fall is really here. I love the blaze of color, and the tang in the air. It creates in me a deep satisfaction in something quite unexplainable — and yet there comes with it a queer haunting pain, a feeling of its being the beginning of the end.

This afternoon we went into a cup-shaped hollow in the hills, and I lay down under a tiny lilac-tree and listened dreamily to the chatter of the leaves. I could see the whole range, the wheat and clover fields, the ploughed land, a

fragment of camp, the château, and a long stretch of blue that was the sea. The grass was long and soft, and Pat scrambled about in it, whiffling at all manner of things. Every few minutes he came tumbling riotously back to slobber in my ear. When it was nearly tea-time we came down, racing madly over the stubble. Pat's silky wolf's ears turned back in the wind, his nose was up, and his fat tail wagged frantically. We tore across the football field and into camp, much to the amusement of everybody on the piazza.

I poked Pat into his kennel — at which he swore horribly — and then went off to tea feeling one hundred per cent.

I wonder what goes on inside Pat's furry head. I wish I knew.

September 5. — The Hindenburg line has broken!

Camp is wild with the excitement of it. Perhaps this is the beginning of the end. And if it is — what will happen to us? I had forgotten that there might be an end. That some day I might be back in America, and it would be peace-time once more.

We got our first stretcher-convoy in months, yesterday, and since then they have been coming in steadily. The tales the boys tell are magnificent, but how worn-out the poor dears are! This morning I arrived at one youngster's bedside just in time to prevent a lively attack of hysteria. They come out to France younger and younger. This lad was n't a day over seventeen.

No air raids since the push started.

September 7. — Still very busy. We have some very heavy dressings now. One that I did to-day almost made me cry — and I'm not a crying person.

The lad was a Canadian, about twenty-two, with a frightful arm. Elbow joint smashed, swollen stiff, and full of gas gangrene. In getting off the dressing I *had* to move it some, and though I was as careful as I could be I could hear the bones scrunching and grating inside. Then I had to pull off hard, dry sponges, and pull out yards of packing that kept catching on the splintered bone. That lad just turned his head away, and never made a sound — did n't even grit his teeth. Once, accidentally touching a raw nerve with my forceps, I hurt him terribly, and he turned his head to see what I was doing. I saw that his eyes were full of tears, and the pupils enormously dilated, but not a word out of him. No groaning, no 'Please wait a minute, Sister.' Just silence. I choked for an instant, and then burst out, 'Oh, I'm awfully sorry, lad!' And he said, so gently, 'It's quite all right, Sister. Carry on.'

When I'd finished, and was tucking him in, he looked up at me with a charming smile, and said, 'You're very gentle, Sister. Thank you very much.'

I could n't say a single word.

September 12. — Lovely long letter from Daddy. He is such a good sport! If he only knew how much he helps.

One of my boys, — only sixteen, — with a gunshot wound in his leg, made a frightful fuss while I was doing his dressing this morning. I don't think I hurt him much. I know when things really hurt. But I had n't the heart to scold him, he was such a child. When I was through he looked up with an ashamed grin and said, 'I'm sorry, Sister. I'm awful, are n't I?'

I told him no, I thought he did very well. Which was the truth, and he was so pleased it was pathetic. 'I'll be good to-morrow, Sister. See if I'm not,' said he earnestly. He won't, of course, but it does n't matter. They are such dears.

We had a dance last night. Jack Macpherson was there. He's Argyle

and Sutherland, and their uniform is stunning. He was wearing dress uniform last night — complete even to the jeweled dagger in his sock. Oh yes, and he was wearing a monocle. It was too funny. He danced with me a lot, and the monocle kept falling out and whacking me on the head, so at last he left it out altogether. He is a beautiful dancer, but not too strong on brains. Not that it matters, however. I can find people enough to talk to when I want to talk, and not everybody can dance like Jack.

September 16. — The French and Americans are doing a lot of heavy and successful fighting, we hear, but the Northern Front has been comparatively quiet since the rains, so we're not working very hard. It's interesting to realize that the backs of our minds are concentrated day and night on the Front. Yet consciously we go about thinking of almost everything else.

For example, deep inside me I wait with a strained intentness for the least bit of news from the war. I don't notice that I'm doing it until the news comes, and then I fairly snap at it. Meantime my conscious mind is tremendously interested in my own little world. I took Pat to the ward to-day, and he promptly immersed his entire head in a tin of orange marmalade. I had a fearful time getting it off. I could have wrung his fat neck, until I got a good look at him after the tin was removed. Then the heart of me melted into laughter. The marmalade dripped from his whiskers and eyebrows, a piece of orange was hanging to his ear and wagged slowly and ruminatively while his little pink tongue ran back and forth over his nose. He was satisfied with himself and the world.

September 20. — I had the P.M. yesterday, so took Pat and we went over the hills and back into the country. We had a nice day. At least I did. I don't know how Pat feels about it. I suspect that he finds the world an alarming place. First he tried to walk on water — a mill stream four feet deep. He rose to the surface, well smeared with slime, clambered out philosophically, and shook himself under the nose of a highly indignant goat. The goat butted him briskly, and he fled to me, whimpering, like the baby that he is. Ten minutes later a rooster tried to pick his eye out. Pat braced up to him bravely, though he was badly scared, and, seeing that there would be real trouble in a moment, I interfered, and carried him the rest of the way. He'll soon be too big to carry.

Coming home across the fields, with the wind from the sea in my face, poor tired Pat sleeping heavily on my arm, and the dusk closing down around us, a deep contentment grew up within me. It seemed to me that there was nothing more that I wanted than just what I had at that moment.

September 29. — Had dinner with Jack as usual, last night. I took the dog along and he behaved beautifully except for one thing, which was so delicious I must tell it. Jack is so easy to tease.

We had dinner at the Lac and, as it happened, Jack forgot to send his orderly down to get one of the little rooms for us, so we had to eat in the big dining-room. Suzanne was very much upset — we go there nearly every night — and wanted to know if the Captain would mind the big room. We told her no, it did n't matter, so she gave us a table near the door. Pat, being well trained, slipped under my chair and lay down without anyone seeing him.

There was an English V.A.D. at the

table next ours, with an Australian colonel, and a little farther along were four officers from Jack's regiment.

When Suzanne appeared with our dinner it was too much for Pat's self-control, and from under the table he planted two wet and muddy paws beseechingly on my knee. Just at that moment there was a silence, and I remarked in urgent tones, 'Darling, take your dirty paws off my knee!'

Jack turned a dull purple. Every one of those officers turned to look at him and grin. The V.A.D. strangled in her napkin.

I promptly kicked Pat under the chair, and fed him things furtively to keep him from showing himself — Jack meantime imploring me to let him come out where he could be seen. I laughed so I could hardly eat, and every time I looked at Jack I went off into another fit. He was crimson. 'Damn you, Troub, you're a devil!' he said feelingly, from time to time, and assured me that the whole thing would be regiment property by to-morrow.

Whenever one of the officers grinned at anything, Jack turned green, and once when the V.A.D. giggled I thought he was going to burst into tears.

All I have to do now, to set him off, is to say sweetly, 'Darling — your dirty paws!'

October 10. — Dinner with Jack on Tuesday.

October 18. — Walked down the beach road this morning with Pat. He wagged along beside me, looking up every few steps with adoring brown eyes and gurgling in his throat whenever I noticed him. I talk to him a great deal — mostly any nonsense that comes into my head — and, though he can't understand, it is very obvious that he feels flattered. He's very pretty in the sunlight. Almost all his fluffiness is gone, and the sun glistens on the short black hairs on his back and turns his eyes to amber. If I sit down he clambers into my lap and sits there, perfectly contented. He scarcely ever leaves me now, even to investigate things, as he used to. I think he must be getting neurotic. But all the same I feel rather flattered myself at such persistent and ardent attention.

October 22. — Pat is dead.

It must be so. I saw him lying by his kennel, quite stiff, but I can't realize it. He crawled out, trying to reach my room, and there he was — dead.

He ate something on the beach — I don't know what. And he was very sick for two days. I stayed up with him both nights and tried not to look too often at his imploring eyes. I was on duty when he died, and Matron came over for me. I knew the instant I saw her face that he was dead, but I could n't ask her and she simply could n't tell me. I learned afterward that she and Joy found him, but Joy funked telling me, and waited by him until Matron came for me.

Kipling says, 'Don't give your heart to a dog to tear.' I agree.

I went over and picked him up in my arms, and something caught me inside and almost strangled me. I laid his limp little body down gently, and went back to the ward. Neither Joy nor Matron spoke a single word — for which I was very grateful. Once on the ward I went to the office and shut the door. I had n't known it would hurt so.

After a while the door opened and one of the boys came in, a Canadian lad, about nineteen. He took a look at me and said, 'For God's sake, Sister, what's happened?'

I told him and he sat down beside me, with his eyes full. That was the last straw. I put my head down on the blotter and tried not to let go, but it

was hard work. Presently he put his hand on my shoulder and said gently, 'Gee! I'm sorry, Sister. I know how it is. I had a dog once.'

And then he went away.

That's all. My little brown comrade is gone. The next thing is to forget about him. There is no sense in letting it hurt so much.

October 24. — We had a meeting tonight, to discuss the prospects of a Halloween masquerade. I'm chairman of the entertainment committee, so have to provide the music — thank the Lord.

I don't know what I'm going to wear yet. Jack and I thought we'd hop a lorry into Boulogne, Tuesday, and do our shopping and that of the crowd. It is going to be great fun.

Peace talk is growing. The end seems near. The French have reached the Danube, and if they ever get into Germany I can find it in my heart to be sorry for the Germans. Yet, one can't exactly blame the French.

The hospital, meantime, is overflowing with flu. We've had it every year, of course, but nothing like this. The boys are dying like flies. Those of us that have been here so long and had it before are n't very sick, but the new unit which has just come over has it badly. We hear, vaguely, that it is spreading all over the world.

Incidentally I'm running a temperature. But it's very likely a return of my old friend, trench fever. I had it all last winter, and this does n't feel like flu. Anyhow, this is no time to be sick. I'm *going* to that masquerade.

October 31. — Still running a temperature — about 102 or 103, daily. I've got a sore throat, too, which is a bit off the programme. But it is n't *very* sore. I'm keeping the temp. down with asperin and quinine.

November 6. — Well!!!!!

Here I am, in #46 General Hospital at Étaples, with diphtheria.

It was n't the flu after all. But anyhow I went off with a blaze of glory, so to speak.

The masquerade was a grand success. I took quantities of quinine, and I felt gorgeous. I never had such a good time in my life. The costumes were all good — every single one. I have never danced better. And oh, how young I felt, and how alive! It was worth it. Quinine and all!

Once, between dances, the band began, very softly, to play over something they were going to play for the next dance. I, standing at one end of the room with Jack, in my pierrot costume and soft slippers, started to clog a little, gently. The band saw what was going on and struck up, and I clogged. Golly, how I clogged!

After everything was over I had a fierce chill, and Jack, scared stiff, carried me down to my hut in his arms.

Next day I went on duty, became delirious on the ward, and was lugged off by my orderly.

So here I am. I've developed a heart and a liver, and I'm as yellow as a cow lily. Have to lie flat on my back and be fed. For three days I lay motionless all day long, not wanting to move or speak. I was content to watch the tips of the pine trees swaying against the sky outside the hospital window. Then Ann Peyton joined me, also with diphtheria. We have n't an idea in the world where we got it, and the camp is in a panic. *Everybody* has to have throat cultures taken every day, and poor Jardine has to do it all. I'll bet she's cursing me!

Since Ann came I've come to life again. We are shut up in a room by ourselves, and we spend the day shrieking with mirth. The girls write us every day, gay letters containing cartoons —

that's Molly — and odes — that's Joy — and humorous skits — that's Mary. Jack has wangled permission to see me, and comes over every afternoon, either on horseback or motor bike, and tells us all the news and gossip. He's a dear old thing if he is stupid. Molly and Jerry have been over once and talked to me through the window, bless their hearts.

The peace talk continues. The German navy is to be dismantled, all submarines are to be sent to England, Alsace-Lorraine goes back to France, the German army is to be disorganized, and twenty miles are to be taken off the German frontier. Sounds great, but I wonder how much of it they'll really do. It does n't seem to me this is the time to stop. However —

Meanwhile the Allied armies are carrying on. The searchlights still sweep the sky at night, and long lines of weary lads still trudge out of camp and back to the line.

November 11. — In ten minutes the war will be over. I say it — just like that. Hostilities are to cease at 11 A.M. and it is ten minutes to eleven now. It is incredible that one can measure the coming of peace in actual units of time.

I lay awake all last night, thinking. What are we all to do now? How can we go home to the commonplaces of civilian life — the never-ending, never-varying petty routine?

And #22 General Hospital — that vital, living thing, saturated with the heights and depths of humanity — will become a slowly fading memory of our youth, of the days when we really lived.

My brain reels.

And there go the bells! And the sirens! And drums, and bugles! And cheering that swells louder and louder. The war is over — and I never felt so sick in my life. Everything is over!

But it shan't be. I *won't* stop living! I *will* make my life what I want it to be!

November 19. — I have n't felt much like writing lately. My temperature has been up and down, up and down. My doctor Major says, 'Trench fever.' But he is planning to get me out so that I can be back in camp for Thanksgiving, and then, if #22 is not leaving for America right away, I am to have leave in the South of France.

They move me out of doors in my bed, now, and I lie for hours, thinking, trying to readjust myself to the change I shall find in camp. And to the change that I find in myself. The war has done strange things to me. It has given me a lot — and taken away a lot. It has taught me that nothing matters, really. That people do not matter, and places do not matter, and things do not matter, except for a minute. And the minute is always now. And there will be another right along.

William Blake says: —

> He who bends to himself a joy
> Doth the wingèd life destroy.
> He who kisses the joy as it flies
> Lives in eternity's sunrise.

I guess he's right.

Ann Peyton went to Blighty Tuesday. As soon as she heard that the prisoners in Germany were to be returned within ten days she almost went crazy. She *must* get back to England, in case Johnnie should arrive before her. Over and over she said to me, 'Oh, Trouble, what if he should be waiting in Waterloo Station when I get there! It does n't seem as if I deserve so much happiness.'

What could I say?

I got hold of the Major, told him the situation, and he agreed with me that she would be better off with her people when the final crash of realization came. He sent her home at once.

December 2. — I arrived in camp in time for the Thanksgiving celebration, and could n't resist going to a dance. And I danced till four in the morning.

Joy gave me the devil. I don't blame her. It *was* an idiotic thing to do. But it apparently has n't hurt me any.

Jack got into a fight with an Irish major who quite innocently asked me to dance twice. Can't have that. Where does Jack get that idea that I am his private property? And after all he does n't care a hang about me, really. It is only his vanity. And he likes dancing with me the whole evening, and feeling that he is a devil of a fellow, and that other men would like to dance with his girl but don't dare ask because he's such a grand big strong man. *Huh!*

Camp has already taken on a different air. There's a gradually increasing undercurrent of excitement, an uncertain clinging to all the old familiar ways. I suspect that this is only a forerunner of a much worse feeling that is going to come upon us later. But we are afraid to look ahead.

My leave to the South of France is due the sixth. I shall be glad to go — to get away from crowds of people, and the rain and mud, into warm summer sunshine.

December 7. — Am writing this on the train. I left Paris last night at eight o'clock, after having almost missed the train at Boulogne.

There are twelve other nurses also going to convalescent places in the South of France. There are three Australians and an English V. A. D. who seem awfully good scouts, but the rest appear more dead than alive.

December 9. — The Australians have gone to another villa, and the English V. A. D., whose name is Kendall, and myself are stuck with the ancients. Kendall is a peach. I like her a lot.

We went in to Mentone for tea yesterday. It was n't nearly so attractive as I'd expected. Besides, they did n't give us anything to eat for tea, and the service was rotten.

December 11. — We went to Gorbia, a tiny village far up the mountain, and had our lunch there. In the square was a tiny café, over the door of which was placed a sign reading, 'Hôtel de New York'! We heard a piano being played inside, so we entered the one room in the place and were greeted volubly by an excited French girl. At the piano, to our amazement, was sitting a tiny withered old woman, ninety years old easily — a blackened cigarette stub between her lips, and her gnarled hands pounding the keys. The instant we appeared she struck up 'God Save the King.' We stood it as long as we could with straight faces and then Kendall tried to save the situation by asking her to play 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' pointing to me as the American. And my soul! What she let me in for! Both the old lady and the girl fairly swamped me, weeping and kissing my hands. I could have died, if I had n't wanted to get Kendall outside and kill her first. Then I must dance with them. And oh golly, I did! It was awful.

December 12. — I spent a very quiet day to-day, reading in the garden. I can't seem to get sun enough. And I'm so tired of these females, with their endless chatter about their hospitals. I'm interested in hospitals myself, but not to the exclusion of everything else.

They — the females, I mean — think I'm a little off in the head. I don't tear around madly seeing all the things that one should see. I spend a great deal of time reading, or loitering in the garden among the roses and orange trees, and I don't trouble to talk with them beyond ordinary civilities. Disagreeable? Of course I am. But what difference does it make? I'm satisfied. The one

difficulty is that they think I must be depressed. And so, with the meaningwellness of all meddlers, they follow me about trying to cheer me up. And here I am, perfectly happy, and just gloating over the warmth and beauty and sunshine. I only ask them to let me alone, but that they can't do.

Kendall told me last night that they were having fits because I stayed out in the garden in the moonlight until ten o'clock. They were sure I was contemplating throwing myself over the cliff and were considering coming out to look for my body. And all the while I was sitting under a tree gorging myself with tangerines, and watching the moonlight on the water.

December 13. — Kendall is tremendously excited. Her only brother, whom she adores, and who, she told me proudly, is already a colonel, regular army, is coming to-morrow to spend his leave with her. He is to stay at the Officers' Villa, at Cap Martin. She has seen very little of him for years, — he's been in India and Africa, — but he has just been very sick with flu and is coming here to recuperate.

December 14. — Kendall's brother is here. He came to lunch with us to-day. He's not so much on looks, but he is really charming, and by the gods — he is intelligent!

After lunch he and Olive asked me to go over to Mentone with them, and he telephoned to Cap Martin for a Major Williams, whom he met on the train. Major Williams, though married, does not let it deter him, and he fell, hard and flat, for Olive. I don't blame him. She is one of the prettiest and most attractive girls I've met in a long while.

We prowled about Mentone, in and out of the shops, and, after a little, Colonel Kendall and I lost Olive and Williams. How or where I could n't say, but it did n't seem to matter. I, for one, was perfectly content.

December 15. — I've had a priceless day. I've been playing in the Casino at Monte Carlo. We are n't allowed in, of course, if we are of 'the military,' but Olive discovered that if you are an officer's wife you can get in without a passport if the officer himself vouches for you. So this morning we put on civilian clothes, hid the effect under trench coats, put civilian hats into a paper bag, and departed first of all for lunch at Cap Martin. This Colonel person is becoming interested, very. I'm getting rather that way myself. After lunch we hired a barouche and set out for Monte Carlo, changing our hats on the way. When we arrived at the Hôtel de Paris we shed our trench coats and emerged as perfectly good civilians. I was Mrs. Kendall and Olive was Mrs. Williams. We went across to the Casino shaking in our shoes, but everything went off smoothly and without any questionings. I went in with fifty francs of my own money and fifty of Colonel Kendall's and I came out with *four hundred francs!* Olive, poor dear, had rotten luck and lost everything she had. I mean, by that, everything she took in with her to play with. It was n't much.

We left the Casino, greatly thrilled, and went over to the Hôtel for tea. I had n't the faintest idea whether Olive and Williams were there or not. I don't remember a thing about them. Colonel Kendall and I sat among the palms, listening to the orchestra playing 'Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix.' I did n't know I was capable of such absorption. It would seem that I am falling in love again.

December 16. — To-day the four of us went to Nice. We saw the town, shopped, and took three hours over our lunch. After lunch Allen shoved Olive

off to the movies with Williams, and he and I went down and sat on the beach. He told me all about India, and Africa, and asked me if I'd like to go there. I certainly would. Things are moving rather fast. He is getting a bit out of hand. But he is such a dear.

December 17. — To-day Major Williams insisted on 'communing with nature,' so we went up the Funicular with our lunch, and roamed about over the mountain all day.

Allen and I went away after a little, and sat on a high pinnacle overlooking the valley and the range, and he told me tales of Tanganyika until my mouth watered. I watched him as I listened, and tried to see him in the scenes he described. He fitted in beautifully. There is strength about him that is by no means entirely physical. One could see that he knew how to handle men, and that he would be fair about it. He has a straightforward mind, and warm human sympathy which is saved from being sentimental by his sense of humor. I can't tell how much originality and imagination he has, for he talks of places and things unknown to me. But I think he has more imagination than the average because he reacts so strongly to beauty in any form. He would be a delightful comrade, kind and tender and humorous.

We talked for a long time. Then he said that he was going back to Tanganyika and, without the slightest warning, without any change of expression, he asked me if I would marry him and go back with him.

I could hardly say, 'This is so sudden.' But it was. I'd rather thought it might be coming, but I was n't prepared for it so soon. I admit that I am in love with him, and that I should like nothing better than to go back to Tanganyika with him. But — I can't marry a man right off the bat when I've only known him a week, and I'm not at all sure that I want to get married. I said so, frankly, and suggested that we let the matter drop until we have known each other longer.

December 21. — Olive and I left for Paris this morning. I'm very low in my mind. Why does one have to fall in love?

Yesterday being our last day, we spent it on the rocks at Cap Martin. Williams and Olive did all the talking. I wish things did n't have to end. It is true that Allen will follow us in another week — but where shall I be by that time? Maybe halfway across the Atlantic. I wish I'd met him before.

To-day Allen and the Major came with us on the train as far as Nice. Allen wanted awfully to come with us for another hour anyway, but Olive said sensibly that it would be foolish, and Williams, being concerned chiefly about his lunch, could n't see the point at all. I said nothing. And they got off at Nice. The last I saw of Allen was when he was running along beside the train as it moved out of the station, and I reached down and grabbed his hand for one second.

That's the end of that. Oh yes, I know it is. That's the way these things always end.

Oh, well —

Boston. *One year later.* — After my last entry in this, the day we left the South of France, I did n't attempt to write any more. I wanted this diary to be a record of my everyday life in France — something that would hold for me the real atmosphere of the war as I saw it. Events are not hard to remember, but atmosphere is apt to become glossed over. Memory is a tricky thing.

We left camp the eighth of January, for America — before Allen Kendall got

back from the South of France. I never saw Olive again. I still write to Allen, but I shall never see him again, either. He still talks about coming to America, but with less and less enthusiasm. It is as I knew it would be. It does n't matter.

I've tried to settle down, but I'm not happy here, either in my work or otherwise, though I know I ought to be. I am Major Cranston's office nurse, and he is a peach to work with. I like the work, too. But it is n't enough. This is n't living. And I'm so homesick for the old days. Everybody is scattered. Molly is Assistant Superintendent of the Faulkner Hospital. Joy is at the Boston Dispensary doing social-service work. Ruth has gone to Nantucket. Mary Parsons, the only one of us with sense, has gone to Siberia with the Red Cross. The old life has gone for always. But still the memory of the hills cuts like a knife — their smooth outlines gray in the slanting rain, or green in the summer sunlight, and flecked with cloud shadows.

I would like to see one more sunset from the top of the range — the camp stretching at my feet, and Pat cuddled contentedly in my arms, blinking at the sea with his amber eyes. The long evenings come back to me when I try to go to sleep at night. The long evenings beside the fire, with the talks, the plans, the old jokes and catchwords. And the drives, with their endless string of ambulances. How we worked! We gave all that it was humanly possible to give, and life was glorious.

I can still hear the tramp of stretcher-bearers, still remember with aching vividness the sweet patience of the tortured boys, the long hours of night duty, the scream of shells, the comradeship of old and dear friends.

I can't stand it here much longer, in this place where nothing happens and every day is like every other day.

Molly was in to see me yesterday. She says there is a lot happening in the Balkans, and she thinks she may join the Red Cross and go. Would I come with her?

Would I? After she left I put my head down on the desk and gave up to the waves of longing that swept over me. Daddy, I know, wants me to settle down. I hate to go back on Major Cranston. But I'm young! I'm young! Why should n't I live? What is old age if it has no memories except of forty years or so of blank days?

New York City. *February* 21, 1920. Molly and I sail to-morrow on the New Amsterdam, for Paris!!!!

The world is mine!

(*To be continued*)

CAN RELIGION BE TAUGHT?

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

THE question raises a good many others. But suppose we start with a statement made by the greatest teacher of religion the world has ever known. It is more than a statement — it is a command, made to a small group of personal friends, who were without social, political, or commercial influence and, for the most part, uneducated, or at least not educated in any professional definition of the term. The command of Jesus Christ followed this most astounding claim made for Himself: —

'All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you.'

It makes no difference what our position is to-day on the question of religion as a part of the education of a human being, so far as this astonishing command is concerned, for the historical fact is that these unlettered disciples of Jesus went out into the pagan world and began to obey the command of their teacher. And they obeyed the command so well that what we know as Christianity was established as a ruling force in the history of the human race.

Was the thing that Jesus told His disciples to teach the whole world religion? How about that? What were they to teach? What had He commanded them to do?

If we are going to be able to answer the question, 'Can religion be taught?' we must first of all find out what Jesus told His disciples to teach. When we bring it all together we are amazed to find that the greatest of all religious teachers did not teach any system of theology. All He taught was life as it ought to be lived. That to Him was religion. It was all condensed into two articles of one creed: supreme love of God, and love of one's neighbor.

But wait a moment. Of course this creed had some detail. It could be expanded into a number of things to be taught. And we find on expanding this teaching that it includes every item of human behavior. This simple thing known as religion means purity, meekness, mercy, peacemaking, justice, kindness, righteousness, brotherhood, forgiveness, faith, redemption, God, future, hope, love — the basic virtues of mankind, about which there cannot be any doctrinal dispute. And in his Epistle we find James defining religion after this teaching of the Teacher: —

'Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.'

But what has the human race done to this teaching of the Teacher of religion? It has woven into His basic teaching about human behavior the most intricate tangle of philosophy and metaphysics. It has made certain credal statements necessary to salvation. It has divided the Christian

world into sects and denominations, some of which have violently denied to others the right to call themselves true Christians. It has magnified the importance of certain words and theories about which Jesus Himself never uttered a word. It has involved the basic matter of human behavior toward God and the neighbor with nonessential and trivial discussions over doctrines that have nothing whatever to do with the way a man behaves. It has built up a system of forms and ceremonies about the thing called Christianity that are as far removed from the teaching of Jesus as He was removed from the scribes and Pharisees of His own time. Jesus never said a word about evolution, about His own birth, about the absolute inerrancy of the Scriptures, about the necessity of assenting to a long doctrinal creed before one could be called a Christian and be saved. In His tremendous picture of the Last Judgment He based the final destiny of mankind on the way mankind behaved, not on doctrinal or theological beliefs. But mankind has not been willing to accept a religion so basic as the religion of Jesus, because it means doing the things He taught. It is, indeed, easier to give assent to the Westminster Confession than to love one's enemies. It is not so hard to believe in the inerrancy of the Scriptures as it is to practise the brotherhood of man.

It is because the whole definition of religion has been obscured and debased by all this doctrinal and formal treatment of it by theologians and controversialists that the problem of introducing the teaching of religion into an educational system has become a matter of debate and fierce argument, and refusal to acknowledge the right of religious training except in the home and in the church. The State has excluded Bible instruction from the public schools, not because the teachings of the Bible are harmful to the children, but because the interpretations put upon its teachings are so involved in doctrinal dispute and sectarian jealousy that it has been declared to be impossible to teach religion without at the same time teaching vast error and creating endless trouble.

If the reader will pardon a very personal illustration of this amazing fact in our educational life, I will relate what happened a few weeks ago when I was invited to address a high school in a certain state which I shall not name, although it is in the class with eleven other states of this country where the mere reading of the Bible is absolutely prohibited in the schoolroom. I accepted the invitation from the principal, and we were about to go into the assembly room where the students were gathered when he called me back into his office and with some embarrassment said, 'I forgot to tell you that we are not allowed to say anything about religion in the schools of this state. You will, of course, in your address, bear this in mind.'

'But,' I protested, 'I am going to talk to the students on the subject, "Some Results of a True Education." How can I talk on a subject like that and leave religion out? Religion is the very foundation of true education.'

He looked more embarrassed than before, and replied, 'It will make trouble for me with our school board if you mention religion in the course of your address.'

Then I said, 'I did not invite myself to speak to your students. The invitation came from yourself. But I do not see how I can talk about education and leave religion out. I will save you from all embarrassment or criticism by not making the address at all.'

At that he looked thrice embarrassed. The hour had struck and the

students were assembled. Finally he said, 'Well, go ahead and I'll risk it.'

And I went ahead, and risked it for both of us, and if I remember correctly I said more about religion to that school than I have said in a long time. It seemed to me that they needed it, and I have not heard up to date that the principal has suffered from it.

But here is the remarkable situation that confronts education in the United States to-day. There are 32,000,000 children attending the public schools of this country. In thirty states there is no prohibition of Bible-reading, but custom bars the discussion of religion by the teachers, except the historical discussion or teaching of the religions of the world, like Islam or Buddhism, as they are a part of a history course. In twelve states the use of the Bible in any form is forbidden. In six states Bible-reading is a part of the school course. And the common reason given for all this is that religion cannot be taught with safety — that it is a thing for the home and the church. It is a principle, say the objectors to the teaching of religion in the schools, that Church and State must be separated. That principle, as it was intended by the framers of our Constitution, seems sound. But, while it may be good statesmanship to separate Church and State, it is poor education to separate a human being from religion. And it is a pitiful fact that in this republic there are, according to the census, over 27,000,000 American children and youth under twenty-five years of age who are not enrolled in any Sunday School and receive no systematic religious instruction. In other words, 66.5 per cent of all the youth in America are not enrolled in any religious schools, either Sunday or week day.

But if the Bible or parts of it should be permitted or compelled as a part of our educational system, what would prevent the teachers from interpreting the teaching according to their own sectarian or doctrinal bias? The whole matter seems to come back to the teachers, as in fact it would have to come. But I have been wondering what sectarian interpretation could be put upon the Ten Commandments, or the Beatitudes; or, for that matter, upon the entire life of Christ. It is a most astonishing fact that the great majority of people do not object to sending their children to the modern Sunday School, where in very many cases the most tremendous religious subjects are discussed by teachers who have had little or no training, and the ideas they put into the children's minds are not always what they ought to be and in many cases are not true. And yet, as the years go by, the average citizen who has attended Sunday School in his own boyhood, and afterward sent his own boy, does not feel afraid of the influence of the Sunday School teaching. It is also a very significant fact that all over this country thousands of fathers and mothers are sending their children away to state schools and colleges where some teachers of philosophy and psychology are putting instruction into the minds of the students that undermines the religious teaching the children have had in the home and the church. But we do not hear of an uprising against the danger of indiscriminate teaching of these subjects by professors whom we should not allow to teach our children even the most elementary lessons of conduct based on the Golden Rule.

Our system of public education covers about every subject of human knowledge except religion. We have long courses in science, mathematics, history, philosophy, psychology, language, and in all of these courses error is taught. I was compelled in my university course to study the lives of

Cæsar, Napoleon, Alexander, Frederick the Great, and take exhaustive courses in the translation of the pagan poets and dramatists, some of whose writings would put me in the penitentiary if I were to try to send the English translations through the post office. I was taught by my teachers in history facts which I have since found out were the statements of violently biased nationalists or misinformed historians who described historical events from the standpoint of the man who tells about a dog fight where his own dog whipped the other, but does not tell the truth about how the fight began. As long as I live I shall have a very confused batch of so-called knowledge in my mind about certain historical events, because I have been finding out after getting away from the schoolroom that a good many things I was taught are not so. I was taught to believe that Napoleon and other killers like him were great men. I have had to make new definitions for myself about some of the so-called great men of history. I have had to take many of them down off the pedestal and bury them in the potter's field. And yet, in the midst of all this emphasis put on the material and militaristic side of human life, the only religious education the schools ever gave me was confined to a few chapel talks and the voluntary religious organization we ourselves started in the academy and in the university.

If it had not been for the religious instruction given me in my home and my church, so far as the public school and university courses were concerned I might as well have studied in Peking or Constantinople the sciences and philosophies and histories I was compelled to take. I hope I am not hypercritical about our educational system, but I am quite sure that the students of my time were more familiar with, and those of this present time are more influenced in the schools by, the lives of pagan men and women than the life of the Best Person who ever lived. I should not like to say how many books I was obliged to read about the scoundrels and liars and depraved personalities of the human race in the different centuries, beginning with Nero and coming on down to Benedict Arnold. I had to study them and their abnormal careers — but not a word about Jesus or His matchless teaching. That would be too dangerous. And in fact the study of Jesus and real obedience to what He taught is a very dangerous thing. If our educational system should sometime put Him into the course, and if the students should somehow become really interested enough in Him to put His teachings into everyday practice, it would lead to a revolution which would be dangerous to established selfishness in the market place and even to century-old doctrines which have given the human heart a blow instead of a caress, and have made to stumble millions who otherwise would have walked joyously into the beauty and happiness that pure religion and undefiled always imparts.

But someone will say: If true religion is love to God and man expressed in concrete terms everywhere, and if what Jesus taught is behavior, how can His life be taught and studied in the schoolroom without taking into account His personality and the supernatural and miraculous which are interwoven into the very fibre of the story of His life? If the story of His life is taught in the schoolroom, what shall the teacher do with the Gospel narrative of healing, and angels and Heaven and Hell and the Resurrection and the Ascension and all the tremendous incidents that are linked up with the other world? Can religion be taught without teaching a great many things which a great many

people frankly repudiate? How can religion as conduct be separated from religion as faith? How shall the average teacher in a public-school system treat the life of Jesus and teach it so that the parents of the children shall not object to his own personal interpretation of the character and beliefs of Jesus Himself?

In trying to answer these questions, I put them frankly to a number of teachers in different high schools. The very first answer I received was a fair sample of all the others. The teacher said he would simply teach the Gospel narrative as it is actually told by the Gospel writer, just as he would teach the life of Mohammed or Napoleon as it is told by the historian. If the narrative included miracles and the supernatural, that would simply be a part of the history lesson because it was there.

If there is a better answer than that I should be glad to have it. As a matter of fact I believe the seriousness of the problem is more apparent than real, and in practice it would be found that a regular course in the life of Jesus, taught by the average teacher in the public schools of this country, would not become a course of personal interpretation of disputed doctrines, but it would become a study of Him who taught the way of Life. The danger arising from studying and teaching any part of the Bible in our schools is insignificant compared with the danger of not teaching it at all.

Of course, if the general public fears the use the teacher would make of the life of Jesus in the classroom, that brings up again the whole subject of the teacher's character and purpose. And that would suggest a subject for another article to go with this. Of course I do not need to explain my own position when I say that I think a teacher who is going to teach my children religion ought to be religious, and I hope that is the ideal that all true educational leaders are advancing and teaching.

But what insuperable difficulty would there be in putting the life of Jesus into a public-school curriculum? What theological or doctrinal confusion would arise over the learning of the Ten Commandments in the schoolroom? Is the real trouble over the teachers? Can they not be trusted to teach religion as conduct, not as doctrine? It raises some very serious questions all along the line; and if the educational forces of America are ready to confess that the teaching of religion is impossible on account of the character of the teachers, that confession in itself ought to raise more questions still. Put into a practical form, how many of the readers of this simple paper, as they look over the list of the teachers in their own home town, either in the grade schools, the high school, or the state university, would fear to have the teachers in those schools teach Johnny or Mary the life of Jesus as the Gospel of Mark has given it to us? Would they teach Johnny and Mary that Jesus was a Fundamentalist or a Modernist? Would they try to teach that Jesus was a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or an Episcopalian? Or that he favored this or that theological doctrine of the Trinity? As I look over the teaching-list of my own state of Kansas I find myself quite willing to trust my boy in the classroom of the teachers in our high schools or university in a course on the life of Jesus, taken right out of any of the Gospels. I do not believe he would receive any more incorrect or biased teaching than he sometimes received from some teachers in my own church Sunday School when he was small. I know some ministers I should not want to trust to teach my boy in a course on the life of Jesus. But when

it comes to interpreting the meaning of Jesus' plain teaching about how the human race ought to behave, I am very confident that the average American school-teacher would not begin to make the false and grotesque statements that some of my teachers made to me about the glory of war and the political economy that was divorced from every ethical and moral standard.

If religion cannot be taught, why did Jesus tell His disciples to teach it? If it can be taught safely only in the church and in the home, how about the millions of youth that never have any religious instruction in either of those places, but are in daily attendance on the public school? If the teachers now employed cannot be trusted to teach religion, is it because they do not have any, or is it because they have a wrong definition of it? Or is religion in the very nature of the case a thing that belongs to the emotions, a thing which one has to learn for himself and which no course in education can teach?

The answers to these questions will depend largely on the way you yourself have been brought up, and on the definition you have of religion. But the need of some form of religious instruction hardly calls for argument or debate. All thinking people agree that fully developed life must have something more in it than the accumulation of facts. Even if the facts are necessary for comfort and physical happiness, there is something lacking. But before the educational and ecclesiastical world will come together in a common assent to this need, both sides will have to make new definitions. The pharisee in the church is answerable for the distortion of the teaching of Jesus into a burlesque of theology and forms and ceremonies. Religion cannot be taught in our educational system if by religion is meant controversy over matters that are not connected with behavior. But it can be taught and it must be taught if by it we mean what Jesus meant when He said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.' If that cannot be taught in our educational system, then the system is wrong. If it can be taught, in the name of Him who came to give us life abundantly, let us incorporate it into the very heart of our schools, putting it first of all into the hearts of our teachers. For education without religion is more than a blunder — it is a falsehood; and if we do not teach religion in the schools we deserve to suffer as a nation and go the way of all those nations that have thought more of accumulating facts than of making life.

To sum up: —

If religion is theology, and doctrine, and creeds made over disputed definitions of God and theories of man's destiny, it cannot be taught in our schools.

But if religion is love to God and man, it can be taught anywhere and it ought to be taught in our schools. If it is not taught, our whole educational pyramid will continue to wobble on its pinnacle instead of resting firmly on its base.

UNCLE TUTT'S TYPHOIDS

BY LUCY FURMAN

It was three days before the opening of the quare women's school in mid-August that Susanna Reeves, their visitor from the Blue Grass, rode off behind Uncle Tutt Logan as volunteer nurse for the family of five, renters on his place, down with typhoid. Uncle Tutt was an old man who lived by himself about two miles up Troublesome. He had been, as he expressed it, of a 'rambling natur'' in his youth, and somewhere acquired a taste for reading, and now came down frequently to get books from the women's library.

When Susanna stepped into the door of the tumble-down cabin up the hollow from Uncle Tutt's house, the five sick persons — a man and a little boy in one bed, a woman and two little girls in the other — lay in their soiled day-clothing among the dingy quilts; there were no sheets. A boy of seven sat on the floor, trying to pacify two dirty, wailing babies. A piece of fat meat dripped over a meal-barrel in one corner, and flies swarmed everywhere.

'Hit's beyand a man-person,' said Uncle Tutt, with a gesture of despair. 'I never knowed where to begin at. A woman is called for.'

Susanna's heart was in her shoes, but she made no sign. 'The first thing,' she said, 'is to fill the wash-kettle there in the yard and build a fire under it. While you do that, I must try to find a place where these babies can be taken care of. Is there no woman in the neighborhood?'

'Milly Graham is the most nighest,' he replied. 'She lives about two-whoops-and-a-holler up Troublesome, and is as clever-turned a woman as ever I seed, with not more 'n nine or ten of her own.'

Susanna quickly washed some of the dirt off the faces, hands, and feet of the babies, one of whom was two years old, the other less than one, sought in vain for clean things to put on them, and then, with the help of the small boy, George, took them up the creek.

Milly Graham, who was lifting clothes out of a steaming kettle by the water's edge and battling them on a smooth stump, laid down her battling-stick and came forward, barefooted and kind-faced, followed by a train of tow-heads.

'Sartain I'll take 'em in, pore leetle scraps,' she said, when Susanna had explained the situation. 'Two more hain't nothing to me, nohow, with sech a mess of my own.' Gathering both babies in her arms, she sat down on the battling-stump, opened her dress, and offered a generous breast to each. 'I allow the biggest hain't beyand taking the teat,' she said. It was not; indeed, both sucked as if they were starved.

'I heared about Uncle Tutt's typhoids,' continued Milly, 'and I would have went right down; but that-air next-to-least-one of mine is croupy and chokes so bad I'm afeared to leave hit a minute, and all is jest a-getting over measles. Onliest time I been off the place in a year was to the quare women's working, the Fourth of July. I mustered the whole biling and tuck 'em down along, and seed as fine a time as

ever I seed. But that was where they all kotched them measles. I mind you a-being there that day; I allus remembered you from them pretty black eyes and that lavish of black hair.

'Next thing I heared, you women was all holping with the typhoid down at the Forks. 'Pears like hit strikes 'em as reg'lar as summer. Hit was right sensible for Uncle Tutt to go down atter one of you women. Pore old widder — what could he do? A lone man's the most helplessest creetur on top of the earth. What possesses him to live thataway, cooking and washing and even milking for hisself, the Lord only knows; no wonder he's a leetle turned. Hit's a pyore pity, and flying right in the face of Scripter, too. Not that Uncle Tutt keers for that — he's a master hand to rail at the Scripter, and the preachers, and the Lord. Eh, law! If he did n't cuss God Almighty Hisself when a big wind blowed down the most of his corn a year gone! Said there wa'n't no dependence to be put in Him nohow!

'Them renters of his'n I hain't never got acquainted with; they hain't belongers here — jest blowed in one day about corn-planting time in Aprile. I seed 'em go down one morning about sunup, the man big and stout, with a poke on his back and a babe in one arm, the woman pore and puny and all drug-out from packing tother baby. Most people in these parts don't confidence strangers and furriners, but Uncle Tutt, though he's hard on the Lord, allus was saft-hearted to folks; and he tuck pity-sake on 'em and allowed they could stay and crap for him, and give 'em steads and kivers and cheers and sech-like gear. They allowed their name was Johnson, and they come from Magoffin. Hit's quare, folks being that fur from home; hit's quare, too, they don't never put foot off'n the place. But maybe hit's right. I'll lay the woman's right, anyways — she's as good-countenanced as ever I seed.'

Returning to the cabin with the little boy, who seemed old and quiet beyond his years, Susanna found the water boiling in the big kettle, and in the teeth of Uncle Tutt's solemn warnings and dire prophecies, 'Hit'll sartain kill 'em to wash when they're sick; I never in all my life and travels heared of sech doings,' and with his very reluctant assistance, bathed the five patients and got them into the nightgowns the women had sent, then cleared away the soiled covers and put the women's sheets on the lumpy shuck mattresses. Then, after meat and meal-barrel had been removed to Uncle Tutt's, the joists and walls were washed down with strong suds, and the floor scrubbed, first with a broom, then with the scrub-brush Susanna had brought.

Uncle Tutt went home to get dinner for himself, Susanna, and little George, and to bring milk for the sick ones; and he was then sent back to the Forks after mosquito-netting, which the women had had brought in at the beginning of the typhoid, and the doctor; for a Forks boy, Doctor Benoni Swope, had just come back from medical school to be the first physician in his community.

When at last the day was almost over, and Uncle Tutt was leaving the cabin to get supper, he said, looking back through the net-curtained doorway to the two white beds, 'Looks pine-blank like a passel of corps laid out in yander. If I was to wake up and find one of them shrouds on me, and a burying-sheet drawed over, I'd give hit up I was everly dead and gone!'

Susanna sat down on the porch and dashed off the following letter: —

DEAR ROBERT: —

This will reach you about the time I had expected to start for home. I was only waiting for the opening of school

on Monday. I hope you'll feel *dreadfully* disappointed when I don't come — Aunt Ailsie to the contrary notwithstanding! I am staying to nurse a family of five, down with typhoid, about two miles up Troublesome. Now don't scoff; of course I know nothing about nursing, except what little I have learned this summer, but anyhow I'm a human being, with a pair of hands and a strong body and a willing mind; and the motto here is 'Learn by Doing.'

If you could have stepped with me into this cabin this morning you'd have had the shock of your life; but if you came now I flatter myself that, finicky surgeon as you are, even you would be pleased. The five patients are in nightgowns, the first they ever wore; the beds are in sheets, the first *they* ever wore; walls, ceiling, and floor are scrubbed, — you should have seen your idle, useless Susanna down on her wet knees! — and the mosquito-netting over doors, fireplace, and all cracks will soon do away with the flies.

One thing only disturbs me; while the father and three children look as if they could stand anything, the mother is terribly weak and sick to begin with, and Dr. Benoni says we can hardly expect to pull her through.

Now don't be foolish about me — I am splendidly fit. I boil all the water; Uncle Tutt brings me food from his house; and both he and Dr. Benoni have offered to 'spell' me at night so that I may sleep on my cot on the porch. Best of all, it's so wonderful to feel that I am at last of some actual use in the world that I am thrilled beyond words. It beats dancing, cards, even the races — can I say more?

Call up Sister and swage her down all you can. And take time from your 'cyarving' to miss me *real hard* occasionally during the next few weeks!

Devotedly,
SUSANNA

Next morning the sick woman, who the day before had said nothing save to assure herself that the babies were in safe hands, lying all day with dull, suffering eyes fixed on the doorway, said weakly to Susanna, while the latter was gently washing her face, 'You look gooder to me than ary angel.'

Susanna laid a hand on the drawn, troubled brow. 'I'm so very glad to be here,' she said, 'and everything will be all right now — you must just stop worrying, and rest, and get well.'

Two slow tears trickled from beneath the closed lids. A little later, when Susanna had washed the worn hands and was about to turn away, the fingers closed spasmodically upon her own. 'You don't aim to go away, do you?' asked the frightened voice.

'Not at all,' replied Susanna. 'Not once until you are all well again.'

The woman sighed deeply — a sigh that carried an utmost burden of care and sorrow — and then, as if in apology, said quickly, ''Pears like I'm all werried out, hit's been so long!'

'Yes, I know it has seemed long since you got down, though it is really only a few days.'

The woman shook her head weakly. 'Not that,' she said in a low tone, 'not that!' Then she opened her eyes as if frightened at her words. 'My wits they must be a-wandering,' she explained.

The rest of the day she lay quiet, with eyes, as usual, on the doorway. Her husband, a strong, well-built young man who appeared to be at least a dozen years younger than his wife, also lay always silent, one hand under his pillow, inscrutable eyes on the door.

'She looks to me as if she had some dreadful trouble on her mind,' said Susanna to Uncle Tutt that evening, as she ate her supper of corn bread, milk, and honey under the apple tree in the yard. 'What do you suppose it is?'

'Hit's been that way ever sence they

come, Bill allus silent and surly, Cory narvious as a skairt rabbit.'

'Is he unkind or cruel to her?'

'I never seed him beat her none, or handle her rough.'

'He looks much younger than she does.'

'He's got a reason for hit, by grab. That-air Bill is the triflingest sluggardly do-nothing ever I come acrost! Strikes about one lick with a hoe to her three, and allus leaves her take the bottom row. That's the kind of a cuss he is! But he's a fine-pretty feller to look at, and she worships his tracks in the mud, and works herself pine-blank to a shadder for him and his offsprings, works and worries too.' He stopped and pulled a stem of grass and began to chew on it, then said, in a confidential tone: —

'You mind that-air weepon he keeps under his pillow, with his thumb allus nigh the trigger, and would n't nowise have took away?'

'Yes.'

'And that-air new growth of beard all over his face?'

'Yes.'

'And how he keeps his eyes, like she keeps hern, everly fixed on the door?'

'Yes.'

'Well, the way I riddle hit out, he's maybe a mean man that has got into a leetle trouble somewheres — kilt somebody, say, and is hiding out here. I never tuck the leastest stock in their being from up Magoffin way; I'd sooner believe hit was ary other p'int of the compass; or their name being Johnson, either. No, the very minute I laid eyes on 'em I suspicioned they was hunting a hole to hide in. But I knowed from the woman's face she was a right woman, and I allowed here with me was as safe a place for 'em to hide out as anywhere. If he had kilt ten men, or was the very old Devil hisself, I would n't give him up and break pore Cory's heart. My sympathies allus was with the women-folks anyhow — 'pears like the universe is again' 'em, and God and man confederates to keep 'em downtrod. In all my travels I have seed hit, and hit's been the same old story ever sence Eve et the apple. I gonnies! If I'd 'a' had the ordering of things then, I'd 'a' predestyned the female sect to better things! If replenishing the earth was to be their job, I would n't have laid on 'em the extry burden of being everly subject to some misbegotten, hell-borned man-brute! Yes, dad burn my looks, when I see a puny creetur like Cory there, not only childbearing every year reg'lar, but likewise yearning the family bread by the sweat of her brow, hit fairly makes my blood bile, and eends my patience with the ways of the Lord. Yes, taking Him up one side and down tother, God Almighty sartain does as much harm as He does good, if not a leetle more! His doings is allus a myxtery, and sometimes a scandal!'

Dr. Benoni, after his visit the following morning, shook his head ominously when Susanna followed him to the porch. 'A very sick woman,' he said; 'vitality all gone to begin with. She'll not pull through typhoid.'

'The little girls are so restless, might n't it help if Cory had a bed to herself?' asked Susanna.

'It's worth trying,' he said.

Uncle Tutt, appealed to, said yes, by Ned! Cory should have his last remaining bed, a pallet was good enough for him, and the two men went at once for it, bringing also Uncle Tutt's own feather-bed to put on it, 'her bones being so nigh through,' said the old man. Susanna made up the bed, and poor Cory was carefully lifted into it. Uncle Tutt had his reward when she sighed gratefully, 'These feathers feel so saft to my bones!' A little later she said, wonderingly, 'Hit's quare to have

so much room to lay in — I never was in a bed to myself afore.'

In mid-afternoon, while Susanna was giving her the second temperature-bath of the day, for her fever ran very high, she said deprecatingly, 'I hate for you to do so much nasty work for me — I allow you have sot on a silk pillow all your days!'

'I suppose I have,' replied Susanna, in a startled and contrite tone, 'but I'm very much ashamed of it now, and want to make up for it by being of some use.'

'You so good to look at I can't hardly keep my hands off'n you. I allus did love pretty people. Your hair — I wisht I could feel hit!'

Susanna bent her head and laid one of the feeble hands on the thick waves of her hair.

'Now hain't hit pretty and saft! I follered having saft hair myself when I was young, but gee-oh! that's been so long I can't hardly ricollect hit!'

'Why, you're not that old,' said Susanna. 'People never get too old to remember their youth.'

'Yes, they do. Hit's a long time; seems as fur away as if hit never was; and I'm a old woman — twenty-three year old I am!'

'Twenty-three!' exclaimed Susanna, in utter amazement, for she had supposed Cory at least thirty-five. 'Why, twenty-three is not old a bit — it's young. It's just my age.'

It was Cory's turn to be astonished. 'No woman could n't look as young as you and be twenty-three,' she said. 'You hain't seed sixteen yet.'

'I am twenty-three,' insisted Susanna, 'but I consider it young, not old. You must have been just a child when you married.'

'Nigh fifteen I was.'

'And at twenty-three the mother of six. Good heavens!' exclaimed Susanna. 'No wonder you are worn out! But you'll have a chance for a long rest in bed now, to get back your strength. I'm here to see that you do!'

Susanna cast an angry glance at the big, husky young man in the bed by the door. Of course it was his fault that poor Cory at twenty-three had forgotten her youth!

It was three days later, a week after her arrival, that one morning for the first time in the sickroom Dr. Benoni called Susanna by her surname. Uncle Tutt always addressed her and the other quare women by their Christian names. At the words 'Miss Reeves' Cory sat up in bed and stared wildly about, only to fall back in a state of collapse when she saw Bill's eye fixed angrily upon her. Susanna and the doctor supposed it was only a manifestation of delirium, and thought no more about it. But when, in the afternoon, the patients were sleeping, and Susanna sat by Cory's bedside beginning a letter to Robert, she was surprised when Cory opened her eyes and whispered, 'What name did he call you by?'

'Reeves,' replied Susanna, in a low tone.

'Where do you live at?'

'In Lexington, in the Blue Grass.'

'Is there many of the name of Reeves there?'

'Not now; our branch seems to have run largely to daughters, and I am the only one of the name left. My parents are dead, and I live with my married sister, who is much older than I. When I marry, the name will have died out, which is too bad, after a hundred years; for we were among the pioneers.'

'Hit's a pretty name, Reeves — I love hit!' said Cory.

At that instant Bill, who had been apparently sleeping, raised himself on his elbow and gave Cory a look that silenced her. Susanna continued her letter: —

DEAR ROBERT: —

How foolish of you to send that telegram! Of course it had to come across the mountains by mail, and it reached me at the same time as your letter. How foolish, too, to make both so mandatory! No, I will *not* 'start home at once.' No, not if it were to my own wedding! I can't desert my post. You would n't have me if you knew the need. Poor Cory is in grave danger. Dr. Benoni says there is not a chance in fifty for her, and oh, Robert, I have just found out that instead of being middle-aged, as I had supposed from her looks, the poor thing is only twenty-three, just my age, and the mother of six! With a horrid husband who lets her take the bottom row in hoeing corn and work herself to death in other ways! Also I believe she is the victim of some dreadful fear that hangs over her like a nightmare.

Glory for you, Doctor Helm! It's fine about old Boone Beverly and the thousand-dollar fee! I fervently hope that every rich old turfman and stock-breeder in the Blue Grass will have appendicitis this fall, and ask you to 'cyarve' on him, so you can pay off those dreadful debts and marry

Your devoted

SUSANNA

Two nights after this the crisis of Cory's illness was reached. Dr. Benoni had spent both nights at the cabin, to relieve Susanna, so that one of them might be always at the bedside with the required heart-stimulant. At times the poor woman seemed almost too weak to breathe.

The second night Dr. Benoni had called Susanna at three o'clock, himself lying down beside the little girls for a desperately needed nap. Bill snored loudly and the three children were fast asleep. Susanna sat by Cory, holding one of her wasted hands. Suddenly she felt a feeble pressure and heard a whisper: 'Closter!'

She put her head down.

'I'm nigh gone, hain't I?'

'Oh, I hope not; we don't intend to let you go!'

'The young-uns — what'll become of them?'

'Don't worry about them; they'll be cared for. They have their father.'

'But if Bentons gets him? Sh-sh — don't speak, whisper; they're atter him, and Black Shade he won't never stop till he finds him. And then the pore leetle orphants, without ary paw or maw! Listen,' she whispered, desperately, 'you must take 'em to my paw and maw when I'm gone; they'll forgive me then for running off with Anse — Bill, I mean. He was sech a pretty boy, I had to have him.'

'Where does your father live, and what is his name?'

'In Harlan, on Reeves's Fork of Marrowbone. His name's same as yourn. There's a whole tribe of Reeveses there.'

'Reeves!' gasped Susanna. 'What's his first name?'

'Sh-sh — George.'

'George Reeves!' exclaimed Susanna. 'What other names are in your family — your grandfather, your great-grandfather?'

'Old Winfield was my grandsir', and behind him was another George. Them is the main-chiefest names all through.'

Susanna took the sick woman's hands in both hers. 'Cory,' she said, 'Winfield Reeves was the name of my father, and also of my pioneer forefather who came out from Virginia to Kentucky more than a hundred years ago. Near Cumberland Gap his young brother, George, left the wagon train to hunt a deer, and was never afterward heard of. My people went on to the Blue Grass, fought the Indians, subdued the wilderness, and became prosperous and prominent. They always supposed George

had been killed by Indians. Instead, he must have found the hunting good, and have wandered from year to year in these mountains, at last settling down and founding the family to which you belong. The names tell the story. You and I are the same blood, and blood means a great deal to a Reeves! So now you can trust me to take care of your children if anything happens to you. I will do for them as if they were my own, and will adopt little George and change his name to Reeves. But you must n't die, you must live; for now you have found a sister who will always love you and take care of you!'

The entire conversation, tense as it was, had been carried on in whispers. Through it all Bill's snores had risen regularly; not a child had stirred; Dr. Benoni had slept profoundly.

Cory clutched Susanna's hand. 'You and me the same blood? I hain't surprised, for I loved you when I seed you. Listen! A Reeves allus stands by a Reeves — you won't never tell what I tell you?'

'No, indeed.'

'Well, Anse and the Bentons they had a furse, and he kilt two of 'em. Then he give it out he had went West, and hid out in the high rocks awhile, and then we traveled here by nights. And, being a Reeves, you won't never tell on him, and will keep watch with me for Black Shade, and hide Anse if he comes?'

'Certainly, if it's possible. I'll protect him in every way, for your sake. You can depend on me. And now try to rest and sleep, and leave the worry and the watching to me. Remember, you have found a sister.'

Kneeling beside the bed, she folded the thin form to her breast; and lying thus poor Cory relaxed, smiled, and soon fell asleep.

The unloading of 'that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart' was the beginning of better things. When Dr. Benoni left at six, Cory was still sleeping; her pulse was better, her temperature down two degrees. When at last she awoke, it was only by a glance of the eyes, a pressure of the hands, that she and Susanna indicated their remembrance of what had passed in the night. Bill, sullen and watchful as ever, had evidently heard nothing. Cory's eyes, instead of being fixed in that dreadful stare on the doorway, now followed Susanna constantly, hung upon her, feasted upon her.

That evening Susanna wrote:—

DEAR ROBERT: —

I have something amazing to tell you. You have heard us speak of the young brother of our pioneer ancestor, who went hunting one day as they came along the wilderness trail and was never heard of again. Well, he is found — at least, his descendants are, and one of them is poor Cory, the sick woman I am nursing! She belongs in Harlan County. Family names — everything shows there can be no mistake. And she and I are the same age. How easily I might have been in her place and suffered what she has suffered! How selfish we prosperous Blue Grass people are, and how little we realize what is going on in this forgotten section of our state, where many of the people doubtless are of the same blood as our boasted aristocracy!

Almost three more weeks passed. Cory had gained steadily. The three children sat up for a while every morning, usually on Susanna's cot on the porch, and Bill, his splendid frame little impaired by illness, also sat in a chair there, pistol on his knees. This particular afternoon, all had come in for their rest and naps. Cory, the hunted look almost gone from her face, was sleeping, and Susanna sat by her bed

reading a month-old magazine. Uncle Tutt had gone up in the timber to measure and mark the poplar trees he was giving to the quare women for their big settlement-house, taking little George with him.

Suddenly a shadow darkened the doorway. The curtain of mosquito-netting was swept aside. A dark man, on noiseless feet, stepped in. Susanna rose, startled. At the same instant Cory's eyes flew open and she screamed in terror. With a single movement Bill, waking, drew his hand from beneath his pillow and fired, meeting the cross fire of the intruder. Both men continued firing, as swiftly as they could pull trigger, till at the same instant both lurched forward — Bill on his bed, the stranger full-length on the floor, neither so much as twitching a muscle thereafter.

The whole thing had happened in a flash. Cory's shrieks rent the air. Susanna flew to Bill, raised his heavy body, felt for his heart. Not a beat. But a slow trickle of blood welled out upon her fingers. Laying him back, she dashed a cup of water in his face. No response. Turning then to the intruder, beneath whose body a red pool was spreading on the floor, she looked for a sign of life. None there, either. Rushing to the porch, she took down the gourd-horn Uncle Tutt had left with her in case of need, and blew it loudly, once, twice, thrice.

The sound must have carried some of the poignancy of her suffering, for in an incredibly short time Uncle Tutt came plunging down the slope.

They wasted no time on the dead men, but put in all their energies on the fainting, apparently dying Cory, forcing liquor between her lips, rubbing her cold hands and feet, at last seeing the tide of life flow slowly back again.

'Hit might be better to leave the pore creetur die,' said Uncle Tutt. 'She's seed enough trouble without this here.'

'No,' said Susanna, with determination. 'That's the very reason she must live — to see something besides trouble; to get back the youth she has forgotten. I have found, Uncle Tutt, that she is a Reeves, that we are the same blood. I shall make it my business to take care of her and her children, to make life easier and happier for her. Of course she'll grieve for Bill, but grief never kills. A dead sorrow is better than a living one; in time it will wear away. She is young enough to forget.'

Uncle Tutt received the news calmly. 'I'm proud for her,' he said. 'I allow she has fell into good hands.' Then, surveying the scene before him with philosophical eyes, he remarked, 'I knowed hell was to pay somehow. Well, I better get them corps drug out of sight afore she comes to.'

This gruesome task performed, the pistols taken from the clutch of the dead hands, the bodies laid on the porch out of Cory's line of vision, coins pressed down over the staring eyes, the old man stood in the doorway, looking down meditatively at his work.

'Hit hain't often,' he said, 'lightning strikes in the right spot. Hit's more gen'ally apter to hit wrong. I hain't seed hit fall right sence Heck was a pup. But this time hit went spang clean straight to the mark. I allow both needed killing and needed hit bad. I know Bill did! Well, hit's a sight of satisfaction to see jestice fall — kindly cheers a body up and holps up their confidence in the running of things. I'll say this much for Him, God Almighty is a pyore puzzle and myxtery and vexation of sperrit a big part of the time, but now and again — oncet or twicet maybe in a long lifetime — He does take Him a notion to do a plumb thorough, downright, complete, ondivided, effectual good job!'

SCIENCE AND POETRY

BY I. A. RICHARDS

> The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything.
>
> — MATTHEW ARNOLD

HABITS that have endured for many thousands of years are not easy to throw off — least of all when they are habits of thought, and when they do not come into open conflict with changing circumstances or do not clearly involve us in loss or inconvenience. Yet the loss may be great without our knowing anything about it. Before 1590 no one knew how inconvenient were our natural habits of thought about the ways in which a stone may fall; yet the modern world began when Galileo discovered what really happens. Nobody before Lister knew that ordinary traditional ideas as to cleanliness are dangerously inadequate. The average duration of human life has increased by about thirty years since he upset them. Nobody before Sir Ronald Ross knew what were the consequences of thinking about malaria in terms of influences and miasmas instead of in terms of mosquitoes. The Roman Empire might perhaps have still been flourishing if someone had found this out before A.D. 100.

When such examples are considered we can no longer, in any department of life, so easily accept what was good enough for our fathers as good enough for ourselves, or for our children. We are forced to wonder whether our ideas even upon subjects apparently of little practical importance, such as poetry, may not be dangerously inadequate. It becomes indeed somewhat alarming to recognize, as we must, that our habits of thought remain, as regards most of our affairs, much as they were five thousand years ago. The sciences are, of course, simply the exceptions to this rule. Outside the sciences — and the greater part of our thinking still goes on outside the sciences — we think very much as our ancestors thought a hundred or two hundred generations ago. Certainly this is so as regards official views about poetry. Is it not possible that these are wrong, as wrong as most ideas of an equally hoary antiquity? Is it not possible that to the men of the future our life to-day will seem a continual, ceaseless disaster due only to our own stupidity, to the nervelessness with which we accept and transmit ideas which do not apply to anything and never have?

Perhaps the most encouraging new feature of modern Western civilization is the number of people who are genuinely asking themselves what they are doing and why they are doing it. General curiosity is waking up; we are beginning to ask pertinaciously what our place in the world really is, and more

particularly, when we think, talk, work, vote, fall in love, read poetry, or take up stamp-collecting, what is actually happening and what is the reason, the point, the value, or the justification of these activities. How are we to decide whether what we are doing is worth while or whether we are doing it well or ill?

In other words we are becoming more critical. Not in the narrow sense of being more apt to find fault, though for many reasons a greater uneasiness is abroad; but in the wider sense in which to be critical is to attempt to judge something reasonably and with a full sense of the whole situation and not merely by unconscious approval or disapproval.

Men are looking around for standards, for reasons why one way of life should be preferred to another. Formerly there was no need to look around. The standards were obtrusively present; and if a man did not know what he ought to think, or to feel, or to do, that was his own fault.

To-day it is not so. Partly because conditions and circumstances have changed (we do not even yet sufficiently realize what a totally different thing modern industrial society is from the society, say, of the seventeenth century); partly because, through the extension of science, reasons which used to be thought sound are now seen to be baseless; and partly from other causes, among which may be changes in man himself, we are in great need of a clear, coherent picture of human affairs. The average man is growing more conscious — an extraordinarily significant change. It is probably due to the fact that his life is becoming more complex, more intricate, his desires and needs more varied and more apt to conflict. And as he becomes more conscious he can no longer be content to drift in unreflecting obedience to his instincts. He is forced to reflect. And, if reflection often takes the form of inconclusive worrying, that is no more than might be expected in view of the unparalleled difficulty of the task. To live reasonably is much more difficult to-day than it was in Doctor Johnson's time, and even then, as Boswell shows, it was difficult enough.

To live reasonably is not to live by reason alone, — the mistake is easy and, if carried far, disastrous, — but to live in a way of which reason, a clear full sense of the whole situation, would approve. And the most important part of the whole situation, as always, is ourselves, our own psychological make-up. The more we learn about the physical world, about our bodies, for example, the more points we find at which our ordinary behavior is out of accord with the facts — inapplicable, wasteful, disadvantageous, dangerous, or absurd. We find, for example, that man has been suffering from goitre for thousands of years merely for lack of a little iodine. We have still to learn how to feed ourselves satisfactorily. Similarly, the little that is yet known about the mind already shows that our ways of thinking and feeling about very many of the things with which we concern ourselves are out of accord with the facts. This is preëminently true of our ways of thinking and feeling about poetry. We think and talk in terms of states of affairs which have never existed. We attribute to ourselves and to things powers which neither we nor they possess.

Day by day, in recent years, man is getting more out of place in nature. Where he is going to he does not yet know, he has not yet decided. As a consequence he finds life more and more bewildering, more and more difficult to live coherently. Thus he turns to consider himself, his own nature. For the first step toward a reasonable

way of life is a better understanding of human nature. Fortunately the labors of psychologists have at last made this possible.

I

It has long been recognized that, if only something could be done in psychology remotely comparable to what has been achieved in physics, practical consequences might be expected even more remarkable than any that the engineer can contrive. The first positive steps in the science of the mind have been slow in coming, but already they are beginning to change man's whole outlook. The time has come to attempt some practical applications. What light does the science of the mind throw upon poetry?

Extraordinary claims have often been made for poetry, — Matthew Arnold's words quoted at the head of this essay are an example, — claims which very many people are inclined to view with astonishment or with the smile which tolerance gives to the enthusiast. Indeed, a more representative modern view would be that the future of poetry is nil. Peacock's conclusion in his *Four Ages of Poetry* finds a more general acceptance: 'A poet in our times is a semibarbarian in a civilized community. He lives in the days that are past. . . . In whatever degree poetry is cultivated, it must necessarily be to the neglect of some branch of useful study: and it is a lamentable thing to see minds, capable of better things, running to seed in the specious indolence of these empty aimless mockeries of intellectual exertion. Poetry was the mental rattle that awakened the attention of intellect in the infancy of civil society: but for the maturity of mind to make a serious business of the playthings of its childhood is as absurd as for a grown man to rub his gums with coral, and cry to be charmed asleep by the jingle of silver bells.' And with more regret many others — Keats was among them — have thought that the inevitable effect of the advance of science would be to destroy the possibility of poetry.

What is the truth in this matter? How is our estimate of poetry going to be affected by science? And how will poetry itself be influenced? The extreme importance which has in the past been assigned to poetry is a fact which must be accounted for whether we conclude that it was rightly assigned or not, and whether we consider that poetry will continue to be held in such esteem or not. It indicates that the case for poetry, whether right or wrong, is one which turns on important issues. We shall not have dealt adequately with it unless we have raised questions of great importance.

Very much toil has gone to the endeavor to explain the high place of poetry in human affairs, with, on the whole, few satisfactory or convincing results. This is not surprising. For in order to show how poetry is important it is first necessary to discover to some extent what it is. Until recently this preliminary task could be only very incompletely carried out. The psychology of instinct and emotion was too little advanced, and, moreover, the wild speculations natural in prescientific inquiry definitely stood in the way. Neither the professional psychologist, whose interest in poetry is frequently not intense, nor the man of letters, who as a rule has no adequate ideas of the mind as a whole, has been equipped for the investigation. Both a passionate knowledge of poetry and a dispassionate capacity for psychological analysis are required if it is to be satisfactorily prosecuted.

It will be best to begin by asking 'What kind of thing, in the widest sense, is poetry?' When we have

answered this we shall be ready to ask 'How can we use and misuse it?' and 'What reasons are there for thinking it valuable?'

Let us take an experience, ten minutes of a person's life, and describe it in broad outline. It is now possible to indicate its general structure, to point out what is important in it, what trivial and accessory, which features depend upon which, how it has arisen, and how it is probably going to influence his future experience. There are, of course, plenty of gaps in this description; none the less it *is* at last possible to understand in general how the mind works in an experience and what sort of stream of events the experience is.

A poem — let us say Wordsworth's 'Westminster Bridge' sonnet — is such an experience; it is the experience the right kind of reader has when he peruses the verses. And the first step to an understanding of the place and future of poetry in human affairs is to see what the general structure of such an experience is. Let us begin by reading it very slowly, preferably aloud, giving every syllable time to make its full effect upon us. And let us read it experimentally, repeating it, varying our tone of voice until we are satisfied that we have caught its rhythm as well as we are able and, whether our reading is such as to please other people or not, we ourselves at least are clear as to how it should 'go.'

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky —
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

We may best make our analysis of the experience that arises through reading these lines from the surface inward, to speak metaphorically. The surface is the impression of the printed words on the retina. This sets up an agitation which we must follow as it goes deeper and deeper.

The first things to occur — if they do not, the rest of the experience will be gravely inadequate — are the sound of the word 'in the mind's ear' and the feel of the word imaginarily spoken. These together give the full body, as it were, to the words, and it is with the full bodies of words that the poet works, not with their printed signs. But many people lose nearly everything in poetry through these indispensable parts escaping them.

Next arise various pictures 'in the mind's eye' — not of words, but of things for which the words stand; perhaps of ships, perhaps of hills; and together with them, it may be, other images of various sorts. Images of what it feels like to stand leaning on the parapet of Westminster Bridge. Perhaps that odd thing, an image of 'silence.' But, unlike the image-bodies of the words themselves, these other images of things are not vitally important. Those who have them may very well think them indispensable, and for them they may be necessary; but other people may not require them at all. This is a point at which differences between individual minds are very marked.

Thence onward the agitation which is the experience divides, though its two streams have innumerable interconnections and affect one another intimately.

One branch we will call the intellectual stream, the other the instinctive or emotional stream.

The intellectual stream is fairly easy to follow; it follows itself, so to speak; but it is the less important of the two. In poetry it matters only as a means, as

directing and exciting the instinctive emotional stream. It is made up of thoughts, which are not static little entities that bob up into consciousness and down again out of it, but fluent happenings, events, which reflect or point to the things the thoughts are 'of.' Exactly how they do this is a matter which is still much disputed.

This pointing to or reflecting things is all that thoughts do. It is the instinctive stream which deals with the things that thoughts reflect or point to.

Some people who read verse — they do not often read much of it — are so constituted that very little more happens than this intellectual stream of thoughts. It is perhaps superfluous to point out that they miss the real poem. To exaggerate this part of the experience, and give it too much importance on its own account, is a notable current tendency and for many people explains why they do not read poetry.

The other branch, the instinctive stream, is what really matters; from the instincts all the energy of the whole agitation comes. The thinking which goes on is somewhat like the play of an ingenious and invaluable 'governor,' run by, but controlling, the main machine. Every experience is essentially some instinct or group of instincts working itself out.

An instinct is an impulse, ultimately an impulse to *do* something of a characteristic kind, set off by a characteristic situation. Normally what the impulse does is something which meets the needs of the situation.

In man, as in the animals, the main kinds of primary impulses which drive all the activities of the mind seem to number about a dozen. Each of these kinds is an instinct. The protective (or parental), the combative, the submissive, the self-assertive, the acquisitive, the constructive, the food-seeking, and the gregarious instincts, and those of sex, of escape, of curiosity, and of repulsion (or disgust) — such is the most generally accepted list, that of Professor McDougall. It may seem a far cry from any interplay of these to the impulses which make up 'Westminster Bridge,' but these primary drives have, as it were, long been multiplying among themselves. Their offspring show nowadays an amazing variety. None the less they seem still to be entirely dependent upon their grandparents. Any force which the derived activity possesses comes to it from these primary drives and may, so to speak, at any moment be turned off at the main. The derivative impulses, highly specialized things that they are, — the impulse to solve crossword puzzles or to throw stones through the windowpanes of empty houses, — are ways in which the great primary drives work themselves out. They are not independent activities, and when the instincts find other means of satisfaction these derivative activities lose their force and cease.

We must picture, then, the main stream of every experience as the play of these disguised and transferred instincts. We are reading the poem in the first place only because we are in some way interested in doing so, only because some instinct is attempting to satisfy itself thereby. And whatever happens as we read happens only for a similar reason. We understand the words (the intellectual branch of the stream goes on its way successfully) only because an instinct — it may be merely curiosity — is acting through that means, and the rest of the experience is equally but more evidently instinctive adaptation working itself out.

The rest of the experience is made up of emotions and attitudes. Emotions are what the instinctive reaction, with its reverberation in bodily changes, feels like. Attitudes are the impulses toward one kind of behavior or another

which are set ready by the instinct. They are, as it were, the outward-going part of the instinct. Sometimes, as here in 'Westminster Bridge,' they are very easily overlooked. But consider a simpler case — a fit of laughter which it is absolutely essential to conceal, in church or during a solemn interview, for example. You contrive not to laugh; but there is no doubt about the activity of the impulses in their restricted form. The much more subtle and elaborate impulses which a poem excites are not different in principle. They do not show themselves as a rule, they do not come out into the open, largely because they are so complex. When they have adjusted themselves to one another and become organized into a coherent whole, the instincts which are their driving forces are satisfied. In a fully developed man a state of readiness for action will take the place of action when the full appropriate situation for action is not present. The essential peculiarity of poetry, as of all the arts, is that the full appropriate situation is *not* present. It is an actor we are seeing upon the stage, not Hamlet. So imaginative readiness for action takes the place of actual behavior.

II

This is the main plan, then, of the experience. Signs on the retina, taken up by sets of instinctive needs (remember how many other impressions all day long remain entirely unnoticed because they do not lend themselves to instinctive response); thence an elaborate agitation of impulses, one branch of which is thoughts of what the words mean, the other an emotional response leading to the development of attitudes, — preparations, that is, for actions which may or may not take place, — the two branches being in intimate connection.

We must look now a little more closely at these connections. It may seem odd that we do not more definitely make the thoughts the rulers and causes of the rest of the response. To do just this has been, in fact, the grand error of traditional psychology. Man prefers to stress the features which distinguish him from monkey, and chief among these are his intellectual capacities. Important though they are, he has given them a rank to which they are not entitled. Intellect is an adjunct to the instincts, a means by which they operate more successfully. Man is not in any sense primarily an intelligence; he is a system of instincts. Intelligence helps man, but does not run him.

Partly through this natural mistake, and partly because intellectual operations are so much easier to study, the whole traditional analysis of the working of the mind has been turned upside down. It is largely as a remedy for the difficulties which this mistake involves that poetry may have so much importance in the future. But let us look again more closely at the poetic experience.

In the first place, why is it essential in reading poetry to give the words their full imagined sound and body? What is meant by saying that the poet works with this sound and body? The answer is that even before the words have been intellectually understood, and the thoughts they occasion formed and followed, the movement and sound of the words are playing deeply and intimately upon the instincts. How this happens is a matter which has yet to be successfully investigated, but that it happens no sensitive reader of poetry doubts. A good deal of poetry and even some great poetry exists — for example, some of Shakespeare's Songs and, in a different way, much of the best of Swinburne — in which the sense of the words can be almost entirely missed

or neglected without loss. Never, perhaps, entirely without effort, however; though sometimes, as in Meredith, with advantage. But the plain fact that the relative importance of grasping the sense of the words may vary — compare Browning's 'Before' with his 'After' — is enough for our purpose.

In nearly all poetry the sound and feel of the words, what is often called the form of the poem in opposition to its content, get to work first, and the sense in which the words are taken is subtly influenced by this fact. Most words are ambiguous as regards their plain sense, especially in poetry. We can take them as we please, in a variety of senses. The sense we are pleased to choose is the one which most suits the impulses already stirred through the form of the verse. The same thing can be noticed in conversation. Not the strict logical sense of what is said, but the tone of voice and the occasion are the primary factors by which we interpret. Science, it is worth noting, endeavors with increasing success to bar out these factors. We believe a scientist because he can substantiate his remarks, not because he is eloquent or forcible in his enunciation. In fact we distrust him when he seems to be influencing us by his manner.

In its use of words poetry is just the reverse of science. Very definite thoughts do occur, but not because the words are so chosen as logically to bar out all possibilities but one. No. But because the manner, the tone of voice, the cadence, and the rhythm play upon our instincts and make *them* pick out from among an indefinite number of possibilities the precise particular thought which they need. This is why poetical descriptions often seem so much more accurate than prose descriptions. Language logically and scientifically used cannot describe a landscape or a face. To do so it would need a prodigious apparatus of names for shades and nuances, for precise particular qualities. These names do not exist, so other means have to be used. The poet — even when, like Ruskin or De Quincey, he writes in prose — makes the reader pick out the precise particular sense required from an indefinite number of possible senses which a word, phrase, or sentence may carry. The means by which he does this are many and varied. Some of them have been mentioned above, but the way in which he uses them is the poet's own secret, something which cannot be taught. He knows how to do it, but he does not himself know how it is done.

Misunderstanding and underestimation of poetry are mainly due to overestimation of the thought in it. We can see still more clearly that thought is not the prime factor if we consider for a moment not the experience of the reader but that of the poet. Why does the poet use these words and no others? Not because they stand for a series of thoughts which in themselves are what he is concerned to communicate. He is not writing as a scientist. But because the instincts which the situation calls into play combine to bring these words, just in this form, into the poet's consciousness as a means of ordering, controlling, and consolidating the whole experience. The experience itself, the tide of impulses sweeping through the mind, is the source and the sanction of the words. They represent this experience itself, not any set of perceptions or reflections, though often to a reader who approaches the poem wrongly they will seem to be only a series of remarks about other things. But to a suitable reader the words — if they actually spring from experience and are not due to verbal habits, to the desire to be effective, to factitious excogitation, to imitation, to irrelevant contrivances, or to any other of the failings which

prevent most people from writing poetry — the words will reproduce in his mind a similar play of instincts putting him for the while into a similar situation and leading to the same response.

Why this should happen is still somewhat of a mystery. An extraordinarily intricate concourse of impulses brings the words together. Then in another mind the affair in part reverses itself, the words bring into being a similar concourse of impulses. The words which seem to be the effect of the experience, in the first instance, seem to become the cause of a similar experience in the second. A very odd thing to happen, not exactly paralleled outside communication. But this description is not quite accurate. The words, as we have seen, are not simply the effect in one case, or the cause in the other. In both cases they are the part of the experience which binds it together, which gives it a definite structure and keeps it from being a mere welter of disconnected impulses. They are the key, to borrow a useful metaphor from McDougall, for this particular combination of impulses. So regarded, it is less strange that what the poet wrote should reproduce his experience in the mind of the reader.

III

Enough, perhaps, as to the kind of thing a poem is, as to the general structure of these experiences. Let us now turn to the further questions: 'Of what use is it?' 'Why and how is it valuable?'

The first point to be made is that poetic experiences are valuable — when they are — in the same ways as any other experiences. They are to be judged by the same standards. What are these?

Extraordinarily diverse views have been held upon this point. Very naturally, since such very different ideas have been entertained as to what kind of thing an experience is; for our opinions as to the differences between good and bad experiences depend inevitably upon what we take an experience to be. As fashions have changed in psychology, men's ethical theories have followed suit. When a created, simple, and eternal soul was the pivotal point, Good was conformity with the will of the creator, Evil was rebellion. When the associationist psychologists substituted a swarm of sensations and images for the soul, Good became pleasure and Evil became pain, and so on. A long chapter of the history of opinions has still to be written tracing these changes. Now that the mind is seen to be a hierarchy of impulses, what will for this account be the difference between Good and Evil?

It is the difference between free and wasteful organizations, between fullness and narrowness of life. For if the mind is a systematic concourse of impulses, and if experience is their play, the worth of experience is a matter of the number, force, and freedom of the impulses which make it up.

This is a first approximation. It needs qualifying and expanding if it is to become a satisfactory theory. Let us see how some of these amendments would run.

Each hour of any person's life holds out innumerable possibilities. Which of these are realized depends upon two main groups of factors: the external situation in which he is living, his surroundings, including the other people with whom he is in contact; and, secondly, his psychological make-up. The first of these, the external situation, is often given too much importance. To recognize this fact we have only to notice what very different experiences different people undergo when in closely similar situations. A situation which is dullness itself for one may be full of excitement for

another. What an individual responds to is not the whole situation, but a selection from it, and as a rule few people make the same selection. What is selected is decided by the organization of the individual's instincts.

Now let us simplify the case by supposing that nothing which happens during this hour is going to have any further consequences either in our hypothetical person's life or in anyone else's. He is going to cease to exist when the clock strikes — but for our purposes he must be imagined not to know this — and no one is to be a whit the better or worse whatever he thinks, feels, or does during the hour. What shall we say it would be best for him, if he could, to do?

We need not bother to imagine the detail of the external situation or the character of the man. We can answer our question in general terms without doing so. The man has a certain definite instinctive make-up — the result of his past history, including his heredity. There will be many things which he cannot do which another man could, and many things which he cannot do in this situation, whatever it is, which he could do in other situations. But, given this particular man in this particular situation, our question is, which of the possibilities open to him would be better than which others? How should we, as friendly observers, like to see him living?

Setting pain aside, we may perhaps agree that torpor would be the worst choice. Complete inertness, lifelessness, would be the sorriest spectacle — anticipating too nearly and unnecessarily what is to happen when the hour strikes. We can then perhaps agree, though here more resistance from preconceived ideas may be encountered, that the best choice would be the opposite of torpor — the fullest, keenest, most active, completest kind of life.

Such a life is one which brings into play as many as possible of the positive instincts. We can leave out the negative instincts. It would be a pity for our friend to be frightened or disgusted even for a minute of his precious hour.

But this is not all. It is not enough that many instincts should be awake and active. There is a more important point to be noted.

> . . . The gods approve
> The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul.

The instincts must come into play and remain in play with as little conflict among themselves as possible. In other words, the experience must be organized so as to give all the impulses of which it is composed the greatest possible degree of freedom.

It is in this respect that people differ most from one another. It is this which separates the happy from the mad. Far more life is wasted through muddled mental organization than through lack of opportunity. Conflicts between different impulses are the greatest evils which afflict mankind.

The best life, then, which we can wish for our friend will be one in which as much as possible of himself is engaged, as many of his impulses as possible. And this with as little conflict, as little mutual interference between different subsystems of his activities, as is possible. The more he lives and the less he thwarts himself, the better. That briefly is our answer.

There are two ways in which conflict can be avoided or overcome. By conquest and by conciliation. One or other of the contesting impulses can be suppressed, or they can come to a mutual arrangement, they can adjust themselves to one another. We owe to psychoanalysis — at present a rather undisciplined branch of psychology — a great deal of striking evidence as to the extreme difficulty of suppressing

any vigorous impulse. When it seems to be suppressed it is often found to be really as active as ever, but in some other form, generally a troublesome one. For this reason, as well as for the simpler reason that suppression is wasteful of life, conciliation is always to be preferred to conquest. People who are always winning victories over themselves might equally well be described as always enslaving themselves. Their lives become unnecessarily narrow. The minds of many saints have been like wells; they should have been like lakes or like the sea.

Unfortunately most of us, left to ourselves, have no option but to go in for extensive attempts at self-conquest. It is our only means of escape from chaos. Our impulses must have some order, some organization, or we do not live ten minutes without disaster. In the past, Tradition — a kind of Treaty of Versailles assigning frontiers and spheres of influence to the different instincts, and based chiefly upon conquest — ordered our lives in a moderately satisfactory manner. But Tradition is weakening. Moral authorities are not so well backed by beliefs as they were; their sanctions are declining in force. We are in need of something to take the place of the old order. Not in need of a new balance of power, a new arrangement of conquests, but of a League of Nations for the moral ordering of the impulses — a new order based on conciliation, not on attempted suppression.

Only the rarest individuals hitherto have achieved this new order, and never yet, perhaps, completely. But many have achieved it for a brief while, for a particular phase of experience, and many have recorded it for these phases.

It is my contention that we have these records in poetry.

But before going on to this new point let us return for a moment to our hypothetical friend who is enjoying his last hour, and suppose this limitation removed. Instead of such an hour let us consider any hour, one which has consequences for his future and for other people. Let us consider any piece of any life. How far is our argument affected? Will our standards of good and evil be altered?

Clearly the case now is, in certain respects, different; it is much more complicated. We have to take these consequences into account. We have to regard his experience, not in itself alone, but as a piece of his life and as a probable factor in other people's situations. If we are to approve of the experience, it must not only be full of life and free from conflict, but it must be likely to lead to other experiences, both his own and those of other people, also full of life and free from conflict. And often in actual fact it has to be less full of life and more restricted than it might be in order to ensure these results. A momentary individual good has often to be sacrificed for the sake of a later or a general good. Conflicts are often necessary in order that they should not occur later. The mutual adjustment of conflicting impulses may take time, and an acute struggle may be the only way in which they learn to coöperate peacefully in the future.

But all these complications and qualifications do not disturb the conclusion we arrived at through considering the simpler case. A good experience is still one full of life, in the sense which we have explained, or, derivatively, one conducive to experiences full of life. An evil experience is one which is self-thwarting or conducive to stultifying conflicts. So far, then, all is sound and shipshape in the argument and we can go on to consider the poet.

The chief characteristic of poets is their amazing command of words. This

is not a mere matter of vocabulary, though it is significant that Shakespeare's vocabulary is the richest and most varied that any Englishman has ever used. It is not the quantity of words a writer has at his disposal, but the way in which he disposes them, that gives him his rank as a poet. His sense of how they modify one another, how their separate effects in the mind combine, how they fit into the whole response, is what matters. As a rule the poet is not conscious of the reasons why just these words and no others best serve. They fall into their place without his conscious control, and a feeling of rightness, of inevitability, is commonly his sole conscious ground for his certainty that he has ordered them aright. It would as a rule be idle to ask him why he used a particular rhythm or a particular epithet. He might give reasons, but they would probably be mere rationalizations having nothing to do with the matter. For the choice of the rhythm or the epithet was not an intellectual matter, — though it may be capable of an intellectual justification, — but was due to an instinctive impulse seeking to confirm itself, or to order itself with its fellows.

It is very important to realize how deep are the motives which govern the poet's use of words. No study of other poets which is not an impassioned study will help him. He can learn much from other poets, but only by letting them influence him deeply, not by any superficial examination of their 'style.' The motives which shape a poem spring from the root of the mind. The poet's style is the direct outcome of his instinctive organization. That amazing capacity of his for ordering speech is only a part of a more amazing capacity for ordering his experience.

This is the explanation of the fact that poetry cannot be written by cunning and study, by craft and contrivance. To a superficial glance the productions of the mere scholar, steeped in the poetry of the past and animated by intense emulation and a passionate desire to place himself among the poets, will often look extraordinarily like poetry. His words may seem as subtly and delicately ordered as words can be, his epithets as happy, his transitions as daring, his simplicity as perfect. By every intellectual test he may succeed. But unless the ordering of the words sprang, not from knowledge of the technique of poetry, added to a desire to write some, but from an actual supreme ordering of experience, a closer approach to his work will betray it. Characteristically its rhythm will give it away. For rhythm is no matter of tricks with syllables, but directly reflects personality. It is not separable from the words to which it belongs. Moving rhythm in poetry arises only from genuinely stirred impulses, and is a more subtle index than any other to the order of the instincts.

Poetry, in other words, cannot be imitated; it cannot be faked so as to deceive the only test that ought ever to be applied. It is, unfortunately, true that this test is often very difficult to apply. And it is sometimes hard to know whether the test has or has not been applied. Only genuine poetry will give to the reader who approaches it in the proper manner a response which is as passionate, noble, and serene as the experience of the poet, the master of speech because he is the master of experience itself. But it is easy to read carelessly and shallowly, and easy to mistake for the response something which does not belong to it at all. By careless reading we miss what is in the poem. And in some states of mind — for example, when intoxicated — the silliest doggerel may seem sublime. What happens is not due to the doggerel, but to the drink.

MISSISSIPPI MELODIES

BY VIRGINIA MOORE

I. LI'L BLACK BLOW-BALL

Li'l black blow-ball, res' an' res',
While de win' am wooin' de watah-cress;
You's dim as de watah,
Mah dark li'l daughtah,
Wid a shadder fo' yo' haid an' breas'.

Sof' li'l blow-ball, bent an' bowed,
Kiver yo' haid wid a big black cloud,
An' sleep fo' an hour,
Mah fine li'l flowah,
A-settin' on yo' stem so proud.

De win' rise up an' de dark fall t'rough
T' smudge up de sky what use t' be blue —
Sweet li'l niggah,
De win' kain't figgah
Which am de night an' which am you.

Li'l black blow-ball, de melons know
Yo' bare li'l foots am gwine-a go
Runnin' from sorrow —
But dat's termorrow!
Li'l black blow-ball, blow . . . an' blow . . .

II. DE SHANTY WHAT GROWED ON A STEM

BUTTON. See dat shanty? Chimney? Thatch?
Pea-ladder? Yesta'day a brawl
Ob daisies in a yellah patch
Kivered de hill — an' dat was all!

BLISTER. Ah sees it plain uz noon. What make
You shivah lak a pollywog pool?
Jus' ovahnight a shack don' break
Outa de groun' — Ah ain' no fool!

BUTTON. But Blistah, yesta'day Ah scour'
Dat daisy hill. No shack in sight!
Ef daisies bloom inside a hour,
Why kain't a shanty ovahnight?

BLISTER. De oxeye daisy neber sprout
Till rain-clouds give a yappin' yawn —
An' ef dat shanty flowah'd out,
Den whar de stem it flowah'd on?

BUTTON. Mebbe it broke. No, ef it broke
De shanty would 'a' lop' an' fell
Sideways. Was dat a frog what croak'?
Sweet Jesus, what's dat ghostie smell?

BLISTER. No stem — no stem — no stem t' grow —
An' yesta'day a daisy brawl.

BUTTON. Let fly yo' heels! Dat shanty's no
Shanty at all — shanty at all!

III. COTTON CHORUS

Niggah standin', niggah squattin',
Flirt yo' fingahs in de cotton
  Boles what huddle thick;
Tag along de Aprul harrow
What wedged wobbly, deep, an' narrow —
  Pick, pick, pick!

Drap no riffraff in de cotton,
Nothin' sharp an' nothin' rotten
  Lak a leaf o' stick;
Swang it on yo' gian' shouldah
'Foh de racin' sun am oldah –
  Pick, pick, pick!

All de cankahs in de cotton,
Wo'ms an' weevils am fohgotten
  An' fohgotten quick,
When de bended backs an' fingahs
Ob a hund'ud blackbird singahs
  Pick, pick, pick!

Gunny sacks ob cleanes' cotton,
Lak a goss'mah cloud a-clottin',
  Once was flowah-sick —
Pink an' pale an' vi'let gloomin',
Color ob a 'latto 'ooman –
  Pick, pick, pick!

Augus' sun am pow'ful hot an'
Set on arguin' wid de cotton
Lak a luni-tick —
But de cool ob night am comin'
An' de dimmy stars am hummin'
Pick, pick, pick!

IV. DE RAIN MISERY

De redwood road am muck an' mud,
An' Ah's too wooden-stiff t' beg
De Lohd t' stop dis second flood
An' smite de misery outa mah leg.

Looka heah, rain, no mo' ob yo' sass —
De yams am sof' an' de melons am slack;
Ah's too old t' munch wet grass —
Me wid de misery in mah back.

Looka heah, rain, jus' what y' mean?
You an' de Debil am pow'ful smart
A-beatin' t' uth de blossomin' bean
An' chockin' de misery in dis heart!

MINE OWN PEOPLE

BY BENJAMIN HARRISON CHAFFEE

It was by the merest chance that I fell into teaching. Possibly that is why, unfettered by pedagogic traditions and theories, I was able to throw myself unprejudiced into the life of the children and of the community, there to find adventure and happiness.

One who has lived in the madness and folly and suffering of war is likely to have a temporary antisocial reaction. I remember the longing to get far away, to be in quiet, to be independent — out of all turmoil. And so, to regain health which had suffered through gassing and exhaustion in France, I settled, after marriage, in the Sand Hill section of a Southern State. I built a bungalow by my own labor and the generous aid of a brother, and set out several thousand peach trees. We loved the farm life there. We brought many trees and shrubs from the woods to plant about the house. We knew each of our chickens by name and even by cackle. The peach trees, however, required little attention in the winter, and we thought of teaching as a means of supplementing our funds.

The near-by school was in no need of a principal; at least the need was not recognized. And so it happened that I became principal of the public school in Federal, a town of less than five hundred inhabitants, thirteen miles through the woods from the farm.

The town of Federal lies near the centre of Walter Page's land of the 'forgotten man' and the 'forgotten woman.' And his description of poverty and ignorance and overwork of twenty years ago is, I grieve to say, almost as accurate to-day. But as I entered the town it seemed an ideal hamlet, calm, peaceful, contented, filled with unusually hospitable and kindly folk. If one would study the staunch people of Colonial America, let him go to Federal. There he will find no infusion of foreign blood or foreign ideas. The people are one hundred per cent American and one hundred years behind the times. The church has always been the centre of social life. And, while revivals are held each year, few join the church, for only children are not already members of long standing.

But one modern idea had penetrated Federal. It had come down the State highway, and had somehow persevered long after the improved road gave out. It was the idea of bonding the community to build a school. The conception fell on fertile ground, for the people, of Scotch descent, were devoted to the ideal of education, and had had a 'first-rate' academy in 'those good old days that never were,' as Page would say. The Governor of the State had attended this school; and it must have been an academy of diligent students. But I was amused to note the heavy, slave-made shutters which still clung to the adjacent church, and which had been placed there 'to keep the boys from breaking out the window-lights.'

The people voted twelve thousand dollars, unanimously, for a new school. It turned out that this was more than the value of the property would permit. Another vote was taken, this time for

eight thousand dollars, and a six-room brick building was erected.

It is amazing what poor but proud rural people can do. In four years' time they had raised their property assessments and voted twenty-five thousand more in bonds, and built eight more rooms. Six trucks carried the children in from one hundred and forty-four square miles. The school committee borrowed five thousand dollars with which to build the principal a home.

The situation indeed approached the idyllic; the school became the project of the entire community. One climax was the day of the return of the Governor. On this occasion an exposition was held, to which crowded two thousand persons. Farm exhibits filled a gymnasium, fifty by seventy feet. This the boys had built and paid for by their own labor. Even the derricks by which they erected the great scissors rafters, weighing a ton each, were of their own contriving. They had bought a moving-picture machine, and paid for that by a school cotton-patch. The four acres of school grounds were planted in native trees from the woods. The children calcimined all the inside walls of the building. The home economics and agricultural equipment was housed in rooms which contained also prizes won at the State Fair. And, as a final touch, three hundred dollars' worth of good pictures resulted from an increased respect for the beautiful. A prouder people never welcomed home their Governor.

In four years' time one comes to know such a community well. He knows all five hundred of the children and their thousand parents, where they live, their social and economic status, all the roads, the holes in the roads, many of the cars and trams along the road, and all the advertising signs.

But best of all he knows the 'bad boys.' And if he really knows them he loves them as well. Such a boy was Rafe Bomley. It was said generally among the teachers that he was a kleptomaniac. The whole Bomley family had been tarred with this, from the days of 'Baron' Bomley who, it seems, had been a belated feudal robber living in the near-by hills. Rafe was true to type, and I had several times to whip the boy for minor thefts. I thought I had to; I knew no other way. But he carried the grit of his grandfather, and I never saw him flinch or shed a tear, though the thought of striking him always aroused rebellion within me and brought tears to my own eyes. It is no small matter for a young man to be suddenly entrusted with the moral keeping of several hundred children. Due to inexperience on my part, there arose in the first year thirteen incidents in which I felt corporal punishment to be the only recourse. The next year there were but eight, the next three, then none. This does not mean that vital issues were evaded. I learned gradually to investigate the causes of misdemeanor, believing with all my heart that each child inherently craved to achieve his best self. There must therefore, I reasoned, be causes which set him against Society. And invariably such causes were to be found — hookworm or tuberculosis, parental abuse, bad associates, overwork in the fields, ignorance in the home, low intelligence, or malnutrition. For such causes, over which the children had no control, I learned that almost all of them were whipped daily at home, sometimes brutally. And I learned further that school whippings had no relation to the discipline of the school, while love, interest, understanding, and removal of disabilities seldom failed.

One day during my first year I found

the school in a suppressed furor. The boys felt that they had evidence to prove that Rafe Bomley was the culprit who, during athletic contests, had been stealing from the pockets of the clothes left in the dressing-room. On an earlier occasion the thief, being surprised in the act, had jumped from a window, leaving the print of a torn half-sole in the damp sand. Such a shoe they said Rafe wore. But fortune, intuition, or necessity had led him to use the stolen money for new shoes, and the old ones were never seen again. On this day, however, he had been stalked from the ball game and seen to break open the locked school door and tiptoe into the dressing-room. The room was dark, and when the trailer opened the door Rafe dropped a pair of trousers, moved on into the next room, and drank from the water fountain.

We decided to settle the matter by a formal trial. The entire school attended. I pitied Rafe, as he sought twelve jurors from among the indignant student body. He had no witnesses, and pleaded his own case. Pale always from emaciation, he was now livid. But I believe everyone admired his composure in defending himself. He was not guilty, he said. He realized that it all seemed probable, but he had come for water only. He had not pushed on the door very hard, and it opened. He knew, he said, that he should not have been in the school after hours, and for that reason he had tiptoed. He was thirsty, and in hurrying through the dressing-room he might have knocked a pair of trousers off the bench. The room, he concluded, was pretty dark, and he could n't see very well; neither did he think it possible for anyone to have been sure it was not an accident.

The lawyers for the school showed more resourcefulness than I had expected. They mentioned a well which was nearer the athletic field than the school fountain. They produced three witnesses to prove that the door of the school had been, and was at the time, locked; and they asked searching questions as to the incident in the dressing-room.

Sand Hill children are a stolid breed. I could not read the feelings behind a single expression in the room. Only one who knew them could guess the deep emotional stir going on. The jury was out only a short while. Then the foreman declared that there was in the minds of the jury some doubt of guilt on the charge of theft. The room was dark; it might possibly have been an accident. They therefore declared him not guilty of the first count, but recommended a whipping in the presence of the jury for breaking into the school. The room was terribly quiet as we filed down to the office. I steeled myself to my repugnant duty.

During the ordeal I watched Rafe's face constantly for signs of a break. But to the end there was only a clinched jaw that would have done credit to a Spartan. The palpitation of the blood vessel at the base of his neck alone betrayed the tempest within. Finally the foreman of the jury stepped forward. 'Rafe,' he said, in a friendly voice, 'you've had your medicine. You've stood a fair trial and been declared not guilty of the main charge. For the other you've been punished. If any member of this school ever twits you about this matter, you have but to tell any one of this jury, and we will handle him. The whole thing is over.' He reached out his hand to pat the younger boy on the shoulder. But something had happened. Those words of frank kindness had done what nothing else could do. They loosed the dam of emotion, and the torrent flowed unchecked. Rafe sobbed as though his heart would break.

The others left, but Rafe was unable

to control himself for several hours. My heart went out to him, and all the while I hoped for what later really happened. From that day he was a different boy. Everyone marked the change. The old Rafe with the sneak-thief look was gone, and we came to know a Rafe who could be trusted with collecting money at games and entertainments. He became a member of our champion basketball team. Once he stayed a week with us in our home. He came to be a great help to me in the school, and I cannot tell the benefit to others of his new moral influence. He even kept a list of his errors in speech, and tried to overcome them.

I was growing to know the community fairly well, for every weathered door of every unpainted house — and there were few others — was open to me. And so I came to learn that all was not so serene as I had at first thought, though there was indeed a backbone of remarkably substantial people. I learned that ignorance is not so much an evil in itself as that it keeps such bad company. Diseases of the most shocking kinds existed everywhere. And the crime, apparently, was not in having them, but in being known to have them. I shall hint at what I came to know of the families within, say, three square miles. And yet I shall only hint at the iniquity which smoulders on like a charcoal fire, without smoke or flame. It is patient, cruel, eternal. In cities such things are illumined by red lights; the orchestra of the cabaret calls attention; social workers unearth every evil; newspapers make headlines of domestic broils, and divorce proceedings are public property. In rural districts, I say, the fires burn without smoke and all appears tranquil.

But when one has become disillusioned; when he has seen pale children, boys and girls, driven with a whip by a drunken father to work beyond their strength, the wife beaten, yet ever faithful, though thankful when her husband dies in delirium tremens; when he sees white children and colored children with the same name and the same father living in the same yard, but different houses; when he meets on the road a veritable demon driving off at top speed with a woman who has just left her bedridden husband to die uncared-for in their miserable hut; and when one sickens with the thought and cannot go on to tell of even worse things than these, then he knows the silent torture of rural ignorance. Then, if he has a heart, it cries out within him that he exert all his strength toward public education. If he is strong, he loves these people still. He understands that, beneath the apparent guilelessness, ignorance and crime lurk and are always to be found down winding, unimproved roads, no matter how picturesque, how shady, how inviting they seem.

The people, however, are not dissatisfied, for this is all that life has ever meant. But, once they see the light of truth, like Rafe they grasp at it. Rafe and I often talked over the problem, and on many points we agreed. For one thing, we saw that the children were suffering from various diseases, and also from corporal punishment. We felt that the latter was due to ignorance, and that, in any case, whippings do not reform children, since those most often and most severely whipped are always the worst.

We spoke of Terry Atwater — poor, thin, wiry boy. His body fought a brave struggle to subsist on corn bread and pork, from which he extracted energy but to feed the hookworms which by the hundreds buried their ugly heads in the soft tissues of his frail body to sap the vital fluids. The spirit seemed but to flicker from the

blaze with which his life at birth was kindled. That blaze, alas, was all the warmth the mother had, and Terry had somehow survived without a mother. His mind, never nourished, — say nothing of stimulated, — had settled into the dull apathy which is Nature's way of being kind in such cases. To this boy it was, this Terry Atwater, that I had on several occasions applied the lash. Is it any wonder that he would not study from insipid books of things and places and people utterly removed from his own life? My conscience burned as I recalled having added to his misery because he could not remember his Bible verse, 'God is love.' I began to wonder whether he knew its meaning. I resolved to see what I could do to shield the boy from further brutalities, and asked Rafe to go with me to see Terry's father.

It was with difficulty that we brought the car to position in front of the house, as the right wheels rested in so deep a gully. Terry was harrowing with a moderately well-fed team (I wish I could have used the same description for the boy). He showed no emotion or surprise as we came suddenly into view, though I knew he guessed something of our errand. The house was of the universal weathered gray. Beside it was a 'Chaney-berry' tree, beneath which were two ploughs and some other rusty implements. The only other ornament in the yard besides the tree was a small, ill-favored patch of flags. I noticed, however, a newly made bird-house, on a tall, slender pole. I learned later that Terry had made it.

Beside the house door was a tall, angular man. His face and clothes were the weathered gray of the house itself, but the grizzly face was breaking out with many unformed sores. I had expected him, on my approach, to wipe both hands on his trousers and then extend one of them. But he remained motionless, and answered my greeting with a denial of the title 'Mr.,' substituting 'Joe.' I tried to command as much of self-assurance as he showed, and began, as though confident of sympathetic understanding, talking about Terry. I saw that I was right in assuming a friendly sympathy, but there was the same lack of understanding I had always encountered in talking with Terry. And the father always came back to the same question: 'Well, I say, why don't you larrup him?' 'I have,' I at last admitted, 'but I never seem to move him. I can't get next to him. I can't make him cry.' 'I can,' was the quick answer. 'I do, every day.' I hesitated, but risked the assertion: 'I can raise red and white welts, but I can't make him flinch.' He seemed pleased, first with Terry and then with himself, and remarked: 'I cut the blood out of him.' I knew that such practices were common in that section. The State law allows a teacher to draw blood, provided he does not bruise or break a bone. But I faltered in reply. What could I say?

I was relieved at this moment by the sudden appearance of the community doctor, the approach of whose car, so absorbed had I been, I had not noticed.

'Is someone sick?' asked the doctor.

'Well, I nearly died last Sunday, but I could n't get word to you till now. What's the matter with me? There's something on my face.'

'Smallpox,' was the calm reply. 'And you're going to have a beaut of a case. Sunday? Well, it's not too late to vaccinate the others of the family.'

'I don't believe in any of this damned vaccination stuff.'

'I know you don't. That's why you've got smallpox.'

By this time I had moved back to a distance of six or eight feet, had removed my coat, rolled up my sleeve,

and was being vaccinated for the second time that week. Mr. Atwater watched with keen interest.

'You've got it, and every member of your family is going to get it,' the doctor added.

I thought I detected a note of surprise in Mr. Atwater's voice. 'Is that all there is to it?' he asked.

'That's all. Oh, sometimes it makes a sore arm for a few weeks.'

'And that will keep a fellow from catching it?'

'Yep; every time.'

'Well,' he said, 'I want 'em all to get vaccinated.' And without turning his head, or raising his voice, the father called each member of the family by name. He seemed to know that they were all hiding behind a door, or listening through an open window. Terry was the first to show up, from behind the near corner of the house.

'Why, Terry's been vaccinated,' the doctor said.

The father laughed dryly. 'Naw, he ain't. I tol' him I'd beat the life out of him if he took it in school.'

'But I'm sure he was among them,' was the reply. 'Come, Terry, and pull up your sleeve.'

The sleeve would not pull up. The cuff caught over a swollen arm, and the shirt had to be removed. The swelling from vaccination was the worst I had ever seen.

'Had he never spoken to you of this?' the doctor asked.

'Naw; he knew better'n to.'

I thought of his hours of suffering while harrowing and in other labor. I looked reproachfully at the father, for the habit is strong in us to accuse the ignorant — who themselves, of course, suffer most for their ignorance. On his face was the first real smile I had seen there. It was one of pride. The father looked down into his son's face, and there was an instant interchange of affectionate glances. In what primitive, ill-shaped ways do these people understand one another when we cannot? I admired Terry now more than ever, and felt something of love drawing me near him.

When the doctor — who, it chanced, was a school committeeman — had gone, and when the children had returned to their listening-posts, we came back to our former theme. But I still met the same obstacle as before. And when we had argued the old round once more, the father announced, in final accent, 'Well, all I says is, beat him. Do like I do. Cut the livin' blood out of him! I say you can't do no harm, an' you might do some good.'

I was at a loss — defeated. Then unexpectedly I heard Rafe's voice. It rang with a rush of emotion that was startling. 'I'll tell you, Joe Atwater, you're wrong! Think! Think, man! You're dead wrong! You are certain to do no good, and' — he paused, as though about to hurl a harpoon — 'you have already done a world of harm!'

I was at a loss to understand Rafe's boldness. And still more was I at a loss to comprehend the strange influence his words had upon the other man. There was a sudden, singular pallor on the man's face, which drew all the color even from the sores forming there. There was a dry gulp and a loosening of the body muscles as though from shock.

On the way home I began to understand.

The year before, Terry's brother had died. I had not heard the details until Rafe told me now. The little boy had been found in bed, sick. For two days he would say nothing, nor would he allow anyone to come near him. On the third day he was delirious, and they carried him to the hospital. There, an hour before death, he told the surgeon the trouble. His father had forbidden his climbing the 'Chaney-berry' in the

yard; he would, he said, 'beat the life out of him' if he did. The child had climbed the tree, had fallen on the plough below, and a point had entered his side. Fear had sealed his lips, and he now lay dying.

My anger kindled against the brutal father. But slowly it subsided. 'How,' I thought, 'had he been brought up? What chances, what hardships, had been his lot? What patience, what love, even, must he have exerted in caring for the motherless infant! How fine he had been to turn about and have the children vaccinated! How Terry had returned his look of affection! How ignorance and disease were punishing him! What self-reproach had Rafe's words brought! Perhaps, though without benefit of knowledge, he could yet be a better father.'

My anger turned into a solemn resolve. I would never forsake these starving people. Education would henceforth be my religion.

Rafe was speaking in a voice that choked. 'Do you realize,' he said, 'that I was brought up in just that way? I should some day have been just such a father if it had n't been for that trial.'

THE DEBT

BY A. CECIL EDWARDS

WHEN my fat, spectacled friend, Samsam-ol-Molk, Minister of War, was arrested by the leader of a successful coup d' état, he took his misfortune serenely, as became a student of the classics and a poet. Serenely, also, because he knew that in Persia revolutions do not kill. With that assurance which springs from a perfect understanding of the precedents, he waited for the moment when the new Prime Minister would condescend to discuss terms with him.

Into the details of that subtle negotiation I will not venture now. Let it be mentioned only that to a haughty demand — accompanied by recriminations and threats — for a payment of one hundred thousand tomans my poet meekly offered ten thousand; that this offer was scorned by the new Prime Minister, who left the room in high dudgeon; that my poet smiled and waited patiently for his return; and that at the third interview, with great good-humor on both sides, a sum of fifty thousand was agreed upon. To raise even a part of this important sum, Samsam-ol-Molk was compelled to order his grain stores to be opened. For the rest, his Zoroastrian banker, Erbab Rustem, accommodated him, at twenty-two per cent. When at length the full amount was discharged, my friend received his liberty. He at once quitted the capital for his estates near Hamadan.

It was during the years of his enforced retirement, following these events, that I met Samsam-ol-Molk. He was living in his *kaleh* at Noberan — a huge, square, mud-built fortress, set on high ground in a broad valley, thirty miles from Hamadan. There on either hand his villages lay, one green patch behind another, as far as the eye could reach.

A pleasant garden lay inside the battlements, a garden of brimming rectangular pools and straight paths flanked with poplars. At one end spread a low white-plastered house; two tall white-plastered columns supported the ceiling of its high audience-porch, which jutted out, like a stage, into the garden.

In this retreat, secluded and secure behind that immense battlemented wall, Samsam-ol-Molk held his court; dispensed justice among his rayats; gathered in his rents; arranged small, harmless corners in wheat; read his favorite Hafiz; turned, from time to time, a not too indifferent couplet, and from afar watched Tehran.

The revolution had been dead four years. I say 'dead' advisedly, because the exalted programme and alluring promises that accompanied the coup d'état had faded imperceptibly into a policy older and more familiar. That policy, ancient as the Persian State itself, time-honored, accepted of the people, is called, in Persian, 'eating money.'

The Prime Minister who had so successfully negotiated with my friend had been succeeded by another. He too, after an allotted span of four months of office, had gone, carrying off what he could. With satisfying regularity the chiefs of the great families followed each other in office; yet the keenest eye must have failed to detect any change, either for better or for worse, in the governance of Persia.

The revolution had been dead four years when, on a lambent August evening, I sat with Samsam on his verandah, watching the shadows of the poplars lengthen in the brimming pools, while he recounted to me, in his suave, musical Persian, the events of the opening of this story. Then he said: —

'You cannot understand these things. How should you understand? Affairs with you are different. With you, honest and intelligent service is recognized and in time rewarded. But with us — with us, when a man receives an appointment his enemies begin immediately an intrigue. He knows that, though he be Governor to-day, to-morrow he may be an exile — a man without a servant. What then should he do? My friend, we should be fools if we did not eat! Look at me. I was for eight months a Minister. I was eating little — very little. You see, I like to read Hafiz — and also I have enough. Then came the coup d'état. Sardar Mo'azzam stated in his proclamation that he would begin by cleansing the departments. He began by stealing fifty thousand tomans from me! That is the way of our reformers. They eat like the others, only more.'

And then he added, blowing a filament of blue smoke upward, 'Ah yes, I had almost forgotten that fifty thousand — shall I ever get it back? Most assuredly! You ask me how? I do not know. There are ways and ways. But you must admit that the Government owes it to me. When will the Government repay that debt, I wonder?'

At that moment, as it were out of the skies, came the beginning of the answer. A barefooted servant, wearing a long, generously pleated tunic and the balloon-shaped hat of usage, sidled up to us and with both hands proffered to my friend a telegram. Samsam, having asked my permission, in that deprecating Persian way, broke the seal.

A Persian telegram, at best, exacts for its elucidation a certain inventiveness. It would seem that the mirzas of the telegraph take pride in further lengthening the long pothooks of the *shekasta* script; and they must regard dots as trifles wholly superfluous. To the eye of the unpractised, most of the letters look alike. Even Samsam, I could see, was puzzled. The telegram

was long, and he appeared to study every word. He went over it a second time, and a third. Then he turned to me.

'I ask pardon,' said he. 'A telegram from Tehran. Purposely, it is not in code, yet there are some words in it which I could not understand at first. There is news. The pot is boiling over there. May I read it? Listen: —

'*To His Excellency Samsam-ol-Molk, Hamadan.* — Information has reached the Government that the Pretender, Salar-i-Nizam, has induced some of the Kurdish tribes to join his standard and to march on Tehran. This miserable force will be met and destroyed before it reaches the capital; but in the meantime it is necessary that urgent steps be taken to hold up the Pretender on his line of march at Hamadan. Your Excellency's loyalty and skill in war' (Samsam beamed at me over his spectacles), 'above all, the great honor in which your name is held throughout the province of Hamadan, impel me to call upon you for this service. You are appointed Governor of Hamadan, and are instructed to raise an army of ten thousand horsemen against Salar-i-Nizam. A telegram has been dispatched to the present Governor to hand over to you his office.

MEHDI
President, Council of Ministers'

I said: 'Salar-i-Nizam again? Will that man never tire of stirring up trouble?'

'He will never tire,' said Samsam. 'He is mad. He thinks that he is greater than Napoleon or Nadir Shah. Can you believe, he sleeps only four hours at night, because he has read, in some lying history, that Napoleon did so. He will try to seize the throne, and if he succeeds he says that he will march on India to drive the English out! I have heard him talk — it is like the waters of a river. Who knows — perhaps he will arrive. These madmen — ' The phrase ended in an elusive shrug.

'What are you going to do about the telegram?'

'Oh, I am going into Hamadan at once to raise my army. But to do that,' — he looked at me again, quizzically over his spectacles, — 'to do that, money is required.'

With an alacrity surprising in one habitually so deliberate, he ordered his carriage, climbed into it, and invited me to a seat beside him. We started on our thirty-mile drive just as the jagged white line of the Elvend ahead of us took on a hint of rose.

It was midnight when we passed the turnpike at the edge of the sleeping town. We clattered through dark, tortuous, ill-paved streets, flanked on either hand by windowless mud-walls, until we reached, beyond the town, the more open country of the foothills. There we few Ferenghis live. Samsam dropped me at my door. I heard him order his coachman to drive on to the telegraph office. I wondered whether he intended to rout out the wretched operator at that hour of the night.

The next morning when Habib, my servant, entered my room I said, knowing that he has an interest in a tea-house, where the gossips of the quarter forgather: 'Habib, is there any news this morning in the bazaar?'

'There is a news. They say that Salar-i-Nizam, with ten thousand Kurdish sowars, is coming to take Hamadan. They say also that the Governor has resigned and that Samsam-ol-Molk has been appointed in his place. The Government has ordered Samsam-ol-Molk to collect twenty thousand sowars to fight with Salar-i-Nizam. Samsam-ol-Molk has telegraphed to the Government that without money he cannot raise an army. He has asked for seventy thousand tomans. All this is true. The mirza of the telegraph, who is my friend, told me.'

In Persia a telegram, if it is not in code, is common property. Even code messages — sometimes.

Before noon I learned indirectly from

the National Bank — indirectly, because Finlay, the manager, is a man who takes his position seriously and tries, with varying success, to keep secret the bank's operations — that Tehran had remitted fifty thousand tomans to Samsam for the expenses of his army. Later Habib came to my room to tell me, with emotion, that the new Governor had issued a proclamation calling upon every man between the ages of eighteen and forty to enroll at the Government House. 'Up to now,' he protested, 'such a thing has not been heard of in Hamadan. Sah'b, what are your commands?'

I answered that, as I saw it, there was only one thing for him to do — to enroll; and also to bring me news of what was doing. In an hour he returned, smiling and much relieved.

'It is nothing,' said he. 'A way of getting money. I went to the Government House. There was a great commotion; the courtyard was filled with bazaar people and villagers. Two soldiers led me to a man who was sitting at the end of a long table. I knew him. It was an agent of Samsam-ol-Molk. "Ah, Habib," said he, "it is you. Well, have you seen the proclamation of the Governor? Are you ready to become a sowar and fight for the King of Kings against that miscreant, Salar-i-Nizam?"

'"Nasrullah Khan," I answered, "thou knowest I am ready. My life and that of my children are a sacrifice to the Point of Adoration of the Universe. Still, what have I to do with Salar-i-Nizam? And as to becoming a sowar, why, I should fall off my horse! Also, I am too old. Let me go back to my master, the Sah'b."

'"True," answered Nasrullah Khan. "I had forgotten. You are one of the Sah'b's servants."

'"The Head of his Servants," said I.

'"It is well," answered Nasrullah Khan. "You are excused. But everyone who is excused has to pay three tomans. You must pay three tomans."

'"Why three tomans?" I asked. "Others are paying one toman."

'"It is true," answered Nasrullah Khan, "but they are villagers and beggars, while you are the Head of the Servants of the Sah'b. Three tomans! It is as cheap as the water of the river."

'I gave him two tomans,' said Habib, 'and I received my paper. Here it is. Truly Samsam-ol-Molk has a cleverness. He is collecting thousands of tomans from the people, but no army. Why should he collect an army? It is the business of the Government to fight against Salar-i-Nizam. What are the Cossacks and gendarmes doing in Tehran? It is their business to fight, not his. And if he were to raise an army what kind of army would it be? A rabble without exercise, without Maxims. The Kurds of Salar-i-Nizam would eat it up! And then he would march on Tehran and seize the throne, and what would become of Samsam-ol-Molk? No, an army is not his business. What should he be doing with an army?'

What indeed? An army could accomplish nothing — except swallow up the fifty thousand tomans!

Apparently, though, Samsam was getting something together. Not everybody in the town, I found, preferred a peaceful life, minus a toman or two, to a life of glory. Yet it must be added that most of his recruits were unable to buy, like Habib, a paper of exemption.

A week later I went for an evening's ride to the top of a little hill that overlooks the plain northward and eastward of the town. Habib accompanies me on these occasions, because Safer, my groom, has never mastered the mystery of rising in the saddle, as the Ferenghis do, to a trotting horse. As I rode over the brow of the hill, — where, if one

were to dig, the chances are that one would come upon the bones of a palace of Darius, — I perceived, dotted on the plain below, a matter of fifty white tents. Habib exclaimed: —

'Look, Sah'b! The army of Samsam-ol-Molk! They say in the bazaar that he has collected five thousand sowars. Pah! It is a lie. Five hundred, perhaps. And most of them are his own rayats. He pays them nothing, and each man brings his own horse. Do you see where he has pitched his camp? If Salar-i-Nizam comes to Hamadan, he will attack from the other side. Yet Samsam has made his camp on this side! Assuredly he has some design.'

That night I was awakened from my first sleep by what sounded like the crackle of musketry. There was a lull, and afterward, for some time, the sound of desultory firing; then the rumble of a drum, growing fainter and fainter. Then silence. I went to sleep again.

In the morning, when Habib entered the room with early tea, I perceived that he was bursting with news.

'Sah'b, Salar-i-Nizam has taken Hamadan!'

'What,' cried I, jumping out of bed.

'It is nothing, Sah'b. Drink your tea in peace. The Kurds rode in at midnight. They fired a few shots, but there was no opposition. Salar-i-Nizam has occupied the Government House.'

'Has there been any looting?'

'None at all, Sah'b. Early this morning Salar-i-Nizam issued a proclamation to the townspeople, telling them that he had come to protect them from the robber government in Tehran, and threatening to shoot anyone who was caught looting. His Kurds will not be happy at that! But he knows them. He knows that they are good fighters until their saddles are heavy with loot. Then they begin to look behind them toward their villages and to forget the enemy. Until the battle for Tehran is won, he will forbid them. But afterward? Assuredly he will give them the Tehran bazaar for two days as a reward. Alas for the poor shopkeepers!'

'Where is Samsam-ol-Molk?'

'Where would he be, Sah'b? The camp in the plain has disappeared. Did I not say that he had a design? Without a doubt he has retired with his five hundred sowars to his kaleh at Noberan. There he will wait to see which way the tree will fall. Truly, Samsam-ol-Molk has a cleverness!'

Later, I took a walk into the town. Habib, in his blue livery with gold buttons and his balloon-hat, followed me at a respectful distance. We found the bazaar thronged with hundreds of tough, undisciplined mountaineers, urging their wiry horses with strange cries through the anxious crowds of townspeople. The Kurdish troopers wore black trousers, each trouser leg as wide at the bottom as a woman's skirt, and long black coats, with sashes of gay colors and of enormous length wound around their waists. And every man wore the peculiar headdress of the Kurd, a black balloon-hat like Habib's but flatter at the top, with one or more checked handkerchiefs tied loosely around it.

Salar's army rested for two days in Hamadan. Then, as suddenly as it had come, it disappeared. One had a vision of those ten thousand wild horsemen riding to the capital across two hundred miles of dry, desolate, sun-baked plain, searching out and devouring on their way every little store of grain or fodder which the wretched peasants had laid up against the long, cruel winter. I took out the map and reckoned, day by day, how far they must have gone on their journey. I calculated when the battle, if there was to be a battle, must engage. From Tehran there could be no news, because Salar had cut the wires; but I knew that certain of my friends

had arranged to be kept informed, by runners, of the progress of events.

Then, on a sudden, the news passed from mouth to mouth that Salar's army had been beaten by the Government forces. The Kurds, it seemed, had been mowed down by machine-guns directed by a German artillery officer. Back over the road which they had taken they were in full retreat, with Persian Cossacks and Armenian cavalry at their heels. In three days, I thought, they would be in Hamadan again — a broken, undisciplined rabble, greedy for plunder. There was time for all, Ferenghi and Persian alike, to barricade our houses, to look to our firearms, and to conceal whatever we had of value that could be carried away on a Kurdish saddle-bow.

We might have spared ourselves the trouble. On the third day, the advance guard of the retreat — horse and man hungry, weary, dejected — straggled into Hamadan. All the afternoon and far into the night the troopers streamed in, too dispirited, too homesick, too exhausted to think of loot. All they wanted was bread, and that the townspeople, breathing more freely, gave them. Knowing that their pursuers were not far behind, they made no halt, but, mounting again their jaded horses, the disillusioned children of the mountains rode out of the city, westward, toward their homes in Kurdistan.

When the last straggler was gone, I too mounted my horse, and rode in the opposite direction to meet the first of the pursuit. I had not far to ride; very soon I saw, through a cloud of dust, the fur caps of the Armenian cavalry. At their head rode a small, swarthy Armenian whom I remembered; and by his side, sitting easily a familiar gray horse, rode a fat, spectacled Persian gentleman, clad in a black coat buttoned to the neck, with a black cap, shaped like a pill-box, set jauntily upon his head. It was my friend. He seemed to be taking a hand in the pursuit.

As we rode side by side toward the town, I prevailed upon him to rest a moment from his wars and discuss with me a bottle of Shirazi on my verandah. When we had dismounted, and Habib had filled the glasses, I said: —

'Everything, then, has turned out all right?'

'Yes,' he replied complacently, fanning himself with his handkerchief. 'As I anticipated, the *mitrailleuses Maximes* of that German officer of artillery made it unnecessary that my invincible army should participate in the battle. Like many famous generals of history,' he beamed at me over his spectacles, 'I arrived when the mists of doubt had been dispersed by the noonday of certainty. I was in time to take part in the pursuit.'

'And that little debt of fifty thousand has been repaid?' I ventured.

'Yes,' answered Samsam with a sigh. 'It has been repaid — at last. But with what a trouble, my friend! With what a headache! There was a small account for interest too — interest for four years. However,' he added, deprecatingly, 'I will let that pass. Between ourselves, Salar-i-Nizam has paid it. Three weeks ago, before he entered Hamadan, he sent me a little present — to assist me in making up my mind! Good-bye, my dear friend!'

He climbed into the saddle. Gracefully he waved a fine Persian hand to me, as his gray curveted down my avenue of poplars.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GROWTH

BY CLIFFORD H. FARR

I

GROWTH is a theme in which all are interested. Whether in agriculture or education, industry or politics, rate of growth is the criterion of health, vigor, and success. Growth is, indeed, our chief index of virility. Animals grow. Plants grow. Crystals grow. Ideas grow. This essay has grown. Valleys grow. They have youth, maturity, and old age. Towns grow. We are glad if our business grows. If growth, then, is a general principle of existence, especially of life and human affairs, there must be a philosophy of growth —if not, indeed, *the* philosophy of growth.

Growth is primarily a biological concept. Its meaning has been applied to social and metaphysical matters largely as a borrowed method of interpretation. Perhaps we may best elucidate our philosophy of growth by inquiring first into the biological connotations of the term.

When referring to living things, growth means more than simply increase in size. The cactus growing in the desert becomes larger during each day and diminishes in volume every night. The diurnal increment that compensates for the nocturnal shrinkage is not growth, but merely swelling. The stomata — breathing-pores — are open during the night, permitting the plant to lose water by vaporization more rapidly than it is absorbed. During the daytime they are closed, and the roots take in more water than evaporates from the aerial parts; hence the cactus swells.

And so with a college or university— the fact that it may be getting bigger buildings, bigger grounds, bigger classes, or even bigger professors, does not necessarily mean that it is growing. It may be only swelling; and the hour of shrinkage may not be remote. Enlargement alone is not growth.

Growth for the biologist includes not only cell-enlargement but cell-division as well; that is, in growth there is a multiplication of the units of structure in addition to an increase in volume. The woolen mill has not grown by the continued enlargement of the spinning-wheel and loom to gigantic proportions, but rather by increase in the number of spindles and shuttles and carding-points, the units of which the mill is composed. Now, instead of one spindle on a spinning-wheel, we have a machine with hundreds of spindles operating simultaneously; instead of a hand carding-iron, there is a mechanism which cards the wool in great quantities. And so with a university, growth involves, not simply bigger classes, but more classes; not simply bigger departments, but more departments; not bigger athletes, but more students.

And yet even the rapid increase in the registration at our universities does not necessarily mean that they are growing. When a plant grows, its cells

not only enlarge and divide, but they differentiate as well: their walls become thicker, or impregnated with some special substance; new internal cell-organs may be developed, such as plastids or vacuoles; the cell may change its shape; or its chemical composition may be distinctly altered. As the result of one or more of these changes, the cell becomes fitted for some special function in the plant — for instance, conduction, storage, strengthening, protection, food-manufacture. Likewise in the animal during growth the primary embryonal cells differentiate into muscle fibres, nerve cells, cartilage, and so on. Differentiation is as fundamental a phase of growth in higher organisms as is cell-enlargement or cell-division. If we have only these latter two occurring in multicellular beings without an accompanying differentiation, we have cancer, and not normal development. While we apply the term 'growth' to the spread of a cancer, it is in a sense a misnomer; for the cancer is headed straight for destruction, and has no measure of success as a goal of its existence. True growth in the higher plants and animals must involve differentiation.

Nevertheless, the growth of primitive organisms consists solely of increase in size and number of cells. They are entirely devoid of cellular differentiation. Each single isolated cell performs all of the functions of an entire organism. But in the course of organic evolution these primitive cells became associated together into clusters, colonies, and then simple multicellular units. Here, then, came the opportunity for specialization, — if not, indeed, the necessity for it, — and differentiation came to be an essential accompaniment of growth.

Just so, in the evolution of human society, the family of the pioneer performed all the functions necessary for life. They raised their own cotton or wool, spun it into yarn, and wove their cloth; they produced their own food, hewed their own timber, collected their own herbs, taught their own children, and even said their own prayers. They were undifferentiated human beings. But with the advent of modern civilization we find specialization: the physician, the surgeon, the lawyer, the baker, and the crossword-puzzle maker.

Growth in industry is not simply expansion and duplication; it also involves specialization. It consists in a man learning how to run just one machine, to put just one bolt in the flivver. We are told that three generations are required to produce an expert weaver of the golden tapestries of Europe.

In the early days of a certain American university one man taught all of the natural history that was given. Then he secured an assistant to give instruction in plants, while he himself specialized on animals. Later he retained another student to teach about living animals, while he concerned himself with those of past ages. And so the departments of geology, zoölogy, and botany had their origin. To-day the last-named is represented by a plant-morphologist, a plant-ecologist, a plant-physiologist, and a plant-pathologist. A similar development took place in all our large institutions of higher education. Such is the growth of learning.

But the benefits of differentiation are not unaccompanied by its penalties. The law of compensation holds here as elsewhere. The cell of the *Amœba* or the *Chroöcoccus* divides and forms cells that are, as far as we can tell, exactly like itself. It never changes. If adverse conditions arise it simply rests until conditions are again favorable. It

knows no natural death. Death can come to it only by accident, by extreme temperatures, chemicals, grinding, and so on. When, however, a cell becomes differentiated, as is the case with most cells of the higher plants and animals, it sooner or later loses its ability to divide again. It can no longer form more cells; its existence is therefore limited. It must sooner or later cease to exist as a cell. Such cessation of existence is death, and the approach to such cessation is senescence.

Our forefathers devoted much attention to the question of avoiding death: that is, of immortality. Religion was concerned primarily with holding out hopes of an after life. To-day we are giving relatively little thought to that old quest. Our churches are more concerned with rectifying the present life than with grappling for a future life. Even scientifically we have turned our attention toward postponing old age.

II

The growth period of an organism may be divided into three parts: juvenescence, maturity, and senescence. Senility is the ivory age, white with fixity and inflexibility. Maturity is the golden age, bright with deeds, hopes, and opportunities. Youth is the uranium age, emitting radioactive emanations that electrify the ambient medium. Juvenescence is a period of acceleration; maturity is a period of steady progress; and senescence is characterized by retardation.

Expressed geometrically, growth describes an S-shaped curve, the S being loose with its middle portion inclined slightly forward and not backward. The lower left portion, representing youth, is hyperbolic, becoming more and more abrupt as it approaches the vertex, at which it straightens out into the ascending line of maturity.

Youth is the plastic age. During it the cells that are on their way toward specialization may, if conditions become altered, dedifferentiate, becoming embryonal again; and then they can start off on a new line of differentiation. If, in mowing, a young ragweed is decapitated, its parenchymal cells dedifferentiate into meristematic cells again; and these set about forming a new top by redifferentiation into all the types of cells normally occurring therein. This later process we call regeneration. But, if the ragweed had been a little older, dedifferentiation, and hence regeneration, would have been impossible, for maturity would already have set in. The egg of a frog normally divides into two cells, each of which respectively gives rise to different tissues of the adult amphibian. But if we shake apart these two blastomeres each will give rise to a distinct frog; for the cells are still in their period of juvenescence, and have the ability to return to their original state and start development over again along new lines.

Dedifferentiation and regeneration are quite as characteristic of juvenescence in the psychological, moral, and social realms as in the physiological. On one day the child plays that he is a doctor, on the next that he is the driver of a grocery wagon. He can dedifferentiate and regenerate with great rapidity. We call this 'imitation.' As he enters upon youth these processes take place more slowly, and hence are fewer. He thinks one week, or one month, that he will study to be a preacher, and the next he is certain of becoming a football hero. We say that he is 'establishing his ideals.' When he goes to college it may take him a year or more to change his plans for life. Finally he finds himself at an age when dedifferentiation is no longer possible. Regardless of economic pressure or

even of his own pleasure or pain, he is unable to make himself over. He has reached maturity. Morally he has experienced a similar change in flexibility. In Methodist terms, youth is the logical time for conversion. It is the opportunity which nature affords for adjustment to a changing world, for trial and error — or rather, for trial, error, retrial, and success. During the war the aniline-dye works of Germany readily dedifferentiated and were regenerated into munition plants. But our steel-ship building-yards had specialized too far; we could not make them over for the construction of wooden ships. They had entered upon maturity; and maturity is a period of forward movement and not of modification.

Personally, the period of maturity is the one which we all desire to extend as much as possible. We wish to reach it as early as we can, and to prolong it while life lasts. We are glad if we are told that our boy with a biologic age of five has a mental age of nine. We are sad if told that we ourselves, with a biologic age of fifty, have a mental age of ninety. As to how this latter may successfully be avoided, I know of no better plan than to study the personalities of men who have been thus successful.

But how shall we know when we pass from the age of maturity into that of senility? William James, in urging his students to diligence, told them that, if they kept at their studies, some fine morning they would wake up and find themselves educated. Professor James meant this to apply to the dawn of maturity. It has seemed to me far more applicable to the cessation of maturity and the dawn of senility.

I know some botanists — a very few — who do not care to frequent the library, for fear someone may find them reading something that they should already know; who do not enjoy going into the field with their students, for fear someone may bring them a plant that they cannot name; who avoid the laboratory for fear they may see some experiment that they cannot explain. Nor are such expressions of senility confined entirely to botanists. There are physicians who pose as knowing everything in the medical literature about your case, preachers who never pick up the *Atlantic Monthly*, and farmers who never read the Agricultural Bulletins. Such men have awakened and found themselves fearfully and phobiously 'educated'; in fact, they are already far along in the solidivory stage of senility. But those botanists who spend their days in the field, or their nights in the laboratory, or are reading in the library when they might be playing golf, are still sound asleep in the golden oblivion of maturity. May they sleep peacefully, and may morning never come!

Senescence is not a second childhood. It is the reverse rather than the repetition of juvenescence. Senescence describes a receding hyperbolic curve, setting in quickly, but advancing at a slower and slower rate until it merges imperceptibly into death.

Death is not the sudden-end point that we have too often thought it to be. It is rather a gradual process of transition. Hundreds of people every day lose consciousness, only to be revived again. The loss of consciousness is by no means a criterion of death; for respiration still continues. Consciousness may vanish and breathing cease, yet many drowned persons are thereafter resuscitated; for heart action may still be going on, and death has not occurred. But even the stopping of the heartbeat is no longer to be regarded as the absolute index of death; for science has found a way to stimulate that into action again, if there are no

organic obstacles. Even after the heart is forever still the cells of the body remain alive, some of them for many days; and they may be kept alive in a cool sterile place for even months or years. Osterhout has found, by the use of technical chemical and electrical tests, that cell death is, likewise, by no means sudden. It too is a gradual transition from reversible to irreversible reactions. Death is thus simply a projection of senility, and not its termination.

The physiology of senility is one of the most potent questions in biology to-day. Microörganisms are found to grow at a slower and slower rate if left on the same nutrient media. If removed to other media of the same nutrient composition, they resume rapid cell-division. The old media had become stale with the waste products of their metabolism. Metchnikoff used this idea as a basis for his theory of senility in humans. He believed that by proper diet the waste products of our bodies could be removed, and maturity thus be prolonged indefinitely. But Metchnikoff and his theory have now passed on. DeVries early pointed out a decrease in acidity of the cell sap with advancing age; and Walter claims that a reduction in the water content of the tissues occurs, which accounts for the shriveled appearance of aged people, also noticeable in senile individuals of many types of plants and animals. Robertson regards senescence as the inevitable result of the law of mass action. The rate of a reaction and its direction are determined by the ratio of the materials available for consumption to the products of the transformation. In juvenescence the materials far exceed the products; in senescence the products have accumulated until in many places within the organism the direction of the reactions is reversed. The net result is thus a retardation of the chemical changes which support life. Russo and Lepeschkin have developed the theory that is perhaps most generally accepted by biologists at the present time, as to the fundamental basis of senility. They hold that there is a gradual transformation of the living substance of higher organisms during the life-span of an individual, from a liquid state to that of a gel. Primitive unicellular organisms have their living substance permanently in a state of fluidity; they therefore know no senescence. The embryonal cells of higher organisms are likewise in this state, but during juvenescence they become more and more viscid; during maturity their protoplasm becomes still more jelly-like; and in senility it takes on the firmness of a gel, which later merges into the crystallinity of death. This conclusion is corroborated by the findings of Haberlandt, which reveal that the otoliths in the organs of equilibrium of the ear, and the statoliths in the organs of equilibrium of the root, settle through the liquid in these structures at a slower and slower rate as age advances, indicating an increase in its viscosity. The vulgar expression 'hard-boiled' is perhaps more apropos than has in the past ordinarily been admitted.

III

Sexual reproduction is nature's method of conquering old age. In the higher plants and animals a few cells are set aside for this purpose. In the past we have been in the habit of thinking of these sex cells as persisting in the adult organism in an undifferentiated condition, like the meristematic cells in the bud of a tree or shrub. It may be, however, that they are just as highly differentiated and have reached the same stage of senescence as have the muscle fibres or

sieve tubes. But if so they have the ability, upon fusion, to return to the undifferentiated state and begin juvenescence once more.

Many organisms have the ability to produce new generations without resort to sexuality. But it may very well be that such methods of reproduction are only temporary expedients. It is the general impression among horticulturists that, if the potato is propagated vegetatively for many generations, the strain will degenerate. Periodic sexual reproduction reëstablishes virility. This perhaps may more than any other fact explain the prevalence and persistence of sexuality among higher organisms. It is accomplished at great expense of time in the pine trees, requiring a number of years. It is carried on at great expense of substance and energy, involving the construction of elaborate sex-organs of two distinct types, male and female. Furthermore, it involves great hazards, necessitating the production of a multiplicity of sex cells in order that two of them, unlike each other, may eventually get together. In the liverworts, for instance, a naked sperm must swim for a relatively great distance through external water in order that it shall reach the egg, dependent for the most part upon fortuity to give it direction. For all this price there must be some satisfactory recompense, else the organisms that have paid it would have lost out as helpless competitors in the struggle for existence. Its advantage seems to lie in the fact that it returns some cells, at least, to the state of juvenescence, and thereby conquers the otherwise unavoidable consequences of differentiation — namely, senility and death.

Temporary substitutes for sexual reproduction may be found in parthenogenesis, vasectomy, or grafting; but it may be questioned whether they will stand the test of time. Benedict finds that the relative vein-tissue of grape leaves becomes greater and greater as the age of the vine advances, regardless of whether it remains on the same root system or has been grafted repeatedly to fresh stocks. Eventually the leaves become inefficient, due to the reduction in the extent of the manufacturing area; and the vine would become extinct, were it not for the production of seeds by sexual cells.

IV

But senescence is not the only penalty which the higher organism pays for specialization. Differentiation also means diminution in adaptive ability. The most adaptable organisms on the earth are by no means those which are most highly differentiated. On the other hand, the ones that we deign to call the lowest forms of life are in many ways the most successful. They have, in fact, lived on the earth in their present form longer than any other beings. Witness the bacteria consisting of single isolated cells or short rows of cells. Many of them are non-spore-forming, that is, they have no specialized cells even for dormancy. Yet bacteria in multitudes attack the human body — probably the most highly differentiated of organisms — and each year cause hundreds of the latter to succumb to their onslaughts. Conquer the bacteria, and you have almost eliminated the need for a medical profession.

Perhaps even more primitive than the bacteria are the blue-green algæ, a group of organisms that manufacture their own food. Some of them grow during the spring in seeps on the rocky walls of abandoned quarries, living an aquatic life. Then the moisture evaporates, and they spend an aerial existence for weeks without change of

form, baked by the intense rays of a summer sun. When autumn comes they are covered with water once more. This later freezes, and they experience sub-zero temperatures without alteration. As 'red snow,' some of their relatives blow about unharmed on the frosty fields of the frozen North. Others live in pools high on the rocks along the seacoast. These are filled one day by storm-tossed waves; and then, during the clear quiet days that follow, the water slowly evaporates, leaving the residue to thicken into a brine and even to form a supersaturated solution. Still the micro-plants persist. Suddenly there comes a beating rain; the salt is for the most part dashed out of the pool, and fresh water takes its place; yet the alga goes on, unharmed by these changes in osmotic pressure.

Specialization means lack of adaptability. The undifferentiated alga on the quarry rocks adapts itself to extremes of temperature and extremes of moisture; the leaf growing on the tree near by may wither in the dry blasts of summer, and it drops with the first frost. During the war hundreds of teachers of German in our high schools found themselves out of employment. The younger of them were able to dedifferentiate and take up Spanish or French. The others had to suffer the consequences of their specialization.

V

It thus appears that enlargement, multiplicity, and specialization are not alone adequate for the highest expressions of growth. Industry does not evaluate specialization as the acme of success. It pays most in salaries, in honor, and in publicity to its executives, and not to its experts. Executives are not specialists; they are generals in the fullest sense of that word. Administrative ability involves a smattering of knowledge of a great many things, a grasp of general principles without attention to details. It is associated with the generalized type of mind; and industry pays more for it than it does for the critical student.

Our newspapers relate *in extenso* the doings of our political generals at the various international conferences, and rarely mention even the names of the experts, whose work is quite as important. Our military generals receive a cheer from the populace wherever they go, while the designer of a submarine-detector plods along, unnoticed in the crowd. Our scientists eke out a meagre existence, compared with the captains of industry who profit by their discoveries.

What, then, is the reason that executives are more valuable than experts?

Is it not that healthy growth consists not only in differentiation, but in mutual helpful interaction as well? The executive is not better paid because he knows more than the expert, but because he is presumably able to get other people to do more than is the expert. He is able to coördinate, to compromise, to coöperate, and to get those under him to coöperate.

Growth in unicellular organisms may consist simply of cell enlargement and cell division; but as soon as we have associations of differentiated cells there is introduced a fourth feature of growth — namely, cellular interaction. The external manifestations of growth are the resultants of the mutual interactions of the cells within. The neighboring cells of a tissue press and pull each other. Some tend to elongate more rapidly than others; and the actual rate of elongation of the tissue is the net consequence of a compromise. Cells also affect each other chemically.

In extreme cases this takes the form of internal secretions, endocrine bodies, or hormones, as they are variously called, such as adrenalin, insulin, and pituitrin, which produce such marked physiological responses in human beings and in the higher animals. Quite comparable to these in behavior are the vitamines, which are constituents in food having definite physiological effect, especially upon the rate of development of the organism.

In the activity of all these special substances it is to be noted that very minute amounts produce very striking reactions. And so, in the interactions of social beings, the importance of an act is not to be judged by its own proportions, but by its consequences. It takes only the striking of a match to start a fire; only the pressing of an electric button to cause an explosion. A shake of the head or a shrug of the shoulders, by a person who is in a position to know, is but an incident; yet it may result in some worthy individual failing to receive an appointment that he would otherwise have obtained. Pettiness and personal antipathy may be small matters in themselves; nevertheless they may have consequences that eventually will upset our entire social well-being.

It is not sufficient that the highest forms of life have specialized cells; there must be specialized associations of cells. The muscle is such an association, directed toward mechanical movement; the leaf is another, directed toward food-formation. Not all of the cells of the muscle are muscle fibres; there are neurones and blood vessels as well. Not all of the cells of the leaf manufacture starch; there are protective cells, strengthening cells, and conductive cells. In the healthy growth of an organism, cellular interaction must be harmonious. And so, in the evolution of human society, we not only have teachers, sailors, and automobile-makers, but have college towns, ports, and Detroits. Not all of the persons in a college town are students or instructors; there must be some janitors and some cooks. The modern community is largely an association of specialists working together and dominated by some common interest.

The cells of unlike organisms also interact with each other. In some cases this is an harmonious relationship, as when the alga and the fungus intermingle to form a lichen, the one supplying the food for both, while the other retains the water which both need. Symbiosis and commensalism are instances of interaction between individuals of different species with advantage to both. But not infrequently individual interaction between species constitutes parasitism. When the tubercle bacillus and the cells of the human body are brought into close proximity each attempts to destroy the other by the toxic substances which it emits. In some such relationships the cells of one organism may even devour those of the other. This is phagocytosis; and phagocytosis is the opposite of harmonious interaction.

The new internationalism must establish a symbiosis among nations, and not phagocytosis or parasitism. The great empire must not, like a phagocyte, pounce upon its weaker neighbors to devour them; neither must the smaller nation parasitically sap the substance of its more bulky brother. Constant compensating commercial intercourse, such as exists between Canada and our own country, is certain to culminate in the accomplishment of commensalism among commonwealths.

Within organisms the respective cells coöperate in a unified tendency to development. Due to disproportionate enlargement, division, or

differentiation, there are minor stresses and strains set up within growing tissues. Usually these are not so pronounced as to disturb normal development, and are to be regarded as the inevitable sacrifices that one cell must make for another in order that progress may be accomplished. Occasionally these pressures and tensions may attain sufficient magnitude to push into the conscious realm as growing-pains, and thus constitute a temporary disturbance. In rare instances they may prove destructive, as when the leaf stalk of a May apple is held for a day or so in a horizontal position, prevented from bending upward as it normally would. Upon being released, it curves over so quickly and so tightly that the surface tissues on the lower side are entirely disrupted. But on the whole the cells of the growing organism, far from consuming each other, live together in a state of mutual cooperation, accomplishing results that would otherwise be impossible.

And so with the body politic: minor frictions, jealousies, and ambitions are the normal unavoidable accompaniment of development. Occasionally growing-pains may thrust themselves into publicity in the form of strikes, bitter political contests, and K. K. K.'s. Rarely do they reach the proportion of revolutions, when destruction of life and property is the dire consequence. Not competition but coöperation is proving to be the watchword of successful social development. The obligate parasite that entirely consumes its host destroys itself also. Many a disease-producing organism has doubtless fallen by the way in the course of organic evolution, and for this very reason.

Industry is discovering that the same principle holds for its own progress. Capital is recognizing as never before the need of its harmonious articulation with labor, and labor is realizing that capital too is necessary for its welfare. The layman is becoming aware of his debt to science, and the scientist is conscious of his responsibility to the public. The producer must satisfy the consumer, and the consumer must compensate the producer. Children must receive the advice of their parents, and parents are bound to respect the liberties of their offspring. It is only by such mutual respect and coöperation that progress is possible.

Phagocytosis occurs in industry when a subordinate has nothing good to say about the executives over him; phagocytosis occurs also when a superior fails to recommend a helpful subordinate, in order that the latter may be retained without increased reward. It occurs when a subordinate seeks to displace a superior; it also occurs when a superior signs his name to the work of a subordinate without giving the latter proper credit for his contribution.

Mutual coöperation occurs in industry when the foreman criticizes his subordinates first privately, and only as a last resort to the manager. Mutual coöperation in industry also occurs when the subordinate first submits his grievance to his immediate superior, and not to his colleagues or to the man higher up. It exists when the worker gives his best service, and when the executive does his best to promote the pay and privileges of the employed.

VI

Growth, then, consists of four phases: enlargement, duplication, differentiation, and coöperation. No one, two, or three of these alone constitute growth. Enlargement alone tends to become swelling, intumescence, hyperplasia. In spite of the fact that we

ordinarily regard gain in weight as an indication of good health, yet we are all aware of the objections to obesity. Despite the fact that Los Angeles with its several suburbs is proud of becoming a super-city, China and India have taught the world lessons in the perils of overpopulation. When business becomes too big it constitutes monopoly, endangering the rights and well-being of others. Rapid increase in size is possible by enlargement alone; but such growth is not conducive to stability. The mushroom pushes up out of the soil by cell enlargement exclusively. There is no accompanying cell-division to give its tissues compactness, and no accompanying differentiation to give them firmness and permanence. In metaphysical and social matters we must also be wary of mushroom methods of expansion.

Neither do enlargement and duplication together comprise growth in its highest expression. Such may entail only needless repetition, cancer, hypertrophy. Too many competitors are just as destructive to business as is monopoly. 'Too many cooks spoil the broth' and 'Too many irons in the fire' are just commonplace expressions for the dangers of duplication. Versatility may be only a polite expression for vacillation.

Nor do augmentation, multiplication, and specialization together form a complete basis for healthful development. Without harmony they may result in discord, phagocytosis, war. Harmony is the keystone in the arch of elaboration; without it the rest of the structure falls into chaos and ruin. Harmony between God and man is the basis of religion. Harmony between man and man is the basis of society. Normal healthy development, whether it be in plants, animals, or man, involves an harmonious regulation of multiplied and diversified expansion. Absence of harmony is disease and monstrosity. Sanity in the psychological realm is the consequence of the harmonious association and evaluation of ideas; the absence of harmony is obsession, perversion, and hallucination. In social, political, and industrial affairs love, peace, and prosperity are the results of the harmonious interaction of expansion, diversification, and compensation; the absence of harmony is cutthroat competition and war. Growth in whatever realm rests upon these universal principles of progress, for the universe is one and indivisible.

A PICTURE PEDDLER

BY ROBERT ALDEN REASER

I

TRANSCONTINENTAL motor-trips are not unique in themselves. Whatever distinction mine may have possessed was due in great part to 'the Duchess,' Bobby, and attending circumstance. To begin with, I was convinced that I could pay for gasoline, food, and incidentals through the sale of oil sketches and pastels made along the way. Incidentally, I was determined to tackle any kind of work for which, as artist, ex-soldier, and vagabond of some experience, I might be fitted. I asked of the Fates only that they afford a good summer's experience, pleasant adventure, and enough monetary reward to pay expenses. At the outset I borrowed three hundred dollars to pay for a car and a month's living. If quick returns were not produced the expedition would go on the rocks somewhere in the Middle West, where so many road-shows have met their doom. But this one-man troupe must be a success — if only to vindicate my repeated glowing assertions of its possibilities, by which skeptical friends had been amused but not impressed.

With the borrowed money in my pocket, I chose an encouragingly sunny May day on which to search for a car. The instant I laid eyes on the Duchess I knew she would do. Another type of Ford had been in my mind — a commercial body fashioned after the manner of the ambulance in which I toured France for two years. But the Duchess, though fundamentally nothing but a well-worn touring car, possessed a superstructure at once unique and desirable: a special enclosed top, with glass panels and isinglass windows, which disappeared into the upper reaches after some persuasion, leaving the interior as well ventilated as a roof garden. Why did I call her 'the Duchess'? Because there is always something humorous about a duchess, and because there was about the car a certain intangible dignity which later took her proudly into the company of the most rudely hilarious.

I drove out into the press of machines on Fifty-third Street feeling decidedly self-complacent, for young painters of my small reputation and with my aversion to present-day commercial potboiling do not often find themselves sole owner of even a three-year-old. No intrigante ever whispered more persuasively of Romantic Adventure at the ear of attentive youth than did her ladyship in mine.

Outfitting any kind of trip, be it only a week-end in the suburbs, is a profound effort to me because of my propensity for taking everything that might possibly be of use in any climate under any conditions. Now for equipment. In the first place, enough clothes were essential to withstand long and arduous days on the restless seat of a Ford; to cope with chill mountain mornings, hot prairie afternoons, and innumerable rainy nights; to meet such

an emergency as a speaking engagement before the Women's Club of Oshkosh or a visit to the home of a cordial millionaire. By heroic manipulation I succeeded in getting everything into two suitcases — everything except a heavy overcoat, a raincoat, and a straw hat. The latter was somewhat of a problem, but was finally placed in a paper bag and pinned to the top of the car. It was proved superfluous in the first thousand miles and was ultimately traded to a newsboy for a Sunday paper.

Next came sleeping accommodations; a culinary department complete enough to handle at least three good meals a day, with an extra set of eating implements for the chance guest; a repair outfit capable of meeting all exigencies not complicated by serious breakage; and a revolver for defense. Condensation began to be imperative. To eliminate a tent I had the back of the front seat cut down the sides and hinged at the bottom so that it would turn over to join with the rear seat in forming a bed, comfortable in inverse proportion to the height of its occupant. Personally I am over six feet. For bedding I got out the old army-blankets and rolled them up inside a ground-sheet.

The cooking and dining appurtenances — an odd assortment of telescoping pans, tin cups, mess kit, and jars of flour, sugar, salt, pepper, and the like — were compactly stored in a pail and a tin tool-box. Out of respect for tradition I put the necessary mechanical accessories, including a tow-rope, under the rear seat where, when the car was well packed, they were as completely inaccessible as they would have been inside the cylinders. A small spade went on the running-board beside the grill for camp-fire cooking.

More trouble lay ahead in the shape of painting materials. Salted down, they consisted of a suitcase filled to capacity, a folding easel, a folding parasol, a large portfolio, two gold frames (very essential to the selling campaign), and a large amount of prepared wall-board, in lieu of stretchers and canvas. This, I calculated, would take me to Alaska by way of Buenos Aires, if necessary.

All that remained to be considered now were the diversions. A fourth old suitcase took care of a library of one hundred and fifty five-cent books. A place was found for a small phonograph on the running-board. After a heated debate with myself I compromised with one golf club and a dozen balls. I should have preferred a tennis racket, but it is harder to play tennis by yourself. A radio I did not care to have; neither did I take a crossword-puzzle book.

Up to the moment of stepping on the starter, I had planned to go entirely alone. But the inquiring, hopeful expression which animated Bobby, my dog companion of many adventurous wanderings, proved impossible to resist, and I whistled to him and made room beside me on the seat.

A word about Bobby, for he, like all family pets, is no ordinary one. It was in the Vosges Mountains of France in the winter of 1917–18, when my section was resting after a strenuous turn at Verdun, that we first became acquainted. I was a nineteen-year-old buck private, he a three-week-old ball of energized fur. He was given to the section as a mascot and for a year and a half toured the Western Front with us, saw Belgium at the time of the Armistice, and shared our spring vacation in the Army of Occupation. He did not, as a lady once asked me, 'drag the wounded out of no man's land,' but he frolicked through the vicissitudes of camp life with such comic

abandon and unfailing spirits that he more than served his turn in keeping up the general morale. I thought him only an exceptionally intelligent mongrel; but when, after our discharge, I took him to dog authorities in Paris, I found he was a wire-haired griffon of good points.

And so it was that the Duchess, Bobby, and I started West.

II

I stopped at the near-by filling-station for an initial load of gasoline. Here I found the first example of that friendly interest in the motor traveler which I had not expected until I reached the Western auto-camps. The garage man as he pumped the gas looked my conveyance over.

'You've got quite a load there. Going far?'

'As far as I can push her — California, I hope.'

'That so? I just drove up from Texas myself. Better drive around that way. That's a pretty heavy load you've got there, is n't it? How many in your outfit? Nobody else? That's a good-sized load you've got. Well, good luck to you.'

I steered my course through dripping, glistening Manhattan, ferried across a Whistler's Hudson, and, disembarking on the Jersey shore, headed for Philadelphia along the Lincoln Highway. We reached the environs of Philadelphia late in the evening, and I was glad to spend the night with some friends. As yet I had evolved no system which promised any success in making up my bed while it rained, without unloading half the car and getting the contents well soaked. I preferred to practise on a dry night.

I proceeded to tour Philadelphia in search of an egress that did not run to Atlantic City. This outlet-hunting in a large town is a problem unless you are on a marked thoroughfare, and it was with a sigh of relief that I found a surprising sign which announced that San Francisco lay ahead. I was back on the already familiar Lincoln Highway, well designated by red-white-and-blue poles. This return to an important route with which one has had previous experience is a pleasure akin to renewing friendships.

As soon as the city limits were reached, I gave the Duchess her head and we bowled along merrily through the beautiful emerald valley country in which lie Lancaster and Gettysburg. The skies were smiling again, and the freshly laundered fields and groves were a joy alike to my eyes and to Bobby's nostrils. Even the Duchess purred her content.

How the fields of Gettysburg should stir the imagination, and how poorly do they do so in their present condition; for a thousand ugly white monuments scattered over too well-kept lawns make it difficult for even a war-time vision to reconstruct in fancy the three great days commemorated. 'Better marked topographically and artistically than any other battlefield in the world,' the Blue Book tells one.

That night I felt in the humor to drive right on to California, and it was well on toward midnight before sleep seemed imperative. Finding no inviting spot on the highway, I turned off on a crossroad. This wound over small rolling hillsides for several miles with no signs of a possible pasture bedroom, a thing not easy to locate in the dead of night with none-too-good headlights. At last a break in the fence on one side was discovered and I drew off the road, not daring to go far into the freshly ploughed field ahead. I unloaded a few layers of cargo, putting the excess under the machine, and made my bed by the

light of a young moon, to the throbbing accompaniment of the insect world. Bobby found traces of many exciting animals in the neighborhood and it was with difficulty I persuaded him to turn in beside me.

The night so pleasantly begun was not to be uneventful. Barely had sleep overtaken me when I was startled by a staccato report. It took me some time to think of looking in the right place, for although I had expected trouble with the ancient tires possessed by the Duchess I was not prepared to have them blow out when I merely rolled over in bed. Making ready to renew my slumbers, I discovered the absence of Bobby, who it now appeared was having a hilarious chase after a galloping herd of cows silhouetted at the top of an adjacent hill. By the time I had persuaded Bobby to return to bed, the first cock was calling lustily for more light. His wish was shortly granted, and with the dawn came the farmer, a solemn-faced Swede, who announced from his perch on a harrow that I should have to move from the one entrance to his field.

The tire changed, breakfast accomplished, and Bobby dragged away from the spot where he had been barking for an hour under the fond delusion that he had treed a rabbit, I called a farewell to the ploughman and then steered back to the main highway. Up, over, and down the long Allegheny grades we rolled until well along in the afternoon the suburbs of Pittsburgh unfolded themselves to my view and I stopped to ponder over the beauty of Turtle Creek. Here, in a setting surpassed by only one American city, man has created a unique masterpiece fashioned of steel and smoke. Strangely enough it is the black soot that, descending alike on massed shacks and cottages, towering chimneys and scarred hillsides, has composed them into a gray tone-poem. Little seedling locomotives scurrying around on the floor of the valley engender vast columns of virgin-white smoke to add a colorful accent. The throbbing machinery drones an accompanying chant that finds an echo in my singing heart. It is seldom that Big Business, either by accident or intent, has woven such a spell of enchantment about itself.

I was tempted to try putting my impressions on canvas, in spite of — perhaps because of — the familiar use of the subject by Pennell and Lie. Besides which it was high time I began to think of adding to my hoard. What better place to start than Pittsburgh, where the International Exhibition, then in progress, should have educated people up to the importance of owning pictures — 'real hand-painted' ones? So I settled down for an hour to do a sketch to fit the smaller of my two frames, the while I dreamed pleasantly of how some passing motorist would shortly stop to see my study, like it, and offer to buy it for a fabulous sum. But my only audience was a group of young miners homeward bound.

'Gee,' said one of them, after watching awhile in silence, 'if I could do that I would n't work.'

The painting as complete as I cared to make it, I hunted for and found a near-by auto-camp in which to lie over until the morrow. As I was making preparations for dinner a shiny new Cadillac drew up beside the Duchess, and out of it climbed a family of three, father, mother, and a girl of twelve — all dressed in spotless sport-clothes fit for a country-club verandah. The child immediately became interested in Bobby and we all exchanged greetings. 'Mother' had difficulty in suppressing her amusement over my outfit, circling it several times. Meanwhile 'Father' watched with keen, absorbed

interest my wood-cutting and fire-building activities. Threatening darkness convinced them that they should begin their own meal, and the preparations for this were even more amusing to me than mine to them. First they unloaded a large straw hamper containing a complete cooking and eating outfit: bright new silverware, aluminum pans, nickel cups in a leather case — everything for an emergency, and all new and apparently unused. Then a large steak, potatoes, and various accessories were unwrapped. But it was the appearance of a Boston Cook Book that incapacitated me for the time being, and it soon was apparent from their remarks that none of them had ever attempted to cook a meal before. I tried to be oblivious to their struggles, but dreaded the thought of what would probably happen to that succulent steak. (*I* was dining on frankfurters.) Finally they came to an impasse, being entirely at odds over the problem of whether coffee should be cooked twice or only half as long as potatoes. 'Mother' finally approached me for advice. My reply must have sounded authoritative, for it was not long before I was installed as chef while the enchanted family stood about and beamed its gratitude. This arrangement was entirely satisfactory to all concerned, even to Bobby, who gorged himself on frankfurters.

After breakfast next morning I brought forth the sketch with an eye to business, but although my wealthy neighbors were politely interested it never occurred to them to offer to buy it. I had been so confident that sales of this kind would be easy that, disappointed on my first attempt, the sketch looked like a white elephant to me, the trip already imperiled.

But the day was too fine to permit of prolonged gloom, so I breezed into Pittsburgh feeling reckless enough to go into a barber shop for a shave. Then, too, I had been told that barbers were gullible souls and could be persuaded to buy almost anything. I set my sketch, with its still glittering gold frame, in a conspicuous place and gave myself contentedly into the barber's hands. Interest was keen enough, but it was centred more on myself and my dog than on the picture, and when some new calendars showing buxom bathing girls were exhibited my heart sank, and I knew that here was another failure. Had I only thought to bring some life-class studies!

Once more I turned the Duchess westward. On the outskirts of town I stopped at a gas station with an almost empty tank. As the attendant drained the hose I had an inspiration. Again the picture was produced.

'Say, buddy,' I began airily, 'I'm a New York artist down here to see the Exhibition. I dashed off a sketch on the other side of town and, although I could take it back to New York and sell it for fifty dollars, it seems as though somebody in Pittsburgh who knows the place ought to own it. What do you say — how much am I offered for it?'

'Well,' he drawled back, 'I'd like it better if it was Tennessee, but I'll trade you the gasoline even.'

I staggered from the blow, but thought fast.

'All right, partner, it's a bargain, though it pains me to do it.'

I drove off much amused, leaving the Southerner dubiously staring at his new possession — wondering, I suppose, if he had been a sucker and what his wife would say.

III

From Pittsburgh I followed my nose toward Cleveland and Chicago. On the transcontinental roads, one passes

many so-called 'hikers,' some of whom carry large signs on their backs announcing that they are going all the way across. They turn to you with pleading gestures and beguiling smiles, especially when you are in a Ford and alone. Several times, feeling in the mood for a little companionship and hoping to find an interesting personality, I stopped and took one aboard. Bobby never was pleased with these arrangements, for it meant that he had to perch on top of the luggage in the back seat. Each time I tried this experiment of being congenial I had such bad luck in my choice that I usually swore never to do it again.

It happened that I was in for my share of hold-ups. The first occurred during a black midnight hour on a precariously winding road miles from a town. Strange groping branches clutched at the Duchess from the dense mass of trees on either side as if resentful at being disturbed thus late. My mind going back to war memories, I turned off the lights for a moment to find whether or not I could still hold to an invisible pathway. Darkness rushed in on all sides so swiftly as to make the experiment foolhardy. I again switched on the lights. The two beams leaped forward and, pushing farther and farther ahead, illumined the figure of a man standing in the road. His costume was shabby; a cap was pulled low over his eyes. He held up one empty hand, but, when the Duchess showed no intention of even hesitating, the other hand menacingly brought forth an automatic. Thinking spontaneously, — it was all over in a fleeting, breathless moment, — I slipped my own revolver from its holster beside the seat while I applied the pedals as if to stop. Then, coasting up to the man, I suddenly jerked the front wheels in his direction, forcing him to jump back. For the moment his gun was pointing heavenward as he sought to regain balance. I pressed the foot-throttle deep. The Duchess leaped past down the highway, roaring defiance, while I discharged my gun through the open window. I took no aim — it was merely a warning, or a small boy's gesture of bravado. The bandit proved equally anxious to show that his was no glass toy filled with candy, for he sent a bullet winging through the back of the car before we could careen around a sheltering curve to safety.

My second bandit proved to be the traffic policeman of a small town. When I unwittingly disregarded his gesture to stop, he became irate enough to board another car and overtake me at the next corner. I seemed not to help matters by explaining that he looked not a particle like any policeman I had ever seen. He was all for taking me back to the town hall and fining me. But before this could be done Bobby stepped in to save the situation for us. He had been sitting peacefully on the seat beside me. He now rose up for a stretch. The constable took notice of him for the first time and showed unmistakable signs of being a dog-lover. I jumped at the opening.

'Of course you never saw one like him before. There are probably not a dozen in the country. Got him in France — war-dog — used for hunting over there.' Then I got out of the car and, sitting on a convenient park bench, put Bobby through his not inconsiderable repertoire of tricks: counting, saying his prayers, catching food tossed from his nose, recognizing the difference between my imitation of an exploding shell and a dud (squatting for safety for the latter and playing dead for the former), turning around and rolling over, knowing his right from his left, skipping rope with me, and others of similar variety.

We had attracted a good-sized crowd, and the constable, delighted by the performance, exhibited an unexpected sense of humor combined with a commercial talent. After making a little speech he jovially passed the hat, — 'to buy raw meat for the war-dog,' — collecting two dollars and sixty-five cents, which was then turned over to me. No further mention was made of the threatened trouble. I told the constable I needed just such a business manager as himself, and we parted the best of friends.

I went through Chicago hurriedly — in fact, almost too much so, for my brakes were practically useless and the traffic had been speeded up to a point where it was 'devil take the hindmost.' I toured around town considerably and in so doing — it was the first time I had motored in Chicago — I discovered that an early piece of information instilled into me during my grammar-school days was at last to prove invaluable, although I had long considered it more of a memory course than of intrinsic worth. This was my ability to repeat the names of the Presidents of the United States according to their historical order. Its application is in finding a specific Chicago street, for they are named after the same men in the same order. So much for education. But the case in hand also proves how lamentably weak are our present methods of education, for I had not been compelled to learn the Presidents backward as well as forward. As a result I could only be sure of my location when going in one direction.

I crossed Illinois rapidly, knowing that this was my best pavement for many miles to come and being anxious to get into more interesting country. Besides, my funds were getting alarmingly low, how much so I did not realize until I reached the borders of Iowa and counted up. I had not started my intensive selling campaign as yet, for I was reserving it until I reached a Central Iowa town where I had spent some time previously and was not unknown. Then, too, there was a distant cousin there who might be of valuable assistance.

After the accounting, however, it began to look as if I might never reach that place. There was possibly enough money to buy gas and oil for the trip, but the reserve of food was negligible. We halted outside a tiny village, whose name I never discovered. Something had to be done, and one of the Muses, kindly disposed, stopped long enough from the pursuit of Art to help me feed two hungry disciples.

I sauntered into an ex-barroom with an inviting sign over the entrance — 'Eats.' Bobby followed with his nose to the wind. I sat down and ordered a sizable meal for myself and the best in the house for my dog. Then, looking the place over, I found what I wanted — a large space on the wall over the bar. I addressed myself to the proprietor.

'I'm an artist from New York, motoring across the country. My specialty is painting decorations on walls. Now you've got a place over that bar which just howls for a picture. I'll paint you one six feet long that will be a knockout — worth anywhere up to two hundred dollars at New York prices. What's more, I'll guarantee not to do another one in town, so that you'll have an exclusive feature.'

'I've got the only place in town,' he demurred, but he was obviously impressed. 'How much is this two-hundred-dollar picture goin' to cost?'

'Twenty-five dollars,' I hazarded.

He went back to swabbing the floor with only a grunt for reply. I did n't feel like bickering, so I came down considerably in my next offer.

'Well, I'm anxious to show you what I can do. I'll let it go for this meal and a tankful of the gasoline you've got out there in your pump.'

'All right, go ahead. If I like the thing it's a bargain.'

After I got out my painting materials and he decided I was not a revenue officer, he joined heartily in the proceedings, arranging a light and rigging an impromptu scaffolding. As my success depended upon his liking the picture, I sounded him for a favorite subject. Of my suggestions he seemed to prefer a figure-painting to pure landscape and, as he was an ex-gob, I thought water would be safe for a background. To cinch the deal, I outlined a 'Venus Rising from the Sea.' No Zuloaga ever created more interest. I laid it in rapidly with large brushes, using plenty of turpentine, and inside of two hours I had a regular Frank Brangwyn. As it began to be intelligible the proprietor became most enthusiastic. Every now and then he would rush out to the street and return with a fellow townsman, until a good-sized audience had collected. I have always regretted not having been able to paint one of the war posters in front of the New York Public Library, but this coup of mine was the next best thing.

My patron was so pleased with results that he passed out drinks to the crowd, filled up the Duchess (Bobby and I were already complete), gave me a five-dollar bill from the till, and begged me to stay for an impromptu party. I excused myself, saying I had a hard day ahead, and drove off.

IV

Dire necessity urged me to a long final drive to my immediate destination, an attractive town of some twenty thousand inhabitants situated among gently rolling hills on the banks of the Des Moines River. The neighboring countryside promised much pleasant material for my work. Arriving in the early evening, I manœuvred the Duchess, who was footsore, to the home of my cousin. Here a cordial invitation to stay as long as I desired was extended and gratefully accepted — how gratefully he will never know! Still more pleasing was his enthusiastically expressed wish to aid in the selling enterprise. Making no claims to a knowledge of pictures, he was, during the slackness in his own trade, — that of a tinsmith, — ready to bend all his energies toward the sale of my handiwork, good or bad.

The following day, after having procured a little advance advertising in the *Daily Bugle*, we two conspirators set off in search of some attractive landscapes. These proving plentiful, I selected one on the river bank, and while Bobby romped with some swimming urchins, and the cousin plied me with questions concerning technique, I laid in a swift study of a graceful bridge arching the rampant waters. Having carried this far enough to be intelligible, I moved downstream, accomplishing another before lunchtime. In the afternoon I tried painting the flat prairies outside the town, using a low horizon and attaining picturesqueness by piling up tier on tier of the frisky puffball clouds typical of the region. Of the three canvases I much preferred the last, as it seemed more characteristic of the country; but when, a few days later, I began to search for prospective patrons, I found a dozen of the brookside variety could be sold to one of the prairies. 'Oh, Iowa is n't really as uninteresting as that, you know. It's just full of cosy little picnic-places. And see all the hills here in town. You've made it look too monotonously level.' Only an occasional individual seems to feel

the unique beauty of the limitless grain-fields, with silos and farmhouses hiding in groves that dwindle and melt into the beckoning blue distances.

At the end, then, of this first day of painting I had produced two small sketches to fit the nine-by-twelve-inch frame, and one to fit the sixteen-by-twenty. Consulting with the cousin, we decided to ask seven dollars and a half for the smaller and fifteen dollars for the larger size, hoping by these modest prices to attract the many people who ordinarily never think of owning anything but a print because they have heard that all originals cost up in the hundreds. At these prices the day's work should net thirty dollars, and the cousin began to figure final returns on that basis. He even talked of modern efficiency methods applied to painting in order to speed up production, and thereafter, whenever I brought in a canvas with more than one foreground tree, he loudly protested at the use of too much time-absorbing detail. And when he found that the precedent of three a day was not to be lived up to he called it one more proof of the tradition that all painters are loafers.

Once engaged, the cousin proved a heartless manager. He relentlessly insisted on my accepting an invitation to speak before the Business and Professional Women's Club. This was terrifying. 'But think of the advertising,' reiterated the cousin. 'If you land with the ladies, your name will be a household word.' The outcome was foregone, and I sat up all night to produce a paper that to me was a masterpiece. I read it aloud at breakfast.

'Very pretty and high-sounding; but what's it all about?' the cousin inquired.

My heart sank.

'It's an explanation of Art written for the layman.'

'Well,' he announced, 'it means nothing to this tinsmith. What, pray, are "values" and "interesting line" and "good color" and "mood"?'

It was apparent that the paper had failed in the very purpose for which it had been conceived. After some meditation I thought of a possible way out. Instead of telling my audience of what that mysterious thing called Art consists, I would show them! So on the evening of the appointed day I appeared before the assembled ladies garbed in a smock (for atmosphere), and loaded down with painting materials, pictures, and much literature. I read some of my would-be serious paper, made a few random remarks on the development of modern painting, illustrating with reproductions, showed my recent canvases, and finished up by painting a fifteen-minute sketch before their eyes. When I feared interest was lagging I recounted a few anecdotes of the studios. What it lacked in unity and coherence the performance made up by its unexpected turns, and I was gratified by my apparent success in holding the attention of the gathering.

The cousin was enthusiastic about subsequent newspaper notices.

'That's a great start — I guess you knocked them for a row of pins that time. Now when you do the same for the Kiwanis Club next Thursday we'll have the town eating out of our hand.'

'Kiwanis Club,' I moaned. 'What is this game?'

'Thursday — twelve sharp — at the hotel,' was the unperturbed reply. 'You will be allowed twenty-five minutes at the close of the luncheon programme. You go on after the Girl Scout orchestra.'

Too weak to argue, I attacked the new problem with what good grace I could muster. Entertaining a roomful of business men, hilarious after a large

meal and a general song-fest, is a different matter from seeking to interest the more impressionable other sex. On Thursday at 12.55, when 'Mr. Robert Alden Reaser, New York artist,' was introduced, I took the bull by the horns and proceeded to recount a series of personal war-anecdotes. Whenever at a loss for words, — often the case, — I resorted to a rapid crayon sketch to illustrate or point my story. To my immense relief the idea caught on with the crowd. My stage fright vanished, and when the time was up I was so enjoying the fun of working for laughs in true vaudevillian manner that I should have liked to continue indefinitely.

These talks added materially to my growing reputation about town and, as our stock of landscapes had grown, we thought it time to invite some sales. But time flew without results and I began to be nervous. An exhibition downtown seemed to be the best means of arousing interest, but I had no resources with which to back such an enterprise. Quite obviously we could not hope to sell the pictures unless someone could be persuaded to look at them. Accordingly we made out a list of possible victims, piled the Duchess full of canvases, some still wet, and proceeded to tour the town, giving private exhibitions in homes wherever an entrée could be obtained. This method, after all, is the ideal one for placing pictures, for they can be picked out to fill and properly decorate a barren wall-space, which function is their real reason for existence. I wish I could relate all the humor of that house-to-house canvasing. Of the ladies who spent hours trying to choose between two pictures at seven-fifty or one at fifteen dollars, although the cousin attempted to help by pointing out that the larger pictures were three times the area of the smaller ones and only twice the price. Of the individuals who thought the prices too high, or vice versa: 'What! Only fifteen dollars! And will everyone in town know that that is all I paid for it?' And of the sales ruined because husband and wife could not agree on the subject-matter: 'Well, that's my choice. You can do anything you like about it.'

The ultimate results of my sojourn in Iowa were most gratifying — I sold all but three of my forty sketches, and in addition two or three more important works. The most pleasing of these was an order for a good-sized landscape decoration in the new high school. For this a local subject was voted, so that it could be pointed out to possible embryo artists as an example of what might be done with the native scenic material. I selected the favorite panoramic view near town — a fine, sweeping vista including a bend of the river, hilltop groves, vivacious skies, and a stacked cornfield in the foreground. It was pleasant, indeed, to have the opportunity to leave this big canvas in a public building, where to me it will always be a commemoration of the most successful episode, artistically and commercially, of my journey. At last I had eased off the shadow of my debt and was free to ramble where and as I willed, with no further need of pot-boiling for months to come.

Although business showed no signs of a slump, I now felt compelled to tear myself away. It was the middle of August, and I had the best part of my journey ahead of me. I was told that it was not safe to cross the mountains after the fifteenth of September because of the danger of becoming snow-bound. But sadder even than having to leave a thriving enterprise was the necessity of going on without Bobby. Reports continued to come to me that dogs were not wanted in California and I took no chances. He was put on a

train and shipped back home, while the Duchess and I, missing his companionship, shook the dust of Iowa from our treads and prepared to tackle the mud farther west.

V

From Iowa I worked north to Minnesota, then turned westward once more along the Yellowstone Trail. I was totally unprepared from anything I had seen or read to find the wheat-fields of the Dakotas so thrilling. An ocean of soft gold and mellow violets, caressed into motion by faint breezes and traversed by majestic shadow-ships! An ocean more perfect in the quality of its color-harmonies than an Atlantic or Pacific, and saved from mere prettiness by its magnitude. In spite of the bad roads, tire troubles, and a high wind that blew out all my windows, I remember the days spent in crossing these States as some of the pleasantest experienced along the way.

I made friends with the Indians on the Northern reservations and found them more picturesque than I had been led to believe. Although they have succumbed to an extensive use of our hideous male habiliments, they still retain enough love of color and ornament to save them from lapsing into the monotone of the whites. The women have even profited in many cases by a gypsylike use of full, brilliantly dyed skirts and gay kerchiefs, although there are injudicious ones among them who verge on burlesque — such as, for instance, the maiden I encountered who wore an emerald-green silk shirt, pink knickers, and brown shoes and stockings.

It is strange that we have had no really fine paintings of our Indian life. Certainly there is no more picturesque figure-material to be found; yet, in spite of the fact that there is a group of painters who devote their entire time to depicting our aboriginal race, we get nothing but a weakly decorative type of canvas more suited to be used as backgrounds for groups at the Natural History Museum than as genre paintings of artistic importance. I have never, in standing before one of these Indian pictures, been made to feel that the painter had a deeply sincere understanding of or sympathy with his subjects — such as, for instance, one feels on viewing Millet's peasants, Zorn's bathers, the aristocrats of a Gainsborough, or the music-hall performers of a Degas.

Of the many States I have traveled through in my search for Beauty, Montana reigns supreme with me — which statement has nearly cost me my life in California. Running, as it does, from the gray plains of sage- and rabbit-brush, through verdant river-valleys bordered by green-swept hills, to those most exquisite examples of mountain loveliness within the confines of Glacier Park — it is a symphony of endless fascinating variations. Nowhere can Yellowstone approximate the ethereal melody of Lake Bowman, toward which I had to urge the complaining Duchess over a fearful road that guards the beauty from the usual asphalt-loving tourist.

My few attempts at mountain scenery were not entirely successful, and I again came to the conclusion that it does not form good painter's material. Our pigments are too earthy, our techniques not subtle enough to entrap the evanescent moods and intangible loveliness of mountain woodlands and lakes. Perhaps it is just as well not to challenge Nature at her best — she has plenty of commonplace moments with which to vie.

Feeling this, I was content to roam on foot or on horseback over these royal hillsides, or, sitting beneath a

giant fir, to lose myself in contemplation of some lake unruffled by my gaze. But this feeling of incompetency was not a justifiable excuse for my inaction, it appeared, for on the few occasions when I dared to wield a brush I disposed of the results, unsatisfying as they were, with surprising ease.

As a grand finale to the pilgrimage across Montana, my path into Idaho led through almost a hundred miles of virgin forest, so superb in height, so grandiose in conception, as to make our Eastern ones seem very puny indeed. I think back upon them now with more pleasure than upon the California redwoods, for the latter are tremendous egoists that have stamped out other forms of vegetation, leaving in place of the rich pattern of tangled undergrowth beloved by all woodsmen only a brown waste as barren as a well-worn campground. The nights I spent beneath those awesome Northern trees, — a full moon picking out their regal old trunks with her light and bathing an occasional snooping bear in a pool of phosphorescence, — those nights will rank with the most spectacular of happy reminiscence.

As September advanced and the threat of snow became more ominous, I pushed on through the Rockies and the Coast Range to the Pacific at Seattle. From there, now following the shore line, now bearing back into the big-timber country for a glimpse of a national park, I drifted southward. For the first time I found my old love, the ocean, disappointing. Though still fascinating in its changing moods, its surging life, and its easily whispered promises, it seemed not so beautiful as I had hitherto found it. The color was often monotonous, often too pretty, and my eyes missed the endlessly varying mountain shapes over which they had been roving with such infinite pleasure.

Reveling in it all, I gradually worked my way into California, until one fine October day I entered Oakland and crossed by ferry to San Francisco. As the Duchess sputtered merrily over the steep grades in this picturesque American city, I thanked her affectionately for the splendid fashion in which she had accomplished the arduous journey. For, although we spent many more pleasant days together in rambling about California, this was our virtual objective, the attainment of which fulfilled my most sanguine hopes.

I said good-bye to my car somewhere in Los Angeles. Business in the East called and, although the Duchess had been the most faithful of mistresses, there was no way of taking her back with me. Besides which she had a serious internal complication that might at any moment evolve into a death rattle. I drove her to the establishment of a secondhand dealer the day I planned to leave.

'How much is she worth?' I demanded hopefully.

'Forty dollars.'

I drove to another place.

'What will you give me for the outfit?' I inquired, less hopefully.

'Forty dollars,' was the reply.

I decided to try strategy.

'Bah,' I said, as I stepped on the starter, 'I was offered fifty-five down the street.'

'Wait a minute, partner. She looks like a pretty good Lizzie. I'll give you sixty.'

'Sold,' said I, and, giving the wheel a final affectionate squeeze, I pocketed the money and headed for the station on foot.

A MODERN UNIVERSITY

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

I

THE term 'university' has a definite meaning on the Continent and a fairly definite meaning in Great Britain; but in America no copyright — legal or traditional — protects its use. A college, though the college is itself far from being a standardized institution; a chaotic mixture of primary, intermediate, industrial, and theological classes; an educational department-store containing a kindergarten at one end and Nobel Prize winners (or as good) at the other, with all possible forms and varieties of schooling and training, practical and professional, between, and a mail-order annex besides; finally, a college with a graduate school overlapping and a group of organically connected graduate professional schools — all are called universities in America. These brief characterizations are descriptions, not judgments. They are meant to bring home vividly the complexity of the existing situation; they raise in the first instance no question as to value or importance. Thus the analogy of the department-store is not meant to belittle; for the department-store is one of the triumphs of commercial genius. It purveys excellence as well as mediocrity and inferiority. Its tendency and effect have been not only to bring the products of science, skill, and art to the doors of all, but also to elevate the level of public taste. This is precisely what the large American universities are doing — diffusing knowledge at the current level and by that very act raising the level; and not only diffusing knowledge, but, in laboratories and libraries tucked away in corners of the great institution, refining it and adding to its sum.

It would be futile to attempt to narrow or to change the use of the term. I propose to discuss a modern university that differs more or less from anything now called a university in America; and it is not a research institute, either. But it is idle to invent a new title; for a new name would have to fight for life and, if it survived, would soon be so freely appropriated as to lose precise significance. As it is impossible to expropriate existing institutions, it is best to adhere to the much-abused title.

To make clear what is in my mind I shall try to define my conception of a university adapted to modern intellectual needs, now inadequately met, by contrasting the proposed institution with the more comprehensive of existing institutions of learning. Thus we omit for the time being the mere colleges, sometimes hardly more than secondary schools, now called universities; we omit also the grammar-school, industrial, and theological classes, loosely strung together in a single institution, which have sprung up to answer current and rapidly changing needs in certain sections. We make the proposed contrast with the great educational department-stores made up of

colleges, graduate schools, professional schools, correspondence courses, and extramural classes, which, characteristic product of democratic conditions as they are, are borne along by forces perhaps beyond their control in the endeavor to be of service to all classes of the community.

II

The story of higher education in America has been often told and may for my present purpose be briefly summarized. The American college was in origin an adaptation of the English college — in scope practically a secondary school for the economically advantaged or for prospective lawyers, clergymen, and physicians. A fringe of poor students burning with the desire to learn was, however, always in evidence, in the old home as in the new. Increase of knowledge, increase of wealth, the spread of democracy, naïve faith that knowledge and power, education and intelligence, go together, resulted in the rapid expansion of the American college. New colleges were established in unprecedented numbers — by local communities, by states, by religious organizations, by individuals anxious to be remembered or inspired by the desire to pay the future for the advantages which a rich, new, wide-open country had bestowed upon them. No such rapid and extensive development could in a brief period have possibly been sound or homogeneous; that must necessarily be a matter of time. Meantime complications arose. The local high school developed. That displaced the college in the scale of values. It forced the college to be more than a secondary school. But the high schools themselves were uneven and unexacting; hence the displaced and elevated colleges had, to a large and varying extent, to be high schools still. They could not discard the type of teaching and discipline proper to a secondary school, though in age their students were fairly beyond the secondary stage. Moreover, the combination of unexampled prosperity, faith in education, and love of fun enormously increased college attendance, so that administrative problems quickly arose such as could be managed only by mechanism often harmful and inappropriate to students approaching one-and-twenty. These considerations explain certain characteristic features of American colleges — their number, their rapid increase in size, the unevenness of the student body, their lack of intellectual seriousness, their overlapping with the high schools, the excessive regimentation which holds students to a strict accounting, only to find that every formal requirement can be regularly fulfilled by essentially uneducated boys and girls.

So much for the troubles due to confusion of high school and college. Meanwhile, at the far end, another set of problems arose. Within the last century a new passion has been fanned into flame. There have always been searchers for truth, sometimes in religious brotherhoods, sometimes in academic communities, sometimes alone: Roger Bacon was, for example, a Franciscan monk, not entirely approved by his associates and superiors; Galileo was a heterodox university professor; Francis Bacon a lawyer, politician, and grafter; Franklin a printer; Mendel a priest; Charles Darwin an English gentleman. Students and investigators, each in his own way, these exceptions were in their day left to their own devices. Thus, as long as it was a rare hobby, investigation did not upset existing educational institutions.

But difficulties arose when research became general, as it has become

increasingly so within the last hundred years. After centuries of effort by isolated and unappreciated thinkers, men became aware of its importance and fascinations; research has almost become a fashion. An experimental and investigative technique capable of use on a large scale has been worked out in linguistic, mathematical, and scientific fields. The persons affected by this intellectual epidemic required certain conditions — places in which to work, books, apparatus, contacts, assistants, pupils, means of publication. The European universities, — in which from time to time original workers had always appeared, — plastic and loosely organized as they were in most respects, lent themselves rather easily to this new purpose; in America the college was forced to broaden its scope so as to accommodate advanced training and research at the far end. The American college was thus a high school at its beginning and a university toward its end. This looks complicated enough; the situation is, however, more complicated than it looks. For the three types of school — high school, college, and graduate school — are so intertwined that it is impossible to say what is high school, what is college, and what is university. Students, courses, and teachers are all involved in all three.

Specific dates are apt to be misleading. There have been investigators and scholars of high rank in old-fashioned American colleges — Agassiz at Harvard, Willard Gibbs at Yale, before either institution consistently thought of itself as a university in its present sense. But research was not recognized in America as one of the dominant concerns of higher education until the flag was nailed to the mast on the opening of Johns Hopkins University in 1876. Then for the first time an entire group of men were called to professorships because they were distinguished or promising contributors to knowledge — Gildersleeve in Greek, Sylvester in mathematics, Rowland in physics, Remsen in chemistry, Newell Martin in biology, Haupt in Hebrew, Bloomfield in Sanskrit, Herbert Adams in history and institutions; and, later, Welch in pathology, Mall in anatomy, and so forth.

These scholars and scientists were grouped together as a graduate or university faculty; the seminar, the thesis, and the Ph.D. degree were imported from Germany; it was the avowed object of the university to increase the sum of knowledge, to train young men to do likewise, and to send them forth to spread the gospel. Few gospels have in so brief a period done so well. Johns Hopkins has itself produced a good-sized army of advanced teachers; its graduate school has been freely imitated; its professional schools have set up new standards toward which the rest of the country has rapidly moved.

But there was a fly in the ointment. I have spoken of the graduate school of Johns Hopkins University. Johns Hopkins University was not simply a graduate school; it too had from the outset an undergraduate department. President Gilman and his counselors were really interested in graduate work, in the university idea; but, alas, the colleges of that date were in the main conventional secondary schools, far below the standard of the secondary schools which in Europe fed the universities. There was hardly a college in the United States which in 1876 was adequately equipped to teach physics, chemistry, biology, history, and economics, and it was in these branches that the Johns Hopkins of that day proposed to cultivate research and to train investigators. Where were the graduate students to come from? There were, especially in science and

politics, almost no sources of supply! Johns Hopkins had, therefore, to offer undergraduate instruction in order to ensure a stream of graduate students.

Fifty years have now passed. Colleges galore and even high schools are capable of giving good undergraduate instruction, if only students embrace the opportunity. Graduate schools have multiplied; some are well staffed and well equipped, others extremely flimsy; no matter — they cultivate research and confer advanced degrees. Meanwhile other needs than the cultivation of research have made themselves felt. Eager to 'serve,' the colleges and universities have tried to meet them also. The result has been almost incredibly complex. Strong American universities — to mention no others — with resources ranging from $30,000,000 to $100,000,000 are nowadays at one and the same time (1) colleges for high-school graduates, some ill trained, some well trained, some serious, many trifling; (2) advanced schools for college graduates, some ready for advanced opportunities, others unready and incapable; (3) research institutions in which, usually in odds and ends of time snatched from a heavy routine, occasionally in well-protected and adequate leisure, professors, sometimes very competent, at other times less competent, and students, occasionally well trained and able, too often poorly trained and varying largely in ability, swell the volume of publications and sometimes the volume of accurate knowledge; (4) professional schools, sometimes well equipped, oftener not, in which faculties constituted partly of trained teachers, partly (usually largely) of local practitioners, turn out first-rate scientists as well as pattern-made doctors, lawyers, pharmacists, dentists, journalists, business men, and teachers; (5) extension institutes, sending out educational missionaries to light candles here and there in the enveloping darkness; (6) correspondence and radio schools, seeking to offer at long range, by the penny post and wireless, guidance and stimulus to those with whom physical contact cannot be established; (7) athletic and social organizations, complex, expensive, in some respects good, in others very bad.

Most of these purposes are worthy, particularly in a democracy, where every individual is entitled to his chance, and where the merest chance may result in uncovering genuine talent. None the less, it must be clear that the seven categories which I have succinctly formulated — and they do not quite cover the scope of any of the really great American universities — represent from a qualitative point of view an amazingly widespread field: some are hardly more than trades; some are mere handicrafts, almost devoid of intellectual content; some represent intellectuality diluted; some go to the very limit of sheer intellectual capacity.

In every one of these schools, departments, divisions, or activities, there are weak students and strong students, immature students and mature students. The problem would be simpler if the university could take a single attitude toward the entire student body. But it cannot. The majority need sometimes more, sometimes less, parental care. A minority are ready for freedom. But the authorities are more afraid of harming the majority through lack of care than they are of harming the minority through excessive oversight. How, one asks, can a single institution discharge all the varied functions I have named in a situation as complicated as the situation which I have described?

America has its answer to this question in the form of one word: by means

of 'organization.' Magical word! Complex, interlocking, ramifying, varied, expensive enterprises have to be 'organized'; thus railroads, trusts, department-stores are made to work and to pay. Precisely the same is true of a modern university with its complex, interlocking, ramifying, varied, and expensive activities; they have to be 'organized,' else chaos and bankruptcy will inevitably result. A president with large executive powers, a squad of deans who serve as his lieutenants in charge of separate departments, schools, and activities, — there are approximately twenty deans in one university, — not to speak of a host of other officials with similar major and minor functions; central offices with records and accounting systems adapted from finance to education; requirements — entrance, curricular, graduation — worked out with mathematical precision or the semblance thereof; courses, units, credits, that are for the purposes of accounting treated as if they were as definite in value as ergs or foot-pounds; advisers, vocational guiders, psychological testers, personnel managers, coaches — all engaged in policing the variegated undergraduate body, in keeping them off the grass, out of the water, in the middle of the road, to the end that in due course, with character unsullied, diploma in hand, they may be severally returned to their mothers or landed in a congenial job! Meanwhile somewhere, more or less sheltered from the traffic, real thinkers — not a few — are also at work with groups of worthy disciples. I dare say nothing so widespread as this kind of university could have come about except as a matter of necessity. Boys and girls wanted to go to colleges, professional schools, and graduate schools; they had the money and the credentials. There was nothing to stop them; perhaps on the whole at this stage of our development it was best not to stop them. Ways had to be devised to handle the business: so it was 'organized.'

In so far as the college is concerned, there are, happily, indications that steps are being taken here and there to select students, to create conditions more favorable to scholarship, to bring about order, concentration, and individual responsibility. Thus perhaps a few colleges characterized by intellectual earnestness may be created or developed. But unless American youth undergoes a revolution of which there are at the moment few symptoms, most American boys and girls will seek colleges not predominantly intellectual in outlook. Their problem, on account of the numbers involved, may have in the main to be locally solved — as the high-school problem has been solved — through funds provided by taxation. Thus, ultimately, different colleges may choose to do different things in their severally appropriate ways. As for the rest, it is idle to prophesy what will happen to American education if ever 'the water is squeezed out of it'; surely no nation will permanently go on devoting sixteen years to the kind of education American boys and girls nowadays receive as a result of their leisurely progress through elementary school, high school, and college.

III

From the conditions above described the graduate school seriously suffers. I said that the graduate school was designed to promote research and the higher training of competently educated students. Now, research is in the first place a highly individualized affair. Men work in all kinds of ways; the university must be so loosely put together that teacher and investigator are free to follow what are for *them*, not

necessarily for anybody else, lines of least resistance and maximum effectiveness. So much for the faculty. But something similar is true of advanced students. They are persons of mature years, presumably trained, in so far as the thinking and effort and devising of other people can ever train anyone. The graduate student is therefore most favorably conditioned if he is free. He knows the field of his interest; books, laboratories, fellow students, and faculty are all there to be used. It is up to him to work out his own salvation by making use of the opportunities and facilities which the university has brought together, partly for him, partly for other persons and purposes. Thus the university is essentially a free society of students, professors, and pupils mingling naturally in the pursuit of intellectual aims.

A fairly sharp line can, I think, be drawn between the lower and the upper activities which we have been discussing. The lower activities — activities belonging to schools and colleges — are to a considerable extent, let us say, adaptive or disciplinary in character. Schools and colleges deliberately try to create a wholesome environment; they try to make something out of their students, try to train them to orderly habits, try to make sure they know things supposedly needful, try to get them in some sort of acceptable shape, morally, mentally, socially. Schools and colleges are thus parts of the machinery by means of which society keeps from going to pieces, as it would go to pieces if anarchy ruled from the cradle up. Particularly on the moral and social side, the college — dealing, as it does, with the immature — has a good deal of responsibility for the maintenance of wholesome conditions, though, as 'boys must be risked, if there are to be men,' not even the college has to play either nurse or policeman — far from it. On the other hand, the enormous and miscellaneous enrollment of the largest institutions justifies — nay, requires — a definite endeavor to provide, without forcing, a finer type of social influence than is apt, in present-day America, to provide itself. This is, however, a separate problem, which I cannot now undertake to discuss. On the intellectual side, with which I am especially concerned, the colleges have adopted an attitude and installed a mechanism which are, in my judgment, irrelevant and damaging. They are too conventional — too narrow in social and intellectual outlook, too credulous of the efficacy of machinery. Individuality should not be suppressed while it is being trained; human institutions are so defective and society so far from being really civilized that criticism ought to form an active element in education at every stage — criticism of ethics, politics, institutions, and so forth. Youthful radicalism is better than youthful smugness.

Moreover, colleges are prone to overestimate what they can accomplish by regimentation. High standards cannot be attained by conforming to requirements — so many hours, units, courses, testimonials, of this, that, or another sort. Again, nobody is wise enough and well informed enough, no matter how many secretaries, questionnaires, or colored cards he has at his disposal, to fathom the individual student and direct him to the course, the teacher, or the social niche supposedly preordained for him; nor would the student be educated if the trick could be done. Education and *ad hoc* training have simply nothing to do with one another; they are, rather, at daggers' points. Genuine education involves effort, risks, and some lost motion. The requirements of school and college will never educate a student unless he

consistently, persistently, and more or less in his own way tries to educate himself. Nevertheless, however these things may be decided, wherever the lines are drawn, schools and colleges do have some sort of parental responsibility for school pupils and college students.

A graduate school has, in my opinion, no parental responsibility whatsoever; it has no disciplinary responsibility. On the contrary, it ought to be the most skeptical and inquiring of intellectual agencies. It takes nothing on faith — neither Newtonian laws of gravitation, Darwinian theories of evolution, germ theory, Kantian ethics, democratic institutions, wisdom of the fathers, virtues of the jury system, nor anything else. Under the heaviest sense of responsibility for the truth, and therefore with the exercise of the utmost care of which the human mind is capable, the university is concerned to pursue the search for truth, wherever the search lead, and to train young men to find it, respect it, teach it, and, if need be, die for it. Only so can the vast forces which are latent in the human mind and which are being released from nature be brought to work for the general good.

No matter how broadly one conceives school and college, there would seem to be some real incongruity between the purposes for which boys and girls are sent to college and the purposes for which men and women resort to universities; between the objects which lurk in the back of the teacher's head in high school and college and the objects which are in the forefront of the student's own head in the graduate school of a university. Of course the two stages cannot be distinguished by a sharp line; but there is a genuine difference — the college to the very end, though decreasingly, being responsible for the boy, the university having no responsibility save to truth. Organization, as loose, to be sure, as possible, but still organization for ends important to the *student* — that is the keynote of school and college; freedom, detachment, or shifting forms of organization calculated to run down and hand on the *truth* — that is a different thing, and that is the keynote of a modern university.

IV

As matters now stand, however, college and university, undergraduate department and graduate department, are so intertwined as to be more or less indistinguishable. Let us for the moment ignore pharmacy, dentistry, schools of business, correspondence departments, the radio, and athletics — activities that do not now conspicuously involve the search for truth or the training of men to carry on the search for truth. Strong-minded workers can perhaps be oblivious of these academic addenda — just as they must learn not to notice many other annoyances and irrelevancies. But look at the things they may not ignore; look at the things they are expected to do. In the first place, in so far as subject-matter is concerned, courses are commonly divided into three groups — courses primarily designed for undergraduates, courses open equally to undergraduates and to graduates, courses primarily designed for graduates. Graduates are sometimes found in the first group; both graduates and undergraduates are found in the second group; occasionally undergraduates may be found in the third group. If, as I have urged, the dominant aim of the graduate school is essentially different from the dominant aim of the undergraduate school, such overlapping is bound to confuse both teacher and student. In the competition of methods, the under-

graduate usually wins; forms of organization and accounting, methods of discipline and presentation, appropriate to the undergraduate student-body, have thus to a large extent permeated the graduate school; majors, minors, units, attendance records, course examinations, — all the paraphernalia which the American college overemphasizes in its endeavor to handle an unwieldy and heterogeneous undergraduate body, — creep into the graduate school, because where graduate and undergraduate, superior and inferior, are mixed the lower type tends to determine the 'set-up.'

Again, the teaching personnel discharges a double or a triple rôle. In one course the instructor, dealing as he does with undergraduates only, is the shepherd, charged with some responsibility for guiding the members of his flock; in a second the same instructor may have to teach boys and to unsettle men; in the third the same individual is a high priest, concerned with criticizing, transmitting, and increasing knowledge, with no personal responsibility whatsoever for the men and women who freely choose to hear him and heed him or not, as they please. Few individuals find the three rôles equally possible or congenial. Between the two attitudes involved there is an inherent incompatibility, with the result that, compelled to choose, the teacher as a rule — not always — selects or drops into the lower rôle; that is, he is apt to fall into a stride befitting an instructor rather than to strike the pace befitting a fearless pioneer. Meanwhile the material used or presented, despite the mechanical type of school organization, smacks of the graduate interest. The teachers are university heads conducting seminars, or recent Ph.D.'s looking forward to university promotion. Scholarship in technical form and aspect has thus invaded the college years — witness the highly specialized character of the 'courses' offered. Thus, while school organization and school responsibility have crept into the graduate departments, specialization has seeped down from above into the secondary period.

Not infrequently in the strongest universities able scientists and scholars find themselves crushed by the uninteresting routine connected either with undergraduate teaching or, what may be more irksome, with graduate teaching organized in the undergraduate spirit. Some men do both well, spending themselves conscientiously much of the time on undergraduate routine, and then, in carefully hoarded minutes, forgetting themselves in the quest for truth and in irresponsible intercourse with a small number of workers really worth their while. Finally, a few workers, as I have already stated, succeed in making special terms which protect them against the irrelevancies by which their colleagues are distracted in the effort to lead successfully a double intellectual life. The resulting situation was neatly summed up recently in an after-dinner talk by the dean of one of the most populous of graduate schools: 'The college is a high school and the graduate school has become a college.' Thus, at a time when scholarly and scientific work has become of greater importance than ever before, the career of scholar and scientist is, by the pressure of numbers and organization, being made in some ways more difficult and less attractive.

V

I suspect I can anticipate the first objection that will be made to the foregoing argument: I shall be told that I am pleading for the transformation of the graduate school into a research institute, which, if accomplished,

will leave a large hiatus immediately after the college.

That is not, however, the form in which I visualize the situation. Research is, to be sure, a main function of the graduate school; but teaching as well as research is the business of the university professor. He is, however, the same kind of person, both as teacher and investigator. He does not stand in one attitude as teacher and in another as investigator — as he must, if he is to be at one moment a college teacher, shepherding boys, and subsequently a university professor, stimulating men. Alike as teacher and investigator, the university professor is relentlessly and irresponsibly critical — of himself as he is of others. His students are presumably mature men and women released from the control of family, school, and college. All that precept, regulation, and example can do to form character and purpose has been done. Henceforth they are responsible for themselves. Teaching students at this stage imposes no parental or pedagogical responsibility upon the university professor; he is there to offer the student opportunity to learn, opportunity to develop himself and his chosen subject. Such teaching is no easy undertaking; it is no mere incident to a life of research. The university teacher must master his field and keep abreast of it; in lectures, seminars, or otherwise, he must present this material so as to orient and stimulate his hearers; he must to a reasonable extent be accessible for conference to students who are competent and serious. But while in this sense it is his responsibility to teach, it is the student's sole responsibility to learn. When a professor has been at pains to present material coherently and to stimulate inquiry, his responsibilities end; the student takes it or leaves it as he can and will.

Let us try to be concrete. Hebrew, history, chemistry, and mathematics — it is not difficult to conceive how a real university professor would handle these. He is himself primarily interested in Semitic lore, in historical or chemical investigation, in mathematical speculation and research; if he have not such interest and capacity, he is no proper university professor at all. His students, however broadly grounded in high school and college in general history, general science, and modern languages, cannot at once participate at his highest level. It is, therefore, his business as teacher to give them such guidance and inspiration as will enable them by *their* efforts — not his — to attain the upper level. He offers lecture courses, practical exercises, and the like, in the process of which they can acquire technique, become familiar with literature, get some sense of the problems ahead. If they have capacity and industry, they will accomplish something; if they lack capacity or industry, they will fail. He would like them to succeed; he will in one or another way help those who try; but he will be neither nurse nor policeman. As they succeed, they progressively undertake more fundamental and independent tasks.

So much for subjects in the field of mere scholarship or mere science. But the point I am making — namely, that the university professor is a teacher in the highest sense as well as an investigator — comes out most clearly in connection with the professional faculties, medicine, law, or theology. Here, obviously, instruction has also a practical end — the making of doctors, lawyers, and preachers. But the university attitude and function remain essentially the same. A certain grouping and ordering of studies must, to be sure, be effected; and, as art is long and time is fleeting, a limited amount of

arrangement with reference to practical ends must be introduced. But the amount of oversight required is in America greatly exaggerated. If the student is really mature, trained, capable, and industrious — and he never will be, unless some institution treats him as if he were! — he needs only the same sort of guidance and stimulus that his fellow student gets in Semitics or history or mathematics. The faculty advises him as to the general arrangement and progress of his legal or medical studies; offers him facilities, opportunities, and counsel in the laboratories, the clinics, and the library — and there its duty and responsibility cease. It is his business to profit or not, as he will and can. Having done so much for him, — and it is no mean contribution of time and thought which the professor thus makes to the student, — the professor goes back to his reading, his researches, and the company of those who have won the privilege of intimate association; he must not be asked or expected to lead as teacher a life that destroys or seriously impairs his life as thinker and investigator. Under the most favorable circumstances, the needs of schools, colleges, and industry for highly trained teachers and investigators will bear heavily upon the university; the burden can be lightened, first, by elimination of the college, next, by throwing upon the advanced student himself a much larger share of responsibility than he is wont to carry under our present mixed system.

Thus, both in theory and in practice, the university must offer sound, effective, and devoted teaching; on the other hand, neither in theory nor in practice ought the university to adopt a coddling or parental attitude, whether the student be aiming at a Ph.D. in order to teach, an M.D. in order to become a practitioner of medicine, or at a research career. All alike have outgrown, or at any rate should be treated as if they had outgrown, the discipline of the secondary school and college with their pedagogical technique and devices; for, as I have urged, secondary school and college are deliberately attempting within certain limits to mould personalities in connection with the teaching of subjects, while the university looks beyond persons to objective ends — skill, knowledge, and truth. I repeat that the college will do well to be as critical as it may, for there should be no abrupt break between college and university, between college and life. But at best the college works under certain limitations and employs certain calculated procedures to which the graduate school should be more than indifferent.

VI

If the argument is up to this point sound, certain inferences respecting the organization of higher education in the United States may be drawn. The graduate school and the college now overlap. Unquestionably this overlapping may to some extent stimulate college faculty and college students. But, on the other hand, it tends both to draw the college away from its proper function and to lower the plane of graduate-school activities. The two institutions should not therefore be merged, either educationally or even geographically — just as little as a Continental *Gymnasium* or *lycée* should be prefixed to a Continental university. Contiguity or merging involves, perhaps insidiously, the common use of staff and facilities. And the moment the university thus lends itself in part to the disciplinary and directive business of the secondary school, the university itself suffers. No matter how resolutely the American graduate school intertwined with a

college should determine to preserve its own proper attitude, sooner or later convenience, economy, or good nature would lead to trespassing.

I hold, therefore, that on the whole the intellectual interests of all parties are likely to be promoted by the detachment of the graduate school from the undergraduate college. The present situation is of historic, not logical origin; *were Johns Hopkins or the University of Chicago to be founded to-day instead of in 1876 or 1892, respectively, I hazard the guess that neither would possess an undergraduate department.* But this does not mean that universities can now suddenly abolish their undergraduate colleges. Already the cry is heard that the college is being stifled by the university. A general movement must, therefore, and should wait on a successful demonstration.

Conditions are, however, surely ripe for an experiment. And an experiment is fortunately in sight. Johns Hopkins University has announced a policy looking to the elimination of the first two college years and the A.B. degree, and the creation of a university faculty devoting itself to university work. Whether an institution can go so far without going farther, whether the last two years of the present college will not also be sloughed off or at least telescoped, remains to be seen; but in any case it will be interesting to watch the outcome. It is a distinct move — the first distinct move — in the right direction. Should the experiment succeed, it will be a godsend to serious students, who will be enabled to work out their own salvation, free from all the academic red tape which a graduate school partially identified with a college cannot, perhaps, help employing; and it will be a paradise for creative scholars and scientists who — still teachers, to be sure — will be free of all parental responsibility for their students. That freedom will not occasionally be disastrous to students, I should not maintain. But parental care must some day cease, whatever the result. Indeed, it is open to doubt how much good is accomplished by parental oversight beyond adolescence. But no matter: no possible advantage to the weakling can justify a parental attitude on the part of a modern university.

Will there be any students in a graduate school which is not fed by its own undergraduate college? Johns Hopkins, in its early days, attracted a rare group; but there was no competition — it had the field to itself. In our own day, however, the strong professional schools pull students across the college line. Witness the Harvard Law School and a few outstanding schools of medicine; so also Millikan, Hale, and Noyes attract a large body of advanced workers in physics, astronomy, and chemistry to the remote California Institute of Technology. I do not believe that 'loyalty' will keep the best students at their old colleges against the magnetic influence of an eminent man offering genuine and undiluted university opportunities somewhere else. The American student will learn to wander when there is something substantial to be gained by wandering.

Another pertinent question is suggested by the mere mention of 'loyalty.' Will America finance institutions whose services are not largely local, institutions that have outgrown their collegiate alumni; finance them, too, on a salary scale that will make teaching and research — what they are rarely now — bearable careers? It will be interesting to see whether the public can be educated to appreciation of the broader, rather than the narrower, view. Assuredly, as democracy

needs intellectual distinction, it would be fatal to prejudge the issue by exhibiting too timorous a spirit.

It is not only the undergraduate years and undergraduate ways that must disappear under the conditions I have discussed. If the university is to be an isle of safety for scholars and students, certain other things will be eliminated, too. In its simplest form, the university is extensive and complex enough, with professional schools like law and medicine of indisputable intellectual quality, and chairs devoted to higher teaching and research in science, history, language, and so forth. There is nothing to gain and much to lose by including in such a university scheme schools of dentistry, pharmacy, journalism, business, and perhaps, as things are now going in many institutions, education. For the university's interests should be fundamental; the schools above named are as yet too practical, too empirical, to deserve inclusion. Needless to say, the extramural and other features will disappear from this kind of university. All these things have their value; society requires the services; they must therefore be arranged for, but somewhere else — partly, perhaps largely, I imagine, in universities of the present comprehensive type. Meanwhile the severer type of university does not cease to render service; on the contrary, it withdraws from the immediate, obvious, pressing, and readily appreciated, in order the better to do the important, difficult, and thankless.

Thus the range of certain universities, at any rate, would be greatly reduced; moreover, modern science and scholarship being what they are, these universities would be very irregular affairs. Men, money, and facilities do not come together in such ways as to make it possible to have a nicely rounded institution at the highest level. No single science would be completely represented anywhere; still less, all sciences; and institutions most concerned with science would almost inevitably be less adequately developed on the humanistic side — and vice versa. This has always been the case in Germany, where these things have, on the whole, been hitherto best managed. It is likely to be more strikingly the case in future, as the possibilities latent in every subject multiply. Nor does it greatly matter: the very incompleteness of single institutions will force all real universities in the higher sense to view themselves as parts of one great organic whole.

SPECULATION AND INVESTMENT

BY EDGAR LAWRENCE SMITH

I

A CANDIDATE for a position in the statistical department of a security house, when asked to define the difference between stocks and bonds, replied with confidence that stocks were speculative while bonds were conservative investments. Needless to say, he was not employed. Yet his answer was only a naïve expression of opinions quite generally held.

To 'speculate,' as defined by the Standard Dictionary, is 'to make an investment involving a risk, but with hope of gain.' No definition is provided for making an investment involving a risk but *without* hope of gain.

Many investors regard a clearly defined opportunity to enhance the principal value of their investments as a temptation against which they should turn their backs and close their ears. As a consequence, they are led to regard the act of renouncing all likelihood of capital gain as a virtue and of itself an assurance that they are avoiding all traces of speculation.

This accounts in part for the popularity of bonds as conservative investments. Investors have been encouraged by their legal and financial advisors to believe that all risk of loss has been removed from a bond issued by a company of the highest credit standing, through ironclad, trial-tested mortgage clauses, and that therefore it is conservative to invest in such bonds at prices that practically preclude any possibility of enhancing the values in their capital account. The less the possibility of profit, the more conservative the investment — the more conservative the investment, the less the possibility of profit. Thus runs the cycle of argument which they are expected to accept as self-evident, requiring no statistical support.

To the extent that law and language are competent to remove risks from mortgage bonds, they may have been removed. But the chief risk connected with the long-term holding of bonds or mortgages has not been removed from a majority of issues. (The minority, which contain suitable conversion-privileges, are exempt from the principal investment risks, as will be shown later on in this article.) The chief risk lies in the field of economics, beyond the reach of mortgage clauses to control. It lies, on the one hand, in the nature of the dollar, and, on the other hand, in long-term changes in the general level of interest rates, and consequently in the prices at which bonds are bought and sold.

In my studies recently published under the title *Common Stocks as Long Term Investments*, considerable space is given to the elements of risk inherent in a majority of bonds and mortgages, but for the purposes of this article the following examples, bereft of their technicalities, will suffice.

Among the most conservative bond issues which could have been purchased in April 1902, were Atchison, Topeka

and Santa Fe General 4 per cent bonds, due 1995, and New York Central and Hudson River Railroad 3½ per cent bonds, due 1997. Let us assume that a conservative investor purchased one each of these bonds in that month. Let us further assume that he was forced to realize on them in July 1920 because of heavy payments which he had to meet in that month. His loss in dollars would have been as follows: —

	Purchase Price April 1902	Sales Price July 1920	Loss in Dollars
Atchison 4's	$1035	$710	$325
N. Y. Central 3½'s	1090	620	470
Total Loss in Dollars			$795

This loss was due to no change in the credit position of the issuing companies, but was entirely due to a change in the general level of interest rates, which had risen almost continuously during the period named, so that bonds yielding a low rate could not maintain their principal value in competition with newer issues which were placed on the market at a higher rate.

The per cent of the purchase price lost was, for the Atchison 4's, 31 per cent and, for the N. Y. Central 3½'s, 42.9 per cent. But this was not the whole loss sustained by the investor, for during the period from 1902 to 1920 the general level of prices had risen almost constantly, so that in each succeeding year a dollar became less effective in providing the necessaries of life. According to figures prepared by the U. S. Department of Labor, the dollar in 1920 had only 37 per cent of the purchasing power of the dollar of 1902. So our investor had not only lost dollars, but had further sustained a loss through the shrinkage in purchasing power of the dollars which remained to him. Taking his two forms of loss together, he would have lost over 74 per cent of the purchasing power of the principal of his investment in Atchison bonds and over 78 per cent of the purchasing power of his investment in New York Central bonds. And none of this rather extreme loss would have been due to any impairment in the credit position of either of these companies.

These illustrations focus attention on two elements of risk that exist even in the highest grade of bonds in addition to the element which is given most prominence by a majority of those who offer bonds for sale: (1) depreciation of the dollar; (2) a general increase in current interest rates.

The third element which exists in some degree in all bonds and is most frequently discussed is: (3) the changing credit position of the debtor company.

The credit position of a company is subject to change over a period of years, either through changes in management or policies, or through changes in the underlying price, wage, social, or industrial factors on which the prosperity of the company depends.

In the case of the two bonds cited, we have instances of heavy loss in principal value sustained by the holder of bonds of the highest character, due to an increase in the general interest rate and a coincident lowering of the purchasing power of the dollar. There was no weakening of the credit position of the issuing companies. These bonds have since recovered a part of their price loss due to a falling in the general interest rate since 1920, and have further regained a part of their lost principal value through an increase in the purchasing power of the dollar. But it may be many years before a holder of these bonds purchased in 1902 will recover the full purchasing power of the funds originally invested.

If, then, the purchaser of the two bonds cited was persuaded to accept the low annual return which they offered and to forgo any probability of gain in principal, on the ground that all risk of loss had been removed, he did not receive what he paid for. The risk still remained. We could not have classed him as a speculator, because his purchase did not coincide with the definition of speculation, but was

rather the act for which no definition is given, that of making an investment involving a risk but *without* hope of gain.

II

The aim of investment, as opposed to speculation, is to eliminate risk, on the basis of a thorough understanding of the nature of the risks involved in different mediums through which funds may be profitably employed.

There are two ways in which this can be done, both of which presuppose a clear understanding of the fact that every investment, no matter what its character, is, by itself, subject to special hazards. The science of investment, like that of insurance, consists of appraising the character of unavoidable risks and of neutralizing them through combination.

The first method is through diversifying investments, where the relative risks of individual securities cannot be clearly defined, but where, in combination, the probability of gain for the whole fund invested equals or exceeds the probability of loss. The second method applies where the character of the risk is clearly definable, and may be neutralized by creating a balanced investment position. Informed, disinterested judgment is essential to each method, and the purchase of a single security cannot be wisely made except in its relation to the investor's total resources, purposes, and commitments.

With regard to investments in common stocks, speculation may be reduced, and in the end eliminated, through diversification. Principal invested in the common stock of a single corporation is subject to the temporary hazard of hard times, and may be permanently lost as the result of a radical change in the arts or of poor corporate management. But changes in the arts or poor management have never permanently affected adversely all the leading companies in the principal essential industries. By spreading the risk through diversified holdings in such companies, it has been found that risks of this character are effectively eliminated through the application of the same principles which make the writing of fire and life insurance policies profitable. The law of averages has been found to favor such a diversified holding of common stocks.

It happens, however, that, while intelligent diversification in common stocks eliminates the special hazards relating to the holding of a single stock, diversification in bonds does not accomplish the same result, for the reason that all nonconvertible bonds are subject to the *same* hazards, which are therefore not reduced by increasing the number of different bonds held. This can be brought out clearly by comparing bonds with contracts for the future delivery of a commodity, instruments whose speculative character is quite generally understood, but whose investment attributes are not so well known. The comparison will serve two purposes. First, it may present a somewhat different picture of the bond to those who have thought of it only as a highly secured credit instrument. Second, it will serve to illustrate how, through the balancing of risks, a single transaction of a speculative character may be offset by another transaction, with the result that the two, in combination, cease to be speculative and become investments.

III

There are hardly two instruments which, at first glance, appear to be so entirely dissimilar in character as a contract for the future delivery of cotton and a high-grade first-mortgage railroad bond. The 'Cotton Future,' as it is usually termed, is distinctly an

instrument of speculation. A large part of the business of the cotton exchange is speculative. The purchase of a contract for the future delivery of cotton by the average individual is not an investment, and can never be so regarded. Yet there are circumstances under which the purchase of a Cotton Future becomes an investment of the most conservative sort.

Bonds, on the other hand, constitute in current opinion the preëminent conservative investment security, and a majority of those who purchase bonds do so to avoid speculation. The greater volume of bonds now outstanding are held as long-term investments, and properly so. Yet there are circumstances under which the purchase of a long-term bond of the highest character can be regarded only as a speculation.

These two instruments, then, — the bond and the contract for the future delivery of cotton, — seem in the main totally dissimilar, and yet upon examination they are found to have certain points of striking similarity.

A bond, after all, is no more than a contract for the future delivery of dollars. A dollar is, by definition, a certain weight of a certain commodity of a certain grade. The commodity is gold; the grade is 9/10 fine; the weight is 25.8 grammes.

The coupons on a bond are a series of contracts for the future delivery of smaller numbers of dollars at regular intervals. The bond itself is a contract for the delivery of a much larger number of dollars at a single distant future date.

A cotton contract likewise calls for the future delivery of a commodity. The commodity is cotton; the grade is middling; the weight is 100 bales of 500 pounds each.

The weight and grade of the dollar and of the cotton bale are both established by governmental enactment.

If you buy a cotton contract or a bond and are in a position to secure fulfillment of the terms of each, you are entitled to receive exactly what the government has defined each to represent. Essentially they are quite similar, except in the length of time that they customarily run before becoming enforceable, and in the bulk and durability of the commodities involved. Both are frequently sold before they mature, upon terms influenced more by outside conditions than by changes in the credit position of those who have contracted to make the specified future deliveries. Cotton contracts are liquidated in part through the cancellation of one contract against another. Thus also are the greater number of bonds and other dollar contracts liquidated.

There is as much misunderstanding of cotton futures as there is of bonds. This results, from time to time, in agitation for prohibiting the dealing in contracts for the future delivery of cotton, on the ground that contracts are created for the future delivery of a far greater number of bales of cotton than exist. In this respect, however, they do not differ from bonds, for there are outstanding, in the form of bonds and other maturing obligations, contracts for the future delivery of a far greater number of dollars than exist. And yet the propriety of buying and selling bonds has never been questioned, and never should be. Under sound regulatory measures, there is no less economic need for a free market in cotton contracts than there is for a broad bond market.

IV

When a cotton mill buys contracts for the future delivery of cotton to offset other contracts into which it has entered for the future delivery of manufactured cotton goods, its investment

in cotton futures is one of conservatism — an insurance against loss which might arise from being without cotton contracted to be delivered.

When a trust company or an insurance company buys bonds, against its own promises to pay dollars at a future date, it is likewise acting in accordance with the highest principles of conservatism. It is insuring itself against loss which might arise from being without dollars it has contracted to deliver.

When, however, an individual, not engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods, nor having any commitments in terms of cotton, buys a contract for the future delivery of one hundred bales of cotton, he is speculating on the future value of cotton in terms of dollars. And similarly, to a greater extent than is usually believed, when an individual, not engaged in banking or insurance and having no present commitments to pay a fixed number of dollars at a future date, buys a bond which promises him only a certain number of future dollars, *he is speculating, whether he realizes it or not, on the future value of dollars in terms of cotton* (among other things), or rather on the exchange value of dollars in terms of those commodities and goods which he or his family may require — the cost of living.

The situation existing under these two forms of speculation may be expressed in terms familiar to the speculative markets as follows: an individual purchaser of Cotton Futures goes long of cotton and short of dollars; an individual purchaser of bonds goes long of dollars and short of the cost of living.

A careful appraisal of underlying conditions may justify either position from a speculative point of view. And if the personal situation of the holder of either bonds or cotton contracts is such that each offsets another hazard, either may be regarded as a pure investment or insurance against loss, but in the absence of such a balanced situation they are both speculative in nature.

Thus it has happened that an individual's investment in bonds of the highest credit rating in 1902 has proved progressively an unfortunate speculation in terms of the cost of living throughout the intervening years, because each year, with but few exceptions, the dollar has lost in purchasing power.

True — if, as many believe (though some do not), the cost of living may be counted on, in the years ahead, continuously to fall, then the holders of bonds may expect to profit progressively at the expense of the issuing companies. It must not be overlooked, however, that long-term movements in the general price level constitute as much of a speculation for corporations issuing bonds as they do for bondholders. A long-term fall in commodity prices results for many heavily bonded corporations in an increasing difficulty to make adequate margins of profit out of which to meet interest payments and set aside reserves for the retirement of their bonds as they mature. As a consequence, our longest period of falling prices culminated in a period of high mortality among heavily bonded corporations (1893–1896). It is one thing for corporations to refund a bond issue when, through depreciating currency, the replacement value (in dollars) of the properties which are pledged as security is greater than their original cost, and quite another when conditions are reversed. Hence, if falling prices are to be expected, investors must exercise greater care in appraising the credit risk of bond-issuing corporations than has been needed in the past quarter-century.

A protracted falling in the general price level has been accompanied, in the past, by a reduction in the general

level of interest rates. Such a movement in the future would be to the marked advantage of bondholders at the expense of the issuing corporations, as it would be accompanied by a rise in the price at which bonds could be sold on the open market. Thus an investor, buying a bond on a five to six per cent yield basis, might expect to make a handsome profit if he foresaw a fall in general interest rates justifying a future market for the bond on a yield basis of from three to four per cent. Such a tendency in the general interest level is not at present beyond reasonable expectation. In any event, its possibility has been foreseen by a majority of corporations which have floated bond issues in recent years. As a result of sound financial counsel, practically all recent issues contain a clause under which the company retains the right to redeem its bonds at a slight premium over par. This provision is wise from the point of view of the issuing company, as it serves to limit the speculative advantage which a holder of its bonds may obtain at the company's expense, if underlying conditions turn definitely in favor of the holder and against the company. It serves, in the language of the Street, as a 'stop-loss order,' in favor of the company, in connection with the long-term speculation in general prices which the company enters into with the holders of its long-term bonds.

There are, however, comparatively few bonds containing a provision by which the holder may convert the bond into common stock, should future conditions tend definitely in favor of the company at the expense of the bondholder. In the absence of such provisions, the bondholder must suffer the full losses entailed in continuously rising prices accompanied by a rise in general interest rates. No 'stop-loss order' has been placed on his behalf.

The great market to-day for bonds, and the market in which speculation is eliminated, is to be found in savings banks, insurance companies, and other financial institutions. These institutions render services of extraordinary value to the community. Their business consists of creating dollar commitments. Their safest form of investment is consequently in bonds and other dollar obligations. It follows that there is a very great and, at present, a very rapidly expanding market for bonds of the highest credit standing, without conversion privileges — a market that it will be hard for bond-issuing corporations to satisfy.

Thus no present need exists for corporations to depart from their present practice of protecting themselves against too marked a future change in price level and general interest rates while giving their bondholders no equivalent protection. The greatest buyers of bonds already have such protection in the very nature of their business.

But individuals or estates whose investments are made with the happiness and comfort of families as their object, or educational and charitable institutions whose endowments are invested to assist in defraying operating expenses at whatever price level may prevail in future years, should ponder well the form of security in which their funds are invested, should carefully consider the effect of possible changes in fundamental conditions upon the relation of future income to future outgo. The only means by which such investors may avoid speculation is through the neutralization of unavoidable hazards, by diversification, and through establishing a true balance between the nature of their future commitments and the nature of their investment holdings.

THE TURKISH STATE OF MIND

BY ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

I

THE present state of mind of the Turks is revolutionary. This feature of it must have struck every foreign observer who has visited Angora within the past five or six years (as the present writer visited it in April 1923, during the interval between the first and second phases of the Lausanne Conference). In this improvised seat of government in the drowsy interior of Anatolia, the hum and stir of revolution is unmistakable. The place is alive with that demoniac energy — part defensive and part constructive — which is awakened in bees when their hive is disturbed or in ants when some intruder places a clumsy foot upon the ant's nest. In this atmosphere you are conscious of the France of 1793 and of all the revolutions between that date and this in the Old World and the New. The men of Angora are themselves consciously inspired by the French Revolutionary ideas of a century ago; and formulæ which to contemporary Frenchmen seem platitudes or fallacies are to them exciting and dynamic verities.

A closer inspection, however, reveals that this is not an 'evolutionary revolution' (if such an apparently contradictory expression may be allowed). Most of the famous revolutions of history have been revolutionary only on the surface. Superficially, there has been an explosion, and a violent breach with the past; but, deeper down, the changes thus suddenly made manifest have usually been maturing for generations past, and the revolutionary symptoms which fill the foreground at short range fade away, on a larger view, into a hardly perceptible acceleration of a continuous development. Such were the English, American, and French Revolutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the last analysis, the changes which they introduced were all stages in a single line of advance. The Turkish Revolution, on the other hand, is revolutionary through and through. The very consciousness of French precedent and inspiration is due to the fact that whatever is French, or indeed whatever is Western, is ipso facto not the Turk's natural background and therefore is not something which the Turk can take for granted. The true parallels to the present Turkish Revolution are not the historic revolutions in England, America, and France — which, after all, were family affairs within the bosom of Western society — but those spiritual conversions, those abandonments of one civilization or way of life and adoptions of another, of which the most familiar modern examples are the 'Westernization' of Russia by Peter the Great and of the Greek nation by the Greeks themselves in the eighteenth century, and of Japan in the nineteenth century by the deliberate act of a few Japanese statesmen.

The best way to realize the greatness of the mental change involved is to

remind ourselves of the mental background and outlook of an educated Turk in, say, 1525, when Suleiman the Magnificent was on the eve of conquering Hungary and laying siege to Vienna. Let us imagine ourselves face to face with one of Suleiman's ministers of state or high military officers or provincial governors-general. In 1525 these coveted posts were not to be had by influence or intrigue, still less by the possession of a Parisian accent or a Western education. They could be won only by going through the mill of an intensive and intensely competitive education, which began at the age of seven (when the candidates were torn away from their families, as Plato proposed to do with the children who were to be trained as guardians of his ideal Republic) and which ended at about the age of twenty in the case of those who had not in the meantime been rejected as unfit for the highest posts and been assigned to some inferior branch of the military and civil services.

The training given during this long course was extremely varied. At an early stage the boys were attached to the households of Turkish feudal squires in Asia Minor, in order that their character and physique might be developed by working on the land. Later they were collected in the military academies of the capital, where they led a corporate life under iron discipline and were given as thorough an education in classical literature as in the arts of war and government. At every stage the system was vigorously selective and competitive. In this and in its austerity it resembled the educational system of ancient Sparta; but the Osmanli, unlike the Spartan, lawgiver made use of the financial incentive by rewarding efficiency with increased rates of pay, and he did not overvalue the body in comparison with the mind. Indeed, in his respect for literary education he came nearer to the liberalized version of the Spartan system which was conceived by Plato; and there is some irony in the fact — which is a sober truth and not a paradox — that the education given by the Ottoman Government to the 'tribute-children' taken from the subject Christians (the source from which the rulers of the Ottoman Empire at this time were drawn) was the nearest approximation to Plato's ideal that has ever yet been actually realized on Greek soil.

There was nothing Greek, however, about the origin of these Turkish institutions, remarkable though their analogies with the Platonic Republic and with Sparta were. This system of training, which in its zenith made the Ottoman Empire the most efficient and therefore the most powerful state in the world, was brought, by the founders of the empire, from the distant steppes of Central Asia, where the composite nomadic communities of men, horses, dogs, and cattle could not survive a single season unless all their members, human and animal, were sternly trained from infancy to perform their several functions in coöperation. Again, the literary education with which the wisdom of the Osmanli lawgiver had supplemented the simple training of the steppes, in order to fit the descendants of the nomad conquerors to hold their own in a more complicated environment, was not based on the ancient languages of Greece or Rome or on the contemporary vernaculars of Western Europe. It was a study of the Arabic and Persian classics and of the Islamic culture which they embodied — a culture which, it is true, had many points of contact with that of the West, but which in essence had followed a separate line of growth since either had emerged from the débris of Hellenism.

This training — created by the blending of several historical experiences, but to which little or nothing had been contributed by the experience of either Oriental or Western Christendom — led the Ottoman governing class of the sixteenth century to look down, with a sense of superiority tempered by detachment, upon the Oriental Christian peasants over whom they ruled and upon the Western Christian merchants whom they admitted, on sufferance, as strangers within their gates. The peasants were known as *Ra'iyyat*, or 'human cattle,' — a term which the Osmanlis borrowed from the Arab conquerors of the first age of Islam, just as the present British rulers of India have borrowed it, in the garbled form of 'Ryot,' from the Osmanlis' kinsmen, the Mughals, — and the Osmanli rulers felt toward them much as their forefathers had felt toward the real cattle on which their nomadic livelihood had depended. They were to be protected by the Pax Ottomanica from being raided by the owners of neighboring herds, and in season they were to be milked and shorn by their lords and masters. Otherwise they might go their own way and graze at will. As for the Western traders whose settlements were tolerated at a few points in the Ottoman Empire, such as Constantinople, Smyrna, Aleppo, and Alexandria, the sixteenth-century Osmanli regarded them as the nomad regards the sedentary hucksters and craftsmen in the rare oases which break the uniformity of his pasture lands — a despicable but not a dangerous people, who know how to produce those few commodities which the nomad cannot make for himself in his otherwise self-contained mode of existence, and with whom intercourse is therefore to be maintained, though on very distant terms.

It will be seen that three hundred years ago — and three centuries is not a long period in the history of a community — the Western inspiration, which to-day is the dynamic force in the life of the Turkish ruling class, played no part in their life at all. The only common ground between Osmanlis and Westerners at that date was in the art of war, in which new inventions are always borrowed more rapidly than in other departments of social life, because the penalty for not borrowing them is political extinction; and here the Osmanlis gave to the West at least as much as they took from her. They borrowed the artillery with which they breached the walls of Constantinople and overthrew the cavalry of Shah Isma'il and the Mamluks. They gave to Europe, though they started as an equestrian people, the first regular infantry which she had known since the disappearance of the Roman legions. Their influence upon the military development of the West can be traced in the uniforms of eighteenth and nineteenth century Western armies and in a number of exotic military terms, like 'Uhlan,' 'dolman,' or 'shako.' The monuments of their military ascendancy can be seen in a museum — once the Byzantine Church of St. Irene — within the precincts of the Sultan's palace in Stamboul, where morions, breasts-and-backs, halberds, arquebuses, and all the other equipment with which our Western ancestors went forth to war in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can be seen to this day, piled up in amazing profusion, as trophies of battles in which the Osmanli (whose spoils of this date are not so common in Western museums) had proved himself the better fighting man.

II

Let us now pass over two centuries and a half and look at the rulers of the

Ottoman Empire in 1774, when the most momentous of the many Russo-Turkish wars had been concluded by the signature of an ignominious peace treaty. By this date the Ottoman institutions had grievously broken down — the ban upon the inheritance of honors and position, which had been the necessary corollary of a scientific selection and training of rulers, having proved too difficult for human nature — and the day of the Ottoman Empire had departed. The Osmanlis had been utterly beaten, on land and sea, by one Christian Power single-handed — and that not by any Power of the West, that fragment of Christendom which the Osmanlis had never succeeded in conquering, but by an Oriental Christian people, the coreligionists of the Osmanli's despised Oriental Christian 'cattle' and themselves not long ago the 'cattle' of the Osmanli's Tatar cousins on the Volga. By what arts had these Russian 'cattle' learned to defeat their traditional masters? This was the question which exercised every intelligent and patriotic Turk during the next generation, and there was no doubt about the true answer. The Russians had secured their triumph of 1774 because, for almost a century before that, they had been deliberately discarding their old barbaric methods of warfare and had been industriously adopting the methods of the West, which, since the day of Suleiman the Magnificent, had been imperceptibly but steadily forging ahead of the Ottoman Empire in the arts of war and peace alike. In the war of 1768–1774, the Osmanlis had been defeated not so much by the Russians as by the new Western weapons and tactics in Russian hands; and if they were to save the remnants of their Empire — now threatened on three sides by the Russians established on the Black Sea coast, by the Austrians pressing down the Danube, and by the French and English who had succeeded the Spaniards and Osmanlis as rival aspirants to the naval command of the Mediterranean — their only hope was to follow the Russian example. This gives the key to Turkish history from the signature of the Russo-Turkish peace treaty of Küchük Kainarja in 1774 down to that of the Armistice of Mudros on October 30, 1918.

During this period of nearly a century and a half, which terminated less than seven years ago, there were perpetual attempts in Turkey at 'reform' on Western lines, but these attempts were uniformly unsuccessful owing to certain fatal limitations in the mental standpoint from which they were made. All this time, the Turks were concentrating their efforts upon preserving the old bottles from which the old wine had long ago evaporated or leaked away; and, as if this misdirection of energy were not enough in itself to carry them further along the road to ruin, they attempted — of all methods! — to accomplish their object by pouring in successive doses of new wine! Almost all the Turkish 'reformers' of this period, from Sultans Selim III and Mahmud II at the beginning of it down to the founders of the Committee of Union and Progress at the end, were inspired by the same idea of adopting the new Western military technique in order to save the remaining institutions and the remaining territories of the old Ottoman Empire.

Inevitably, of course, the reforms spread beyond the strictly military sphere, since the maintenance of an army on the modern Western model is so expensive and so intricate a business that it demands certain standards of finance, hygiene, and higher education. Accordingly the building-up of a Westernized Turkish Army carried with it the development of Western schools of

medicine, law, and diplomacy — since, now that the Western Powers had the upper hand, it was necessary for the Turks to treat with them continually on equal or inferior terms instead of from time to time dictating conditions of peace. There were also one or two notable reformers who had a larger vision — for example, Midhat Pasha, whose career fell within the twenty years between the Crimean War and the accession of Abdul-Hamid, when the Ottoman Empire, temporarily relieved from the Russian menace and stimulated by her close association with the two most liberal of the West European Powers, had a better chance than either before or after of making the new wine and the old bottles agree together.

Midhat Pasha laid emphasis, not upon the Westernization of the Army, but upon that of the civil administration and the higher educational system; but even he was aiming at an impossible objective. He aspired, by these deeper reforms, to reconcile the non-Turkish elements in the Empire and to make loyal citizens out of seditious subject populations, and his best work was devoted — and therefore given in vain — to those then Ottoman provinces which now constitute the independent national states of Bulgaria and 'Iraq. He did not realize that you could not introduce some ingredients of the new wine into the old bottles without the remainder, and that this remainder included the idea of nationality — a fundamental principle of modern Western society which was bound, as it fermented in the cracked and perished tissues of the Ottoman Empire, to disrupt them sooner or later. The last act in his career — in which the veteran liberal statesman was outmanœuvred by the new Sultan, Abdul-Hamid, with his autocratic ideals — was to attempt the introduction of constitutional government, with a parliament composed of Greek and Serb and Bulgar deputies from Rumelia, Arab deputies from Syria, 'Iraq, and the Yemen, Bedawi deputies from the desert fringes, and Albanian and Kurdish deputies from the untamed mountains, as well as Turkish deputies from the homelands of the Osmanli Turkish people in Anatolia, Thrace, and Constantinople. He did not face the fact — though it stared him in the face in the history of a generation of political fiascos in the new Oriental Christian states of Greece and Serbia — that to introduce the highly specialized and exotic political institutions of the West into a non-Western state, even when it contained a nationally more or less homogeneous population, was a task almost too difficult for statesmanship to accomplish, and that, *a fortiori*, it was a sheer impossibility in an empire compounded of discordant nationalities with nothing in common in their political traditions except the adverse fact that Western institutions were equally alien to them all. Midhat's constitution would have perished even if Abdul-Hamid had not extinguished it in anticipation of its natural term; yet the Turkish reformers learned so little during the generation that followed Midhat's failure that the first act of the Committee of Union and Progress, when they overthrew the Hamidian autocracy in 1908, was to reinstate the constitution of 1876 and summon all the conflicting nationalities of the Empire once more to coöperate in a common parliamentary government as loyal Ottoman citizens.

The failure of the C. U. P. between 1908 and 1918 was more signal than Midhat's failure had been a generation earlier — partly because an unkind Fate gave them the time to carry their impossible experiment to its inevitably

disastrous conclusion, and partly because they had inherited Midhat's programme without his liberality of mind. When the non-Turkish nationalities of the Empire — themselves inspired by those Western influences which were now in flood tide — omitted to fall in with the policy of 'Ottomanization' and continued, as was only natural and human in the circumstances, to concentrate their hopes and efforts upon their own national self-development, the 'Young Turks' attempted to coerce them by those 'methods of barbarism' by which Mahmud II had disposed of the Janissaries and Mehmed 'Ali of the Mamluks. This reckless and reactionary policy steered the Ottoman Empire straight upon the rocks, where the hulk, battered by the storms of centuries, was dashed to pieces in the tempests of the Balkan War of 1912–13 and the Great War of 1914–18. By their programme of forcible Ottomanization the C. U. P. contrived not only to drive their remaining Christian subjects in the Balkan Peninsula to desperation, and so to call into existence a hostile coalition of the independent Balkan States, but also to alienate the Albanians, Kurds, Arabs, and other non-Turkish Muslim peoples of the Empire, who, but for this provocation, might not have been awakened to national consciousness for many years to come. Thus, while the Balkan War deprived Turkey of her last European provinces except the Thracian hinterland of Constantinople, the Great War deprived her of Arab and Kurdish provinces which in extent — though not in cultivable area or population — represented fully half of what had been Turkey-in-Asia. The Armistice signed at Mudros on October 30, 1918, placed the Allied Navies, including the Greek Navy, in command of the Straits and Constantinople, and the Allied Armies, under General Allenby, in command of the passes leading from Syria into Anatolia, while the Turkish forces which had survived General Allenby's crowning victory were to be demobilized and disarmed by Interallied control officers. The Ottoman Empire was unmistakably *in articulo mortis*. At that moment no one — and perhaps least of all the Turks themselves — suspected that the Turkish national state was on the eve of being born.

III

In reality, the situation created by the outcome of the Great War was more favorable to the Turkish people, as opposed to the Ottoman Empire, than any in which they had found themselves since they had abandoned their ancestral institutions and their glory had departed from them. To begin with, the Ottoman Empire was not the only empire which had foundered in the storm. The Russian Empire, which had been its most formidable enemy for a century and a half, had gone down with it and had been replaced by a strange new Power which was fighting desperately for its existence against the surviving Powers of the Entente, and which was therefore ready to make common cause with any enemies of the Tsardom or of Great Britain and France. Again, the German *Reich*, whose friendship had been only less dangerous to Turkey than the Russian Empire's enmity, was paralyzed by defeat, and the Germans who had installed themselves in Turkey during the war were now expelled by the victors. Finally, the victors themselves, for all their apparent omnipotence, were exhausted by the war, in the last phase of which they had been on the verge of defeat, and were concentrating their energies on imposing the severest possible peace-terms upon their principal opponent, Germany.

For all the Principal Allies, Turkey was a quite secondary concern, and they followed the line of least resistance in making Greece, who had local national aspirations to satisfy, their bailiff and executioner in Thrace and Anatolia. Greece, however, with her limited resources and her fatal internal factions, proved a broken reed; while the Principal Allies, apart from their preoccupations in other fields, were inhibited by their long-standing mutual rivalries in the Levant from effectively supporting either Greece or one another. Thus, from the moment of the Armistice of October 1918, the Turks found themselves relieved of most of their former enemies and reënforced by new allies, the Bolsheviki, in an unexpected quarter. Yet these changes in the external situation, favorable though they were, would have brought little profit to Turkey if there had not been a simultaneous change in the position and outlook of the Turks themselves.

As far as their position was concerned, they were at last completely relieved, through the good offices of their enemies, of the incubus of the Ottoman Empire. The non-Turkish provinces and populations, which in the sixteenth century had provided the necessary ways and means for the selection, training, and maintenance of the ruling Osmanli *corps d'élite*, had become nothing but a burden to the Turkish people since the old institutions had broken down. For centuries they had exhausted their energies in the unprofitable attempt to hold these alien provinces to their allegiance, and now at last this barren chapter in their history was closed. Simultaneously — and this was a feature of the utmost importance — the attitude of the Turks toward the Ottoman Empire was transformed. With the Interallied occupation of the Straits, in November 1918, and the Greek occupation of Smyrna in the following May, the homelands of the Ottoman Turkish people in Thrace and Anatolia were seriously threatened for the first time in their history since the transitory invasion of Timur the Great at the beginning of the fifteenth century; and therewith that Western-inspired consciousness of nationality, which had come to life a century earlier in the subject Greeks and Serbs, was suddenly awakened in the hitherto imperially minded Turks. The shock of finding their homelands in danger dissipated finally from their minds the disastrous ambition to maintain their rule over other peoples.

The programme of the new Turkish national movement which was thus quickened to consciousness by the landing of the Greeks at Smyrna on May 16, 1919, was first formulated in the celebrated Turkish 'National Pact' or solemn league and covenant of 1920. In this short but pithy document, the striking feature — particularly when the Pact is compared with the programmes of previous Turkish reformers — is the sober renunciation of claims and the rigid limitation of objectives. Implicitly the European provinces west of Thrace, and explicitly the Arab provinces south of the Armistice line of October 30, 1918, are abandoned; and the Turkish energies thus released are concentrated, first, upon preserving the integral possession of Thrace, Anatolia, and Constantinople for the Turkish nation, and secondly upon making the nation mistress of its own house within these national limits.

The new Nationalists, led by Mustafa Kemal Bey, had thus learned a lesson which had never been learned by Mahmud II or by Abdul-Hamid or by the Committee of Union and Progress; for these earlier reformers had all been led astray by grandiose visions before they had set their own house in

order. Mahmud had spent his energies in vain attempts to reconquer Greece and to bring Mehmed 'Ali to heel in Egypt. Abdul-Hamid, when his own empire was threatened with partition, busied himself with reviving the doubtful and contested title of the Ottoman Dynasty to the Caliphate — that is, to the political, not the spiritual, headship of the Sunni Muslim community throughout the world — a claim which was bound to get him into trouble with all colonial Powers, including those which were otherwise not unfriendly to Turkey, like the British Empire. Again, the Committee of Union and Progress, though they were determined to prevent the Sultan from recovering the autocratic power of which they deprived him in the revolution of 1908, had not the strength of mind to forgo the shadowy prestige of the Caliphate, although the traditional prerogatives of the Caliphate according to Islamic canon law were irreconcilable with the limitations of constitutional monarchy on the Western model. They still attempted to represent the Ottoman Sultan, whom they had made their puppet at home, as the true Commander of the Faithful in the eyes of Muslims *in partibus infidelium*. Not content with promoting Pan-Islamism in this and other forms (though they personally were mostly Western-educated agnostics), they were inspired by reading the works of a Western historian, M. Léon Cahun, to take up 'Pan-Turanianism' — a sort of doctrinaire supernationalism which aimed at a rapprochement between the various Turkish-speaking peoples scattered through the length and breadth of Europe and Asia from Yakutsk to Constantinople and from the Urals to the Tian-Shan.

By contrast, the new Turkish Nationalists have shown the comparative soundness of their political judgment in steadily refusing to have anything to do with either of these forms of megalomania. They realized at once that Pan-Turanianism would lose them the support of Soviet Russia, since nearly all the Turks in the world outside the borders of Turkey are to be found in the territories of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics; and that Pan-Islamism, while equally calculated to alienate them from Soviet Russia, would also prevent an ultimate reconciliation with Great Britain and France, who were the two Powers with the largest number of Muslim subjects in the world. The attitude of the new Turkish Nationalists on these questions — an attitude which the present writer has ascertained in personal conversation with some of their leaders — is quite clear. 'For centuries,' they say, 'we have been fighting the battles of Islam and forgetting our own national development. Why should we sacrifice ourselves any longer? We have vindicated our national independence against tremendous odds and at a terrible cost in the war of 1919–1922. If other Muslim peoples prize liberty as highly as we, let them go and do likewise. We waged and won our national war of independence single-handed. Now that we have made favorable treaties, not only with Soviet Russia but with Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States, what obligation have we to embroil ourselves again with our powerful neighbors in order to help the Arabs (who, after all, threw us over in 1915) to throw off the tutelage of the Mandatory Powers, or in order to help our Azerbaijani or Bashkir Turkish kinsmen (who, after all, possess autonomy within the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics) to secede from the federation to which they now belong? Let them mind their business and let us mind ours.'

This feature in the present Turkish state of mind is important and encouraging, for it means that the new Turkey will be ready to live and let live as a good citizen of international society. It is true that there is one serious territorial issue still outstanding in the Turco-British controversy over the Mosul Vilayet. The genesis of this controversy lies in the fact that the Turks, after renouncing their claim to dominion over the Arabs, had not the strength of mind to carry this policy to its logical conclusion by also renouncing their ambition to assimilate the Kurds. Sooner or later this attempt, which will break down as soon as the spirit of nationalism catches the Kurds in their turn, will involve the Turks in fresh misfortunes. Meanwhile the Mosul controversy, serious though it is, has been reduced to the dimensions of a boundary-dispute which is in a fair way to being settled by the intermediation of the Council of the League of Nations.

IV

While, however, the Turks, under their present leadership, have taken on the whole a moderate view of what their national domain should be, they have been adamantine in insisting that their territorial claims were an irreducible minimum; and, having obtained these claims in full, — an achievement of which not many contemporary nations can boast, — they have been no less adamantine in asserting their mastery within their frontiers.

In order to understand the internal policy of Kemal Pasha and his party — a policy which has gradually taken precedence over their military and territorial aims as these have been progressively realized — it is necessary to grasp that, for the Turks of to-day, the dominating question is one of status. The Turks, like the Jews, have been, since they first made contact with the West, a 'peculiar people'; and while this is an enviable position so long as you are 'top-dog,' with a status like the Spartan's in ancient Lacedæmon or the English Sahib's in modern India, it becomes an intolerable humiliation as soon as the rôles are reversed. The Pharisee would hardly have thanked God for being not as other men were if Pharisees in the circle where he belonged had been labeled 'unspeakable.' He would have prayed to be made indistinguishable from the publicans and the Gentiles, and this is the state of mind at which the Turks have arrived to-day, though three centuries ago their attitude toward the infidels of the West was much the same as that of the Pharisees in the parable. From despising the West they have passed, first to a lukewarm willingness to adopt the minimum amount of Western technique which might be necessary to salvation in this world, and finally to a passionate desire to be admitted as full members of Western society in order to escape from the terrible position of being its pariahs. In this respect the psychological similarity between the new Turkish Nationalism and the Zionist Movement is unmistakable. In both cases the status of a 'peculiar people' has ceased to be a source of pride and has become a source of humiliation; and in both cases, therefore, a strong movement has arisen to escape from it.

It remains to review briefly the various fields in which the Turks have been putting their new policy of 'normalcy' (on a Western norm) into practice during the three years since their victory over the Greeks set their hands free for internal reform. They have attempted systematically to Westernize their relations with resident aliens, with non-Turkish minorities, and with one another.

The social, juridical, and economic position of aliens in Turkey has been assimilated to their position in Western countries by the abolition of the Capitulations — an abolition which was provided for in the two treaties signed by the Turkish Government at Lausanne in 1923, one with the Allies and the other with the United States. In virtue of the Capitulations, the foreign communities in Turkey had lived under the extraterritorial jurisdiction of their own diplomatic and consular authorities, had enjoyed immunity from many Ottoman taxes, and had been privileged to import and export goods at tariffs fixed by treaty, which the Ottoman Government had no power to alter unilaterally.

In the sixteenth century, when the first Capitulations were granted to Western traders by Ottoman Sultans, the proportion borne by their trade to the total trade of the Ottoman Empire was so small, and their home governments were so weak, militarily and even navally, in comparison with the Porte, that these privileges were of no consequence. The Sultans then tolerated the presence of these Westerners in their dominions, but could not be bothered to administer them. Three centuries later, when Western commercial interests had become the chief economic forces in Turkey and when the private representatives of these interests had the backing of Governments which held the Ottoman Empire at their mercy, the Capitulations had come to exercise a strangle-hold over the economic life of the country. The insistence of the Turks upon abolishing them is therefore not only natural but legitimate, though the suddenness of the change — due to the fact that the Turkish Revolution has come about precipitately, as the result of war — has imposed hardships upon individuals and may also have given a temporary setback to the economic development of Turkey by causing some valuable foreign concerns to go out of business.

The second problem with which the Turks have had to deal is that of the non-Turkish minorities — those former 'cattle' of the old Osmanli ruling class to whom the latter, in their contemptuous aloofness, had granted an autonomy not unlike that which they had granted to the foreign Western trading communities. So long as these minorities — or, rather, subject majorities, as they were before the bulk of them separated from Turkey through the secession of the Balkan States — duly paid their tribute in children and money and kind, it mattered little to their rulers how they managed their own communal affairs. If a Greek wanted to go to law with a Greek or a Jew with a Jew, let the bishop and the rabbi see to it. Why trouble the kadi? Here, again, privileges which had been granted with impunity in the sixteenth century had become excessively dangerous when these autonomous non-Turkish communities within the Ottoman Empire possessed independent states of their own nationality to look to, to which they ardently desired to secede, and when their political aspirations were supported by the sympathy of the great nations of the West.

The situation was further complicated by the fact that — as often happens where several communities of unequal political status are intermingled territorially — the different nationalities of the Ottoman Empire had become identified to a large extent with different classes and occupations. While the Turks formed the majority of the agricultural population in their own homelands, monopolized the higher ranks of the civil administration and the army throughout the Empire, and shared with the other Muslim

elements the burden of compulsory military service, the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews — relieved of military service by the easy alternative of an exemption tax — devoted themselves to trade and industry, and made their position in these callings so strong that the Turks, with more honored and less arduous professions open to them, left these fields virtually uncontested to their non-Turkish fellow-citizens. The political and economic dangers of this state of affairs — which were both accentuated during the Greek occupation of Western Anatolia in 1919–1922, when the local Greek minority naturally took sides with their invading kinsmen — so deeply impressed the Turkish Nationalists that, in the National Pact of 1920, they declared their intention of reducing the privileges of the non-Turkish minorities to the level (though not below the level) of the much more modest rights which had been secured to minorities in the newly created or enlarged states in Europe, under the treaties for the protection of minorities which the Governments of these states had recently signed at the instance of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers. This formula was eventually embodied in the Peace Treaty of Lausanne, and thereby the juridical assimilation of the status of minorities in Turkey to their status in Europe was brought about.

In the meantime, however, the problem had been solved much more drastically in practice by the flight or expulsion of the minorities from all the Anatolian and Thracian territories which the Turks recovered in 1922, except for Greeks domiciled bona fide in Constantinople. This exodus — with its counterpart in the exodus of the Turkish minority from the Greek territories in Macedonia — is unparalleled in its scale and has been accompanied by an appalling amount of material loss and human suffering; but here, again, the process of Westernization can be seen at work. In the summer of 1922, Western Turkey and Northern Greece were still countries of mixed nationality, like carpets woven on an Oriental pattern. To-day, they are both almost as homogeneous as Italy or France or England; and these new homogeneous national states may possibly succeed in establishing genuine parliamentary government on Western lines where the attempt was altogether beyond the powers of those mixed multitudes which occupied the same territories a few years ago.

V

The most radical, and the most interesting, of the changes introduced by the Nationalists are those affecting the political, social, and economic life of the Turkish nation itself.

Their first political act after the signature of the Mudania Armistice in the autumn of 1922 was to abolish the Ottoman Sultanate and vest the sovereignty of Turkey in the Great National Assembly at Angora. This marked, juridically, the end of an empire which had been so completely the creation of the Ottoman Dynasty that it bore the Dynasty's name, and the substitution for it, in the homelands of the Osmanli Turkish people, of a Turkish Republic. By this act the Turks — who had suffered from the existence of the Ottoman Empire as acutely, in their way, as the non-Turkish nationalities — were at length liberated from it as the Serbs, Greeks, Rumans, Bulgars, and Albanians had been liberated by the successive foundation of their respective national states in the course of the preceding century — *L'Empire Ottoman est mort; vive la Turquie!*

This abolition of the Sultanate is advantageous to Turkey from three points of view. In the first place, as has just been explained, it is a symbol that the Turkish State exists, at least in intention, for the benefit not of a dynasty but of the Turkish people. In old times, the Turkish budget was one of the smallest and the Ottoman Sultan's civil list conspicuously the largest in Europe. Now — and here lies the second advantage — this unremunerative expense has been cut away; and at the same time the Angora Government has closed the overstaffed and lavishly equipped public offices in Stamboul, which had served the administration of a great empire, and has substituted for them new public offices at Angora, improvised on the modest scale suitable for a young national state. In addition to this financial saving, there is a third advantage of a political order. In non-Western countries seeking to adjust themselves to Western civilization, the presence of an old established native dynasty has invariably proved a source of weakness. In Persia, Morocco, and elsewhere, native autocrats have proved ready to place themselves at the disposal of foreign Governments in order to obtain the support of those Governments for the maintenance of their traditional authority over their subjects; and, in Turkey itself, both the Committee of Union and Progress and the present Nationalists have had disagreeable experiences of the kind in recent years. Abdul-Hamid, after accepting the Constitution at the sword's point in 1908, almost succeeded in recovering his despotic authority by force in 1909; and though, since that time, the de facto rulers of Turkey have invariably been careful to keep a nonentity on the throne, they, rightly or wrongly, accuse the late Sultan, Vahydu'd Din Efendi, of having worked against the Turkish Nationalists on behalf of the Allies, deliberately and not under duress, during the Allied Occupation of Constantinople in 1918–1923. The abolition of the Sultanate reassures the Turkish mind that this breach in the solidarity of the national defenses will never be opened again.

A much more revolutionary act has been the abolition of the Caliphate and the disestablishment of the Islamic Church — an act which has made the Turkish Republic an *état laïque* like the United States or France. In this connection it is important to note that the exploitation of the title of Caliph is of recent date, though the Ottoman Dynasty had laid claim to it ever since it first rose to greatness, while the same title was likewise assumed, with as much or as little legitimacy, by the Mughal Emperors of India and by most other prominent Islamic dynasties in modern times. By tradition the Caliph is the temporal, not the spiritual, ruler of all True Believers — the Roman Emperor (or Holy Roman Emperor), not the Pope, of the Islamic World. Accordingly, when the Ottoman Empire was at its zenith, the title was of little value to its sovereigns, since they already bore effective temporal rule over their own Muslim subjects as Ottoman Padishahs, while any claim on their part to exercise authority over the subjects of other Muslim sovereigns would not have been admitted by the latter. The situation changed when almost every other independent Islamic Empire disappeared, when the Ottoman Empire itself lost one province after another, containing Muslim populations, to Christian Powers, and when Turks educated in the West imbibed the specifically Western doctrine of the distinction of temporal and spiritual powers.

These changes suggested the new policy of misrepresenting the Ottoman

Caliph as a spiritual authority analogous to the Christian Pope, and asserting his right to the spiritual allegiance, not only of his Muslim ex-subjects in the lost provinces of the Ottoman Empire, but of the former Muslim subjects of defunct Islamic Empires, like the Mughal Empire in India, or the Muslim subjects of non-Muslim Powers like China or the Netherlands. This was the policy of Abdul-Hamid, which the Committee of Union and Progress attempted to carry on; and even the Nationalists, when they abolished the Sultanate in 1922, at first set out to maintain the Caliphate as a separate and exclusively 'spiritual' office vested in a member of the deposed Ottoman Dynasty. A Pope, however, is an awkward guest for a sovereign national state, and the Turkish experiment of maintaining the Caliph as Pope was abandoned after little more than a year's trial. Who shall say that the Turks were not wise in these second thoughts?

These are the principal political changes which the Turkish Nationalists have introduced in three years, and even this brief account will show how much more profound this Turkish revolution is than any which we Westerners have experienced — at any rate, since our revolutionary conversion to an Oriental religion some thirteen centuries ago. The policy of Mustafa Kemal Pasha's Government can only be judged by time, and then, possibly, it will be judged less on its political results than on its social and economic results, which are the ultimate object of policy. In the social and economic sphere there are three main developments to watch: the movement for the emancipation of women; the movement for the modernization of agriculture; and the movement for the entry of individual Turks into trade and manufacture, in place of the vanished non-Turkish minorities. On the success of these three movements the future of the new Turkey depends.

THE STRUGGLE FOR COTTON

BY EVANS LEWIN

I

THE fight for raw materials is one of the outstanding features of modern civilization. European nations are almost wholly dependent upon the tropics for many of the essential products used in their manufactures, such as cotton, vegetable oils, rubber, and a host of lesser commodities that cannot be produced in temperate climates. Although the territorial control of large supplies of raw materials is not essential to the welfare of great industrial communities, it has long been recognized that it is extremely desirable that manufacturers should not be entirely dependent upon the grace of foreign countries for the supplies that are required for the industrial machine. For this reason most of the manufacturing nations of Europe have endeavored to

secure a territorial hold upon countries of production, so that in the struggle for industrial supremacy, or at least for industrial efficiency, they shall be partly independent of foreign sources of supply. Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Spain, and Portugal have all in turn established plantation colonies, sometimes under the disguise of philanthropic effort, sometimes for the purpose of strategic defense, sometimes merely as calling-stations for their ships; but in all cases these establishments have sooner or later become valuable sources of supply and their value has increased in proportion to the advance in the industrial efficiency of the mother-country.

It is evident that, while plantation colonies are not absolutely necessary, — the case of Germany, which at present has no colonies, and of Czechoslovakia, whose industries have vastly increased since the war, may be cited, — there is an almost inherent tendency among democratic communities to hold what they have and to develop their overseas colonial possessions to the best of their ability.

Great Britain is in a peculiarly fortunate position as a plantation power. She possesses vast tropical estates capable of almost indefinite development, supplying many of the essential products consumed by her manufactures, and contributing directly to her prosperity both as producers and consumers. In the proper development and effective administration of these great territories her own prosperity and that of their native races are directly involved, and the great economic problem of the present age, the production of raw materials, is intimately associated with a number of questions with which the whole world is indirectly concerned. Within the British Empire there are certain products of which the British Commonwealth has almost a monopoly; but there are others the supplies of which lie mainly outside British territory. The United Kingdom considered by itself is mainly dependent upon overseas sources for the raw materials of commerce, while in the matter of foodstuffs for the industrial population of the British Isles great quantities also have to be imported. It is essential, therefore, for her prosperity that she should be able to secure ample supplies at reasonable prices so that there shall be no stoppage of the industrial machine. One of the main products upon which a very large section of her population depends for its livelihood is cotton, and in this product the British Empire as a whole is singularly lacking and is mainly dependent upon the United States. The United States, on the other hand, although she possesses a vast and compact territory, is entirely deficient in rubber, jute, silk, and certain important vegetable oils; so that, like the United Kingdom, she has to import certain commodities over which she has no territorial control. For this reason, and also because she is directly concerned in the steps that are being taken to develop cotton within British countries, interest is being manifested in the new possible cotton-areas, in Africa and elsewhere, that, sooner or later, will come into active competition with the United States.

The three great cotton-producers of the world — eliminating China, which consumes all that is locally grown — are the United States, with its long-staple varieties so essential for the mills of Lancashire; Egypt; and India, which grows mainly the shorter kinds that are not required for British consumption. It is generally conceded that there is a world-shortage of cotton and that this shortage will increase, rather than diminish, unless effective steps are taken to secure new fields of production. For

Great Britain and other industrial nations this shortage is a most serious problem which, while it has already tended to a great increase of prices, must eventually, if not overcome, bring about widespread unemployment in one of the greatest manufacturing processes carried on in the United Kingdom. How important this product is to England in general and to Lancashire in particular may be judged from the fact that it is computed that nearly one fifth of the entire working population is dependent, directly or indirectly, upon the cotton-trade for its living. It has been recognized, therefore, for some years, that the industrial salvation of this great community rests upon the finding and establishing of new sources of supply.

The position with regard to the United States as the main producer of the raw material is simple and can be stated briefly. During recent years production and average production per acre have decreased, while at the same time internal consumption of the raw product has advanced, so that the available surplus for export grows less and less. The remarkable advance in manufacture in the United States, and the diminution in the export of raw cotton that has already resulted from that fact alone, are serious problems that are confronting all consuming countries at the present day, and everyone is aware of the precarious position in which the cotton-manufacturing industries, not only of Great Britain, but also of the other industrial nations, may one day stand. While the acreage under cotton in the United States has increased from 33,128,703 for the years 1909-10–1911-12 to 33,657,038 for the years 1919-20–1921-22, the production has decreased from 2,972,132 tons[1] to 2,604,969 tons and the average production per acre from 178 pounds to 156.2 pounds during the same period. In Egypt also acreage, production, and yield have been greatly reduced, the last from 382.2 pounds per acre to 299 pounds per acre. This alarming reduction in available sources of supply, if unchecked, will end sooner or later in disaster so far as Great Britain is concerned.

[1] When tons are mentioned in this article, tons of 2000 pounds each are intended.

II

It will be of interest to examine what steps are being taken to remedy this shortage. When it first began to be realized that the time was approaching when the cotton supplies of the United States would be insufficient to meet the increasing demand upon them, efforts were made in Lancashire to establish new sources of supply. Early in 1901 attention was drawn to the dangerous position of the Lancashire cotton industry, owing to the fact that it was dependent upon the United States for the bulk of its supply and, therefore, was at the mercy of the vagaries of the weather in one particular part of the world. A failure of the American crop caused widespread distress, and effective steps were taken to establish an association which should encourage the growing of cotton within the British tropical colonies.

The late Sir Alfred Jones, one of the most active and farsighted of our industrial leaders, took steps on his own initiative to commence the growing of American cotton in West Africa; and in 1902 the British Cotton Growing Association — which has done a great work, the results of which are as yet hardly commensurate with the energy and money expended — was formed. With a subscribed capital of £470,000, drawn from both employers and employed, — an outstanding example of coöperative effort in Great Britain, — much work has been done to develop new sources

of supply in Africa, with, it must be admitted, varying success. As a first effort, cotton planters and experts from agricultural colleges in America were sent to West Africa, where cotton was cultivated in fairly large areas on the plantation principle. In certain colonies, such as Sierra Leone, the effort was unsuccessful; in the Gold Coast, cocoa almost entirely superseded cotton as a possible crop; while in Nigeria, a great tropical territory about one third the size of British India, with a population of nearly eighteen millions, the plantations that were developed proved unsuccessful, not because good cotton could not be grown, but because the African native does not take kindly to work as a hireling on large plantations, but prefers to own and cultivate his land. Subsequently the Association entered on the right track by encouraging the natives to grow their own crops, and the great function of the Association to-day, apart from many important but minor activities, is to act as a coöperative buyer so as to stabilize prices for the natives, so far as possible, and to guarantee a definite price for the year's crop. It also distributes improved seed and assists native production in various parts of Africa, notably Uganda, in the manner already indicated.

Early in its operations the Association established four great facts upon which the success of all efforts at cotton-growing in Africa must ultimately depend. Experience soon demonstrated — certainly in Nigeria, where land was acquired in proximity to some of the large towns and was in consequence more or less exhausted — that suitable soil was a prime factor; and there is now no doubt whatever that such soil exists in many parts of Africa. A sufficient rainfall was also found to be essential in areas where irrigation could not be successfully accomplished. But, given these two prime factors, it was further demonstrated that there were two other great requirements — ample and cheap labor, and adequate transport. Enormous areas, probably suitable for cotton, are at present almost entirely useless owing to the totally inadequate local labor-supply. Although this does not apply to such countries as Nigeria as a whole and Uganda, it is a serious factor in territories like Kenya, Tanganyika, Nyasaland, and South Africa, where the available supply of labor is either small or employed in other more pressing directions. As we have noted above, the African worker, except perhaps in South Africa, does not take kindly to hireling work, or at any rate for prolonged periods such as cotton-growing requires. It is established, therefore, that in most districts it is essential that the native producer should become practically interested in the work, so that he and his family may give their individual attention to their own small cotton-plantations. Great cotton-estates are not likely to be established in those parts of the continent where the native has been accustomed to work more or less independently, and it has become evident that successful cultivation, such as occurs in Uganda, can be attained in Nigeria, for example, only if the native farmer is encouraged deliberately to work on his own behalf. This is now the general policy of the various Governments, the Cotton Growing Association, and other bodies.

The fourth factor of outstanding importance is transport. During recent years there has been a remarkable advance in the construction of railways in Africa; but these advances, great as they have been, have not kept pace with the increased production of the natives. Already the Uganda Railway, which brings the increasing Uganda crop from Lake Victoria to the coast, has proved insufficient for the demands

made upon it; and other railways are finding difficulty in coping with the enormous increase in productive output. Where railways do not exist, it is almost impossible, of course, to bring cotton to the coast, and largely for this reason considerable activity exists in the extension of railways in such countries as Kenya, Tanganyika, and Nyasaland, where the increase of cotton-growing depends on improved transport facilities.

The efforts of the British Cotton Growing Association in Africa and elsewhere, notably in Queensland, the garden state of Australia, laid the foundations of successful cotton-growing in the British tropical colonies. But the position that arose in the United Kingdom as a result of the war again focused attention upon the precarious state of the cotton supplies, and the Government became directly interested in the question. Steps were taken to put the effort upon a more satisfactory basis. While the Association was left to continue its work, a new body — the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation — was formed, with a more extended task than that of the parent Society. In 1915 the President of the Board of Trade, a cabinet minister corresponding to the Minister of Commerce in other countries, called into being an Empire Cotton Growing Committee to consider the situation in all its aspects. Their report, presented in October 1919, led to the establishment of the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation, formed under Royal Charter and representative of all the interests concerned in the cotton trade. This Corporation is in possession of an assured and established income, derived in part from a capital contribution of nearly one million pounds sterling made by the Government, luckily before the need for national economy had been demonstrated, and in part from the proceeds of a new form of taxation imposed on a particular body of people for a specific purpose. This took the form of a levy of sixpence per standard bale on all cotton imported into and spun in the United Kingdom, enforced by an Act of Parliament passed in 1923.

This was a great advance upon the purely voluntary effort of the old Association. The work of the Corporation has in reality only recently commenced. Preliminary reports upon the possibilities of Tanganyika, Nyasaland, Nigeria, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and India as sources of long-staple cotton have prepared the way for the extensive experimental work that will be undertaken by the Corporation, which is mainly concerned in extending by every possible means the cultivation of cotton within the Empire. Experimental stations are being established, students trained, experts distributed to the different colonies, and, in conjunction with the local Departments of Agriculture, much work is being done to increase the output of proved areas and to try the possibilities of other districts. So wide are the activities of the Corporation that they extend from the supply of ploughs for the natives of Uganda to the establishment of a Central Experiment Station in the West Indies, where all kinds of scientific investigations will be carried on.

Coincident with these activities in Great Britain was the creation of a similar body in India, where the India Central Cotton Committee was placed on a sound financial footing by a cess of four annas on each bale of raw cotton used or exported. The work of the Committee is similar to that of the Empire Corporation. It will advise the Government of India on all questions of cotton policy and will assist in the production of improved varieties,

especially those that will be suitable for the British markets. So far as India is concerned, attention need be directed only to the great irrigation schemes in Sind — the Sukkur Barrage over the River Indus, now being built at a cost of £12,300,000, which is estimated to irrigate an area of 5,300,000 acres, a region more than the total cultivable area of Upper and Lower Egypt and equally as capable of producing vast quantities of cotton.

III

The present position of cotton-growing in the British Empire may be summed up as follows. The greatest advances have been made in Uganda and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Situated in the centre of tropical Africa, where the great through routes of the future will eventually converge, the Uganda Protectorate is one of the best examples of British methods of dealing with an intelligent native people, capable of infinite advance along the paths of civilization. The situation of Uganda with respect to the Great Lakes, especially Lake Victoria, the richness of the soil, and the comparatively ample population have rendered it an ideal country for cotton-growing, in spite of the fact that its distance from the sea has been a considerable drawback on account of the cost of haulage. The Uganda Railway from Mombasa on the coast traverses the highlands of the Kenya Colony and, at present, carries from the shores of Lake Victoria all the cotton produced in this region. Other railway-feeders are being constructed, but the chief hope of the future lies in the eventual canalization of the Nile, which would provide a direct and cheap mode of water-transport to the Mediterranean. The production of cotton in Uganda is entirely a native industry, fostered, it is true, by the Government in coöperation with the Cotton Association and Cotton Corporation, but carried on by native growers, working on their own lands, aided by their families — an ideal condition, provided that the quality of the cotton can be maintained. Fortunately the natives are exceptionally intelligent and are quick to adopt the best methods of cultivation. Practically all the cotton is derived from two varieties of long-staple American Upland which were selected after experimental trials; and the annual compulsory burning of the old cotton-plants is a great factor in keeping the crop free from series pests.

There has been a continuous increase in output since 1909–10, when the yield of ginned cotton was only 2769 tons against 15,000 tons in 1920–21, since which date there has been a further considerable advance. The possibilities of Uganda as a cotton country are immense and there can be little doubt that cultivation can be vastly extended.

In the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan farther north is another vast area in which large districts are capable of producing cotton. Here several great experiments are being tried, but throughout the whole country there is a lack of population and the conditions of production are different from those in Uganda. Owing to deficient rainfall most of the crop is dependent upon efficient irrigation, and for this purpose large irrigation schemes are under construction. In the Sudan the partners in the enterprise are three — the local government, cotton syndicates, and the native peasantry. The government supplies the land and water; the syndicates undertake the entire management, do the minor canalization, plough the land, and finance and market the crop; while the native does the actual work

of cultivation and gets forty per cent of the proceeds. Whether this elaborate scheme of tenant cultivators will appeal continuously to the African native is a matter of doubt, as unless the peasant becomes personally interested in his job there is always the danger of his returning eventually to his ordinary agricultural life. Great advances have been made, however, in the establishment of cotton areas. One of the chief of these districts is in the Gezira, a large plain situated between the two Niles immediately south of Khartoum, where an enormous dam is under construction near Sennar which, when completed, will enable 300,000 acres to be placed under cultivation, with a total of 2,000,000 acres should the full scheme be accomplished. Another extensive district is in the Kassala area, to which a railway is now being constructed, and a third region exists around Tokar on the Red Sea. There is, however, no real limit to cotton cultivation in the Sudan, except that imposed by want of labor and lack of irrigation, for in addition to the northern districts vast countries exist in the south which are at the present time entirely undeveloped. The annual output is about 5600 tons, produced from Sakellaridis, Assili, and American seeds.

In West Africa the great State of Nigeria is a peculiarly promising region, presenting enormous areas suitable for cotton and having intelligent native chiefs, a dense population, peaceable internal conditions, and seaports within a comparatively short distance of Europe. Although American cotton is being grown, the chief output is the indigenous variety, which has been cultivated for many centuries and is largely consumed in the country itself. There is no doubt, however, that there are great areas, especially in the neighborhood of Lake Chad, where good cotton can be grown; but at present the principal difficulty is the absence of transport, and until the Lagos–Kano railway is extended in this direction there can be no hope of establishing cotton-fields at any distance from the main avenues of traffic. Similarly in Nyasaland the production of cotton is hampered by lack of adequate railway-transport, the great want being a bridge across the Zambesi and the extension of the present railway northward to Lake Nyasa.

In Tanganyika, on the other hand, the British administration is now benefiting from trials made by the Germans, who had established experimental stations and erected ginneries in many places. There are three enormous regions in this Territory capable of producing cotton — the coastal belt, where the rainfall is sufficient and failure of the crop is extremely unlikely, the Morogoro and Kilossa areas, and the Lake basin. In these districts production is extending, and 35,000 acres are computed to be under cultivation. It has been reported by Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, that East Africa offers probably the finest field in the Empire for the further development of cotton, particularly in the Tanganyika Territory and Uganda; and there seems no reason to doubt this optimistic estimate. Farther south the great territory of Rhodesia offers opportunities for the cultivation of cotton along the valley of the Zambesi and its tributaries, and especially in Northeastern and Northwestern Rhodesia; while in the adjacent Union of South Africa, notably in Natal and Zululand, and in the native territory of Swaziland, advances are being made, although the output is retarded, owing to the lack of labor.

South Africa is one of those countries where the possibilities are great,

but the present position scarcely warrants the assumption that these possibilities will be carried into successful operation except on a comparatively small scale, largely because there are enormous demands for labor in other directions which seem to have the prior claim upon the attention of the authorities. In Zululand and Swaziland, however, there is an available supply of labor within easy reach, and for this reason railways are being built to the cotton areas.

It is unnecessary to say anything about cotton in the British West Indies, where, in any case, the output cannot be greatly extended; but in Australia there are vast areas, especially in Queensland, Western Australia, and the Northern Territory, where cotton can be grown. At present the output is almost entirely confined to Queensland. Here, however, the crop is produced by European labor, so that production is likely to increase only so long as the present high prices of cotton are maintained. As soon as the cotton shortage is adjusted and prices fall, it seems inevitable that the Queensland crop will have to give place to other products, unless there is a change in the national policy of employing only white labor. In any case the great difficulty of the future in all tropical countries, when the experimental work of to-day has seen fruition and there is a vastly extended cultivation of cotton in Africa and elsewhere, will be to nurse the native through the years of falling prices that must inevitably occur. It is essential, if British cotton-growing is to be permanently successful, that the marketing of the crop shall be conducted under government supervision for many years, so that the native can be assured of the fruit of his labors and not discouraged by a continuous, and to him unaccountable, decline in the remuneration he receives. Under such supervision prices could be gradually adjusted to meet changing conditions, so that the native, upon whose coöperation the success of cotton-growing ultimately depends, would feel that he was not being cheated. Lancashire, in common with other cotton-trade districts, must look to the peasant proprietors or tenants of Africa for her salvation, and for this reason it is essential that the various Governments and the different associations already named should coöperate in maintaining the economic position of the native. This is one of the main factors of the situation, which is realized to the full by such bodies as the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation and the British Cotton Growing Association.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A HINT TO IMPECUNIOUS AUTHORS

BY ONE

LEST the above signature create in the minds of possible readers a doubt as to my qualifications for handling this delicate subject adequately, let me hasten to explain that it is not quite accurate — I am no longer impecunious, exactly. And it is in recognition of the fact that well-wishers of the human race have never been disposed to copyright their benefits, but have scattered them about to let those who would take freely, that I am moved to share the secret of my comparative solvency with the entire literary world.

So much by way of apology and introduction. Though, mind you, the discovery is as yet in what a scientist would call its experimental stage. But as I say, such as they are, you shall have the facts, gratis.

Surely all of us — I mean you and me and the host of other authors whose annual monetary profits run to five figures, all zeros — have at some time envied our more fortunate brothers, scoff at 'commercialism' and 'cheapened ideals' though we may. What one of us, imagining the monthly sales of So-and-So, the brilliant socialistic pleader, has not sighed over the dimensions of the same So-and-So's capitalistic bank-account? Or who of us, be he artist to his very fingertips, but has coveted Such-a-One's (the world-fêted satirist of Rotary Clubs) more than Rotarian income?

Briefly, then, my discovery is this: Though 'we may not climb the heav'nly steeps,' and though our hands may never wake 'to ecstasy the living lyre,' still, with care and the exercise of prudent foresight in our choice of subject-matter, we can — provided only that our offerings are printed at all — live comfortably, satisfy all our legitimate wants, and (if editors be kind) even *lay by a competence for old age!*

Briefly, again, the light of inspiration — the dawn of this splendid discovery — burst upon me a year or so ago. Or perhaps 'burst' were too strong a word, since it came upon me slowly, gradually, like most other inevitable ideas. I had had a sketch called 'Barbershops' accepted for the Contributors' Club of the *Atl-nt-c M-nthl-*. Turning the beautifully written check over in my hand — even their checks are beautifully written, though, alas, few enough of them *I* see! — I looked at it pensively, thinking to myself how many haircuts it would come to and thrilling at that tonsorial vista, all blessedly paid for. And then, still idly fingering the check, and as idly dreaming, I attempted to make out the interest if said check were put away as an investment — no easy feat, you will readily agree, when I tell you that I had left both pen and pencil in my other clothes.

And what was the right degree — or rate, I believe, is the banker's word — of interest? Liberty Bonds, Third Issue, I knew, bore 4¼ per cent. But my principal would buy but half a bond. Besides, 4¼ per cent was much too small an increase. Some perfectly reliable municipal and industrial bonds (See Back Advertising Section) brought 7 or even 8 per cent. But I was conservative — 6 would be enough. Let's see: six times five is nought, carry

three; six times two equals twelve, add three — a year's interest would be $1.50.

As I reflected thus idly, I realized that I could get half-a-dozen haircuts without encroaching upon my principal. I smiled contentedly to myself. And then I stopped smiling — and the Great Idea was born. Half-a-dozen haircuts would mean one every other month, leaving me a little long-haired, even for an author. But perhaps old Zeb — Zebediah Hopkins is our village barber — would come down to fifteen cents, if I'd shave my own neck. This would make ten haircuts a year, quite enough for a writer, especially allowing for the winter season, when it is inadvisable to be shorn too often with all this influenza going round.

Well, you grasp the notion. It is to utilize every ounce of efficiency in a manuscript, to make each accepted paper *pay for itself* — in other words, take off the poor author's back some specific financial burden. Last month, for example, I sold a rather longer sketch, a description of an old German shoemaker, for one hundred dollars, which, at 6 per cent, means one pair of six-dollar, or two pairs of three-dollar, shoes a year henceforth — forever!

As I say, the matter is in the experimental stage yet, and one never can tell about the future. But I am confidently laying my plans. Neckties, collars, socks, suspenders, — I consider belts unhealthful, — and underwear are next on my programme. My sketch of a Fifth Avenue necktie-salesman is, I am quite free to admit, somewhat troubling me; for we authors, if we wear cravats at all, must choose imported flowing ones, and they 're expensive; but a 'sure-fire' comedy-skit I've in mind on a Third Avenue hatter should help me. I can borrow for my ties from him, you see, since I shan't need many hats with my fine head of hair. Collars are simple: if anything should go wrong with my essay on them I can always wear a stock made out of an old bandanna, or, as a last resort, fall back on celluloid.

If it be objected to my theory that it is somewhat individualistic, that it considers only the author and takes no thought for his wife and children, I would reply that that is no valid objection. What is to prevent him from going in for domestic love-stories? They pay best of all, do they not? And if worst comes to worst, in this day of equal rights and opportunities a man's family ought to be able to compose sketches of their own. Nor is my theory incompatible with the production of the highest works of art: a man's ideals are no lower for an added incentive to defeat the rejection-slip! And if it be opposed further that the benefits accruing are too unspiritual, too sordid, too solely concerned with the material things of life, I would contend that that objection has no weight, either. No; the plan, let me repeat for the second time, is in its *experimental* stage only; merely the first of its myriad possibilities have been indicated. More will develop gradually, just as the bud unfolds into the full-blown rose. Rome, remember, was not built in a day: *primum herbam, deinde spicam, deinde plenum frumentum in spica.* Clothes, to be sure, do not make the man — but they make him look better and feel braver and more self-reliant. When we writers no longer have to worry about where our next pocket-handkerchief is coming from, editors perhaps will give us less to weep over!

Note. I trust that, in return for my generosity in sharing this remarkable discovery with the literary profession, no author will be unkind enough to take a mean advantage of my faith. I refer, of course, to the utilization for essay or fictional purposes of the little

red-haired Jewish tailor on 116th Street, New York, near Columbia University. Him alone I reserve for myself. Around him I've planned a serial from which I hope to obtain, not merely an annual pair of trousers, but an entire three-piece suit.

(The proceeds, if any, from the *present* paper will go toward establishing a permanent postage-stamp fund. Something tells me I shall need it.)

MY ANCESTORS

I HAVE just received the gift of an impressive parchment bearing in fine script a record of the long line of ancestors responsible, each in part, for my appearance on earth. The modern genealogical chart mercifully does not take the form of the biological ancestral tree from the lower branches of which apes unpleasantly leap. Instead it bears a striking resemblance to the Ptolemaic system of the universe, concentric circles and radiating lines, with one's self instead of the terrestrial orb occupying the strategic position at the centre. Round about me as a focus are ranged, tier upon tier, those lesser luminaries, my progenitors.

When I study the parchment and meditate upon that converging multitude of forbears, noble and peasant, proud and humble, living their little span of life and passing on, links in the chain whose obvious purpose was the filling of that central circle, I am at once modestly overcome and agreeably flattered. Only a carping critic could take exception to such a series: statesmen, governors, Quakers, Shakers, a few witches and a judge or two to condemn them, and a large amount of royal blood. What families those old kings must have had to supply every American who can afford to set up a family tree direct ancestors among the rulers of the earth! Even where royalty is not definitely indicated, suspicion points that way. My chart confidently says, 'Line probably noble.' Of course. Why not? For the sake of the nobleness in other men, sleeping but never dead, I must cultivate my own.

I make rapid calculations. If my blood is so royal, am I not essentially royal myself? If I assume that I have four quarts of blood, my computations give me two teaspoonfuls of royal blood, three of noble, and the balance just blood. But if one drop of Negro blood makes a man a Negro, do not two teaspoonfuls of the regal essence entitle me to wear the purple? I feel satisfied in my own mind that they do, but when I think how difficult it would be to get the idea over to my barber or the elevator boy I feel as if I must confine the expression of my conviction to putting out the cat with the hauteur of a Plantagenet.

My ancestors must have married off their boys and girls uncommonly well. There is not a serf, a defaulter, or a garbage-collector in the entire tree. There were a few agriculturists among the number, but an explanatory item draws attention to the fact that they were primarily ministers of the gospel, and merely tilled the soil on the side.

I looked in vain for a suggestion of the gallows. Who would not be proud of a pirate or two among his ancestors, or a bandit, say of the period of Robin Hood? But my ancestors seem to have been of a uniformly moral and tractable type. It is hard to accept gratefully so docile a background. Think of the ignominy of inheriting a germ plasm containing not even a single gamete from a man radical enough to get jailed or deported or hung!

In that impeccable series of exemplary parents, devout churchmen, righteous citizens, there is nothing inspiring prior to my coming. Is there upon me an obligation to work out, in

my one incarnation, the law of compensation for all the tame lambs who were my predecessors? Must I pay the arrears of lost opportunity, of wasted initiative, of passive acquiescence, in one life of wild defiance? It would be a task of Sisyphus. Perhaps a Lenin could do it, but not a plain American who loves his home and obeys the traffic regulations.

My one comfort lies in the blanks that occur here and there in the penumbra of my chart. Nothing apparently could be learned about those obscure but necessary links. Does that simply mean nothing good? Has history drawn a smoke screen to hide them? Are they unhonored and unsung because of deeds of daring, so reckless as to incite others to dangerous emulation, or merely because of lives of utter inanity?

I like to think that those unrecorded ancestors expiated the virtues of the family line by deeds of darkness; that they wiped out generations of stodgy living by breathing the air of lawless adventure. Never to have been a lawbreaker in certain periods of the history of the race is never to have had an idea, never to have displayed so much courage and imagination as a rabbit. I fill the blanks with ancestors of my own choosing: Eric the Ruthless; the Rebel of the Roanoke; Peter the Pirate of the North; and, possibly, the Sleuth of the Slums. My ancestresses I leave as they are. A female pirate's life would be hard and in the main unrewarding, so I will let the ladies sin vicariously through their sons.

My children look at the chart with lacklustre eyes. 'It's the bee's knees,' they observe, irrelevantly it seems to me, 'to have such a tediously Nordic bunch of ancestors. Thank Heaven we 've got some real sports on Mother's side. Poor old Dad, that's where you lose out, having only half as many chances to be brilliant by way of heredity as we have.' The younger generation wins as usual; this time by being entitled to two charts where we have but one.

Professor Haldane of Cambridge predicts that it is within the realm of possibility that new members of our human society will be eventually produced by ectogenesis, and that in one hundred and fifty years from now perhaps less than thirty per cent of children will be born of women. What a bracing new trend it will give to genealogical study! We shall no longer be interested to carry our lines back to semisavage feudal lords, but shall claim to belong to test-tube series 124, pure Anglo-Saxon culture, or to the product of Laboratory WXZ, Alpine-Mediterranean cross, or shall ascribe our superiority to the experimental admixture of a dash of Semitic for ability, of Celtic for wit, with a Teutonic base for survival value. We may even assert a right to the good things of the earth on the basis of having been developed in the chosen solution. We shall have at any rate the solid satisfaction of finding our qualities no longer dependent upon chance, but scientifically predictable like those of our fellows, the Luther Burbank potato and raspberry.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

As every schoolboy knows, **William Beebe** has recently returned from hunting the denizens of the deep in the Sargasso Sea and the Humboldt Current. In a diving-suit Mr. Beebe made over seventy forays into Neptune's fields, and there found creatures as mysterious and fascinating as any that roam the jungle or Galapagos. Mr. Beebe is the only man who ever tickled a sea lion and saw him smile. ¶Since 1894 **Samuel McChord Crothers** has been an *Atlantic* headliner and minister of the First Church (Unitarian) of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Lately Dr. Crothers has been rigging the intelligence market. His shares will go like hot cakes. ¶The diary of **Helen Dore Boylston**, a Boston girl of the war generation, preserves the very spirit and feeling of those years which have made so lasting an impression on our veteran-children. **Charles M. Sheldon,** editor-in-chief of the *Christian Herald*, reminds us that the Bible is forbidden to far more schools than is Darwin. ¶We quote in part a letter from **Lucy Furman:** —

As many of your readers already know, the background of my stories about 'the quare women' is a real one — the Settlement School at Hindman, in the mountains of Kentucky.

During the twenty-five years which have passed since the beginnings with which these stories deal, this school and settlement have grown steadily.

Twice there have been destructive fires. The first of these wiped out the beautiful log buildings which had been 'raised' with such pride and hope, leaving only a small five-room cottage. Although this fire occurred in the night, the quare women were able to save all the children, and a teacher down with typhoid, escaping themselves in nightgowns and with bare feet. The people of the village took them all in.

When the main buildings had been again destroyed by fire, some years later, the citizens did a remarkable thing. Feeling that the houses should not be crowded together as they had been on the three-acre plot originally donated, the men of the village and county, out of their poverty, raised the surprising amount of six thousand dollars to buy the mountain-side on the opposite bank of Troublesome Creek, where many of the buildings now stand. It is things like this — the privilege of helping those who are forward to help themselves — that so endear the work to the quare women. The parents of the resident children pay a small tuition fee for each, while the children help themselves by their labor, each working twenty-eight hours a week for his or her board. The past year has been a very hard one for all charitable enterprises, and Hindman has been no exception. Help is needed in various directions. A scholarship of $150 a year must be raised for each resident child. At present there are more than six hundred on the waiting-list. Five hundred dollars is needed at once to complete the salary of the Public Health Nurse, part of which is paid by the people themselves. One thousand dollars is desired toward the salary of a school principal. Money to build new cottages to house the children is another need. But the most crying of all is an endowment fund, so that the crushing burden of raising so much money yearly may be lifted from the shoulders of Miss Stone (the 'Amy' of the stories), who for twenty-five years has given her life and strength to the work.

Gifts may be sent to Miss May Stone, Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky.

* * *

I. A. Richards is a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the author of *The Principles of Literary Criticism.* ¶The primitive and natural melodies of **Virginia Moore** are rooted in the earth of the Mississippi plantation where Miss Moore and her family have lived for generations. ¶The record of **Benjamin Harrison Chaffee** is true, every word of it. Now studying for his Doctor's degree, Mr. Chaffee intends to return to the North Carolina village of his narrative, there to apply his new doctrines. ¶More than imagination has gone into the making of **A. Cecil Edwards's** stories. Thirteen years' residence was sufficient to familiarize Mr. Edwards with the suavity, charm, and certain other qualities of Persian gentlemen. ¶An occasional contributor, **Clifford H. Farr** has lately been appointed Associate Professor of Botany in Washington University.

A Croix-de-Guerre man, **Robert Alden Reaser** is a young artist who admirably contrives to butter and sugar his bread without disloyalty to his austere Mistress. ¶Author and educator, **Abraham Flexner** has been secretary of the General Education Board since 1917. ¶Bulls and bears, not to mention the shorn lambs of Wall Street, will do well to listen to the admonition of **Edgar Lawrence Smith.**

* * *

Eastern expert and late Professor of Byzantine and Modern Greek Language at London University, **Arnold J. Toynbee** has recently composed a Survey of 1924 for the British Committee of International Affairs. During the war Mr. Toynbee served in the Political Intelligence Department and was a member of the British Delegation to the Peace Conference. **Evans Lewin** describes the present and contemplated struggle for cotton which is now concerning long-headed business men on four continents.

* * *

'Buying it' — a corollary.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read the article called 'Selling It' in the July *Atlantic*, signed by a social worker who is not a propagandist.

I am also a social worker directing work in three of the worst sections in the same city. However, I am a propagandist, — it 's a good word, though suffering a temporary disrepute, — and I have most definite opinions relative to the new and thriving industry of bootlegging, of which your contributor gives so true and so vivid a picture. It is true that I have a little different slant on the picture, but it should only serve to corroborate her evidence.

My neighborhood is made up largely of those who are 'buying it.' Those who are 'selling it' do not consider me a friend. An appeal made to me to intercede for a mother of three small children who had been selling it in her candy store was refused as forcibly and expressively as my vocabulary permitted. I have appeared repeatedly before local magistrates as complainant, and before the Grand Jury. Cases of illegal selling which come to my attention are reported, my theory being that every citizen has a duty to help enforce the law. It 's too big a task for one man and a police force. Besides, as I said in the beginning, I am a propagandist. I see too many little children whose fathers have been buying it. In the section where I live, in one year, two families of small children were left homeless, with a murdered mother and a prison-sentenced father, as the result of a debauch on poisonous hooch. The doorbell rings too often at the appeal of a woman asking protection, or a child shut out on the streets at night by a drink-crazed parent. I stumble over too many sodden wrecks on my doorstep and evade their staggering progress on the street. And always there burns in me an indignation against the person who has exploited their weakness for money.

In three months' travel this spring, which gave me opportunities to talk with men and women of the north, south, and west, including that outpost of the Pacific, Hawaii, I heard just one favorable word for the principle of Prohibition, and that defense came from the wife of a widely known manufacturer, whose opinion she reflected.

I came to see that large numbers of people, perhaps a majority, are sincere in believing that their personal liberty has been unwarrantably interfered with in so flagrant a way that they are justified in outwitting the law.

But employers of labor, educators, physicians, social workers, — we who know the unhappiness and deprivation of the innocent and the even more pitiable wastage of once promising youth, — we surely must each radiate from the centre of his little sphere, not only a spirit of protest against criminally lax government control, but a positive attitude of sharing responsibility for law enforcement.

Furthermore, the issue will have to be faced: Is enforcement of the present law possible? If not, agitation and education for a modified law that can be enforced even though we count as antagonists both the Volsteadian and the bootlegger.

PHŒBE HALL VALENTINE

* * *

Engineers, and lovers of Franklin in particular, have been disturbed by Alexander McAdie's query, 'Where and when did Old Ben fly his kite?'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Let me thank Mr. McAdie, through you, for his diverting article on 'Franklin and Lightning.' I read it to my wife last night during a thunder shower, appropriately enough. I must say, however, that I was stunned, as by an electrical shock, when I read the passage in which your breezy contributor expresses uncertainty as to the historicity of the famous kite experiment. I could not forbear placing an exclamation mark in the margin, and this morning I have been rereading the *Autobiography*, a human document,

which, as a loyal Philadelphia boy, I have long cherished.

Now what does 'rare old Ben' say? Speaking about the interest of the French in his experiments, especially about one 'for drawing lightning from the clouds,' Franklin then says: 'I will not swell this narrative with an account of that capital experiment, nor of the infinite pleasure I receiv'd in the success of a similar one I made soon after with a kite in Philadelphia.' Now is n't this definite enough? Mr. McAdie expresses the hope 'that some corroborative evidence by someone who saw these flights may yet be found in old journals and diaries.' I certainly share in that hope, but I can't for the life of me see why he should refuse to accept the plain affirmation of honest 'old Ben.' True, the evidence is scanty. But, ''t will serve.'

I rise, Mr. Editor, to Poor Richard's defense. I am not a scientist, nor the son of such. I am only a simple-minded lover of books and of men, and a neophyte in the handling of both. We are dealing here with historical fact. 'Rare old Ben' was the incarnation of level-headed common-sense. I would no more accuse him of self-deception than I would my saintly grandmother.

Please let's have further light! Mr. McAdie, I'm not convinced.

Gratefully,

CHARLES E. DUNN

Mr. McAdie defends his position.

DEAR DOCTOR DUNN, —

The Editor of the *Atlantic* has kindly sent me your letter of June 30 and I am glad to try to answer the inquiry regarding the famous kite experiment of Franklin.

You are quite right in quoting the *Autobiography* and regarding it as a human document. It is a classic; and of course I am familiar with it. Ben does say 'that capital experiment' and 'the success of a similar one soon after with a kite at Philadelphia.' So far you win. But the *Autobiography* was not based on notes. It was not begun until 1771, Franklin being then sixty-six years old; and, as I understand it, was only brought down to the time when he was twenty-four years old (1730). About 1783 or 1784, Franklin resumed the writing of the *Autobiography*. He was then about seventy-seven and memory at that age is sometimes uncertain. An account of the experiment given by Stüber — he says that he talked with Franklin — is the account generally accepted, and it is so full of contradictions that it is plain that either Stüber or Franklin put color in the brush. Franklin, you will remember, was not strong on saying his prayers. And he sometimes said things that he knew were not so. Also, in setting forth the requisites for success, he placed thrift first and honesty eighth on the list.

But all this has not influenced us. We have tried to ascertain the date of the kite experiment. Surely if it was a capital experiment he would have put down the date.

I have had the help of the best authorities on Frankliniana in this country (Philadelphia authorities included) and we are all unable to find a date for the kite experiment.

Sincerely,

ALEXANDER MCADIE

P. S. — You say that Ben was the incarnation of level-headed common-sense. I tried to fly kites in thunderstorms; and the remarks made by relatives and friends were not complimentary.

* * *

Let there be light.

RANDOLPH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the flood of current publications pro and con evolution, this drop in the *Atlantic* — 'The Bee's Knees' — is worthy of passing comment. For it concludes so inconsistently, '*Science . . . solves nothing*,' after its gifted author, through simple scientific observation, has so interestingly solved how the bee cleans its antennæ, how it conveys its food hiveward, how it empties its pockets, and so forth, and so forth. At last the keen observer confesses himself 'completely frustrated' by the question 'whether the bee's antenna existed first and needed a cleaner . . . or whether the cleaner happened first and needed something to clean.' It is then, after repeating some of the earliest criticisms of Darwinism, that he declares that evolution 'has become a sort of theology' and 'has got itself mixed up in our educational programme.' Not so fast, Mr. Layman! Evolution is in our educational system because it points the way to solving just such problems. If antennæ exist in insects generally and these cleaners do not, it suggests *a priori* that the antennæ were there first. That the front legs were used in cleaning them — that a special spine came to play a perfect part in the cleansing process — does not seem particularly mysterious. What are the arrangements in other insects? In other words, what is the comparative anatomy of the structure? If one is not interested to push the inquiry, should he 'drop the subject' in the *Atlantic*, and spell mystery with a capital?

'Scientists are simple folk,' as Osterhout observed. They have enough to wonder at, but the wonder more and more becomes directed toward objects worthy of it. And science solves much, for as Carlyle remarks, — and here is the

theology of it, — 'All light and science, under all shapes, in all degrees of perfection, is of God; all darkness, nescience, is of the Enemy of God.' Is it not Carlyle's teaching, rather than Stewart's, which needs publication just at present?

Sincerely yours,

FREDERIC T. LEWIS

* * *

The East and West of it.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The direct-primary law works better in California than in Pennsylvania, judging from the article of Imogen B. Oakley in the June *Atlantic*.

Its success in California may be attributed, I think, to three factors in our political life:

First: The Legislature, soon after the enactment of the present primary law some twelve years ago, adopted a statute abolishing partisan designations after the names of candidates for city, county, and township offices. The advantage gained by appending partisan designations to the names of candidates for these offices on the ballot was largely responsible for the efficient political machine maintained in this state before the primary law took effect.

Second: The abolition of the legalized saloon and the almost complete eradication of saloons, legal and illicit, in this state, have deprived the machine of the gathering-places where, previous to the enactment of the Volstead Law, the deliverable vote usually collected previous to election for the purpose of being directed how to vote. I have known a single saloon where, between Saturday morning and Monday night preceding Tuesday's elections, three hundred ballots were marked for voters who were willing to follow the leadership of the boss and his henchmen.

Third: The appointment of women election officers has greatly reduced election frauds. County boards of supervisors and city councils have found that women serve as well as do men on these boards, and the unwillingness of men to serve for the fees paid has caused women to absorb almost completely the duties of election officers.

Elections in California may be said at present to be clean, and in reply to a questionnaire submitted by the Commonwealth Club of California, a civic organization composed of all classes of professional and business men, the vote was almost two to one in favor of its retention.

In California, however, a determined and insidious attack, instituted at the time the primary law was passed and constantly pressed ever since, is encouraged by such articles as that of our Pennsylvania friend. The ills which have been corrected by the primary law in California will be in time forgotten by a generation who will not have known them, and no doubt California will be compelled in the near future again to pass upon the question whether its primary law is good or bad. When that time comes I hope the *Atlantic* will not be quoted against the law.

WILLIAM A. BEASLY

* * *

How fast can you stop?

PAUL SMITHS, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just finished Herbert L. Towle's article, 'The Motor Menace,' in your July issue. It is very good and most interesting, but why do all such articles deal so much with 'penalties,' 'insurance,' and 'psychology' and so little with mechanics?

I have owned and operated cars since 1905, and have always contended that half the cars on the road have brakes so worn or poorly adjusted that they won't stop at twenty miles an hour as quickly as the car with properly adjusted brakes will stop at forty miles an hour. Steering gears too are often so faulty in adjustment that they are slow to act.

I believe that, if the cities and states withdrew half their motorcycle policemen and put them in plain clothes with the power to stop any man anywhere, any time, and make him demonstrate his brakes and steering gear, the net result in a practical way would be far greater than all Mr. Towle's suggestions put together.

Incidentally this need not be a hit-or-miss inspection, for the Bureau of Standards has an instrument that instantly shows the rate of deceleration when brakes are applied.

GEORGE H. TOWNSEND

* * *

That maternal instinct!

DANVILLE, KENTUCKY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Here is a tale of Kentucky which might have come from the pen of Lucy Furman in her chronicles of the Southern mountaineer. However, there are 'Quare Women' even in the small towns of the Bluegrass.

The public health nurse was holding one of the monthly clinics, and among those whom she had cajoled or otherwise induced to come was a weary-looking, bedraggled woman with three small children tugging at her skirts.

An unsuccessful attempt was made by the nurse to obtain the 'histories' which the doctors required for their examination, but the mother's answers were altogether vague.

At the conclusion of his tests, the physician turned to the woman and explained: 'Your youngest child has diseased tonsils and a bad

case of adenoids. We will have to take them out as soon as you can make the necessary arrangements.'

Suddenly the woman was interested! 'No, sir!' she exclaimed. 'I aims ter bury 'em with all their parts!'

EMMA HARPER APPLEGATE

* * *

The little glory that attends publication is too often bestowed on the editors instead of being divided equally between them and the business staff. This letter is a gracious monument to our publisher, who has been responsible for the physical character of the *Atlantic* for over a quarter of a century.

GREEN LAKE, WISCONSIN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The Contributors' Column, very appropriately, has many good things to say about the contents of the *Atlantic*, but to my mind far too little is said about its delightfully satisfactory binding. It is perhaps of first importance to have something worth binding, but, like a good tea made vastly pleasanter for perfect china and linen, the *Atlantic* authors are given an advantage of fine binding and general make-up which I hope they are humble enough to appreciate. The *Atlantic* may be read in bed, or on a mountain top; it may travel for days in a pocket, be turned inside out a hundred times, and yet be sound enough to join the goodly company of its predecessors on library or attic shelves.

When the *Atlantic* passes through a family and among its friends, and is handed down to one, two, or three generations intact, one wonders what upholds, among those workers in the background, the spirit which maintains such a degree of perfection. If it is a tradition, a family secret, let us hope it may be nurtured as one of the *Atlantic's* treasured possessions, for its value would be difficult to estimate.

'Blest be the tie that binds'! Not only the efficient tie that binds the pages of the *Atlantic*, but the mysterious thread of friendship that seems to join the magazine to its readers. It is natural to go to the *Atlantic* for an explanation of this feeling of freemasonry, and perhaps a recent good phrase, 'reverence for perfection,' contains the secret. 'Reverence for perfection' on the part of editors and publishers, and real reverence from readers for the high standard maintained.

Many years ago, as a child, I pieced out *Elsie Venner* and *The Guardian Angel* from a shelf of old *Atlantics* in my grandfather's bookcase, and nosed about among fascinating Civil War articles with a delight which is still vivid. I decided then that no *Atlantic* ought ever to be thrown away. I have never seen an *Atlantic* on an ash-heap, and hope I may be forever spared this sacrilege!

Sincerely,

HARRIET L. KUTCHIN

* * *

The editor has enough responsibilities of his own. This conundrum is respectfully referred to our readers.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Here 's a little story for you. It is true.

Some time ago, not without malice aforethought, I wrote a poem. Now I have written some hundred odd poems in the course of the past few years; but this particular poem was different from the others. It consisted of twelve rows of words, idle words, strung on their grammatical wires correctly enough, but purposely conveying no meaning whatever. Not a sign of a thought back of them — simply high-sounding phrases, put together so that they looked like a perfectly good poem of the modern imagist school. (I took care that the verses should contain plenty of imagery, to cover up the total lack of thought content.)

This 'poem,' with no comment and with some misgiving, for I will admit it was not exactly the sporting thing to do, I sent with other bona fide poems to a man I should not dare say how high in the world of literary criticism — oh, terribly high! Well, the great man swallowed the bait, hook, line, and all, saying a word in commendation of the group of poems, but singling out the fake poem for honorable mention!

The above incident raises a horrible question in my mind — a question which has been skulking in my mental back porch for some time. Is it possible that some of the modern poetry — you know the variety I mean, all mauve soul-throbbings and green whispers and passionate stardust — is concocted during a mental lapse on the part of the writer; or does the 'poet' intentionally pile colorful words upon colorful words, the whole fabric interwoven with no more meaning than was my own gem; or what have you?

COLIN DALE

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1925

A CONVERSATION IN THE GALAPAGOS

MR. WILLIAM BEEBE AND A MARINE IGUANA

BY EDMUND WILSON

MR. BEEBE. You are not afraid of me.

THE IGUANA. Why should I be? I have seen sea lions before and they have never done me any harm.

MR. BEEBE. The tropic-birds that come from the mainland to breed on the crater-slopes of Daphne have different ideas from you other inhabitants of the islands. They snap at me with their jagged red beaks when I try to go near their nests. They know that I am not a seal but a man, and they have had to do with men before.

THE IGUANA. We iguanas are the masters of life; we are afraid of nothing. The inferior caste of smaller lizards find the hawks rather troublesome, I believe; they are sometimes caught and eaten and are always getting nasty frights. But we iguanas know that there is nothing in the universe which can interfere with us. Lie down beside us here on the hot rock and enjoy a good stupefying doze.

MR. BEEBE. I would rather visit with you a little. I have come a long way to see you. I believe that you animals can help me to understand a mystery to the solution of which I am devoting my life; and as there are no other marine iguanas in the world I have naturally made a point of coming here.

THE IGUANA. I cannot help you. So far as I am concerned, everything is a mystery.

MR. BEEBE. You talk as my own race has long talked, but as we talk no longer. When my ancestors interrogated animals, their questions were merely rhetorical: they never expected them to be answered. 'Tiger! Tiger! burning bright In the forests of the night . . . In what distant deeps or skies Burnt the fire of thine eyes? . . . What the hammer, what the chain, Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?' The man who addressed the tiger in this fashion was resigned to the mystery; he became exalted in contemplating it. But I can no longer be content in the contemplation of something which I do not understand, and it is only in the clearing-up of mysteries that I taste my exaltation. I have come to put you a similar question, but I mean to make you answer it.

THE IGUANA. Your trouble is wasted; I have nothing to say. I can only

recommend a warm siesta — the most satisfying thing in the world.

MR. BEEBE. Yet when the first of our investigators came among you, nearly a hundred years ago, you islanders gave him the clue to the labyrinth. Hitherto, as I say, we had been resigned to accept life as a mystery — to suppose that each of the different species of animals had been created separately by a miracle. But when the great Darwin visited these islands he observed that each had its special families, — its special tortoises, its special finches, its special plants, — each quite distinct from those of the other islands and from similar creatures on the mainland, yet so much alike that it occurred to him they might be descended from a common ancestor and the differences which he noticed between them might be the result of the different conditions under which they had been living in the different islands. It was as if the Galapagos had been arranged as a special simplified demonstration of the process by which species change.

THE IGUANA. We iguanas have always been the same and there is only one species of us. We are immutable.

MR. BEEBE. You are mistaken. If you were to travel inland, you would find an entirely different species, unlike you in habits, shape, and color. Where you have webbed feet and flattened tails, because you have to get about in the sea; where you have strongly developed claws, because you have to climb the rough rock, they have only such claws and such tails as they require for the easy savannas; and where you are black like your lava-beach, they are yellow like their cactus flowers. Yet you are the offspring of a common stock, and the differences which have arisen between you are the differences between sea and land.

THE IGUANA. I cannot accept that: we notice no differences arising. We don't observe our color turning dark or our claws growing longer.

MR. BEEBE. They have done so, for all that. You know that you differ among yourselves. Well, Darwin saw that the iguanas with the flattest tails and the feet which tended most to be webbed would be in the most advantageous situation for supporting life on the shore because they would most easily be able to swim, and therefore best able to get seaweed to eat. They would survive the others and interbreed and perpetuate their characteristics, which would in time become intensified and the common property of the whole race. So, not only did it appear that two kinds of iguanas might be bred from the same ancestor, but also that all lizards, turtles, and snakes, with their three-chambered hearts and their scales, might have common parents, too; that even the whole race of reptiles, on the one hand, and the whole race of birds, on the other, — since your scales in their earliest stages look so much like their feathers, — might have sprung from a remoter father, whose skeleton, as a matter of fact, has been found. Why not, then, all we creatures with backbones and with nervous systems stemming from them? Why not all creatures with tubelike bodies? Why not all creatures that are born from cells and build their bodies up from cells? Why not, in short, all life? I, a man, as well as you, a lizard? The seaweed you live on, a plant, as well as you and me?

THE IGUANA. I cannot understand how beings so unlike each other as the seaweed, you, and myself could have been built up through such trifling differences as occur between different iguanas. After all, the tails of all the iguanas are of almost exactly the same length!

MR. BEEBE. You fail to realize how long a time this process has been going

on. No one knows how many million generations may have gone to make an iguana. And I should also explain that, as a matter of fact, very wide variations from the ordinary type may appear suddenly without warning. Some believe that these and not the small variations are what have brought about the change. So that, for all I know, your flattened tails may have come into being, as it were, overnight when a new brood was suddenly hatched that had them.

THE IGUANA. Then a miracle did occur.

MR. BEEBE. Not at all. The young iguana was once an egg, and the egg was once a tiny cell which multiplied by dividing and grew gradually into an iguana. The smallest accident to one of those cells at an early stage of the young iguana's growth — a cell too few or a cell too many — might have produced an entirely different kind of animal.

THE IGUANA. What would be the cause of such an accident?

MR. BEEBE. That is what we are trying to find out. It may be that the place where the animal lives has a direct influence upon him, so that, instead of being merely the residuum of a sifting-out of the iguanas best adapted to the Galapagos coast, he is also the product of the direct moulding of the tides in which he swims, of the equatorial sun which warms him, and of the seaweed which forms his diet.

THE IGUANA. That 's all nonsense. You can see for yourself that these boulders around us here have been exposed to the same sunlight and sea and surrounded by the same seaweed as I; yet they have not changed into iguanas. You talk as if I were merely an adding-up of accidents and influences, whereas I am plainly a separate force in myself. I can assure you that, if I have been made, it is not the sun and the sea which have made me, but I who have made myself.

MR. BEEBE. Yet you must admit that the boulders and you have some characteristics in common: you are grayish-black like them, and their backs are dull and rough like yours. In fact, from a distance it is almost impossible to tell you apart.

THE IGUANA. But we can swim, crawl about, and lay eggs, whereas the boulder can do nothing. And we swim because we will to swim, crawl about because we will to crawl, and lay eggs because we will to perpetuate an incomparable species.

MR. BEEBE. Very well; but such a statement as that tells us investigators — us scientists — nothing. Even assuming that by willing to swim you eventually become able to and develop webs and flat tails for the purpose, it is our business to take that will apart and find out what it is really made of and how it really works.

THE IGUANA. My dear fellow, you are wasting your time. You will never master life that way. As one animal to another, I can only advise you to follow your instinct without worrying about what makes it work. That is the great force that drives us — instinct! Let it carry you along from triumph to triumph! Let it guide you to the passionate enjoyment of the fullness of life! Just at present my instinct commands me to go to sleep, and I am sure you must feel the same yearning. (*He closes his eyes.*)

MR. BEEBE. 'As one animal to another' — so you animals are always saying to me! One night at Panama, on my way here, I went hunting in the jungle and wore a jack light on my forehead. Everywhere I looked I saw the animals gazing at me with burning eyes. That was all I could see, — their eyes, which reflected the light from my lantern, — so that I shot a crayfish

and a large toad, mistaking them for crocodiles, and almost fired at a spider under the impression that it was a possum. Amphibian, crustacean, mammal, and arachnid, — as we think ourselves so clever in distinguishing them, — they were all the same there, and if they had had jack lights like me they could not have told me from one of themselves. Here we are, I thought, all staring at one another with the same pairs of eyes, each with the same fear for his life — a lot of animals in a jungle! Yet I could see what they could not see, for I could see with the eyes of the mind — I could see both beyond and below them. I looked out upon a different universe from them and from you.

THE IGUANA (*without opening his eyes*). My own is quite good enough: there is everything necessary in it.

MR. BEEBE. None the less, since your eyes are closed to your own, consider mine for a moment. When you look out, you see only the barren coast and the level and quiet sea; when I approach, you think only of a sea lion — another being, another will, like yourself. But when I look out I see a vast machine functioning with infinite complexity: for me iguana, ocean, and coast are all one interplay of parts. The solid scene dissolves into tiny objects each ten million million times as small through as the width of my little-finger nail. I see two different kinds of these, which mutually attract each other, and one of which is whirling about the other at an unimaginable speed. In some cases, I see only one particle revolving around another; in other cases, almost a hundred arranged in as many as six successive rings with a group of both kinds at the centre, themselves in revolution. When one of the electrons, as we call them, shifts from one ring to another, it does so instantaneously and, if it shifts from a larger to a smaller ring, loses a certain amount of energy, which you see given off as light. The combined weight of the revolving electrons always equals the weight of the central group; but when the outside ring finds itself overcrowded by the number necessary to strike this balance, it allows the outer ring of another system, which has room for extra electrons, to take over a few; and the two atoms, as the systems are called, adjust themselves to each other's movements and travel about together. The same thing happens when they find themselves with too few or too many electrons for their centres. I see, as a matter of fact, that all the atoms have combined in this way and that they have done so according to definite laws: some have twice the capacity for attraction of others and are able to attract two atoms of the kind which have least capacity for attraction; others only balance with three, and so on up to six. And beyond this there are certain kinds which, by internal attractions among groups, are able to combine in associations running into thousands.

I see the air about us made up of certain of these atom-groups — which we have named molecules — moving in straight lines very rapidly in every direction and continually colliding with one another; I see the ocean made up of some of the same groups in combination with certain others, but moving much less rapidly and beginning to stick together. In fact, the molecules themselves tend to combine as units, as many as sixty together, to form larger aggregations. I see the rocks we are sitting on built up of these larger groups fixed in regular formations called crystals, and I see our bodies composed of other aggregations in a more unstable condition, which is continually breaking down and re-forming between fluid and a state of jelly where the molecules

have linked together in a network like foam. I have thirty million million such units in my body organized in a great community, — all reacting with each other and with the molecules that surround me, — some alive and performing their rhythms of agglutination and dissolution, others dead and pressed into service as scaffoldings and walls to form envelopes for the live ones. We call these cells; their average length is a five-hundredth of the width of my little-finger nail; I see them filled with a grayish jelly which is sprinkled with little grains and strung through with a net of threads stretched from the sides to a small body in the centre. Near the latter is a larger nucleus containing its own network, body, and grains. But in the community different kinds of cells are designed for different uses. All have breathing grains in them for the purpose of splitting up a certain kind of molecule, which we call oxygen, and supplying the cell with the separate atoms; but other grains perform different duties according to the function of the cell. Some store fat; others starch, for fuel in the muscles; some the material proper for nerves; some the material proper for eggs; others the colors of our skin, and so forth. I see similar kinds of cells banded together and collaborating in their office. These are tissues; some breathe, some breed, some enable you to move. They work together in your body in a manner which I understand extremely well, but which I have n't time to rehearse here. What it amounts to is that the whole community are exchanging energy with the world outside and among themselves. The cells of the plants — like your seaweed here — have solid envelopes different from ours, and in the envelopes special grains which give the plants their greenish color and which take in energy directly from the sunlight. You eat the plants in order to acquire that energy, and with the aid of the oxygen from the air you convert it in turn into energy of your own which you discharge in your movements. We humans eat not only plants but other animals as well, and thus get the energy of the sun at third, instead of second, hand.

I see you and me and the seaweed situated, along with a great number of other beings, on the surface of a large solid mass of molecules of the crystallized sort nearly a thousand times as big around as this island is long — a body with a rocky crust and an iron core, almost spherical like the sun, as it looks to us from here, but caved-in somewhat on four faces, in which the oceans have collected. It has caved in because it is giving off energy, and as it does so its atoms are crowding closer, and as they do so the earth is shrinking; and it is roundish because it is revolving. It is revolving steadily about the sun, which is one million and three hundred times as large as it, along with seven other bodies of the same kind, as do the electrons around their centres, in a series of successive rings — except that here there is only one body in each ring, that each body continues in its course, and that all the courses are on the same level. The sun itself is spinning in space, and these other bodies are fragments broken off from it — as the moon is, in turn, from our earth. The planets go around the sun and the moon around the earth in this way because space is warped in the presence of matter, and in following a curve they are merely taking what is for them the straightest possible path, from which, once they are set going, they are unable to depart. I see no molecules and no atoms in this space, — our air is only a film about the earth, — but a medium different from those we know, incapable of being divided into parts, but through which energy is able to pass in the form

of light and heat. As the other planets and the sun cool down, they are contracting like the earth; but the sun is still extremely hot and, where the atoms are in violent agitation, is giving out energy at a terrific rate. In fact, we depend upon it for energy.

Beyond the system in which we find ourselves, I can see half a million other systems in different stages of the same process through which our own has passed or through which it has still to go, and a hundred million or more suns. These systems have collected in a larger system something the shape of this watch of mine, in which our own is situated slightly above the middle and close to one end. They are all moving in relation to one another, but I do not know precisely how: it seems to me that our own is headed at top speed toward a certain group of distant suns. The great system is probably itself moving as a unit and absorbing stars as it goes along. The space in which all this happens gives me the impression of being boundless, but, though I could probably travel through it in any direction without actually arriving at a boundary, I have reason to believe that there is only a certain amount of it and that my impression of its infinity is an illusion. — I see that you are sound asleep and have not listened to one word I have been saying. But it has been a satisfaction to me to recapitulate all I know.

THE IGUANA (*waking up*). I have enjoyed listening to you very much. The gentle ebb and flow of your voice has had a soothing effect on my spirit like the surf against the shore, and the refrains which occurred from time to time lent a refinement of rhythm. You were humming a song when you first came up, and I felt that it had the same fine qualities. Both exercises were delightful expressions of the rhythm that we all feel — in eating, breeding, or respiration. Rhythm — that is the great thing!

MR. BEEBE. I gave you, then, no new view of the universe?

THE IGUANA. From what you had said I was under the impression that you were going to elucidate a mystery; but in the little I listened to before I fell asleep I observed that you were basing your universe on mysteries even more extraordinary than those I urged you to accept. What, in fact, are those electrons you speak of, and what makes them rush about in that way? What, precisely, is that energy they release? I am unable to imagine it. Electrons would evidently be live creatures like ourselves and therefore incomprehensible. But whereas I had supposed that only the animals were alive, you want to convince me that everything is. Furthermore, how is one to understand the behavior of beings which from revolving about a centre in one orbit appear instantaneously in another? Such a conception is against all my experience. When the birds which I see flying above me want to come down to the earth or the sea, they do so gradually and in an unbroken descent — they do not drop instantaneously. I cannot understand for the life of me why you sneer at the man who apostrophized the tiger when you appear to be satisfied with the mystery of the electron. Why could one not address to the electron — and with greater reason — a similar rhetorical question: 'Electron! Electron! circling swift, Who taught you that tremendous shift?'

MR. BEEBE. I am not satisfied with the mystery of the electron. I expect presently to find it out.

THE IGUANA. Take my word for it, you never will and you may as well give it up. The electron, if it exists, evidently follows its instinct like you and me. It is inspired by a will, a vital force. You may take an iguana or an

atom apart — you may even take an electron apart. But how can you take an instinct apart? How can you take life apart? Let us put ourselves in harmony with this instinct — let us not hope to analyze it. I have a deep conviction that the life I experience is something incapable of being divided.

MR. BEEBE. We scientists cannot admit that. When the first voyagers used to navigate these seas three hundred years ago, they called this archipelago 'the Enchanted Islands,' because they knew so little about calculating distances that, when strong currents carried them out of their courses, they had the illusion of sailing straight over the places where the islands had formerly been. That is, they attributed to an unknown and unintelligible power something which they had merely not been clever enough to give its natural explanation. And that is the type of all scientific progress. To-day, our electrons which disappear from one orbit and instantaneously appear in another are inexplicable, like the Enchanted Islands, which were sometimes there and sometimes not. But we have found out the secret of the islands and we may find out the secret of the electron. As for what makes the electrons move, science has never pretended to deal with ultimate realities. We leave that to mystics like you. It is enough for us to know *how* they move. All that we scientists pretend to understand are the relations between realities, and why should we not understand even the relations involved in the processes of living bodies as well as the relations involved in the processes of the nonliving world? People used to imagine that life appeared spontaneously — like the Enchanted Islands again. They talked of bees suddenly springing into life in the bodies of dead animals and of mice generated from a piece of cheese and a pile of dirty rags; but now we understand how the bees and mice got there just as we understand how the islands got there. And who knows if we may not in time come to understand their genesis so well that we shall be able to construct bees and mice ourselves out of their component energy and atoms? We have already made impressive beginnings in this direction. Already we have produced out of nonliving materials artificial cells that look like real ones and that move, divide, and eat as if they were alive, and have caused artificial seeds to sprout and grow into the leaves and stalks of live water-plants. Already we have made a substance called formaldehyde, which is one of the systems of molecules built up by plants and which has always been supposed inseparable from living organisms, out of a nonliving gas passed through a nonliving salt in the presence of rays of sunlight; and by mixing certain crystals with certain liquids we have even created the living organisms called moulds. We have kept a piece of animal tissue alive by feeding it its accustomed diet five years after the body was dead. We have determined the sex of pigeons before they were hatched, and fertilized frogs' eggs by pricking them with needles. And we have stimulated the ova of sea urchins to develop into eggs and hatch by supplying them artificially with the enveloping membrane which had formerly been contributed by the male!

THE IGUANA. Is that so? Well, I really cannot see what is the point of taking all that trouble. There are always plenty of water-plants. I have never known the supply to give out; and I am sure they reproduce themselves a great deal better than you can reproduce them. And as for mice, I cannot conceive why anybody should want to manufacture them!

MR. BEEBE. It is not that we want

to manufacture mice, but that we want to recast human beings. If it is a question of mice, you have no idea how useful they are proving to us. By breeding ordinary mice, for example, with the kind that have a gift for waltzing, we have been able to find out the exact mathematical proportion according to which they inherit their peculiarity, and from this have come to hope that we may some day be in a position to trace the inheritance of our own characteristics. Furthermore, from experimenting with the embryos of rats we have reached the conclusion that it may be possible to gestate human embryos outside the womb of the mother and thus do away with the difficulties of birth, which are so much greater among us human mammals than among you iguanas, who have already developed a natural device for growing the offspring outside the body. May we not hope to find the seeds of human qualities among the bodies of the germinal cell? May we not hope to fertilize the ova and to rear the embryo outside the womb? And may we not therefore succeed in preserving and improving those of our qualities which we have decided are valuable and in destroying the others? May we not, in short, come to breed genius and virtue in human beings as we already can breed waltzing in mice?

The Iguana. I cannot understand this passion for changing yourselves. Are n't you good enough as you are? I am sure that, for my part, it would never occur to me to try to tinker with the iguanas — they are perfectly satisfactory already.

Mr. Beebe. No, we humans are not satisfactory; there is always something wrong with us. In the first place, we frequently inhabit climates where there is so little food available that we are obliged to work extremely hard in order to have enough to eat, and where the weather is so unfavorable that we are obliged to construct elaborate shelters from it and to wear artificial skins. Those who do not care to cultivate animals and plants themselves or to manufacture houses or clothes are obliged to perform other kinds of labor in order to get enough precious metal to exchange for these commodities; and this latter class tends to huddle in large communities something like those of the bees and ants, except that they are not so well organized, for there are so many inhabitants and so little work that all kinds of ridiculous tasks have to be invented of which the products are either harmful or unnecessary, and even with these the competition is so great that many starve from having nothing to do and all who have work are compelled to use up their whole lives attending to it for fear it will be given to someone else. Furthermore, our cities are so densely built and so befogged with the gases from our workshops that they have ended by excluding the sunlight, upon whose energy all life depends. So that, as a rule, our city populations are overworked and undersunned. And we are so ill adapted to our natural conditions — let alone these artificial ones — that we are perpetually falling victim to all kinds of enfeeblements, insanities, and illnesses caused by our failure to cope with them. What seems the crowning gratuitous curse of our plight is the fact that we are surrounded by a poisonous race of invisible plantlike creatures which are always ready to fall upon us and devour us when the slightest weakness on the part of our tissues allows them an opening. With all these difficulties, we have become so quarrelsome that we are continually fighting one another individually and collectively, sometimes on a scale so great that whole races of men attack each other for some valuable source of food

or money until both have been completely ruined. Now we scientists — aside from the possibilities which I suggested a moment ago — have already begun to find out how to remedy these misfortunes. One of our sciences studies communities and the distribution of money and food with a view to better organization; another studies the growth of plants and attempts artificially to produce the substances supplied by them, with a view to making our food as abundant and as easily accessible for us as your seaweed is for you. Another tries to straighten out the sad tangles in our minds which result from our natural desires for mating, pleasure, or relaxation, attempting to make their requirements felt in societies which have provided for them insufficiently. Another hunts down the bacteria which prey on us and invents means to destroy them; another stimulates our organs when they are weak and purifies them when they are poisoned; another takes them apart when they are out of order and sets them running properly again, grafts new tissues when the old have been torn away, and supplies new blood when the old is failing; and a fourth, when the atomic structure of our bodies has been thrown out of gear, readjusts it by the application of rays. Unfortunately we are the victims of an infectious stupidity which is perhaps our most serious plague of all, and which allows us to pervert the uses of our discoveries till they become the instruments of our undoing — so that out of our knowledge of molecules and atoms and our mastery of energy we have created machines to enslave and overstrain us and new weapons of unprecedented power to wage war on one another. But even this we may in time find remediable. Already by the stimulation of certain secretions in the recesses of our bodies we have found a means of advancing the idiotic to a normal condition. Who knows if we may not soon raise the normal to a condition of intelligence?

THE IGUANA. The more you say, the plainer it becomes to me that you men are hopelessly mistaken. The further you go along the lines you have been describing, the worse off you are certain to be. Your misfortune really lies, not in knowing too little and in not having rearranged things enough, but in ever having embarked on researches which are obviously destined to be incomplete, and in attempting to tamper with your souls and bodies before you really understand them — which, believe me, you never will. What you need is to return to the natural state — from which you never should have departed. How do you know, for example, that before you have succeeded in stimulating the rest of humanity to think the same thoughts that you think and to see their salvation as you do — which in itself sounds improbable — they may not already have slaughtered the whole race, including you, in one of their scientific wars? In the meantime, in any case, you fall sick, you starve, you die before your time — you are excessively unhappy. Now those are things that never happen to us iguanas. We follow Nature's divine decrees and we are never troubled by those 'sad tangles' of which you speak, which result from the repression of natural desires. We enjoy ourselves, we mate, we relax. In the morning, in our comfortable burrows we come to life with the waking of the light; then we lie about on some favorite rock till the waters have withdrawn from the seaweed; we lounge down and munch it fresh from the surf — wet, slimy, and delicious. Then all day, as you see us here, we bask in the warm luscious sun. Go back to Nature! Live as we do! You talk a great deal, like the birds;

but it is plain from your own description that you live primarily to pursue the same ends as they and as we — you wish to eat, to enjoy the sunshine, to perpetuate your kind. If you find yourselves in a sunless climate and with a scarcity of nourishment, that is very regrettable. I advise you to move to our country, where there is room for so many more. Only, if you do, kindly leave us alone. Do not try to put us together differently; do not stimulate our secretions. You would only distress us and make us sick. Iguana nature never changes and we do not want to have it change!

MR. BEEBE. Does it not? I have seen the skeletons of lizards twenty times as large as you, twenty times the largest of your species! — obviously offshoots, in the remote past, of some common ancestor with you. Would you tell me in the face of those monstrous skeletons — articulated exactly like your own — that your nature had never changed? I could show you at the top of my own brain the last useless vestiges of an eye which has disappeared in me but which still survives in you to the degree that a certain scale in the middle of your forehead wears the image of its retina and lens, and when you are asleep and I pass my hand before it you become aware of it at once; and I could show you in the embryos of both our races the gill-clefts of the water-breathing beings from which we have both sprung! What sort of creature was I when I had an eye in the middle of my forehead? What sort of creature were you when you breathed through gills? Neither a lizard nor a man! We were perhaps the same creature then. But have we not changed since that time? You are right — we all have the same nature; but the characteristic of that nature is to change! Your ancestors changed to dinosaurs — that is, they became enormously strong — and they must have had the mastery of their world. But when the climate turned from warm to cold, their strength did not help them to cope with it and they perished, every one. Now we men, when we in turn took our flight from a different stock from yours, developed a more effectual means of dealing with the treacheries of the globe. We became, not strong, but skillful — we hit upon the use of tools. You other animals had been under the necessity of growing the tools you needed yourselves — your wings, your oars, your diving-helmets, your electric batteries, your lights, your weapons to defend yourselves, and your traps to catch your prey. It takes you a long time to acquire these things, and the number you can manage at one time is very limited. But we humans found out how to make these instruments out of the materials of the inanimate world, and so could command them all at once because we could pick them up when they were wanted and lay them down when we were done. And this genius may carry us far.

I told you that we were always maladjusted; the truth is that we can adjust ourselves more successfully — that is, to more kinds of environment — than any other creature that has ever lived. You must consider the difficulty of what we try to do; then our achievement will become impressive. Yet we must work at our tools day and night. And that is the scientist's purpose. Despite other men who are content, like you iguanas, to eat and sleep and enjoy the sun, to look no further than their own deaths, and to cultivate the enjoyment of their sensations, or to put blind confidence in the instincts which stir us and in the energy which moves us all, *he* knows that we must be saved through abstract thought and through the construction of

machines — lest we be caught by some new trick of Nature or some perversity of our own before we are ready to deal with it, and the conquest of matter be all to be begun again by some new race with a new genius, while only degenerate members of our own live on, all their fine aspirations given up, as you iguanas in stupid indifference watch us sail the seas and drain the marshes where your family were once supreme. Not the artist nor the prophet shall save us, but the scientist, for he alone handles the tools. The artist and the prophet, like him, chafe at their existence on this impossible earth where they are half masters and half slaves. Like him, they hear the voice which torments us all: 'Not good enough! Not good enough!' But the artist can turn all his chagrin into a beautiful and satisfying work of art and so be relieved of it; and the prophet can hope that what we lack on earth will be made up to us after we have died. Both can assert, like any iguana, that human nature never changes and that they would not have it change. But the scientist has seen it change and knows it must change as much again — as much again and more! Then, then, we shall have a real world like the dreamed worlds of our prophets and poets — a world which has passed not only through man's mind but also through his hands! In that day we shall no longer have to compensate ourselves by the falsehoods of our imagination for the mutilations of our bodies and the starvations and frustrations of our souls. Living in a universe which is itself the masterpiece of our imagination, our common speech and the songs which we improvise in the enjoyment of our strength and our power would make the utterances of our Dantes and Beethovens sound like the stammerings of barbarians! And in that day our saints would stand ashamed to have bought sainthood with suffering!

THE IGUANA. Your Beethovens, your Darwins, and your Dantes do not matter to me. It is growing dark — I must get home to my burrow. (*He begins to crawl away.*)

MR. BEEBE. Yes. The earth, turning away its face, hides the ball of the sun from our eyes; and the light, striking through earth's film, streams divided in purple and green. But you shall not go back to your burrow — you shall come with me! (*He lassoes the Iguana with a cord.*)

THE IGUANA. What do you want to do with me?

MR. BEEBE. You must help me to attain that triumph!

THE IGUANA. If, as you say, the sun is burning out and you depend upon it for life, where will your triumph be when the sun is dead and the earth cold?

MR. BEEBE. Look! Behind us a million suns begin to shine in the eastern sky, all burning like our own. We shall have those down to warm us when our own has given out!

THE IGUANA. That strikes me as a remote hope — if their sizes are what you represent them. Only a mystic faith like mine, I am sure, could inspire a thought so unscientific. In that faith, let us go to our beds; let us sleep on the divine mystery. There is nothing so comforting or so delicious in the world as falling asleep in a cool burrow.

MR. BEEBE. While we sleep we prepare our children's ruin. Since you have done nothing to save yours, you shall help me to save mine! (*He carries him off by the tail.*)

THE IGUANA. I go unwillingly!

ANONYMITY: AN INQUIRY

BY E. M. FORSTER

I

Do you like to know whom a book's by?

The question is more profound and even more literary than may appear. A poem, for example — do we gain more or less pleasure from it when we know the name of the poet? The *Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens*, for example. No one knows who wrote *Sir Patrick Spens*. It comes to us out of the northern void like a breath of ice. Set beside it another ballad whose author is known — *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. That too contains a tragic voyage and the breath of ice, but it is signed Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and we know a certain amount about this Coleridge. Coleridge signed other poems and knew other poets; he ran away from Cambridge; he enlisted as a dragoon under the name of Trooper Comberback, but fell so constantly from his horse that it had to be withdrawn from beneath him permanently; he was employed instead upon matters relating to sanitation; he married Southey's sister, and gave lectures; he became stout, pious, and dishonest, took opium, and died. With such information in our heads, we speak of the *Ancient Mariner* as 'a poem by Coleridge'; but we speak of *Sir Patrick Spens* as a poem.

What difference, if any, does this difference between them make upon our minds? And in the case of novels and plays — does ignorance or knowledge of their authorship signify? And newspaper articles — do they impress more when signed or unsigned?

Thus — rather vaguely — let us begin our quest.

Books are composed of words, and words have two functions to perform: they give information, or they create an atmosphere. Often they do both, for the two are not incompatible; but our inquiry must keep them distinct.

Let us avoid Literature for our next example, and turn instead to Public Notices. There is a word that is sometimes hung up at the edge of a tram line: the word 'Stop.' Written on a metal label by the side of the line, it means that a tram will stop here presently. It is an example of pure information. It creates no atmosphere — at least not in my mind. I stand close to the label and wait and wait for the tram. If the tram comes, the information is correct; if it does n't come, the information is incorrect; but in either case it remains information. The notice is an excellent instance of one of the uses of words. Compare it with another public notice which is sometimes exhibited in the darker cities of England: 'Beware of pickpockets, male and female.' Here again there is information. A pickpocket may come along presently, just like a tram, and we take our measures accordingly. But there is something else besides. Atmosphere is created. Who can see those words without a slight sinking feeling at the heart? All the people around look so honest and nice, but they are not — some of them are pick-

pockets, male or female. They hustle an old gentleman; the old gentleman glances down — his watch is gone. They steal up behind an old lady and cut out the back breadth of her beautiful sealskin jacket with sharp and noiseless pairs of scissors. Observe that happy little child running to buy sweets. Why does he suddenly burst into tears? A pickpocket, male or female, has jerked his halfpenny out of his hand.

All this, and perhaps much more, occurs to us when we read the notice in question. We suspect our fellows of dishonesty, we observe them suspecting us. We have been reminded of several disquieting truths — the general insecurity of life, human frailty, the violence of the poor, and the fatuous trustfulness of the rich, who always expect to be popular without having done anything to deserve it. It is a sort of memento mori, set up in the midst of Vanity Fair. By taking the form of a warning it has made us afraid, although nothing is gained by fear; all we need to do is to protect our precious purses, and fear will not help us to do this. Besides conveying information it has created an atmosphere, and to that extent it is literature. 'Beware of pickpockets, male and female,' is not good literature and it is unconscious. But the words are performing two functions, whereas the word 'Stop' only performed one; and this is an important difference, and the first step in our journey.

Next step. Let us collect together all the printed matter of the world into a single heap — everything: poetry books, exercise books, plays, newspapers, advertisements, street notices, everything. Let us arrange the contents of the heap into a line, with the works that convey pure information at one end, and the works that create pure atmosphere at the other end, and the works that do both in their intermediate positions, the whole line being graded so that we pass from one attitude to another. We shall find that at the end of pure information stands the tramway notice 'Stop,' and that at the extreme other end is lyric poetry.

Lyric poetry is absolutely no use. It is the exact antithesis of a street notice, for it conveys no information of any kind. What's the use of 'A slumber did my spirit seal' or 'Whether on Ida's snowy brow' or 'So we'll go no more a-roving' or 'Far in a western brookland'? They do not tell us where the tram will stop or even whether it exists.

And, passing from lyric poetry to ballad, we are still deprived of information. It is true that the *Ancient Mariner* describes an antarctic expedition, but in such a muddled way that it is no real help to the explorer, the accounts of the polar currents and winds being hopelessly inaccurate. It is true that the *Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens* refers to the bringing home of the Maid of Norway in the year 1285, but the reference is so vague and confused that historians turn from it in despair. Lyric poetry is absolutely no use and poetry generally is almost no use.

But when, proceeding down the line, we leave poetry behind and arrive at the drama, and particularly at those plays that purport to contain normal human beings, we find a change. Uselessness still predominates, but we begin to get information as well. *Julius Cæsar* contains some reliable information about Rome. And when we pass from the drama to the novel, the change is still more marked. Information abounds. What a lot we learn from *Tom Jones* about the west-countryside! And from *Northanger Abbey* about the same countryside fifty years later. In psychology too the novelist teaches us much. How carefully has Henry James

explored certain selected recesses of the human mind! What an analysis of a country rectory in *The Way of All Flesh!* The instincts of Emily Brontë — how they illuminate passion! And Proust — how amazingly does Proust describe not only French society, not only the working of his characters, but the personal equipment of the reader, so that one keeps stopping with a gasp to say: 'Oh! how did he find that out about me? I did n't even know it myself until he informed me, but it is so!' The novel, whatever else it may be, is partly a notice board. And that is why many men who do not care for poetry or even for the drama enjoy novels and are well qualified to criticize them.

Beyond the novel we come to works whose avowed aim is information — works of learning, history, sociology, philosophy, psychology, science, and so forth. Uselessness is now subsidiary, though it still may persist as it does in the *Decline and Fall* or the *Stones of Venice.*

And next come those works that give or profess to give us information about contemporary events — the newspapers. (Newspapers are so important and so peculiar that I shall return to them later, but mention them here in their place in the long procession of printed matter.) And then come advertisements, time-tables, the price list inside a taxi, and public notices — the notice warning us against pickpockets, which incidentally produced an atmosphere though its aim was information, and the pure information contained in the announcement 'Stop.'

It is a long journey from lyric poetry to a placard beside a tram line, but it is a journey in which there are no breaks. Words are all of one family and do not become different because some are printed in a book and others on a metal disc. It 's their functions that differentiate them. They have two functions, and the combination of those functions is infinite. If there is on earth a house with many mansions, it is the house of words.

II

Looking at this line of printed matter, let us again ask ourselves: Do I want to know who wrote that? Ought it to be signed or not? The question is becoming more interesting. Clearly, in so far as words convey information, they ought to be signed. Information is supposed to be true. That is its only reason for existing, and the man who gives it ought to sign his name, so that he may be called to account if he has told a lie. When I have waited for several hours beneath the notice 'Stop,' I have the right to suggest that it be taken down, and I cannot do this unless I know who put it up. Make your statement, sign your name. That 's common sense.

But as we approach the other function of words — the creation of atmosphere — the question of signature surely loses its importance. It does not matter who wrote 'A slumber did my spirit seal' because the poem itself does not matter. Ascribe it to Ella Wheeler Wilcox and the trams will run as usual. It does not matter much who wrote *Julius Cæsar* and *Tom Jones.* They contain descriptions of ancient Rome and eighteenth-century England, and to that extent we wish them signed, for we can judge from the author's name whether the description is likely to be reliable; but, beyond that, the guaranty of Shakespeare or Fielding might just as well be Charles Garvice's. So we come to the conclusion, firstly, that what is information ought to be signed, and secondly, that what is not information need not be signed.

Now the question can be carried a step further.

What is this element in words that is not information? I have called it 'atmosphere,' but it requires stricter definition than that. It resides not in any particular word but in the order in which words are arranged — that is to say, in style. It is the power that words have to raise our emotions or quicken our blood. It is also something else, and to define that other thing would be to explain the secret of the universe.

This 'something else' in words is undefinable. It is their power to create not only atmosphere, but a world, which, while it lasts, seems more real and solid than this daily existence of pickpockets and trams. Before we begin to read the *Ancient Mariner* we know that the Polar Seas are not inhabited by spirits, and that if a man shoots an albatross he is not a criminal but a sportsman, and that if he stuffs the albatross afterward he becomes a naturalist also. All this is common knowledge. But when we are reading the *Ancient Mariner*, or remembering it intensely, common knowledge disappears and uncommon knowledge takes its place. We have entered a universe that answers only to its own laws, supports itself, internally coheres, and has a new standard of truth. Information is true if it is accurate. A poem is true if it hangs together. Information points to something else. A poem points to nothing but itself. Information is relative. A poem is absolute. The world created by words exists neither in space nor time, though it has semblances of both; it is eternal and indestructible, and yet its action is no stronger than a flower; it is adamant, yet it is also what one of its practitioners thought it to be — namely, the shadow of a shadow. We can best define it by negations. It is not this world; its laws are not the laws of science or logic, its conclusions not those of common sense. And it causes us to suspend our ordinary judgments.

Now comes the crucial point. While we are reading the *Ancient Mariner*, we forget our astronomy and geography and daily ethics. Do we not also forget the author? Does not Samuel Taylor Coleridge, lecturer, opium-eater, and dragoon, disappear with the rest of the world of information? We remember him before we begin the poem and after we finish it, but during the poem nothing exists but the poem. Consequently, while we read the *Ancient Mariner* a curious change takes place in it. It becomes anonymous, like the *Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens*. And here is the point I would support: that all literature tends toward a condition of anonymity, and that, so far as words are creative, a signature merely distracts us from their true significance. I do not say literature 'ought' not to be signed, because literature is alive, and consequently 'ought' is the wrong word to use. It 'wants' not to be signed.

That puts my point. It is always tugging in that direction and saying in effect: 'I, not my author, exist really.' So do the trees, flowers, and human beings say, 'I really exist, not God,' and continue to say so despite the admonitions to the contrary addressed to them by clergymen and scientists. To forget its Creator is one of the functions of a creation. To remember Him is to forget the days of one's youth. Literature does not want to remember. It is alive — not in a vague complementary sense, but alive tenaciously — and it is always covering up the tracks that connect it with the laboratory.

It may here be objected that literature expresses personality, that it is

the result of the author's individual outlook, that we are right in asking for his name. It's his property — he ought to have the credit.

An important objection, also a modern one; for in the past neither writers nor readers attached the high importance to personality that they do to-day. It did not trouble Homer or the various people who were Homer. It did not trouble the writers in the Greek Anthology, who would write and rewrite the same poem in almost identical language, their notion being that the poem, not the poet, is the important thing, and that by continuous rehandling the perfect expression natural to the poem may be attained. It did not trouble the mediæval balladists, who, like the Cathedral builders, left their works unsigned. It troubled neither the composers nor the translators of the Bible. The Book of Genesis to-day contains at least three different elements, — Jahvist, Elohist, and Priestly, — which were combined into a single account by a committee who lived under King Josiah at Jerusalem, and translated into English by another committee who lived under King James I at London. And yet the Book of Genesis is literature. These earlier writers and readers knew that the words a man writes express him, but they did not make a cult of expression as we do to-day. Surely they were right, and modern critics go too far in their insistence on personality.

They go too far because they do not reflect what personality is. Just as words have two functions, — information and creation, — so each human mind has two personalities, one on the surface, one deeper down. The upper personality has a name. It is called S. T. Coleridge, or William Shakespeare, or Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is conscious and alert, it does things like dining out, answering letters, and so forth, and it differs vividly and amusingly from other personalities. The lower personality is a very queer affair. In many ways it is a perfect fool, but without it there is no literature, because unless a man dips a bucket down into it occasionally he cannot produce first-class work. There is something general about it. Although it is inside S. T. Coleridge, it cannot be labeled with his name. It has something in common with all other deeper personalities, and the mystic will assert that the common quality is God, and that here, in the obscure recesses of our being, we near the gates of the Divine. It is in any case the force that makes for anonymity. As it came from the depths, so it soars to the heights, out of local questionings; as it is general to all men, so the works it inspires have something general about them, namely beauty. The poet wrote the poem, no doubt, but he forgot himself while he wrote it, and we forget him while we read. What's so wonderful about great literature is that it transforms the man who reads it toward the condition of the man who wrote, and brings to birth in us also the creative impulse. Lost in the beauty where he was lost, we find more than we ever threw away, we reach what seems to be our spiritual home, and remember that it was not the speaker who was in the beginning, but the Word.

If we glance at one or two writers who are not first class, this point will be illustrated. Charles Lamb and R. L. Stevenson will serve. Here are two gifted, sensitive, fanciful, tolerant, humorous fellows, but they always write with their surface-personalities and never let down buckets into their underworld. Lamb did not try: 'B-b-b-buckets,' he would have said, 'are b-beyond me,' and he is the pleasanter writer in consequence. Stevenson was

always trying, oh, ever so hard, but the bucket either stuck or else came up again full of the R. L. S. who let it down, full of the mannerisms, the self-consciousness, the sentimentality, the quaintness which he was hoping to avoid. He and Lamb append their names in full to every sentence they write. They pursue us page after page, always to the exclusion of higher joy. They are letter-writers, not creative artists, and it is no coincidence that each of them did write charming letters. A letter comes off the surface; it deals with the events of the day or with plans; it is naturally signed. Literature tries to be unsigned. And the proof is that whereas, during our reading, we are always exclaiming 'How like Lamb!' or 'How typical of Stevenson!' we never say 'How like Shakespeare!' or 'How typical of Dante!' We are conscious only of the world they have created, and we are in a sense copartners in it. Coleridge, in his smaller domain, makes us copartners, too. We forget for ten minutes his name and our own, and I contend that this temporary forgetfulness, this momentary and mutual anonymity, is sure evidence of good stuff. The demand that literature should express personality is far too insistent in these days, and I look back with longing to the earlier modes of criticism where a poem was not an expression but a discovery, and was sometimes supposed to have been shown to the poet by God.

'Explique-moi d'où vient ce souffle par ta bouche façonné en mots.
Car quand tu parles, comme un arbre qui de toute sa feuille
S'émeut dans le silence de Midi, la paix en nous peu à peu succède à la pensée.
Par le moyen de ce chant sans musique et de cette parole sans voix, nous sommes accordés à la mélodie de ce monde.
Tu n'expliques rien, ô poète, mais toutes choses par toi nous deviennent explicables.'
'Je ne parle pas selon ce que je veux, mais je conçois dans le sommeil.
Et je ne saurais expliquer d'où je retire ce souffle, c'est le souffle qui m'est retiré.
Dilatant ce vide que j'ai en moi, j'ouvre la bouche,
Et ayant aspiré l'air, dans ce legs de lui-même par lequel l'homme à chaque seconde *expire* l'image de sa mort,
Je restitue une parole intelligible.
Et l'ayant dite, je sais ce que j'ai dit.'
— CLAUDEL: *La Ville* (second version)

The personality of a writer does become important after we have read his book and begin to study it. When the glamour of creation ceases, when the leaves of the divine tree are silent, when the intelligible word is restored to the universe, when the copartnership is over, then a book changes its nature, and we can ask ourselves questions about it such as 'What is the author's name?' 'Where did he live?' 'Was he married?' 'Which was his favorite flower?' We are no longer reading the book, we are studying it and making it subserve our desire for information. 'Study' has a very solemn sound. 'I am studying Dante' sounds much more than 'I am reading Dante.' It is really much less. Study is only a serious form of gossip. It teaches us everything about the book except the central thing, and between that and us it raises a circular barrier which only the wings of the spirit can cross.

The study of science, history, and so forth, is necessary and proper, for they are subjects that belong to the domain of information; but a creative subject like literature — to study that is excessively dangerous, and should never be attempted by the immature. Modern education promotes the unmitigated study of literature and concentrates our attention on the relation between a writer's life — his surface life — and his work. That's one reason why it is such a curse. There are no

questions to be asked about literature while we read it because 'peace takes the place of thought,' as Claudel beautifully says. An examination paper could not be set on the *Ancient Mariner* as it speaks to the heart of the reader, and it was to speak to the heart that it was written, and otherwise it would not have been written. Questions occur only when we cease to realize what it was about and become inquisitive and methodical.

III

And now for the newspapers — for they raise an interesting contributory issue. Journalism conveys, or is supposed to convey, information about passing events. It is true, not to itself like a poem, but to the facts it purports to relate — like the tram notice. When the morning paper arrives it lies upon the breakfast table simply steaming with truth in regard to something else. Truth, truth, and nothing but truth. Unsated by the banquet, we sally forth in the afternoon to buy an evening paper, which is published at midday, as the name implies, and feast anew. At the end of the week we buy a weekly, or a Sunday paper, which, as the name implies, has been written on Saturday; and at the end of the month we buy a monthly. Thus do we keep in touch with the world of events as practical men should.

And who is keeping us in touch? Who gives us this information upon which our judgments depend and which must ultimately influence our characters? Curious to relate, we seldom know. Newspapers are for the most part anonymous. Statements are made and no signature appended. Suppose we read in a paper that the Emperor of Guatemala is dead. Our first feeling is one of mild consternation; out of snobbery we regret what has happened, although the Emperor did n't play much part in our lives, and ladies say to one another, 'I feel so sorry for the poor Empress.' But presently we learn that the Emperor cannot have died, because Guatemala is a Republic, and the Empress cannot be a widow, because she does not exist. If the statement was signed, and we know the name of the goose who made it, we shall discount anything he tells us in the future, and weigh it carefully before we believe. If — which is more probable — it is unsigned, or signed 'Our Special Correspondent,' we remain defenseless against future misstatements. The Guatemala lad may be turned on to write about the Fall of the Franc and mislead us over that.

It seems paradoxical that an article should impress us more if it is unsigned than if it is signed. But it does, owing to the weakness of our psychology. Anonymous statements have, as we have seen, a universal air about them. Absolute truth, the collected wisdom of the universe, seems to be speaking, not the feeble voice of a man. Journalists have taken advantage of this. If everything in a paper were signed, it would lose its all-pervading influence on our minds. It is supposed to tell us what is happening. It actually serves up a mixture of true facts, false facts, and comment, and serves it unsigned. Modern journalism is therefore a pernicious caricature of literature. It has usurped that divine tendency toward anonymity. It has claimed for information what only belongs to creation. And it will claim it as long as we allow it to claim it, and to exploit the defects of our psychology. 'The high mission of the Press.' Poor Press! As if it were in a position to have a mission! It's we who have a mission to it. To cure a man through the newspapers or through propaganda of any sort is impossible: you merely alter the symptoms of his disease. We shall be cured

only by purging our minds of confusion. The papers trick us not so much by their lies as by their exploitation of our weakness. They are always confusing the two functions of words, and insinuating that 'The Emperor of Guatemala is dead' and 'A slumber did my spirit seal' belong to the same category. They are always usurping the privileges that only uselessness may claim, and they will do this as long as we allow them to do it.

This ends our inquiry. The question, 'Ought things to be signed?' seems, if not an easy question, at all events an isolated one, but we could not answer it without considering what words are, and disentangling the dual elements they contain. We decided pretty easily that information ought to be signed: common sense leads us to that conclusion, and newspapers, which are largely unsigned, have gained by that device their undesirable influence over civilization. Creation — that we found a more difficult matter. 'Literature wants not to be signed,' I suggested. Creation comes from the depths — the mystic will tell you, from God. The signature, the name, belongs to the surface-personality, and pertains to the world of information; it is a ticket, not the spirit of life. While the author wrote, he forgot his name; while we read him, we forget both his name and our own. When we have finished reading we begin to ask questions, and to study the book and the author we drag them into the realm of information. Now we learn a thousand things, but we have lost the pearl of great price, and in the chatter of question and answer, in the torrents of gossip and examination papers, we forget the purpose for which creation was performed. I am not asking for reverence. Reverence is fatal to literature. My plea is for something more vital — imagination. 'Imagination is as the immortal God which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion.' Imagination is our only guide into the world created by words. Whether those words are signed or unsigned becomes, as soon as the imagination redeems us, a matter of no importance, because we have approximated to the state in which they were written, and there are no names down there, no personality as we understand personality, no marrying or giving in marriage. What there is down there — ah, that is another inquiry, and may the clergymen and scientists pursue it profitably, and to the end.

'GOOD-NIGHT, ALL'

ANONYMOUS

THE book which I have spent a dozen years in writing will probably be published after my death, if at all. This is not because it is being held back for that event, but because the doctors do not guess time enough for me to see its publication take place. A cancer has sentenced me to death. An operation and kindly meant lies some time ago have proved futile, and recurrence seems to settle the matter.

Somewhere or other I read of a chap who had been sentenced to Sing Sing. He described a frank terror and a curious occasional impulse to commit suicide. The desire to 'hasten the impending doom' must be common, for I am told that occupants of death cells must be watched closely lest they cheat the State. Perhaps the passionate nature which first leads to the act that places him in the shadow of the noose also causes the unstable criminal to seek an earlier end. Perhaps his fear of death becomes so intense that the definite surcease from fear which death promises is an illogical but natural mental flip-flop. I cannot quite understand this because I am, so far at least, quite untouched by either fear or a desire to hurry the event. Nevertheless, very radical effects on me have taken place.

In the first place, I am relatively free from pain, so that I am not craving relief. By that I mean that what pain is present has been so long a companion of mine, and I have been able so long to ignore it, that I am aware of it only now and then. When I am aware of it, the awareness serves simply as a signal that I am not attending to affairs properly. Yet I assure you that I know to the last degree the full significance of the vulgar sentence, 'He has n't the guts.' A liberal section of my colon was removed, and on occasion severe intestinal pains have made me realize the vivid value of the vulgarism. Nevertheless I have never experienced a pain, mental or physical, which did not yield to clear thought. Certainly none I have known was less desirable than death.

In the next place, I have a very good color and I am not thin. This relieves me from the anxiety of my family and the sympathy of friends. I can mingle with them in a normal way. My wife knows that I have been ill, but has not the faintest suspicion of the present fact. It has been a serious question with me whether this is either fair or altogether wise. I think it best, for the present, to keep her in ignorance even to the extent of what it cost me to let her spend this summer in the North apart from me and happy in the conviction that I am once more virtually well. There was something of the pang of our inevitable permanent parting for me when I said 'Good-bye,' but I know by that very fact that her pang will be severe enough without introducing it now to torture her from hour to hour. I cannot see that any good will come to her through knowledge of facts. What seems unfair, however, is that I should want to know were our positions reversed.

Like many other things, this very practical problem in ethics and wisdom ceased to be of major importance once a course was decided. There has been a subtle alchemy at work in me which has quite changed values in many respects. At the same time I am more than occasionally amused and puzzled by my illogical retention of old habits of thought.

It seems that I ought to feel the need of haste, in view of the short while left to me, but instead I am less pressed for time than ever before. This is because I am not greatly concerned by so many little projects and busy ambitions. I have lost a good measure of that absurd sense of self-importance which keeps us all so very busy and hurried. Of all I have ever done, the only bit which maintains a permanent value in my sight is the writing of a book, and in that respect the world may disagree with me completely. I am not indifferent about it, but neither am I seriously concerned. On this side of the Door, I shall probably not know how people view the book. I accept this fact as I accept the uncertainty of a promissory note I hold, due two years hence and secured by a mortgage on property of very questionable value. Both the note and the book will prove important or unimportant to others, but they can be neither to me. I have dismissed them from thought with amazing ease.

In curious contrast, only yesterday I found myself not merely entertaining, but actually negotiating carefully, a business deal wherein my personal activity for several years would be a necessary factor for success. In action I tend to be quite as normal in thought as if I had forty years ahead of me. This may be explained partly by the fact that I have chosen work of a temporary nature which will pay well while my strength lasts. It is organization work wherein we are striving to unite altruistic ideals with the completely self-interested business activities of an industry. The contact with virile business-men, and the clash of strong wills which must be moulded to a somewhat alien purpose, lead my mind to greater concentrated activity. One cannot be in such a world unless a part of it, and it is easy to forget occasionally that I am perforce but a temporary actor on the stage. In most moods, however, I feel detached, aloof, calm, seer-sighted. I issue dicta with a finality which demands and, surprisingly, gains respect, as if a new authority had mantled my shoulders.

I shall leave as legacy a very small insurance and even smaller property values otherwise. Whatever I can earn one way and another and add to this will be vitally valuable. This situation is not so alarming as it might be. We are 'well connected,' as the saying goes, so that the more glaring dangers of poverty do not threaten my wife and boys. My wife is untrained and no longer a girl, but she has a great personal charm and a clear, practical mind, together with a very dignified and sweet beauty. These are assets in any business she may choose if she finds it necessary to work or desirable to be independent, so long as I can provide the capital for the painful transition period. It will be a very small capital, but by the time it is necessary I think it will be enough.

She is young enough to remarry. Once I should have been very unhappy at the thought of this. I have learned long since to love so greatly that it does not disturb me to think of it now. We have been so very happy together that it is difficult to imagine her happy alone. I want her to be happy, and believe her chances for happiness are greater if she should meet a good man after our pain of parting has ended. 'Nature' seems to have provided that

life shall be protected by a quickly fading memory of emotions. One can remember that a time was painful or dear, but the pain or the joy itself is not re-created except by living so as to merit it. This is not done in the memory.

Thus briefly have I disposed of problems which ought, perhaps, to cause me greatest concern, but, like others not mentioned, they do not. They did cause me concern when I thought I had unnumbered years ahead of me, as we all assume. Now that the problems are imminent they are oddly easy to settle. They seem somehow unimportant.

What does seem important? That people shall read, understand, and use what I have written in my book? Yes; but, since no more that I can do will materially affect that, I have put it aside. What else?

Nothing. I feel as a fine tool might with a rust-spot on it which will cause it to be discarded. A scientist, so the papers say, has isolated the micro-organism which is responsible for my rust-spot. I should like very much to benefit by the discovery, but the probabilities are too contrary to raise this desire to hope. I do not mean to imply that I am yielding supinely to the pronouncements of the doctors, for they are frequently in error, even when unanimous as in this case. The probabilities are too much in favor of their opinions, however, to permit me to stick my head in the sand. A good friend of mine once refused to visit a doctor 'because I just know he will say I have cancer.' In her case it was appendicitis and she survived nicely, but I can understand and sympathize with her feeling, in spite of its common-sense absurdity. Nevertheless I am glad to know the truth as clearly as they can tell it to me.

I am doing what I can, and what seems wise or promising. The chief fact of this is a certain reliance on the rightness of all things, which perhaps another might call 'faith' or 'trust in God.' I have examined Christian Science carefully, without subscribing to some of its doctrines. Earnest Scientists assure me that the error is mine when I believe there is error in the tenets of the faith. Perhaps I am not sufficiently afraid of death to surrender to the saving 'science.' Perhaps it is the reverse of this. At any rate that is where the situation stands now.

During the World War an old-wives'-tale superstition of mine was destroyed. I had believed that there was an all-powerful 'law of self-preservation,' which caused one to struggle violently against personal destruction. Too many men have courted destruction for the sake of ideals to permit that fallacious supremacy of the 'law' to retain my credence, hence my lack of fear of death is not altogether surprising to me. Philosophically also, I can see no reasonable indication that death is a destruction.

I anticipate no wings, either of white feathers or black leather, but neither have I any conviction that the thing I identify as my personality will continue as I am now conscious of it. I am very confident of some sort of continuation, but not of continuity of awareness of it.

Here is the way this matter of life and death appeals to me now, quite apart from any philosophical conceptions I may hold. A generation of us embark on a great ocean-liner, called Life. Its port is Death. Now and then one of us falls off the liner. Behold, we are simply in port before the rest!

Perhaps we who fall off must reënter life and make the journey to the common port nevertheless. Once in port, mayhap we all transship to another

liner. The idea of a life-process that we do not escape by death is logically appealing, so that I have it among the several hypotheses which I am not at all reluctant to test.

There you have it! Stripped of the sentiment which wraps about my mind from time to time now, and cleaned of all speculative guesses, the most enduring emotion I have is epitomized by the thought, 'At least I shall know what is beyond that Door.'

That may be a matter of temperament. I have always peered at this Door with a certain zest. There was always gusto in my frequent query, 'What next?' I remember slipping when up in a tall tree, as a boy, and though a hot surge bathed my inner breast, and I scrambled to safety, nevertheless the dominating and completely cool thought was, 'What would it feel like to be dead?' I was not afraid then, even though convinced that I should die if I fell. Similarly I am not afraid now, but curious. I am scrambling for a hand-grip on life as I did then for a hold on a limb, but if I miss the grip now, why—'What next?'

I have tried to imagine what the sensation of death will be like. I have fainted several times in my life. There was a distinct distaste each time for the encroaching darkness, but never any dreadful horror about it. I have been under anæsthetics twice. Experience varies with individuals, but many have described their sensations as the same as mine: an encroaching darkness and a sinking, waving motion, not entirely unpleasant, until consciousness pinched off — then nothing until waking again.

I have slept nightly. This is quite different from the fainting or anæsthesia, in that I am rarely directly conscious of the process of going to sleep, although I always know that I was almost asleep if something disturbs me. Nevertheless I have occasionally been aware of that same gentle, swinging, sinking motion when passing into slumber, and a similar pinching-off of consciousness. Under the ether and in sleep some sort of mental activity goes on, for in the one case I babbled of many things and in the other I am often aware that I have dreamed, although I seldom remember the dreams. The 'I' seems to be separated from the consciousness more or less completely, so that I can scarcely say that consciousness continued, but certainly the 'I' did.

I fancy that just preceding death these symptoms of sleep will occur. Perhaps the similarity ends there. My whole experience with these states analogous to death, however, makes it easy to believe that I shall awaken again. I am not much impressed by the fact that I have never seen another person awaken from death, but neither am I impressed on the other hand by those who assure me of the fact of such awakening without having experienced it directly or indirectly themselves. I hope Thomas was 'saved,' for I also doubt the resurrection of Jesus in the flesh, and need at least an equally effective proof of it.

I am an agnostic about this question of living again, after death, even though I have very clear and definite opinions on the subject. I am not skeptical of 'after-life,' but on the contrary find abundantly what is satisfactory evidence of a perpetual continuation of life itself. What I do not find is a clue to the exact nature of it or just how it will affect me. I shall be very much astonished if any of the various theories which I have heard or thought are correct. Any conceptions of spiritual existence which I have been able to glimpse are so very different from what I can imagine with my mortal mental equipment that I am

more than prepared to find no remotest likeness to the ideas of men in the reality, if I shall be aware of the reality at all.

Ever since I can recall, I have been reluctant to go to bed at night. It has always seemed too bad that the day must end, that activity must be laid aside awhile. Even when very tired my mind has relinquished its busyness with poor grace. Sleep generally has stolen upon me subtly, so that a thought was broken off in the middle, as it were. Yet, beneath this slow-to-surrender activity is an impatience. 'Come! Come!' I feel. 'You are delaying the arrival of to-morrow.' And usually the busy mind compromises by thinking about the morrow. 'What next?'

Sleep is sweet, once won. It takes real force of will to arouse the busy mind to business. The restfulness of lying there, slipping back into the beautiful peace of sleep, is as potent as was the zest for wakefulness the night before. How perverse we are — at least, I am! When I ought to go to sleep I dislike it, even when genuinely wishing to do so. I dislike to awaken again with equal intensity. We come wailing into the world and leave it with protest.

What shall to-morrow be? Perhaps another day like this. Perhaps it will be like my first remembered train-ride when I went to sleep in familiar Kentucky and woke up in Alabama. How marvelous and yet how commonplace Alabama seemed when my sleepy eyes peered through the sooty window!

My feeling now is chiefly akin to that of my little boys when they are sent to bed.

'Come, boys, bedtime.'

'Pshaw, Daddy!'

'Now you know there is no use in protesting. Put up your books. Just think how nice to-morrow will be.'

To-morrow? Boys' thoughts do not much dwell on to-morrow. To-day is sufficient, and a mere to-morrow, without some definite prospect to give it substantiality, has no virtue for them. We older ones, when our bedtime comes, are already living in to-morrow with our thoughts, but the children are not yet wise enough — or else too wise. Their 'Good-night, all' has a sincere disappointment and reluctance in it, which charges us with a tender amusement. They were happy to-day and will be happy to-morrow. Why, then, this ridiculous desire to preserve to-day?

May not our spiritual elders find us such children? Bedtime is here. Like a well-trained child, with honest reluctance, yet without fear, I am ready to say, 'Good-night, all,' and go to sleep.

THE UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR OF THE MOVIES

BY AGNES REPPLIER

THE conscious humor of the movies is a perfectly straightforward article. There is no mistaking its intention, no difficulty in following its clue. Either because subtlety is an asset of speech, or because film directors mistrust the intelligence of their audiences, every jest is exposed with painstaking bareness to our apprehension. Hogarth is not more explicit than is the comic reel; and if Charlie Chaplin be the only comedian capable of suggesting for a brief moment the tragic shadows that fall on Hogarth's fun, and if no living comedian can touch for even a moment his vigorous humanity, it must be admitted that the cinema is admirably adapted for carrying to their conclusions the multitudinous mishaps and misadventures which enter largely into his robust conception of humor. The pie-dish carried on the head of the flirtatious servant wench in 'Noon,' and 'tottering like her virtue,' could in the film meet its inevitable fall. The pilfering rogues in 'The March to Finchley' could really bore the keg, and drink the stolen beer. The stout and nervous candidate balanced so precariously in 'Chairing the Member' could be overturned with a great kicking of plump, tight-gaitered legs; and the little pigs scampering with their agitated mother over the bridge could really tumble into the water. In the matter of detail, the moving picture has points of vantage over the picture which does not move.

These are the high lights of the cinema. Unlike Dr. Holmes, it need never hesitate to be as funny as it can. So highly and so widely appreciated is this fun that we have Douglas Fairbanks's word for it that on the rim of the desert Arab children may be seen trying, with shouts of laughter, to imitate Charlie Chaplin's inimitable shuffle — a tribute unsurpassed since the days of *Lalla Rookh:* —

> I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
> (Can it be true, you lucky man?)
> By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
> Along the streets of Ispahan.

Mr. Fairbanks also tells us that the Right Honorable Winston Churchill told him that India could be conquered (meaning, I presume, Europeanized) in two years by a judicious application of films, an influence surpassing the seductions of *Lalla Rookh* as easily as it surpasses the valor of Clive and the diplomacy of Curzon.

Pending the accomplishment of this lofty purpose, this 'inspired propaganda' destined to revolutionize the world, the movie disports itself on an easy level of irresponsibility. The life it portrays is not precisely the life of the stage, which has a setting of inflexible limitations (people have to be pushed together in the right place at the right time to the discrediting of circumstance); but which commands and interprets the whole range of human emotions. Neither does it in the least resemble the life we know about us, which is both complex and commonplace. The film enjoys a limitless control of accessories, and uses them with skill, artistry, and

daring. The exodus of the Jews in 'The Ten Commandments' was a thing of beauty. The passage of the Red Sea was a thing of wonder. But the American men and women who obeyed and disobeyed the Commandments were puppets jerked by cords, compared with whom Italian marionettes appear refreshingly spontaneous and intelligent.

Perhaps it is because the marvels of the screen affect us so strongly that we are disposed to resent the unconcern of the actors. To film a story like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *Lost World* would seem impossible; and apparently it had nothing but impossibility to recommend it. A small group of daring scientists explore a South American plateau, inhabited by prehistoric monsters which have successfully resisted the march of progress and preserved intact their conservative habits and traditions. Now an imaginative author can write about Dinosauria sixty feet long as easily as about field mice and sticklebacks; but to put such creatures through their paces on the screen, and make them appear truly alarming, requires remarkable ingenuity. The producer has succeeded in doing this; and to add to the vraisemblance of the pictures he has engaged the services of a small but notable group of contemporaneous beasts and reptiles, including the highest-salaried boa constrictor in the world, a crocodile which stands at the head of its profession, and a very charming and accomplished monkey.

These distinguished supernumeraries live up to their reputation. The boa constrictor hangs itself in graceful coils from a low-branching tree, the monkey shivers and chatters with terror on catching sight of it, the crocodile swims the shallow stream, and a superb tigress (an unlooked-for denizen of that locality) steps hungrily from her lair. When the plateau is reached, horrors multiply themselves. Gigantic and terrible shapes crash through the forests, engage one another in hideous conflict, and tear their bleeding prey asunder. The audience gasps, but the actors remain unmoved. *Their* serious business is love-making, and they take this unpropitious time and place for its endearments. At each fresh peril, one or other of the suitors enfolds the girl — who has been brought along for the purpose — in a close and protective embrace. When she makes her choice, a discreet caption informs us that the young couple will be married by one of the party who is duly authorized to perform the ceremony, and will set up housekeeping in an entourage which has been best described by Bret Harte's soothing lines: —

> When beside thee walks the solemn Plesiosaurus,
> And around thee creeps the festive Ichthyosaurus,
> While from time to time above thee fly and circle
> Cheerful Pterodactyls.

It remains to be observed that, amid fearful dangers and hardships, the lovers preserve an immaculate nattiness of costume; and that, when rescued finally from surroundings which might well have driven them to idiocy, they and their companions emerge with the refreshed and hilarious air of excursionists who have been taking a week's holiday at Margate.

It is the exemplary habit of screen actors to keep their clothes in order: —

> Still to be neat, still to be drest,
> As you were going to a feast,

is ever their rule of life. When the young American is pitched by rude Nubians into the Nile ('A Café in Cairo'), we observe him half drowned, but inviolably correct, from well-cut waistcoat to pressed trousers and patent-leather shoes. No vulgar, twisted disarray such as might conceivably

happen to a man struggling for his life. In 'The Covered Wagon,' that magnificent triumph of photography, where the long wavering line of prairie schooners stands for all that is dauntless and adventurous in the history of our land, the hero, who serves as scout, leader, and special Providence to the emigrants, with the superadded duty of saving the heroine and foiling the villain every other day, always finds time and hot water for a shave. It is to the credit of human nature that a man so hard driven and so sore beset should have so smooth a chin. As for the much-rescued heroine, she emerges from her wagon in the wedding garments of sophistication. Whatever hardships these pioneers suffer, a lack of proper habiliments is happily not one of them.

There are two classes of people who write about moving pictures, and both of them write a great deal, having always a keen and attentive public. The first class tells us of the marvels of mechanism and the dizzy cost of production; the second class, of the lofty ideals which animate producers, and of the educational value of films. We hear of pictures costing well over a million dollars, 'and every dollar showing,' and of cameras so immense that they cannot be worked for less than a thousand dollars a minute. These details are very satisfactory. Every true American likes to think in terms of thousands and millions. The word 'million' is probably the most pleasure-giving vocable in the language.

But when we leave business for benefactions, when we cease to contemplate vast expenses and vaster revenues, and are solemnly assured that 'the impression made by the films is greater and deeper than that of any other circulating medium,' we ask ourselves what on earth this impression is, and of what value to those who are impressed. We are even more at sea when a contributor to *Current History*, who is obviously serious, and obviously sincere, assures us that the picture-hall is the 'people's university,' and that the picture itself is 'an instrument destined to take its place alongside of the written alphabet and the printed word, as among the modern world's most far-reaching social forces.'

This is saying so much that it is but fair to conclude that some meaning underlies the words. The alphabet and the printing press gave form and substance to the secret thinking of humanity, carrying it through space and time to the bookshelf on our wall, so that the least and last of us may, if he so chooses, live under 'the distant influence of exalted minds.' What have the moving pictures done to so vivify the world? Mr. Hays and Mr. Fairbanks are the only enthusiasts I know who courageously face this question, and they make the same reply. The film is to be the peacemaker of the future. Mr. Hays says that it 'will do more than any other existing agency to unite the peoples of the earth, to bring understanding between men and women, and between nation and nation.' He does not, however, make clear the character of this understanding, nor explain how the battling nations and the battling sexes are to be turned into friends by the good offices of the cinema. Mr. Fairbanks is more explicit. He says that the film — the American film especially — will go further than the Geneva Conference in establishing international relations, because it represents 'the pure drama of life,' and because it shows the inhabitants of countries far remote 'how alike we all are.'

If Mr. Fairbanks means that people in moving pictures are alike, he is correct. They are. They even look alike, the women especially, because they all paint their mouths the same shape,

which is not the shape that any human mouth (a self-revealing feature) was ever known to be. But if he means that living people all over the world *are* alike, he is in error. They are not. If ever they come to love, or even to tolerate one another, it will not be on a basis of similarity.

No Oriental, for instance, would understand the 'Thief of Bagdad.' He would recognize its setting, its fantasies, the marvelous adroitness with which a difficult tale is told; but not the pure American sentiment which is the keynote of the telling. The ennobling and purifying influence of woman, a commonplace with us, is unfamiliar to the East. It took the wise Scheherazade a thousand and one nights to tame her ferocious lord and save her neck from the bowstring; but one look at a beautiful princess turns the Thief of Bagdad, like the good American he is, into the paths of righteousness and knight-errantry.

So firmly established is this feminine tradition, this simple and amiable reverence for woman as the nursery governess of the Western world, that a sorrowing critic in Argentina has recently censured our moving pictures because they fail to support so noble and consolatory a creed, because they do not consistently present 'the splendid characteristics of American women.' It is hard to portray the 'pure drama of life,' and keep in mind an especial line of guaranteed virtues. The millionaire's wife who, in the movies, neglects her little golden-haired boy (a nice, clean, gracefully affectionate little boy who wants her to hear him say his prayers) for the pursuit of fashionable dissipation may represent 'the pure drama of life,' but not 'the splendid characteristics of American women.' The millionaire's daughter (the moving-picture world is congested with millionaires) who abandons the sumptuous home of her unscrupulous father, and a perfectly new ermine coat, to live in a flat with the young husband of her choice, and do her own housework in a costume of studied simplicity and with a coiffure of studied elegance, may represent 'the splendid characteristics of American women,' but not 'the pure drama of life.' And neither can do much toward uniting the nations of the world in a bond of friendly and sympathetic understanding.

As a matter of fact, historical and informatory films are not the ones which travel most successfully from continent to continent. Charlie Chaplin is the delight of Arab children. Jackie Coogan is the delight of French, Belgian, English, and Irish adults. It was impressive to read in all our papers that the League of Nations knocked off work when Jackie visited Geneva, that he was honorably received by Sir Eric Drummond and photographed under the memorial tablet to President Wilson. If there were anything in Mr. Hays's theory of moving pictures and a cemented world, surely the United States would have entered the League the next day.

Mary Pickford is as overwhelmingly popular in Europe as at home. A fair proportion of the eight hundred thousand letters which she has received in the past five years, and which have failed to depress her spirits or destroy her belief in the sanity of the human race, have come from foreign enthusiasts. But only two years ago 'The Birth of a Nation,' one of the most successful of American films, was suppressed in France; perhaps out of deference to the black troops, perhaps from fear lest it should suggest to some imitative madman the murder of the French president. It was richer in knowledge and understanding than ninety-nine out of a hundred moving-picture plays; but it did not present

itself as a bond of sympathy between the American and the Gallic mind, nor as a welcome proof of 'how alike we are.'

It would be unwise and ungrateful to doubt the educational value of the film. Only an expert can speak with assurance on this point. Since I read in the veracious pages of the *Nineteenth Century* that 'slow motion' illustrations of lawn tennis have helped players to improve their stroke, I am prepared to respect any utility claim. But education is a side issue in the gigantic business of making moving pictures. It is not to educate the public that billions of dollars are invested in this industry. The million-dollar film, 'with every dollar showing,' is not an educational film. The fabulous salaries are not paid to men, women, and children who are imparting information. The uncounted throngs who go to moving-picture halls do not go to be educated. The uncounted halls make no pretense of educating them.

Whatever is meant by the phrase 'people's university,' it must not be taken to imply any avenue to knowledge. 'Le monde où l'on s'amuse' is now everybody's world; and the task of amusing everybody, apart from the task of educating anybody, is the biggest business going.

There is nothing reprehensible about the daily search for amusement, if it is not called education. There is nothing repellent about the childishness of the average film, if it is not called an influence. The unconscious humor of the movie consists often in the contrast between the thing as we know it and the thing as we have it described to us. Sentimentalism is not a regenerative force, any more than debauched history is a source of universal enlightenment. If, by the rarest of all rare chances, a film is produced which is beautiful, interesting, and accurate, the producers, doubtful of our capacity to appreciate its worth, proceed to insult our intelligence by advertising it in terms which are reminiscent of Barnum in the forties.

A case in point is 'Grass,' the most remarkable performance ever achieved by the camera. It tells a tale of sober truth which is as adventurous as an epic. It shows us, with a wealth of beautiful detail, the migration of the Baktyari, a nomadic Persian tribe of unknown ancestry, in search of food for their herds; of the perils they brave, the hardships they endure, the traditions they follow. Nothing simpler or more serious could be conceived. Nothing bolder or more determined could be recorded.

Is it really necessary to headline this accurate narrative as 'written by an angry God, staged by fear, adapted by disaster'? Is it well to describe the stars as 'doubting,' the sun as 'laughing in cynical glee,' the snow as 'burning like the fires of Hell,' the sunshine as 'freezing the blood in the veins,' the herdsmen themselves, who do as their fathers did before them, as 'fighting a finish battle with a Mad God, on a battlefield planned by the hand of cruel destiny, and commanded by the angel of disaster'?

This is a deplorable way to write. It is not fair to the innocent stars, or to the unconscious sun, or to the snow which is like snow the world over, or to the uncomplaining Baktyari, or to God. The habit of ascribing to God our own point of view is not, as we might suppose, confined to simple savages. Highly educated people are sometimes content that He should supplement their intelligence. Mrs. Stowe ascribed to Him the authorship of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Her only excuse for the statement is that she meant it to be complimentary.

If we heard less about the making of

films, we should probably be more contented when we see them. If we were not led to expect the impossible, we should never dream of asking it. All moving-picture men know the popularity of animals. Every kind of beast or bird, from a kitten which we can see at home to a goat or a hen which we never want to see at all, delights us on the screen. Its naturalness of demeanor contrasts favorably with the facial contortions and irrepressible gestures of the actor. Why, then, when we are so easily pleased, should one of the producers of 'Quo Vadis' think it wise to tell us that the lions employed in this spectacle were not circus lions or zoölogical-garden lions, but captives from the Sudan, 'absolutely wild, and in their ferocious natural state.' As if this were not terrifying enough, we were furthermore informed that the creatures were maddened by starvation and by the smell of warm blood before being turned into the arena; in consequence of which one of them leaped the twenty-foot barrier, and devoured a rehearsing Roman.

Well, lions will be lions, and it was unreasonable, so said the producer, for the family of the victim to raise a row over the perilous nature of the performance. It was equally unreasonable for us to be disappointed because these furious animals, when screened, appeared calm and collected, distressingly indifferent to the Christians, and disposed to stand around in groups and discuss the situation. They were certainly handsome, but they were of the cricket rather than of the football order of players.

An American film director has recently admitted (in the *Literary Digest*) that actors who have to do with lions are not paid high salaries, because they are in no great peril. A lion, it seems, has, like Mr. Wilson, a single-track mind. His method of assault is always the same, and, when understood, can be avoided. A tiger is temperamental, and consequently dangerous; a lion is dependable, and consequently safe.

It is the habit of moving-picture magnates to lay the blame for most of their absurdities on the shoulders of the censors, who are the privileged meddlers and muddlers of the country. A big New York producer said last year that no Pennsylvanian had any business to find fault with the movies, because he or she had yet to see one as it emerged unspoiled from the studio. We have no doubt that the unconscious humor of the censor rivals, though it cannot surpass, the unconscious humor of the producer. Perhaps the inimitable touch of the 'Lost World' marriage came from the censor's hand. A valiant effort was made recently in Philadelphia to film a sermon, to illustrate with pictures the preaching of a highly successful evangelist who had been telling — or rather reminding — a forgetful world that the wages of sin is death. The Pennsylvania Board of Censors, disliking or distrusting sermons out of church, — and who can blame them? — cut these pictures so liberally that they told no story at all, and left a bored and mystified audience in doubt as to the lesson they were meant to convey.

When 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' was produced, a strange rumor went the rounds that Tess was hanged in one state and reprieved in another, according to the prejudices of the censors. The Pennsylvania Board has been known to strike out the word 'anarchist' and substitute the word 'fanatic,' as illustrating its own standpoint; while in Ohio a parrot was prohibited from saying 'Give him hell, Dickey!' lest it scandalize the ears of maturity.

But after all what is a marriage, or a hanging, or a sermon, or a swearword,

more or less? Mrs. Gerould is doubtless right when she says that nobody fit to be a censor would ever consent to be a censor. He has to see to it that the average film resembles Mrs. Inchbald's celebrated description of her own countenance, 'voluptuous without indelicacy,' and the line of demarkation is a difficult one to draw. Few reformers bring to their work anything but good intentions; and good intentions have gone a long way toward wrecking the happiness of men and the blessed simplicities of freedom.

At their worst, however, the blunders of the censors are incidental. They can be trusted to spoil a scene or two, but they cannot destroy realism in what is already unreal. The blunder of the producer is fundamental. It is contempt for the public's intelligence. This contempt may be justifiable, but it should not be so artlessly recorded. In the matter of titles it betrays itself in a nervous preference for words which mean nothing, and so cannot be misunderstood. When Barrie's clever play, *The Admirable Crichton*, was screened, the management, apprehensive lest the name should suggest to Americans 'something connected with the navy,' changed it to 'Male and Female,' which had the advantage of being equally applicable to *Hamlet*, or *Abie's Irish Rose*. The English comedy, *Captain Applejohn*, was adroitly rechristened in New York *Captain Applejack;* but, when turned into a movie, this title was considered as too intoxicating, and was changed again to 'Strangers of the Night.' Ever and always the managers and producers of motion pictures act on the assumption that their public, if not actually feebleminded, is

> . . . idiotically sane,
> With lucid intervals of lunacy.

Even the captions seem written for the blackboard of a child's school rather than for the 'people's university.' 'The winter was long in passing, but it passed' ('Tides of Passion'), swings us back to the chapter on 'Verbs and Their Tenses' in our first little grammar. 'Like a knight of old, inspired by a shining star, Jimmy ventures forth to slay the Dragon' ('Bad Company'), has the familiar inaccuracy of a second reader. If, as *Current History* tells us, 'the movies are peculiarly fitted to the age in which we live,' what is the intellectual status of our day?

GOOD BUSINESS

BY FRANK BRANDON

'WOULD you like to see an interesting document, Professor?' the millionaire banker asked. (He meant quite sincerely to flatter me with the sonorous title, but I have been out of conceit with it ever since I heard of the Southern man who addressed Booker Washington as 'Professor' — 'because,' he explained, 'I would n't call any nigger Mister, so I call him Professor.')

It was a warm, delicious spring evening and I had strolled over after dinner at the Faculty Club to chat with the banker, who was Senior Trustee of the great university which I served as a humble instructor. The bond which had drawn us together was our mutual admiration for the genial wit and lyric grace of the poet Horace. The banker had gathered a rare collection of early editions which he delighted to display to another enthusiast; and it had become a habit with me to spend an hour now and then in his study, handling the beautiful volumes and matching his favorite quotations with my own. And so on this particular evening I had walked through the shadowy campus, down the main street of the little college town, passed through the imposing gateway into the banker's grounds, circled the private lake and the deer park, and finally entered the vast house, being ushered by an incredibly correct butler to the owner's study. He was writing at his massive desk as I came in, and nodded a cordial greeting; then presently rose with a slip of paper in his hand and said, 'Would you like to see an interesting document, Professor?'

'Surely,' I replied, and took the green paper from him. It was a bank check, whose sum ran into six figures. 'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, vastly impressed, 'that's the biggest check I ever saw or am likely to see. You're not making me a present, are you?'

He grinned amiably. 'No, it's just an installment on my income tax.'

For a minute I was stunned by the thought of this man's vast possessions and power; then I had an inspiration. By the veriest luck, I had that afternoon paid my own income tax, amounting in all to $8.67, and had the duplicate 'work sheet' in my pocket. Here was the opportunity for a grotesque contrast. 'Would *you* like to see an interesting document?' I retorted, and proffered him my paper. He studied it for a moment with a puzzled look; then a sheepish smile overspread his face, and he handed back the paper without a word.

'Now, sir,' said I, determined to follow up my unexpected advantage, 'before we talk Horace, I should like to ask you two or three thoroughly impertinent questions. You need not answer them, of course, unless you choose to.'

'All right,' he replied genially, 'fire away!'

'Very good, sir,' I began. 'Do you mind telling me what wages you pay your chauffeur?'

'Which one do you mean?' he asked. 'I have three.'

'Well,' said I, 'your head chauffeur.'

'He gets $2100 a year, besides his

uniform and his living-quarters rent-free.'

'Is n't that pretty good pay for a mere chauffeur?' I asked, really surprised at the sum.

'Yes,' the banker admitted, 'but he's a wonderfully expert mechanic and a fine driver; and you know, my young friend, that in this world if you want a good article you've got to pay a good price for it. The thousand-dollar job attracts the thousand-dollar man, and I'm not going to trust my safety to any but a good chauffeur.'

'Oh, I'm not arguing that he is overpaid,' I put in hurriedly. 'I don't doubt he's worth every cent of his salary. But now for another question. How much do you pay that amazing butler of yours, who always terrifies me?'

The banker chuckled. 'He is rather a formidable personage, is n't he? Well, I pay him $2500 a year, and of course he has his uniform and room and meals free. You see, he's a real treasure, — lived in several noble English families, he has, — and as butler he's absolutely the last word in perfection.'

'That means,' I challenged him, 'that he is really being paid about $3000, or perhaps even $3500, a year, does n't it? Is n't that a more than fairish income for a butler?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I suppose it is. But I tell you again that if you want a good thing you've simply got to pay a good price for it. That's only good business.'

'Aha!' I cried. 'That's exactly what I hoped you would say. Now, just one more question. Do you know how much this university pays *me?*'

'No,' he said, 'I don't.'

I was n't going to spare him now, so I hurried on. 'I've had an expensive training to fit me for my work. Four years in college, three years getting my Ph.D., a term each at Oxford and Cambridge, a year at a German university, nearly a year in Italy, — all at my own expense, — that's what it has cost me to be eligible to a position on your Faculty. Of course, I had to borrow most of the money to do it, but by careful saving I'm gradually paying it back. After I had taught three years in another great university, I was invited to come here, and the lure was a salary of $1100. I've been here three years and am now earning $1400, so I've been pretty successful. I don't get any clothes free, either, nor room and board. And, being a member of the Faculty, I can't live as an ordinary laborer does. I must look neat and well-dressed, so as to be an edifying example to my young charges; I must have an afternoon coat, in order to be presentable at the President's receptions; I must own evening clothes, if only for those pleasant occasions when you ask me to dinner. I need books, — usually expensive imported works, — I need the theatre and the Opera and the Symphony now and then, else I shall grow into an old fogy; and an occasional trip to European libraries is almost a necessity if I am to keep pace with the subject I teach.

'By the time I have found a place for all these in my budget, and have paid the annual installment on my debts, — and my income tax, — there is n't a great deal left out of my princely salary of $1400! (It's absurd to call us college teachers "unpractical"; we know more about the purchasing power of a dollar than most "practical" business men!) Marriage is clearly out of the question, at least until I may expect my assistant-professorship, some five years hence, when my wages will be raised to $2500. But even that will scarcely finance the proper maintenance of a wife, the rent of a decent house, and the wages of a maid, to say nothing of providing for possible children. And, of course, it will not be a very good house, nor will

the maid be really competent, because, as you yourself have so emphatically asserted, if you want a good article you have to pay a good price for it.'

The banker was growing restive and had made several ineffectual attempts to check my torrent of language. But I had never had such a chance before, and I was n't to be stopped until I had thoroughly unburdened my mind.

'Let me put it to you as a plain business proposition,' I continued. 'One hears on every side the complaint that college ruins more men than it helps. Even you have bewailed in my hearing the totally inadequate equipment of the average new college graduate for business. I will readily grant you that the complaint has considerable justification. But is n't it you, and the other prosperous business and professional men who hold the purse strings of all our colleges, who are really to blame? "Millions for new buildings, but not one cent for teachers' salaries!" You repeat with maddening iteration that you must expect to pay a good price for a good article, you assert with conviction that the thousand-dollar job attracts only the thousand-dollar man. You, and countless others like you, ungrudgingly pay your chauffeurs $2100 a year and your butlers $3000, because you must do so in order to get good service.

'But consider your own case. You have a son, now in this college. You send him to college to acquire the proper training for life, you want him to be adequately prepared to carry on your huge estate after you die. He has been in my own classes. You unhesitatingly entrust him, at the most important formative period of his life, to the tender mercies of a group of teachers whose average salaries are far below what you gladly pay to mechanics and glorified waiters. Now if, as you have so contemptuously said, the thousand-dollar job is held by the thousand-dollar man, *is it good business to trust your son to us?* We must be, by your own showing, a pretty shoddy, contemptible lot. You will not trust your precious safety to a cheap chauffeur, not you! But you will trust your own son's spiritual and mental welfare to me, whom you pay $700 less than you think necessary for that same chauffeur! I ask you again, *Is it good business?* You can't get good service without paying a good price, you say. Very well, I quite agree. But, my dear sir, considering the situation as I have outlined it, how, in heaven's name, can you reasonably expect your son to get the proper training at college? And how do you muster the colossal effrontery to complain that you are not getting good service? Of course you're not! If you want a general manager for your office, you don't advertise that the salary will be $1400; you know too well how incapable a man who would accept that sum would prove. Well, then, don't expect the general managers of your son's education to be marvels of efficiency on such salaries. Or, if you insist on keeping the wages so low, don't you *dare* to complain if the service is n't good!'

I stopped, fairly from lack of breath, and wondering how soon the great man would rise in majestic wrath and slay me.

But he only gazed at me thoughtfully for a moment and then said musingly: 'Well, to be perfectly frank, I never did think of it in that way before, and perhaps you're right. But look here, you don't mean, do you, that if every man on our Faculty were given $10,000 a year, beginning to-morrow, they would all automatically become good teachers?'

'Of course not,' said I; 'but I do mean that until the teaching profession is made financially attractive you need n't

expect, save in rare instances, that really good men will deliberately choose it. Of course a few will; and we have a considerable number of men on our Faculty here who are extraordinarily able and inspiring teachers, and who carry on with the job simply because they love the work sufficiently to put up with its disadvantages. But that does n't make it a fair arrangement, nor is it good business. I know a man, for example, who is a born teacher. I am willing to bet that he could lecture for an hour on Nabatæan inscriptions or on a railway time-table and sweep a group of undergraduates off their feet with enthusiasm. And he considered teaching, for a long time, too. But he wanted to marry and have children and taste a little sugar on the bread-and-butter of life, so he turned all those compelling qualities of his, all his boundless enthusiasm, to the selling of bonds. I'm told he's making around $60,000 a year. But some college has lost in him a wonderfully inspiring teacher, although he would gladly have chosen the profession if he had been assured of as little as $8000 a year. And he is typical of hundreds.

'Would n't you think it good business to ensure that all the college teachers who share in the training of your son should be like this man? If all the faculties of all our colleges were born teachers, who all loved their work, and who could all really inspire and educate our youth, don't you believe that a large proportion of the "problems" in college education would simply vanish at once? And don't you think that there would be an end of the complaint that college spoils more men than it helps? If we college professors are really almost all old fogies, if we don't seem able to get the results you hard-headed, practical, efficient business-men and fathers demand, whose is the fault, if not yours? A chauffeur, who can learn his trade in six months, can earn $2100 a year and have his living-quarters free; a college professor, after six years of graduate study (at his own cost), can, when he has been teaching some ten years, earn as much as $2500 or even $3000 — and have nothing given him free. And if he *is* a born teacher he knows right well that those same gifts which enable him to thrill his students, to "sell" his subject, will equally well enable him to thrill prospective clients and sell bonds, to the tune of $60,000 every year. Is n't he just a plumb fool if he chooses teaching? It would n't be good business!

'And who are left, to man the ranks of our faculties? Aside from the small number who cannot be stopped from teaching, chiefly the thousand-dollar-job men. It is to them that you must commit the education of your sons. I ask you for the last time, *Is it good business?*'

'N-n-no,' said the banker meditatively, after a long pause, 'it's *not* good business. And I'm going to do a lot of hard thinking about it, and then some pretty vehement talking. — Now, I've a new Baskerville Horace here —'

A month later he was dead, and nothing has ever come of our conversation. I have often wondered if it was the shock of my onslaught that killed him!

HE ASKED THE DEAN

BY BENFIELD PRESSEY

Of course this never happened. You will see why.

One September morning an awkward, homely boy walked into the office of the Freshman Dean and, on being invited, sat down, holding his hat between his knees. He told the Dean his name. 'I came,' he said, 'to ask about my course.'

'Miss Smithers,' called the Dean, 'Mr. A. B. Robinson's card, please. — The card shows that you may enter without conditions, and that you will take Spanish for your modern foreign language, since you present it for entrance. Since you present no Latin or Greek, you will have to take mathematics. Your other courses will be English, Contemporary Civilization, and a science — either physics, chemistry, or biology.'

The boy cleared his throat. 'I knew all that,' he said, 'from the catalogue.'

'Then why did you ask about your courses?' asked the Dean.

'I did n't,' said the boy. 'I asked about my course. I did n't know what else to call it. I mean I want to find out, before I go through it if I can, what college is going to do to me. I did n't know who else to ask.'

'Surely,' said the Dean, 'you know some college men. You can see what college has done to them.'

'No, I can't,' said the boy. 'They're all different from each other. And how can I tell what in them came from college, and what from something else?'

'But you have answered your question yourself,' said the Dean. 'You say all the college men you know differ. Has n't it occurred to you that college may be responsible for the difference, that it has developed those men's individualities?'

'It does n't seem to me quite the same thing,' said the boy. 'I can't tell, of course, whether college did it or not, but some of those men are different just because their individualities are not developed. Some of them can't keep a job; some of them are irritable and unhappy; some are just noisy good fellows. Did college make them that way?'

'No,' said the Dean. 'College tries to develop each man in the direction best suited to him, but a good many men refuse to profit by what college offers.'

'I thought of that, too,' said the boy, 'but it does n't seem reasonable. If college really offers a way for a man to realize himself, so that he can recognize it, why should he refuse to profit by it?'

'As a matter of fact,' said the Dean, 'college does not offer *any* man a way to realize himself. It will offer the way to such men as are capable of *intellectual* development. A good many men come to college who are n't capable of that sort of development. Naturally they refuse it.'

'I see,' said the boy. 'Now I should like to ask about myself. Can you tell me whether I am capable of intellectual development?'

'I can't tell certainly,' said the Dean, glancing at the card. 'As far as I can

tell now, you are, to judge from your high-school and extrance-examination grades and your intelligence test. But whether you will profit from college depends upon your application to your work and your willingness to submit to its discipline.'

'Then,' said the boy, 'to profit from college I need something more than intellectual capacity?'

'Yes,' said the Dean, smiling. 'Call it character.'

'Have I character?' asked the boy.

'I don't know,' said the Dean. 'We know of no way of telling except by trial. We will let you into college, and if you really have the intellectual capacity, *and* the character, you will profit from it.'

'But,' said the boy, 'I don't know whether I have character, either. I am seventeen years old. I have never been away from the oversight of either parents or teachers in my life. This coming to college is the beginning of a life of my own. I want to make my own life worth-while, to me and to other people. I can't run any more risks with it than necessary. College, you say, offers me a way to realize myself intellectually. Does college offer me a way to realize myself in regard to my character? I understand that I shall have spread before me all the intellectual food I wish, but shall I learn to feed my character? Shall I learn what enjoyments will do me good, what harm; what companions I should seek, what avoid; what desires I should gratify, and what repress? As far as I can tell, my character is a blank. Yet on what it is or becomes depends my intellectual progress, as you yourself say. Do English, Contemporary Civilization, and the rest take care of my character as well as my intellect?'

'College punishes for immoral acts,' said the Dean, 'when they come to our attention. We also require attendance at church a certain number of times each semester.'

'Will that take care of my character development?' asked the boy.

'No,' said the Dean, 'I'm afraid not. You'll have to chance it. We don't know how to take care of character development. The old ways, putting the fear of God into 'em, spying on them, treating them like children, did n't work. Now we're trying leaving them alone, letting them sink or swim, though we know it's wasteful. But we don't know what to do. If you outrageously neglect your work, or if you overtly violate the rules of decency, we won't let you stay, of course. But if you behave with ordinary decorum, and exert yourself just enough to stay in college, we shall have to put up with you, because we don't know how to make men who are content with mediocrity grow discontented with it.'

'I'm sure,' said the boy, 'I should n't develop well if I were treated any longer like a child. I know putting the fear of God into me would n't work either. I don't expect to violate the rules of decency and I won't neglect my work outrageously. I am not content with mediocrity, and I think very few boys my age are. But the life we are going to begin in college is a life we don't know anything about. We may, without knowing how to avoid it, fall into ways that doom us to mediocrity whether we will or no, even if we have the capacity for more than that. Don't you find many men leaving college who have blindly and senselessly wasted their time just because they were never waked up, not because they could n't wake up?'

'We assume,' said the Dean, 'that if we teach you facts, their relations to each other, and their relations to life, we teach you at the same time how to live. It should be so. We know,

however, that many men leave college apparently untouched by it in any essential quality of their beings. But we don't know how to touch them. They themselves must learn how to use what we have offered.'

'What is a college, anyway?' asked the boy.

'A college,' said the Dean, 'is a group of men working together for the advancement of knowledge.'

'The advancement of knowledge,' repeated the boy. 'Among others, or among themselves?'

'There is n't, or at least should n't be, any distinction there,' said the Dean. 'If we advance knowledge among ourselves, we advance knowledge among others at the same time.'

'But that won't follow,' said the boy, 'unless you try to advance the knowledge of others as much and as hard as you try to advance your own knowledge, will it? If I knew that in coming to college I should be under the direction of men who were as anxious that I should develop as that they themselves should develop, I should n't worry about my course. If they were willing to take the time and trouble to show me how their facts, and the relations of their facts, bear on *my* life, on me as a man, among men but a separate man, I should know my character would develop as well as my mind. Shall I find at college men who are willing to be interested in me and who at the same time are capable of advancing my knowledge? If they will be interested in me I will try to live so that their interest will be repaid. But if they are more interested in English, or Contemporary Civilization, or mathematics, than they can ever be in me, while they may be advancing knowledge in themselves, they won't be advancing knowledge in me, or in others.'

'My dear boy,' said the Dean, 'you are simply asking for good teachers, or, perhaps, the best teachers. Not all of the men who compose the college will answer your description, but you will find some. They won't be the majority, or even very many. But perhaps there are more such men at college than anywhere else. If you entered business, for instance, you'd be very lucky if you found anyone to help develop the best in you. College does n't have enough such men, no doubt, but it does n't seem able to keep them out entirely.'

'Does it try?' asked the boy.

'Sometimes it seems to,' said the Dean. 'The teacher who works with his men has very little time for the things that give him reputation among his colleagues. They are apt, therefore, to ignore him and discourage him. But he generally manages to survive that treatment. If you come to college, try to find these teachers. I am sure you will.'

'Thank you,' said the boy. 'That is what I wanted to know.' And he went out.

Of course this never happened. Even if there ever were a subfreshman capable of these questionings, the Freshman Dean would probably be too busy to talk to him about them. It never happened, but one wishes it might.

'WE, THE CAVEMEN'

BY MILUTIN KRUNICH

THERE were only six cavemen — Rada, Misha, Bogoboy, Radivoy, Zdravko, and Jarko. Life could bring together such symphonic names only once. And only once in a lifetime could there have been such men whose souls lived in such perfect harmony.

One not wholly enlightened about our cavemanship might have stated that there were seven cavemen. And I must tell you right now that there were eight at the time of this story. But observe the subtle nuance. The seventh was only our host; and the eighth was only our guest. The former was utterly incapable of even guessing what the cavemanship meant; the latter — But wait — thereby hangs this tale.

First of all, let us finish with our host. A young chap of no consequence whatever. I won't even give his name. The world, and I am sure this story, will lose nothing by it. He was a stupid and heavy fellow, whose wit had brought him as far as the second year of the Jurisprudence Department of the Great School. There he stayed, and was contented there even as a bullock in a barren field. He was good-natured, and was unbelievably stupidly flattering to us, which bored us to tears.

But he was idiotically rich — that is to say, his father was. And that same fat father of his owned the cave. The cave's door had three keys. One of them was in the possession of our sloppy host. This was the sole reason why he was the seventh fellow who went with us to the cave.

In passing, I might add that his only good quality lay in the fact that he slept peacefully and noiselessly when he got drunk. Which really was all we wanted.

Now about the cave. Here was a wonder! Like all real, honest-to-goodness caves, this one was glorious and wondrous. But its location, I am sure, was unique. It was under the Capital's park, one end of which faced the Save.

To reach the cave from the city you had to come to the cathedral. This somewhat modern edifice was on a hill, lower than that of the park. Now from the cathedral the road led downhill, skirting the park hill. Midway there was a fork — you either turned to the left and went down to the Save port, or went straight on to the Lower Fortress. Just a little above the fork was the entrance to the cave. Over it, fastened to the rock of the hill, was a huge sign which read: 'Wine Cellar.' This could be read from all the ships which passed up and down the Save. But from the road you were able to decipher also this: 'Marko Simonovich, Proprietor, Established 1871.'

The cave was halfway up the hill. To the left of it, and a little distance from it, was the Witch's Precipice — as though a giant had scooped up a large portion of the hill, leaving a sheer wall, some four hundred yards high. At the bottom of this precipice was the largest woodyard of the city. There were the great piles of stove wood, high, tier upon tier, — resembling the sides of the Great Pyramid, — against the wall of the precipice.

Through the woodyard ran the road to the Lower Fortress.

The entrance to the cave was simply stupendous — a monster tunnel. It was over a hundred feet high, three hundred wide, and almost two hundred deep. The end of it was closed with a brick wall in which there was a huge gate, whose one wing had a small door in its middle. This was the door that had three keys.

To the right in the tunnel were the wine presses; to the left the giant stills. All around was the strong, pungent odor of fermentation.

In the daytime there was always great commotion and bustle there: steam hissed; great wagons came and went; barrels large and small ran down the runners from the bowels of the earth; men yelled and sang and swore. At the time of vintage there was a veritable bedlam there. But at nighttime, year in, year out, peace was about, deep and complete. Then we, the cavemen, walked up the zigzag road in darkness, passed through the tunnel, unlocked the small door, and entered the cave. Then it was our domain, our kingdom — of dreams, youth, song, poetry.

It was said that the cave was endless. Perhaps. But we cared naught for that. Geologists and other scientists explored it and wrote about it, and explained its many marvels. But we looked and found different marvels there. Indeed vastly different.

No doubt it was 'endless.' But the enterprising wine-merchant used only the upper cave for his extensive business. This was not very high. Perhaps the highest point was a little over a hundred feet. However, it was half a mile long and almost as wide.

There you had 'streets,' perfectly straight and quite wide, of barrels and vats and kegs of great dimensions. There you had, in their proper places, pumps and wooden buckets by the dozen. There you had, by the door, a pile of 'lights' — tall iron sticks, one end pointed, the other with the hole in it. Above the pile of lights you had, on a shelf in the wall, thousands of candles, one of which you put in the hole, lighted it, and pushed your iron light in the earth wherever you wanted it.

Imagine the picture when a hundred of these lights burned in the streets here and there! But imagine the picture when only one light was burning in the great darkness — in the midst of the cavemen!

And there was that rich, heavy, yeasty odor which played with our senses, caressed them, lulled them, and transformed them into something new and glorious — quite different from what they were outside.

But who were the cavemen?

Had we lived in the Latin Quarter of Paris, we most certainly would have been called Bohemians. And, perchance, one of us at least might have attracted the attention of M. Murger. But we lived in a Balkan capital, when that capital was still rather young as such, in the respectable homes of our highly prosaic parents. Outside the cave, then, we were like thousands of other young men of twenty or thereabouts. It was only when we passed through the little door that we changed and became something so different that our very mothers would not have recognized us. There we became crusaders with a great mission in life. Crusaders verily!

Otherwise, Misha, for instance, was an actor — a member of the Royal Serbian National Theatre; nothing less. He had to fight hard and suffer considerably before he attained this distinction. His male parent wanted him to carry on the most honest and respectable trade of bookbinding, and

after he, the parent, had gone, to replace him at the highly coveted position as head of the bookbinders' guild. But Misha had a horror of the crowd in the great and mighty guild — and the smell of glue was poison to his artistic soul. Secretly he learned all the famous parts of all the famous plays, considering constantly the ways and means by which he could present them to the world through his art. So, at seventeen, he defied his stern father and entered the theatre. From the beginning he was a good actor and progressed rapidly — so much so that even his father forgave him in the course of a year or two. Misha, of course, was very handsome, and suffered tremendously from trials and complexities of love.

Bogoboy, on the other hand, was a painter. Was he a good one? Well, we never knew. Coming from a poverty-stricken family, he had to earn his own living. So he painted red and blue and yellow robes of saints for a very famous artist, who in his turn, in order to live, had to paint icons for churches, monasteries, and homes of that pious land. He, Bogoboy, never had time for his own work. And that was the great tragedy of his life. Except for a number of sketches — mostly unfinished — and his own confession, his great enthusiasm and equally great lament against his destiny, we should never have known that he was a painter. He was a small fellow, with a little pinched face, very nervous and restless. But what a polemist! It was he who could convince one that white was black, and one most assuredly would have been grateful for it — the mastery of his argument, the marvelous usage of words, the symphony of his voice, were a delight. Moreover, he had read 'everything under the sun.'

Zdravko, the poet, was even more famous than the actor. In truth, his fame was nation-wide. Though only twenty-two at the time I am telling you about, — that winter when our guest appeared, I mean, — Zdravko had already published two books of poems. Very, very famous they had become. Besides, he was writing a poem a day, which, strange as it may seem, was published right away in some paper or magazine. He was even handsomer than the actor. But, unlike Misha, he enjoyed complete freedom. Outside the cave he was a lonely man, very stately and dignified — for, mind you, he was always in the Muse's company. On the street, or anywhere else, all a poor mortal girl was able to get from him was a whiff of Fleur d'Amour, which came, rather discreetly, from the tips of his butterfly necktie.

It was Jarko, though, who was the wonder member of our institution. He was exceedingly ugly. Once the poet had said of him, and truly, 'There are two of you; when I look at you full in the face I see one; when I look at you from the side I see another.' But Jarko was more than indifferent to this meagre endowment of nature; for he had character and spirit, and brains. One who judges men by their achievements in life might call me a liar. Why? Because, forsooth, he remained five years in a two-year commercial academy! To me — to us — that was the proof of Jarko's greatness. You see, that academy was the only school where, at the time, men and women studied together. Naturally a thing like that would be of enormous interest to a man like Jarko. Why get a diploma?

He earned his living as a journalist. And that, let me tell you, was a great distinction in that age — a journalist was one of the rarest birds imaginable. In fact, Jarko was rich always — vastly more prosperous than any other member of the cavemanship. He was a clever

and skillful gambler. Besides, he was the only one of us who mingled with 'common people.' He knew how to do it, and never suffered from it. He enjoyed life, I believe. He knew everybody and everything, more or less.

Radivoy and myself, alas, were only students. But we were students of Literature, and we too had, in a smaller way, quite a bit of distinction. Radivoy, for instance, was known as a very good essayist and an authority on German, Russian, and other Slavic literatures. I was also an essayist, a polemist, an orator, and an authority on French literature. For had I not translated — or rather begun to translate — *Le Rouge et le Noir*, only a year or so after Stendhal's prophecy was fulfilled? Radivoy was an ordinary-looking youth, a bit too tall and thin perhaps, but he was always bright and cheerful; he was ready to laugh at everybody and everything, and his laugh was most infectious. Alas for that — it brought about an ugly death and ruined the cavemanship.

Such were the cavemen.

But in what manner was the cavemanship brought about? Who organized it? Like all great and truly unusual things, this came about by itself. Tentatively I might say that the desire for expression, the outcome of civilization, the voice of the age, the stride of progress, were some of its causes.

Well, at first we six used to meet in my room and discuss ideas. We loved it; it was fascinating — it was glorious for a youth to become conscious of this. To be able to express one's self; to be able to criticize; to find oneself, of a sudden, a skeptic! It was a new life — one soared to a great height and looked joyously upon the drab and common and ugly things on earth; looked boldly upon the endless beastliness of existence. One understood all — and was young and bold and idealistic enough to say, 'I can change that.'

But my room was too small — in fact, was too small for myself alone. When we moved to my mother's bright and spotless kitchen, she, good soul, became so frightened that we had to abandon the new haven in a hurry. In two or three other homes we had the same experience.

Then we moved from a café to a tavern, from that one to another, with but little success. There were too many 'common people' everywhere — our souls were out of place everywhere.

And then, one evening, the thing just happened. We found ourselves in the cave. Of course, we all knew our host. But who broached the subject, who suggested the thing to him, who made him invite us, I simply don't know.

Suffice that we were there, sitting in a circle on the upturned buckets, at the entrance of the 'first street.' In the middle of the circle was another bucket, filled with the very best wine that the cave boasted — and what, oh, *what* wine it was!

And in our hands we held the tin cup with which to help ourselves now and then while the wondrous conversation developed itself. And we ate a bit of dried sausage and bread which somebody had brought along. And the solitary candle burned peacefully in its holder, three feet above the wine-bucket, shedding a yellowish-red light on the wreath of young and happy faces.

Thus it was. Who mentioned the word 'caveman,' I have n't the slightest idea. It was in the air; and every one of us saw it and felt it. But a few days later our poet read us a very stirring poem about 'The Modern Cavemen.' We were deeply impressed and moved.

The cavemanship was born.

We had been rebels for a few years, no doubt about that. What we rebelled against was rather doubtful. We were inarticulate before we found ourselves in the cave. We groped in darkness, semidarkness, and grayness, with the vigor and despair of youth, finding no aim, no path.

But in the cave, in that immense hollow darkness, lighted by but one candle, we saw the aim and the path very clearly indeed. Every particle of us found expression. We knew what we wanted. Our mission was holy to us. And following our chosen path was the crusading of old — aye, even more fanatical and necessary to our lives.

And yet I doubt now — after almost half a century. I doubt whether our great mission and crusade would have been sufficiently strong to have kept us together, well-nigh two years, without the life we led in our cave. At that time we, of course, would have said that the life was but an incident — the mission was all! Now — I doubt; I doubt our minds of yore. I have a tragic reason.

Still that life was more — much, much more — than fascinating and beautiful. You of the present and a different clime, how can you understand such a life?

It was never debauchery or orgy — never. Except for our host, we were never drunk. Gay, yes. Boundlessly, irresistibly gay — when every fibre in our bodies danced and vibrated in that glorious, mysterious dance of living.

And then there was singing. I do believe that it was song which was the strongest bond that held our souls together. We all sang beautifully — those sad and gay Slavic songs that sprang from the very bottom of a people's heart — suffering, loving, and trusting heart.

Poetry was as strong a bond —many-tongued poetry, which came out of understanding souls, through honeyed lips. That age, that clime, loved rhymes and beautiful words — their music was a great, great necessity.

Our feelings ran sky-high. And, after a particularly beautiful song or poem, two of us would lean over the wine-bucket, embrace, and kiss on the lips. Do you understand such a kiss? The ecstasy of emotion demanded it; the friendship that hovered above us commanded it. That kiss was the purest of the pure — of youth that dreamed and loved and lived.

Then, at times, fun and mischief took hold of us. We wrote, on open postcards, scathing, biting, and highly sarcastic poems to girls who had, in some way, injured our young pride. We stole numerous fans and wrote sad sonnets on them. Or we criticized and ridiculed, through various means, all the public men and women who did not come quite up to our standard or fancy.

These were strong bonds. But we believed our mission was the only one.

And what was that great mission?

Heavens, when I think how much was written about it by the cavemen! We came to the cave with our pockets bulging with papers, which we read, hour after hour, by the light of that solitary candle. Yes, it was hard to read — but never hard to listen, never!

There, under the runners on which the huge barrels reposed, was a large wooden box — the great secret of the cavemen. There the papers were hidden, waiting to be printed. We believed that the world, by such a grace on our part, would profit enormously — nay, would change completely.

We believed that. Because we understood the world. Because we knew its numerous maladies, and were certain of our remedies. The world was degenerating — mind you, all this was before Nordau had blazed forth — and we were to generate the new force and put vitality into it.

Yes, 'too much goodness' was the greatest evil that beset the world. Goodness that had sprung out of old, artificial social customs, city civilizations, and unnatural habits. That kind of goodness was the cancer. Eradicate it! Down with it!

Natural human beings were lost, buried under the heaps of modern junk of laws and philosophies and religions. What we wanted was to clear it away. 'Give us a natural man!' was our cry. 'Free absolutely, and unhampered by your Victorian Age!'

No, we did not want 'migration back to the primitive' — no 'back to barbarism.' Cavemanship was but a symbol. But we wanted freedom and simplicity.

We were influenced by no man or social group. We laughed at them — socialists, anarchists, and nihilists particularly. They were impractical and impossible. We were not. We were concrete and more than possible.

Here was our remedy, prescribed so ably by Bogoboy: 'We want to give new food to Mother Nature, so that her breasts will swell with the new milk of kindness with which to feed her children, thereby creating a human and glorious race.'

Kindness was all — pure human kindness. The power that would rejuvenate the old tottering world.

And the food? The food was to be given through Art. Give us a new, strong, natural Art! We saw to the ways and means by which this could speedily be accomplished.

This was our mission and crusade. Neither less nor more.

And all this vanished, utterly and hopelessly, on that December night when our guest spoke for the first time, after three weeks of silence.

Human kindness! How passionately we believed in it for two long years — when we were by ourselves, secure in the glorious isolation of our cave! At the moment when we were called upon to exercise it — to give but a wee bit of it — we failed. Nay, we forgot the cavemanship and its great mission and — imitated a whole continent!

The Koshava was blowing full blast that evening when we met our guest. The cold was fierce, and Jarko was late. We stamped our feet, we ran around the lamp-post on the corner by the cathedral, which was our usual meeting-place. The clock boomed eight above our heads and still Jarko did not come.

And just as we decided to go without him two figures appeared out of the darkness, snow, and storm.

'Mr. ——, our guest,' shouted Jarko to us. We did not hear the name — the storm swallowed it. And to this day I don't know it. Yet the man must have been famous, or rather notorious, for a time throughout a great continent. All we saw was a giant who did not seem to mind icy wind, and whose laugh of evident pleasure in meeting us rose above even the Koshava. And when we were going downhill to the cave, struggling rather desperately with the wind, he walked beside us straight and quite nonchalantly.

In the cave — after the candle had been lighted, the bucket placed in its proper place, and we were seated around it — I looked at him with great curiosity. I looked at him — and forgot my anger; and I am sure the same thing happened to the other cavemen. You see, it was against our rules to invite anybody. More — it was inconceivable that any one of us should bring into the cave an outsider. Never was a secret society wrapped in greater secrecy. So, when Jarko brought with him a stranger, without a hint of warning, naturally we were angered, if not downright panic-stricken.

One look, however, disarmed us. There he sat before us, our guest; and in a moment he ceased to be that — in fact, he ceased to be anything. Really, as though a mere shadow sat there.

No doubt he was a giant, but his round face, with big gray eyes and chubby little nose, was that of an infinitely good-natured child. An unhappy child, who suffered of some wrong or ailment so peacefully and unobtrusively that he himself appeared unreal, nonexistent.

He sat and smiled for a few minutes. Then he folded his huge arms, hardly breathed, and we noticed, wondering a little, that the unhappy child was transformed into a happy child.

Jarko explained. 'I met this gentleman in a restaurant. As a boy he left our country and went to America. He was there till four months ago. He came back because something evidently awful happened to him there. His family are all dead; he has no one. He needed, he said, good people; otherwise he would do something rash. I brought him here.' This was short, but to all purposes it was sufficient. Especially when the giant himself added in a very pleasant voice: —

'Please, brothers, don't mind me. Just let me come here; let me sit here — and let me be.' That was all.

Honestly we forgot him. The usual life of the cave went on. And for three weeks he never said a word — not one. He sat on his bucket, huge and motionless, with crossed arms, a smile of inexpressible contentment on his rosy round face. Thus hour after hour. Only once in a while, after a particularly beautiful song or a remarkable spark of wit, he would cover his face with his enormous hands and remain that way for a minute or so. Evidently his emotions got the better of him. But that was all — for three weeks. He never drank, even!

Then, utterly unexpectedly, he broke the silence with extravagant eagerness, and told us his story.

It was a pitiful little story. And how little of it did we understand! What we did grasp we took in the light in which millions had taken it. Yet there was an excuse for us. I am clutching at straws, you see. Some words we did not understand at all. Those I shall italicize.

'When I was fifteen I began to work in *Montana* mines,' he launched himself, with infinite assurance, eagerness, and faith. 'I was six feet tall. I was very strong. When I was eighteen I could lick any miner in our *mining-camp*. I like boxing. It came sort of natural-like to me. I used to box whenever I could. *Well*, when I was twenty I knocked a *local champeen* senseless. A *trainer* seen me do it. So he said, "I'll make a prize-fighter of you." So I said, "*All right.*" I did n't like anything better. He took me to *Butte* and there showed me a thing or two. He taught me how to fight — to box, you know. Then I laid down everybody that came to the *ring*. Then this *feller* became my *manager* and got lots of money for me and got me more *trainers*, and pretty soon there was a crowd around me, following me wherever I went. I got all kinds of money. *Well*, soon we began to travel. Sometimes I fought, sometimes I was *exhibiting*. Then I began to fight big *fellers*, and I laid them down. So my *manager* said, "Now we will tackle the *heavy-weight national champeenship*." I said, "*All right.*" So I went into *training-camp*. And then I met a girl. And I liked her, and she said she liked me. *By and by* she said, "Leave the fighting and I 'll marry you." *Well*, I liked her better than fighting even, so I said, "*All right.*" My *manager* and *trainers* and people around me went crazy. And *newspaper fellers* — you

know, journalists — went crazy too. My picture was in every paper, you understand. But I said, "No." I stuck to this girl. I left the *camp* and all and went to *Indiana*, where she lived with her *folks*. And they liked me fine, and said I'd work with them. And to make me better they took me to a *revival meetin'* — sort of open-air church, you understand — and I *got religion* — sort of became religious and pure. *Well*, I was kneeling there and lots of people around were crying, so I promised all sorts of things. I did not regret the *champeenship*, or the money, or nothing. I liked the girl fine. *Well*, I was fine for two or three months, going to church, working hard, and my money in the bank, when the girl up and married the *minister*, because he was going to the *heathens* and she wanted to help him. And she left me in the *lurch*.'

He stopped and looked at us with big appealing eyes, puffing short little breaths of fright.

He was ridiculous; his story even more so; and — we laughed! Radivoy started as soon as our guest had finished — there was no possibility of interrupting the stream of words — and we followed. We laughed heartily, swaying on the buckets.

But the man's face darkened. He closed his eyes for a moment, then suddenly grabbed the wine-bucket and began to drink.

He drank for five minutes. The hard breathing that sounded in that big bucket was awful. We sobered and stared at him, nonplused, aghast.

Then he put the bucket on his knees and with one hand wiped his mouth, while he was catching his breath. His face was terrible.

'All the States laughed at me — you too!' he gasped.

Then again he lifted the bucket and drank and drank, the sound of that horrible breathing spreading over the cave.

We made furtive motions to stop him. I saw pale faces. For a second we understood the unhappy man. Oh, he wanted only a wee bit of kindness and sympathy and understanding. Nothing more. The very substance of our cavemanship. But we sensed tragedy — and we forgot all else. We stood up, petrified. He still drank.

Suddenly he jumped, tottered, and pitched the bucket over our heads, breaking it into bits against a giant barrel. Then he lurched toward the door, wrenched it open, and ran out, we after him. When we cleared the tunnel, we saw him running up the hill with enormous strides.

It was as light as day. The full moon shone brilliantly on the hard, foot-thick snow. The frost bit our cheeks.

We ran after him, scrambling on all fours, slipping on the snow, shouting to him. He ran on — toward the precipice.

I was the first to reach its edge. He stood fifty yards from me — an unearthly giant. Completely out of breath, I still managed to ejaculate a few words of warning. For a moment he stood; then laughed twice; then jumped. He fell like a sack, but for his right arm, which clutched the air.

Even at that height we heard the thud. He struck the second tier of the great pile of stove wood. He struck it in the middle, and the wood immediately began to slide down, burying him in an awful mess of snow and ice and bark and wood-lengths.

We stood watching, our very blood frozen by the utterly unexpected tragedy. Tragedy because of the cavemen! What bitterness and regret for months and months afterward!

He, the guest of the cavemen, came five thousand miles to find that 'milk of human kindness' — and I, for one, went five thousand miles to forget.

IMMORTELLE

BY BLISS CARMAN

My glorious enchantress,
She went in silken hose,
With swaying hip and curving lip
And little tilted nose,
As full of fragrant fire
As any English rose.

Her voice across the morning,
Like olden balladry
Or magic notes from woodland throats,
It laid a spell on me
As wondrous as the west wind
And haunting as the sea.

She might have walked with Chaucer
A-jesting all the way,
Her figure trim a joy to him,
Her beauty like the day,
With that unfailing spirit
Which nothing can dismay.

Her heart was full of caring,
Her eyes were touched with dream.
In happy birth, in noble worth,
I thought that she did seem
As fair as Kentish roses
And rich as Devon cream.

I loved her airy carriage,
Her bearing clean and proud,
When glad and fond she looked beyond
The plaudits of the crowd,
Or when in prayer or sorrow
Her comely head was bowed.

I loved her eerie piping
Of measures without name.
Wild as a faun at rosy dawn,
Out of the crowd she came
To breathe upon old altars
A fresh untroubled flame.

I loved her lyric ardor,
Her chosen words and dress,
Her dryad's face, her yielding grace,
Her glowing waywardness,
Her deep adoring passion
No careless eye would guess.

And all the while as lovely
As early daffodils,
When woodland Spring comes blossoming
Among the western hills,
And from her trailing garments
A mystic glory spills.

O sorceress of raptures
Beyond the dream of art,
Be still our guide to walk beside
And choose the better part —
Thou lyric of enchantment!
Thou flower of Nature's heart!

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A SOUL

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

THE first definite information about God came from the 'Ella girl.' That was what we always called her, and memory offers no other name. She had a gift for dramatic narration and sources of information denied to Sunday School teachers. Her father was a Millerite, and no doubt what she told the Boy was her own understanding of what that sect believed. Millerites, he knew, were people who gathered in the fields outside the town dressed in their nightgowns in readiness for the second Advent. She was a year or two older than the Boy, and in the intervals of play she told him about God. After a season of revelation he went about scared and nervous. He learned that God was a Being of infinite powers and a disconcerting disposition. According to the Ella girl God could do anything, and she illustrated what she meant by 'anything' as feats of legerdemain, such as making the clock run backward, or the wheelbarrow fly, or the red sun turn blue, and the Boy would hurry fearfully home in the gathering dusk, expecting God to pop out from behind the next bush and perform some of His wonders. He had no desire to witness miracles. He was about six years old, and the new theology kept him awake nights. Streaming with perspiration, he clutched the bedclothes to his chin for protection, and eyed the 'heat lightning' which played along the horizon. They were the flames of Hell, he thought, and the Devil might come for him any moment.

All of a long hot summer he suffered, but he suffered in silence. If he could only have brought himself to confess his fears to his mother, they would soon have been explained away. But from his earliest recollection he felt a reluctance to talk about his soul. A sort of shame prevented him. He seemed to feel that his soul was in no state for public inspection. And this reluctancy grew as he became increasingly aware of the hostile and inquisitive attitude of a Western town in which religion seethed and boiled. In those far-off days the line of demarcation was definitely fixed. You were either 'damned' or 'saved' and there was no middle ground.

The creed of the Boy's mother was a practical one, the asperities of the belief in which she had been reared being softened by her sound common-sense. Her father was a grim figure of the Boy's childhood, tall, slightly bent, with a grizzled beard and shaved upper lip, as though made up for the part of the religious zealot. He was one of the pioneers of that region and had the virtues as well as the vices of empire-builders. In his austere creed whatever was pleasant was wrong. Fortunately he lived in a neighboring village, so his visitations were infrequent, but while they lasted they were terrible. The paternal grandfather was the protagonist, a cheerful old sinner, who got drunk on occasions and who

was seldom seen without a scythe over his shoulder, as his occupation was cutting the grass that bordered the village streets. He had a white beard and was entirely bald, and looked so unbelievably old that he stood in our cosmogony for Father Time, just as the other grandfather seemed like one of the denunciatory Minor Prophets out of the Bible. His son was of the same easy-going disposition and seldom went to church, but strangely enough he backed up mother's determination that the children should go. But his skeptical attitude was a constant influence, and produced a cross current which further complicated the Boy's attempts to unravel the riddle of existence.

The First Baptist Church was a wooden building painted yellow, the grandest structure the Boy had ever seen, except the opera house, and was as full of mysterious passages as a castle of romance. He explored the belfry with awe, fearing and yet hoping that the great bell would begin to swing. And in the basement beneath the pulpit he discovered coils of pipes and a force pump with which Joe Lorain's father filled a tank beneath the pulpit, over which the minister stood while he preached; and, though he sometimes stamped on the floor in the transports of exhortation, he never broke through, as the Boy sometimes hoped he would.

Early impressions of church remain: the characteristic lead-pencil smell of mother's mink furs, kept in cedar during week days; the long sermon by Elder Haigh, who looked like a skull, and whose voice was hollow and echoed dismally through the barnlike church, supplying a living emblem of mortality — when the choir sang 'Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,' the Boy thought it meant the sermon; uncontrollable curiosity as to whether the tessellated floor and pillars painted on the back drop behind the pulpit were real or not: —

'Could the minister walk back there if he wanted to?' he would whisper, only to be told to 'hush.' The same with the pipes between the windows. What were they? To be told they were 'gas' and not to talk got him nowhere. What was gas? The light at home was furnished by a kerosene lamp with a red-flannel wick.

Old Deacon Wiswell in front goes to sleep with his head resting on the back of the pew. The Boy does n't know he is asleep. He thinks he is interested in something on the ceiling. He leans his head back and stares at the ceiling too. Up there are more of those iron pipes sticking through holes in the roof. Are they 'gas' too? He must remember to ask about it when he gets home, but dinner, long delayed, drives out every other thought, and so he never asks and never learns.

Then there was Sunday School, which followed church, for another hour and a half at least, more when somebody wanted to talk after the lesson — a returned missionary, for instance, the dullest entertainment a hungry boy ever listened to. After a preliminary service in the big room the school broke up into classes, two — the oldest and the youngest, the Bible Class and the Infant Class — having rooms to themselves. The others turned over a seat and made a little niche like a section in a sleeping-car. The Infant Class was taught by a well-meaning lady whose husband was superintendent of the school. Her way of talking was much like that of the *Line upon Line* book, and her regular discourse consisted of one long sentence that lasted the entire lesson hour, moistened and lubricated with a superfluity of saliva, due to false teeth. The Boy sat on the front seat, where he was exposed

to this barrage and finished the session damp but informed.

Every thirteen weeks there was 'review Sunday, or lesson selected by the school,' when twelve Infant Class stars, flushed with pride and scared to death, marched up on to the platform before the entire Sunday School and intoned a rubric that went something like this: —

'And the first lesson was,
'Ahab's Wicked Reign,
'And the verse,
'And Ahab the son of Omri did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him.'

From that early time when the Bible narrative was broadcasted in a sort of voluble chronicle, illustrated by chalk diagrams on the blackboard, until the Boy became an independent thinker and struck out for himself, and sampled other Sunday Schools, he worked his way at least three times through the entire Bible, barring a few indecent passages and the long catalogues of the begats, assisted by *Line upon Line* and the *Biblical Reason Why*, and later by Farrar's *Life of Christ* and Peloubet's *Select Notes on the International Sunday School Lessons*. Without undue vaunting he believes he could, and still can, give a connected outline of Bible history from 'In the beginning' up to where the historical trail is lost in the vague generalities of the Minor Prophets, and from the beginning of the New Testament to the Epistles. He sets this down with particular emphasis because of the old belief about bringing a child up in the way he should go, on Holy Writ and in the fear of the Lord. There was nothing the Boy feared more than the Lord and, as for Holy Writ, there was nothing he was so thoroughly grounded in; and here he is, fifty years later, trying to set down his spiritual state of mind and appraise what he got out of it all.

II

The town where he grew up was a religious town. Everybody went to church, in theory at least, and everybody's children were made to go to Sunday School. To escape this fate was a rare and thrilling adventure, reserved for the daring few. The local college had been founded by Christian pioneers, for the sole purpose of training young men to preach the Gospel, and it had n't got that idea out of its head even when the Boy attended. No other use for an education was dreamed of in their philosophy.

There were some twenty churches in that little town, ranging from a very small Episcopalian at one end up to a very large Catholic at the other. In between were Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists, — firsts, seconds, and Africans, — to say nothing of scattering Campbellites, Universalists, Lutherans, Christian Brothers, Wesleyans, Unitarians, Second Adventists, and, a little later, Christian Scientists. Each regarded itself as the only direct, rock-ballasted, double-tracked way to Heaven, and looked upon all competitors with the same scornful intolerance with which the general passenger agent of the 'Q' regarded the general passenger agent of the Santa Fe.

Sunday was a busy day for the devout, with meetings as exacting as the 'hours' in a mediæval convent. The programme began at nine in the morning with Gospel meeting, followed by church at ten-thirty, Sunday School at noon, and Y. M. C. A. at four. There was Young People's Society at six and church again at seven. Wednesday night there was the regular weekly prayer meeting, and Friday night the college Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. had their devotional sessions.

In order that time might not hang

too heavy on the hands of small boys on Sunday afternoons, before they were old enough to join the Y. M. C. A., they attended the Band of Hope. This was a temperance organization, but with a strong evangelical flavor. Its meetings were held in a small white chapel standing beside a large white church, of which it was evidently the architectural offspring. The church was Congregational, but was called the old First Church in recognition of the fact that it was the pioneer church of the colony. Around it hung the aura of romance. Runaway slaves had been concealed in its attic when it was one of the stations on the underground railway. But the Band of Hope was not denominational. Citizens of either sex who had reached the age of six and wished to assume an uncompromising attitude toward the demon rum were eligible. Just how uncompromising that attitude was may be learned from the pledge, recited standing and in concert at the beginning of each session: —

'Trusting in God to help me keep this pledge, I do solemnly promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquor as a beverage, wine, beer, and cider included, from all profanity, and from the use of tobacco in all of its forms.'

In the short interval between church and Sunday School it was permitted to go to the post office for the mail, a respite as grateful in the midst of so much religion as mi-carême in Lent. On the way one passed the free spirits loafing in front of Andy Dow's livery stable and realized that there were other worlds in which church and Sunday School were not the chief end of man.

Then there were the revivals and protracted meetings, periods of unhealthy excitement when hardened sinners of ten years tried vainly to keep their feet against waves of emotion that almost swept them away, while comrades and playmates who but yesterday had played marbles for keeps abandoned one on one's island of immunity and went down to join those being prayed for, and were wept over by the famous twin evangelists whose record for harvests of souls was high, and who charged accordingly. The technique of these two remarkable harvesters was similar to that of the redoubtable Billy Sunday, but no others had such a way of fomenting the excitement after each accession to the mourner's bench by the constantly reiterated query, 'Ar-r-re there another? Ar-r-re there another?' like an auctioneer running up the bids.

The protracted meetings began sometime in January and lasted for several weeks. Everything was laid aside, housework, social life, and study. During these weeks the assault on the Boy's soul, which went on intermittently all the time, reached a climax. Every night he was faced by two dreadful alternatives — to give his heart to Christ and go forward to be prayed for, or to hang back and be cast into outer darkness where there would be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The wear and tear of such experiences as these, the mental agony of resisting, at one knew not what awful penalty, of watching the subsequent careers of those who 'got religion,' of the antidote of father's skepticism, all had their cumulative effect on a small growing mind. Mother always kept her head, and her sanity was a help. Her sense of duty made her go through with it, — it was a part of the religion she professed, — but she reserved the right to reason for herself, and some of the good sisters of the church shook their heads over her also.

After each revival there was always a series of immersions, dramatic spectacles, when the pulpit rolled back like

a scroll and was discovered full of water underneath, and the minister put on great rubber boots ('baptismal pants,' they were called) that came to his waist, and waded out into the midst of the font, and a trembling row of boys and girls — mostly girls, in white, with the hems of their dresses weighted with iron washers sewed into them to keep them from floating, while the boys wore their second-best suits — were handed down in the pool.

The minister took the candidate by the right hand, placed his left hand behind his shoulder, and said, 'On the public confession of thy faith I now baptize thee, my dear brother, in the name of the Father, the Son,' — the candidate was tipped back suddenly until completely immersed, and then raised to his feet again, — 'and the Holy Ghost,' and immediately the choir began, 'Ye *must* — be *plunged* — be-*neath* — the *wave*.'

The haunting weird melody added to the painful solemnity of the scene; the little shivering procession climbed up the opposite steps while the minister said the benediction standing waist-deep in the water.

All this was a part of the religious education of the Boy. It made a profound impression on him that has lasted all his life. For instance, almost the only music he has known was what he heard during those early years while his ears remained open, and that was almost entirely the music of the Sunday Schools and prayer meetings. Instead of the mighty chants of the two elder churches, he had dinned into his ears and mind the apparently endless series of Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs turned out by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, five volumes during the period of his apprenticeship. Beside the fecundity of these two song-writers Irving Berlin is tongue-tied. There were two editions of each book, large ones with the music for singers, and small librettos so that the unmusical might follow the words. Whenever a prayer meeting struck a dull spot, someone would start a hymn and the rest would come trailing in.

Over and over the Boy heard these songs until he learned them by heart, and is now unable to forget them. He can repeat the words of hundreds — 'Pull for the Shore, Sailor,' 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' 'The Palace of the King,' 'Beulah Land,' 'Alas, and did my Saviour bleed' — and they run in his head and haunt his nights. Like most deafened he has head noises, — the medical term for which, *tinnitus aurium*, is far more poetical, — and these noises are always rhythmical; and in the silent watches of the night, when he cannot sleep, he listens to the endless variations of 'Will anyone there at the beautiful gate,' or 'Palms of victory, palms of glory, palms of victory, I shall bear.' At least he is less afflicted than that one of Thomas Hardy's humble characters who always heard the sound of frying fish.

As the Boy advanced in the public schools new interests competed to weaken the grip of evangelicism. He became acquainted with wickedness, committed various deadly sins, including, no doubt, the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost. Increasing deafness made religious discourse as ineffective as secular, and there were periods when he ceased to be at all concerned about his soul. But his entrance into the local college brought him in contact with a new force for righteousness. Many of his fellow students were something more than passive Christians. They were preparing themselves for the ministry, or the foreign missionary field, and in the meanwhile practised on the heathen around them, of which the Boy was evidently one.

But by now he had begun to think

for himself. He had pushed his reading into religious history. The searching cross-examinations about the state of his soul which once stirred him so now merely annoyed him. There was one student more persistent than the others. He fancied himself a sort of voice crying in the wilderness. He was not obnoxious because he was a Christian, but he made Christianity obnoxious to all who were brought into contact with him. He was privately known as 'the dirty Christian' because of his aversion to soap and water. With him cleanliness was not a close second to godliness. He possessed the vocabulary of the exhorter, and used to labor with his fellow students to 'give their hearts to God,' 'get right with Christ.' 'Where do you expect to spend eternity?' he would ask, as one might inquire about vacation plans.

The language of the college evangelist was not so crude as that of the Baptist Church, where one old deacon astonished the Wednesday night prayer meeting by announcing that he 'was all unbuttoned with the grace of God,' but its tenor was the same. The Boy continued to feel that his soul was his own, that his plans for spending eternity were a personal matter; and in his eagerness to escape Scylla he forgathered with Charybdis, and became identified with the freer spirits of the college world, and was the subject of earnest prayers, especially on the part of the co-eds. He became wiser in his generation than the children of light, and used his familiarity with the Bible to confute many of his inquisitors, some of whom were not so well posted. But his deafness acted as a check in either direction. He could not hear well enough to get the full effect of religious propaganda, but neither could he learn the ways of the worldly so fully as he desired. He lived in a twilight country, unable to be very good or very bad, and remained friends with both parties.

It is a good thing he had not heard of Saint Augustine's City of God in those early years when religion was such a travail with him, for that worthy pillar of the early Church argued that, as spiritual counsel came only through the ear, the deaf were forever denied the Kingdom of Heaven. But Saint Augustine overlooked the converse of his proposition, which is that the deaf are equally immune from the voice of temptation. The adder, sings King David, is deaf and will not hear the voice of the charmer, charming never so wisely.

But what the dirty Christian failed to accomplish was wrought by a girl. The Boy fell in love with a classmate. It could not be denied that the influential part of the student body, the best students and athletes, the men and women who controlled the destinies of the body politic, were of the Y. M. C. A. party. The girl had a certain pride about it, which influenced the Boy. One night he startled the meeting by rising and testifying, and felt amply repaid by the whispered 'I am so glad.' What Heaven thought, Heaven only knows. For a season he enjoyed exalted popularity. He even led one of the Friday night meetings. He tried to give his testimonies a literary quality, illustrating them with inspiring anecdotes, a formula he later found effective in advertising. But alas, in another year his Egeria had become fascinated by a dashing senior, and lost interest in both the Boy and religion, and the Boy fell, like Lucifer, nine times the space that measures day and night, and landed among the unregenerate.

The 'Evidences of Christianity' was a senior study taught by the president of the college. This president came at the end of the old dispensation, when

college presidents were venerable scholars, and frequently doctors of divinity. Nowadays they are young men with more the aspect and qualifications of sales-managers than professors. Their function is to sell the college, not to teach the students. But Dr. Bateman was venerable and picturesque. He was a little man with a noble head, surrounded by a halo of white hair, which he wore long, and white beard. He looked like a steel engraving in an ancient book, and his old-time appearance was heightened by the long frock-coat, buttoned to the chin, which he habitually wore. 'Evidences' interested the Boy greatly, but, like all studies at this time, his lack of hearing rendered it barren as far as the classroom went. And so he did not hear the little incident which follows, but it was told him by classmates afterward.

The topic was the resurrection of the soul. One of the class, whose father was governor of the state, wanted to know if it was not equally conclusive evidence of the resurrection of the body. Prexy closed his book and with considerable severity rebuked a certain questioning and skeptical attitude he had noticed.

'That is no spirit in which to approach this subject,' he said. 'We are not here to question the evidences upon which Christianity rests, but to learn them. They are proved and accepted facts, the fruit of wise scholarship directed by learned men for years. Their conclusions are accepted by the Christian world. No facts in science or mathematics are better established. A man who doubts the conclusions in this book is unfit to be a student of this college.'

I quote from hearsay and the memory of many years, but the incident was thoroughly discussed by some of us after class. It aroused a spirit of antagonism. If Christianity was taught as a study, then it should be subject to the same rules and scrutiny as other studies. It was evident that many of the class were thinking for themselves. Somehow the story of the meeting got into the columns of a local newspaper, a scurrilous sheet, edited by a real character known as Gersh Martin. He was far and away the ablest newspaperman in that little town. His editorials were sometimes reprinted in full in the *New York Sun*. He had no reverence and no fear. He disliked the college, the church, and the so-called respectable element, and said so on all occasions, and made leaders of news no other local paper dared to print. His weekly sheet was denounced by all and read by all, and enjoyed the largest circulation in the town. Gersh himself was a familiar and picturesque figure, as he strolled down Main Street, seldom sober, and wearing a steeple white-felt hat like a circus clown.

The story was told in the *Press and People* in full, with such embroidery as Gersh's fertile fancy suggested. He was a mighty linguist, and was the first, as far as I know, to use capitals for emphasis in the course of his editorials. The paper was all editorial, veritable leaders in the English style — that is, the editor's opinions and comments. There the local correspondent for the press association saw it, and an item floated around the country to the effect that Knox College, founded by Presbyterians and Congregationalists for the sole purpose of preparing young men for the ministry, would graduate a class of which nineteen were skeptics. I have forgotten the exact word, but it was either skeptics or infidels. From that time the Boy reserved the right to study the question of revealed religion and act on his own findings. He put aside the argument of blind belief he had been asked to accept, and tried to arrive at the truth by methods of reasoning.

III

From this time on, the outside world, discourses, and conversation, had less and less effect upon the formation of his beliefs, and what he read became a greater influence. He was less susceptible to the present as lived around him, and fell under the spell of history as recorded in books. Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere* was published while he was still in college. The furore it created then has been forgotten. It would excite little comment to-day. The Boy was so stirred by it that he wrote a three-column review for the local newspaper. He took the position that the Church was unnecessarily alarmed by this attack on her citadels, that Mrs. Elsmere was a foil for her husband, that if the latter represented the triumph of skepticism she was equally strong as steadfast faith; but he realized too that the Church was disturbed, that its ministers were alarmed and preached strongly against the book because they were vulnerable, that orthodoxy was still a mooted question. In his three columns of solid nonpareil he defended the faith, but he followed Robert Elsmere.

During the next few years the papers were full of the stories of noted heretics, like David Swing, thrown out of their churches with immense excitement; and then in the course of a few years the Church would advance to the same point, and the heretic became more orthodox than the churchman.

He continued his reading of history until the whole matter assumed a different perspective. He realized that the Christian dogma had been taught him falsely, stripped of its historical setting. Instead of being a supreme event in the history of mankind, it was one of a series of events, all bearing a strong resemblance to one another, and all growing out of the fact that man is essentially religious, that he must have something to worship, that he must make for himself an answer to the two supreme questions, deity and immortality, that he makes his god in his own image, and as he advances in morals and refinement his theism improves.

The foregoing is the religious history of the Boy's soul. In the thirty years since, there has been nothing corresponding with the terrible struggle of his boyhood. He has had no visions, no great lights from Heaven, no still, small voices. Instead he has had time to read and think, undisturbed by religious currents surging around him. The question is, what has he got out of it? What is his present state of mind? What does he believe?

He has not been inside of a church in the last twenty-five years, except for weddings and funerals, which even the deaf do not escape, and æsthetic visits to cathedrals and lesser churches of Europe. His deafness, of course, is the obvious excuse, if excuse is needed, but what would he have done, given the intensive training of the first half of life, could he hear? Of course the deafness has made him immune from many influences which might have worked differently, and also his life the last thirty years has been lived in a large city where one chooses one's circle instead of having it thrust upon one. At any rate, he is no longer on the defensive. For twenty-five years no one has shown the slightest concern as to where he expects to spend eternity. And so it has been necessary that he should show some concern himself.

The men around him that make up his world seem to be divided into two classes — those who go to church and those who do not. He cannot say into those who believe and those who do not. There seems to be little difference between the two classes, except in the churchgoing habit. Some seem to find

in being chairman of the greens committee the same outlet, the same escape, that others find in being vestryman. The churches to which these men belong seem to be extensions of those he knew in his native town, divided by differences unessential to the main purpose. He cannot believe that any great majority of their members are greatly excited about Fundamentalism, but they all feel toward their church something of the loyalty that one feels toward his own club or lodge. It 's a sort of 'my church, may she always be right; but right or wrong, my church.'

The Boy, who is now a man, of course, has reached the point where there are only two vital questions, both unanswered: Is there a Supreme Being? Is there survival after death? To answer yes to either is merely an effort of will. There is no evidence either way, no logical justification for belief or disbelief. The Boy answers yes to both questions, because he is temperamentally an optimist, and because it is pleasanter to think that way. But his belief or disbelief will not affect the facts either way. Nor do they affect his conduct. He feels that the only thing which matters in conduct is character. It is harder to live a decent life than it is to believe this or that dogma, though if believing the dogma helps in the living he has no objection. Character is the finest product we have of this present life that we know. It is not a mere matter of statement, as belief is, but something that must be worked at every day we live. The story of the repentant thief on the cross is one of the most destructive stories we know. One has more sympathy somehow with the unregenerate thief who went to his death sincere and consistent.

The writer is speaking only for himself. He has been curious all these years to see what so much intensive religious training would do for him. His deafness gives him a peculiar isolation, and compels him to work out his own theology, uninfluenced by others. Still he has a sort of conviction that what he has described as the outline of his simple creed is that of a very large proportion of his fellow men.

THE NEW PAGANISM

BY ELLEN DUVALL

If it be true that 'man is a religious animal,' it is more comprehensively true in the sense that he is a worshiping animal; and the instinctive god of his idolatry is Self. Man is a natural self-worshiper, and only religion of some sort can educate him out of this primitive, own-nature worship. In this regard we are all born pagans, and the history of civilization — whether it be of an individual or of the race — is just this development away from primitive self-worship. With many of us education or civilization fails of its object, and we remain to the end pagans. Generally our true quality is veiled from ourselves and others by conventions, by a decent regard for the opinion of the — always in our eyes duller — majority, by a wholesome fear of the

police, by intelligent self-interest of the better sort. Nevertheless, pagans we are and pagans we remain. Of course, the pagan has his divinity — a little personal fetish perhaps; the family lares and penates; the tribal deity; or any and every sort of god of the market place. But the indestructible evidence of paganism, sure as the Mark of the Beast in the forehead, is just this fixed attitude toward his divinity, Self. For your pagan always wants *his* god to be subservient, to be on *his* side, to be *his* tame confederate and aid; while revealed religion requires a change of heart, that God shall not serve man, but that man shall serve God — for love. 'My son, give me thine heart.'

The world therefore knows just two prayers under which all others, from the beginning till the end of time, may be categoried: one, that of Ajax, the first word of which is supposed by some to have been inscribed over the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, 'Oh, that the gods would empower me to obtain my wishes!' — the typical, instinctive prayer of paganism; the other, 'Thy will be done' — the inculcated prayer of revealed religion. Here is a difference vast as that between Heaven and earth. Show a man's religion, and you most truly show the man.

But it is the new paganism as expressed in present-day fiction that is of immediate interest; for there paganism surely reigns supreme. That our modern fiction holds the mirror up to nature, — pagan nature, — whether of the individual or of social groups, is fairly true; yet it is a menacing truth of disintegration and decay. Not that way does civilization tend, not that way can the race evolve and progress. Of course, the measure of the civilization of the individual is the measure of the civilization of the race. Given developed or civilized individuals, men and women, and we have a civilized people — ultimately perhaps a civilized world, or a preponderantly civilized world. And to the making of an effective and efficient people there must always go a certain degree of homogeneity — not necessarily homogeneousness of blood, but homogeneity of feeling and of thought, of mental vision, and of political and ethical ideals.

There is, however, a marked difference between the old and the new paganism, for while they both pray the prayer of Ajax, — 'Oh, that the gods would empower me to obtain my wishes!' — in the old paganism we see the beginnings of better things, the turn of the spiral toward wider and ascending life. Homer, in his character of Hector; Æschylus in his *Prometheus;* Sophocles in his *Antigone;* Euripides in his *Alcestis*, indeed in all his plays, charged as they are with the sense of justice; Aristotle and Plato in their speculations upon government or politics — all show the ideas and tendencies that have broadened out and bloomed in the civilization of to-day. Dimly yet surely the old paganism recognized, as Protagoras taught, that 'Man is the measure of all things,' that the individual is the unit of value of the social group, be it city, state, or nation. Dimly yet surely the old paganism recognized and taught that on the self-control of the individual depended the safety and welfare of the state. There was, therefore, constructive thinking in the old paganism; its vision was forward, it had hope and faith. In Greek thought man's greatest sin — a root of all evil — was *hubris*, arrogancy, self-sufficiency, pride. To the new paganism man is still the measure of all things, but *hubris* has become the chief of virtues; in the new paganism man cannot be too arrogant, self-sufficient, and proud. Here the contrast between old and new is as direct as great. In the old paganism

force was measured by resistance, strength by its power to withstand and to overcome; man was conceived of and represented as strong in proportion as he was self-controlled. More or less clearly did the old paganism perceive that life, whether individual or social, is not something that goes of itself, but is a definite result of deliberately exercised consciousness and will; and the more complex and civilized life is, the more must consciousness and will be used. Here it was that the best thought of paganism and the truth of Hebraism met and mingled; here imagination and revelation came together, and have flowered out into the civilization of to-day, the approximately Christian civilization of Western Europe.

In the new paganism all this is directly reversed. Life is assumed to go of itself; man's instincts are represented as all-compelling; and his strength lies, not in the control, but in the letting-go, of his passions. Misled in part, perhaps, by Freudian psychology so-called, — which is no psychology at all, but simply a dull, materialistic, mechanistic theory of life, based on one animal instinct only, — our pagan fiction seems chiefly interested in man because of his capacity for concupiscence. The old story of Actæon, chased and destroyed by his own hounds, is as nothing to that of poor modern man as told in so much of to-day's fiction, chased by one passion, one hound, and succumbing to it. And oh, the mortal dullness of so much modern paganism wherein man is depicted as a creature of one dimension only — that of sex. For in the wash of sex all things are wiped out, not only all trivial, fond records, but all distinctions and values, age-long history as well as the everyday experiences of fairly decent folk. And, with all due deference to present-day fiction and its unrelieved paganism, what it is doing has been so much better done elsewhere. For, if salacity is to be reckoned as also part of the fine art of fiction, then it is far better presented in the pages of the Restoration dramatists. There it is set down for what it is. There there is no pretense about it. It is conscious vice preferred to virtue, and it does not hypocritically mouth as being natural law, or all-compelling instinct. It betokens the manners of a corrupt court, and makes no pretense of representing the average life of the people. To 'the great Goddess Lubricity,' as Matthew Arnold called her, was erected only a temporary altar in a court more foreign than English. She belongs across the Channel, with another set of worshipers, belongs to *L'Île des penguins*, *Thaïs*, *Les Dieux ont soif*, *Madame Bovary* — to a literature, however beautiful in mere words, that has a dire tendency to overemphasize the animal at the expense of the man. *L'Homme machine* of the eighteenth century, and *la bête humaine* of the nineteenth and early twentieth, are theories of man and life that beg nine tenths of the question, and are as exaggerated as they are inadequate.

Then, in contrast to the old paganism, where is the constructive thinking of the new? What is its vision, what its hope and faith, save in those naïve books where the utmost license of the individual is assumed to be the fitting and logical prelude to the perfect Social State? Can this be possible? Do our naïve pagans demand miracles on the one hand, and deny them on the other? Can men really gather figs of thistles and, from the bramble, grapes? For if there be anything in history as the registered experience of the race, — whether we be Pagans, Fundamentalists, or Modernists, — as men sow, so do they surely reap. And the perfect Social State, that fine political and

economic daydream, can hardly evolve from the wallow of individual license.

Is it a constitutional incapacity for straight thinking, otherwise logic, — together with a plentiful lack of humor, — that so characterizes our pagans? If only they had a glint of humor now and then, how much more there would be in their woefully thin pages, how much we should be spared! For wherever there is a saving sense of humor it carries with it a sense of proportion, and the blessed combination of the two implies both sight and insight, seeing and perceiving, a native capacity for straight thinking. But naïve incongruities, inconsistencies, monstrosities, gargoyle all the pages of our pagan fiction; and the drawing of individuals, of social groups, or of society at large, is often at best but unconscious caricature, or at worst is as awry as a child's first attempts upon the nursery slate. For the mere heaping-together of external details does not of itself constitute Realism; that is made of sterner and finer stuff than our pagans deal in, and requires as much, if not more, imagination than Romanticism — the interpenetrative, scientific imagination, far removed from the drab and the unclean. For are these individuals, these situations, afforded us by our pagans probable, or even possible?

For instance, here is the old, ready-made triangle — the lady, the lover, and the husband. This particular situation is done by a master in the deft conjury of words; very decorously done, too, for only recently is this master beginning to show evidences of the prevalent modern pagan mistake, the assumption that frankness of speech is equivalent to freshness of vision. The lady and the lover plan to fly, purposing to leave the lady's house by water, and meet in the evening to carry out this intent. They get into a little boat. Suddenly the disagreeable husband, who has been covertly watching, appears. There is some sort of struggle; the boats are upset; and the poor lady incontinently drowns. Cooled by the catastrophe, husband and lover recover the body and, one at the feet and the other at the head, they carry her forth and lay her down on the bank. Then the lover gets into his righted boat and drops downstream — disappears, for the time being, into the velvety darkness. And the equally cooled reader pauses. Did it ever so happen? Are we moved, convinced, or even momentarily persuaded? Not at all — not nearly so much as if reading the *Arabian Nights*. To persuade of its truth to life is the least of fiction's art; to convince and to compel is its highest power.

Another gifted writer — and our new pagans are all immensely clever in the mere things of sense-perception — chooses for her theme, under an honored and already used title, a situation prohibited by the Levitical decrees: an ex-lover of the mother is in danger of becoming the legal husband of the daughter. And the gist of the story lies in the mother's torturing doubts as to whether to speak or to keep silence; to sacrifice the daughter's happiness to truth and save the hideous situation, or to ensure the daughter's happiness by silence. For one of the curious inconsistencies of our pagans is that they exalt happiness or self-gratification as the end and aim of living, and then make of happiness so poor and cheap a thing.

Another section of the new paganism, in its obsession with the 'sex complex,' is now beginning to treat us to the maternity craze or urge on the part of the 'healthy, natural woman,' — her desire to have a child without the incumbrance, or formality, of a legal husband, — and the collusive sympathy of the bystander, friend or father,

with her very 'natural' desire. This situation is conceivable, — many situations are conceivable, — but did it ever exist on land or sea outside the harassed pagan brain? Do we know such young women, do we consort with them, are they bred up in our midst? It is only necessary to ask the question to have it answered. Literary art is one thing; pathology is quite another. Of course, plots are precious; there have never been enough to 'go round,' and our novelists are hard put to it to devise ways and means. But even so, and with all possible sympathy for them, they should remember and observe the inhibition laid down by Stendhal: 'Remember, there are things that must never be written.' He may have meant ineffable things that cannot be written, — 'fancies that broke through language and escaped,' — but it is as true of the lowest as of the highest, of the vilest as of the finest. There is a middle register, like the temperate zone, in which alone can a novelist with safety disport himself.

Courage, honor, faith, loyalty to high ideals, are all honored in the breach in our pagan fiction. 'Life is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable only in proportion to what truth, honor, and industry have placed within it.' But of this our new pagans seem to know nothing. It is hard to tell how they do conceive of life, under what images they would fain present it. Here is no spiral, only a vicious circle; no movement in the sense of direction, only a vain treading of water. And the mental and spiritual squalor to which we are introduced is heart-rending. It were fairly possible to live in Gopher Prairie on Main Street and yet find good in everything; but oh, the desolation of bearing about a Gopher Prairie and Main Street in one's soul! For out of the abundance of the heart — or its leanness — does the mind conceive and the hand write. And where is the understanding heart? Do our new pagans ever perceive that with neither a philosophy nor a religion, with no power of constructive thinking, what they call their truth to nature — to the beast — is utter falsity to man; that they are in reality mental and moral anarchists doing far more mischief than can be wrought by political and economic anarchy?

Civilization, society, government, are held together by thought. Community of interests, — material, mental, spiritual, — in an ever-ascending, widening spiral, bind human life together. To work away consciously from the animal to the human means civilization. To represent the animal as paramount is absolutely unhistoric and untrue. To persuade men that they do, always have done, and may, relax, lower their guard, let go their hold, cease their vigilance with regard to personal self-control, and then expect civilization and society to continue and to advance, is deadly. It is to destroy civilization from within. It is to hasten the sure coming of a political and economic anarchy — from which can there arise the perfect Social State? No — nothing but terrible despotisms of cruelty and darkness.

EVERYDAY LIFE

BY HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

TIRANA, ALBANIA
April 8, 1920

DEAR ROSE, —

Imagine what it would be like if, as you were going quietly about your business, you were suddenly to find yourself in the eighth century instead of the twentieth. That is what has happened to Molly and me — and yet people say the age of miracles is past. I can fully appreciate the sensations of the Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court. The Albanians live to-day precisely as they lived when Rome was a scattering of huts along the Tiber. And I am here to see it!

I still say, as I said to you in Paris, that until you have been back in America you can't fully realize what it means to be going somewhere again, to something you know nothing about, which may turn out to be anything. The sheer unutterable joy of it! To be once more in strange lands, among strange peoples! That first night on the train I could n't sleep for joy at being alive. I lay watching the lights of tiny villages flashing past, and something far down inside me sang to the rhythm of the clicking rails. After a time I spoke to Molly, a little doubtfully, and she answered me with such a ring in her voice that I knew she felt it, too. And had we even suspected what we were going to —!

Listen — I am living in a strange, wild land of incredible mountains; untraveled and unknown, and full of the delight of forgotten centuries. The people? They are most unexpected; a grave, courteous folk, keenly intelligent and fiercely proud. They give of their best to the stranger within their gates, and expect nothing in return. This last statement will be sufficient evidence that the Albanians are primitive and without culture.

I am working in the hospital, of course. It is a poor thing, but better than could have been expected, and is the result of tragically heroic efforts on the part of the Red Cross and the impoverished Albanian Government. A monument, in fact, to the torn nails, bleeding hands, and aching backs of a few nurses.

Before we came the building was used as a storehouse by the Italian Army of Occupation, and it stands on the edge of the town behind the gendarmes' barracks and a stone's throw from the bazaar — just where the Durazzo road begins to spin out toward the foothills. It is a nine-room, two-storied, mud-brick house, old and feeble. Its red-tiled roof sags wearily, and crumbling walls of a dead garden straggle in the rear. In the background, rising out of purple distance, is a gray wall of mountain whose snow-streaked summit is half hidden by wandering clouds.

By day the unhappy place bakes and shimmers in the heat, its windows staring sightlessly at the painted mosque in the bazaar. By night — you should see it, Rose! I know whereof I speak, for it is night as I write this, and I am on night duty, the only American in the place. By night, my child, hordes

of mangy rats run about the floors, in and out of the shadows. One is staring at me now, with cold eyes. Bats circle through the dark rooms, and bedbugs swarm over the walls and ceilings.

'Italiani, non Albanesi,' said my interpreter casually.

Outside in the garden hideous soft toads flop along the paths; snakes rustle in the tangled grass, and the damp walls drip and glitter in the moonlight.

And in another instant, Rose Lane, I have got to go out into that garden, because there is a tent pitched there in which are the overflow of patients from the hospital.

Don't be too horrified. We are cleaning it all up as fast as we can, and in a little while we shall have an excellent and clean hospital. This is, as I have said, the worst. The rest is a dream of the *Arabian Nights*. And you shall hear about that next time.

TROUB

May 10, 1920

I miss my night duty a little. It was giving me time to adjust myself, and it stopped too soon. You see, there were no other Americans about, so I lost all sense of contact with home, and became acutely sensitive to my surroundings. I was just beginning to understand, when I was plunged again into the very American atmosphere of day duty. I'm sorry. I liked the moonlit nights there on the edge of the town, with only the Albanians and the gypsies to keep me company.

And yet, it may be that night duty is a bad thing, after all. One thinks too much through the long hours. When my evening's work was done I used to stand in the doorway of the hospital waiting for the moon to rise beyond the mountains. Behind me in the darkness the gypsies spoke softly in the lovely Albanian tongue. Water babbled in the gutters; far away a dog howled; and on the night wind came the reedy notes of a pipe. Above the treetops beyond the barracks a single minaret gleamed white against the mountain wall. Sometimes Constantine, my interpreter, — a slender olive-skinned youth, with the fierce black eyes of the people of the Southlands, — came silently, to stand beside me. And in the midst of this I found myself thinking, with a stupid persistency, of Boston — of why it was that I had to leave there and come here. It seems so idiotic.

Struggling to find some explanation, I tried conjuring up little pictures of familiar places: Major Cranston's office, cool, immaculate, and pleasant in the morning sunlight; Tremont Street at noon, crashing with traffic and smelling of hot asphalt; Beacon Street, turning away its eyes lest it behold the Common, sprawling and full of laughter beneath the trees; Louisburg Square, — there's a personality for you, — her lights shining softly through the dusk, so kindly, so gentle, with never a frown for the ragamuffin, yet so delicate in her aloofness toward those who do not understand her. She does n't notice that there is a piece of orange peel there at the base of that statue. She would n't mind very much if she did notice. Her thoughts are of other days, and when the thin moon slips along the roof-tops she scarcely heeds.

I don't know why I think about it at all. I'm here, and I'm satisfied to the very depth of me. Why can't I let it go at that? One thing is certain; I don't want to know why I left home badly enough to go home again to find out!

Sunday

Jumping canaries, Rose, we're having a *revolution!* I can't wait for you to answer my last letter. Yes, I know, there is always a revolution in the Balkans, and all that, but I'm *in* this one! It makes a difference.

The present state of affairs was precipitated as follows; Albania has only just become a republic, having finally escaped from the tender ministrations of Turkey and Austria. In April the very first Albanian Parliament met, and plans were made for a standing army, a foreign policy, roads, schools, and so forth. But, being a very new government, it not only had no funds, but was very shaky on its feet. At this moment Italy appeared on the scene and tried being a big brother.

The Albanians don't like it, of course. They'd rather mess up their country themselves. But there does n't seem to be much they can do about it. It is true that from time to time Italian soldiers, in the mountains, disappear and are never heard of again. But then, these little accidents will happen. A revolution, now, would be another story.

Have you ever heard of Essad Pasha? He is Albania's bête noire, a traitor, the one man whom no Albanian mentions without a curse. He betrayed Albania to the Serbs once, and now he lives in Paris. That is a trifling matter, however, for he has plenty of money. Money enough, even, to make him king of Albania if he could only get some nation like Turkey, or perhaps Italy, to back him.

One cannot say exactly what happened, but it is known that certain well-dressed European Albanians have been making little trips through the mountains, and somehow the mountaineers have got the idea that the present Albanian government is not a government of Albania by the Albanians, but of Albania by Tirana. Naturally they feel that this will not do at all.

And so for many days there has been a growing tenseness in the air, and our ragged little army of gendarmes has been doing a lot of drilling. None of us knew what was going on, but something was obviously wrong.

I am on the 'Mobile Unit' now, going into the mountains daily to hold clinics in the villages on their bazaar days, and I have noticed the appearance of barricades at the village gates, and signs of growing restlessness among the people. Still no one says anything.

Three mornings ago we awoke to find the foothills that surround Tirana covered with armed men. Night before last, about eleven o'clock, without any warning, the attack began. A steady pinging crackle which lasted all night. There was absolutely no other sound. The personnel of the Red Cross did a lot of running around, and the night nurse at the hospital spent the night on the kitchen floor, preferring rats to bullets. But no one else seemed disturbed, and in the morning Tirana was calm and quiet. So was the army on the foothills. Can you beat it?

Goodness only knows what will happen next. The Colonel has given orders that no member of the Red Cross shall go outside the city gates without permission. That does n't include the Mobile Unit, of course, so four of us — a doctor, a chauffeur, another nurse, and myself — chug serenely along the Durazzo road every morning, our car streaming flags — white, Red Cross, and American.

It had been my intention, when I came here, to write you of the commonplaces of everyday life, just sketches, you know, full of atmosphere, and so forth. But how can I, when there is nothing commonplace to write about?

P.S. What price Boston now?

Three weeks later

For three weeks we have been in a state of siege. Talk about nervous tension! After two days of it we should have welcomed a good brisk fight.

In the streets, through the heat of the day, groups of men talked in low tones, separating at the approach of a stranger. The prefect was shot down, in front of the mosque, by an unknown assassin. The bazaars were closed. All day, on the shimmering foothills, armed men moved like a swarm of white ants, the smoke of their fires curling up into the blue. Now and then, at irregular intervals, a single bullet would sing over the walls. They got on our nerves, those bullets. One never knew when or where they would come.

At night a strangeness descended upon Tirana. When one walked along the streets, suddenly from a tree overhead would come a sound of heavy rustling. In the dark narrow streets one heard the thud of feet running, and of other feet pursuing. There were signal fires on the mountains. And everlastingly that stray bullet. Day after day our nerves tightened. It seemed as though *something* must happen. But it did n't, until night before last; then it was n't much, and only added to the strain. It was a short, horrible scream, and the sound of a multitude moving over the cobbles in the lane behind the Government House. There was nothing more, though we sat up for hours waiting.

Yesterday morning at dawn Molly and I were awakened by the familiar crackle of rifle-shots, and with one move we leaped for the window. In the courtyard the bullets were already pinging on the tiled walls. 'It 's come at last,' we thought, and ducked, as the windowpane splintered over our heads and a bullet lodged in the wall above Molly's bed. We spent no more time at that window, I assure you. Dragging on sufficient clothes to be respectable, we ran out on the little side balcony and watched from there. The luck of us, to see such a battle in these days of batteries, aeroplanes, and hundred-mile fronts!

Out on the plain between Tirana and the foothills, in the yellow dawn-light, we saw them: a long line of men advancing; and, going steadily out to meet them, our handful of gendarmes, whose numbers swelled momentarily as the men and boys of Tirana raced to join them. Both lines of men were dropping in the grass. There came a double spurt of flame, a sharp crackling, and two long tails of smoke whipped across the plain.

I was jumping up and down in my excitement. Molly says I yelled like anything. But then, so did she!

The firing became constant Tiling on the courtyard walls chipped off, bit by bit. The morning air stung our nostrils, choked us a little. The crawling lines had almost met. More and more tall mountaineers lay still in the grass.

Suddenly something happened. Exactly what, I do not know. But I saw that the men in the attacking line were leaping to their feet, were running in great bounds toward — the foothills! After them, with wild yells bursting from their throats, ran the gendarmes.

We watched until, even in the growing light, they could be seen no more. Far up among the foothills a house burst into flame.

In the Holy Garden a mourning dove called softly. Tirana was silent.

And Tirana remained silent until about ten o'clock, when the first gendarme trudged wearily across the stone bridge. Behind him, in straggling groups, came the others — all grinning, not one missing, and not one unwounded. And their women went out to meet them. We heard the singing.

At sunset they were still singing, and there was dancing in the streets.

Are you glad, Rose, to be in Paris, and out of horrid revolutions? You are not!

June 12, 1920

Where did you get that idea? Don't you know that the World War was not fought to end wars? It was merely a rehearsal for the next.

I don't know that I can tell you much about what is going on underneath, here. It is all a part of the general clash along the east coast of the Adriatic, of the struggle of Italy and Jugoslavia for the possession of Albania.

No, I don't think we are starting another conflagration — yet. It is, as you said, too soon. But if Albania loses her freedom something will happen right away. She will never submit to it. If you could know the intelligence and fierce pride of these people you would understand. Albania is already the fuse attached to the charge of gunpowder in European affairs, and if she begins to smoulder — !

You are quite right. I can't expect to go on watching fights forever. But who said I expected to? Or even, necessarily, wanted to? Don't misunderstand my frank enjoyment, my dear. It is n't the fights that make life over here worth while to me. They, like men, give a great deal of zest to life, but that does n't mean that I want a fight around all the time, any more than I want a man around all the time.

But about the fights. They are n't what really matters. What really matters is the everyday life, such as I am living now. Yes, one can still have it. And it is nicer here than any place else I've been. In spite of wars and revolutions, and so forth, there is something peculiarly peaceful about this country. The days go by slowly, lazily. No one hurries. There is always to-morrow. We work all day on the Mobile Unit, up in the mountains. When the shadows begin to lengthen we come home, coasting the car down the mountainside, singing, the wind in our faces. Come home to bathe, and change our clothes, and go riding up the Elbassan trail, or out the Durazzo road, or to the old Roman Bridge.

These trails! I can't tell you how I love them. The hot baking rocks; the blistered mudholes; the dry rustle of withered grass underfoot; the cool smell of ferns deep in lost ravines; cloud shadows on the mountains; blue columns of smoke far across the valley; the sound of waterfalls. There are places where one can relax in the saddle, and sit looking across the miles of mountain peaks to where the sun goes down into flaming clouds.

You hear a footfall on the rocky trail behind you, and an Albanian pauses by your stirrup. He looks at you with keen, friendly eyes. 'May you live long, Zonja.'

You reply, 'And to you long life.'

Gravely he touches forehead and breast. 'May your trail be smooth, Zonja.'

You watch him striding easily down the steep path. Life could well be long here, you think, for time stops in this land of hot sunlight and color. A day or a century — it is all one.

July 10, 1920

So much has happened since I wrote you last.

In the first place, three days after the revolution Essad Pasha was assassinated in Paris. No one knows who did it, but I should say it was someone with sense. Anyway, there is the end of one of Albania's many troubles.

And now Italy, also, is out of the way. Just plain kicked out. I saw it. But I doubt if getting the Italians out of the country has by any means eliminated Italy.

I hardly know where to begin, I'm so full of the little personal things. By instinct I should start with the moment when the big truck stood waiting in front of the mess while Captain

Stevens said good-bye to his wife, and Mose Williams, with tears of envy in her eyes, pressed her little 25 Browning automatic into Molly's hand. But that tells you nothing of the situation.

It was like this. The revolution was scarcely over, and things settling down to a normal routine, when there began to be little skirmishes between the Albanians and the Italians. Nothing much. Just little pot-shots here and there. But the feeling against Italy was rising. In a little while, no matter what went wrong the Italians were blamed for it, and when you have a situation like that it is time to do something about it. But Italy could n't — or would n't. Anyway, she did n't. The Italian officers kept sending to Italy for reënforcements, but no reënforcements came. Italy was busy elsewhere, and she underestimated the strength of Albania.

After a little we heard rumors of riots in Valona. Then word came that the Italians in Valona had seized every Albanian of fighting age in the town, and put them all in a prison camp on an island in the harbor. My dear, from one end of the country to the other the Albanians rose as one man, picked up their guns, and started for Valona. Day after day they tramped through Tirana; old men, little boys, and hundreds upon hundreds of splendid fighting men. Said Bey, at the head of his own troops, departed the first day. That young man is a whiz! Long life to him!

There were endless rumors of fighting, and then one day, through the hot afternoon stillness, we heard a low rumble, too steady for any thunder. We had heard that sound too long in France not to recognize it, so when an exhausted courier arrived in town two days later we were not in the least surprised to hear that the Italians were shelling Valona from the sea.

We heard how the Albanians had surrounded three hundred Italians in the town of Tepelini, had cut off their water supply, and had kept them there until they were forced to surrender. We heard how the Italians, in their scattered little outposts, were appealing frantically to Italy for help. But none came, and their numbers were thinning daily, thanks to the marksmanship of the Albanian mountaineers.

And, most exciting of all, we heard that the courier had brought a note to our Colonel, asking for aid in caring for the wounded and prisoners. The note was from the Albanians, of course. But the Colonel was in Venice at a conference. What should be done? The Medical Director was fearfully worried. It would never do for the American Red Cross to seem to take sides, yet how could he refuse an appeal for help?

At last he decided to send two operating teams down with supplies. And oh, my dear, Molly and I were two of the four nurses picked to go! Captain Stevens was to be in charge, with Dr. Theobald, a woman doctor, as assistant. We were to take two truckloads of supplies. Which was not so simple as it sounds, since there were no roads, and we should have to go straight across country, trucks and all.

There is no use in my going into the details of that trip. It took us five days to go sixty miles, which may give you some idea of what it was like. We slept on the ground at night; we lived on condensed milk, hard-boiled eggs, and bully beef; we filled in mudholes so we could get across them — enormous mudholes, thirty feet or so in diameter. Twice we barely escaped running off a precipice. The second time the front wheels of the truck actually went over. I was in that truck, and it certainly gave me a bad few minutes. We crossed a morass on a

wobbling plank-walk thing that had been built by the Austrians, who thought it was a bridge. We built a huge raft on two pontoons, to ferry us over a river. We were mistaken for Italians and shot at. I can't begin to tell you all of it. But you shall see the pictures we took.

We spent three days in Fijeri, while Captain Stevens went away to locate the wounded, and then we moved on to Kuta, arriving at the tag end of a frightful battle in which the Albanians descended on the Italian outposts and wiped them out completely. The Albanians turned over the quarters of the Italians to us, and we set about making a hospital of a long building full of wounded. I was presented with a hut and asked to make an operating-room of it in three days. You should have seen me — and it. But I did it, with the help of two Italian prisoners and many buckets of whitewash. On the third day, in the afternoon, it was ready, and Dr. Theobald removed an eye by way of christening. Meantime Italian aeroplanes came over and sprinkled bombs on us, and an occasional shell dropped in our front yard. We could hardly expect anything else, being in the centre of the Albanian headquarters.

It was impossible to move anywhere out of the yard without stumbling on a dead Italian. Poor fellows! It was n't their fault. I pitied them from the bottom of my heart.

We stayed a week, and then Molly and I were recalled to go back on the Mobile Unit. The rest are still there, though there is not much to do now.

On our return we found Tirana celebrating the victory, and learned that the Italian troops were to be withdrawn at once. It's good to be back. Tirana is a lovely place, so green and still. We go riding again over the old trails at sunset, and swim in the pool at the old Roman Bridge. Ramazan is beginning, and Tirana fasts and sleeps by day, and feasts and sings all night.

This world is a pleasant place.

August 10, 1920

Why have n't I been writing 'rock-bottom' letters? I don't know, my dear. Really I don't. I suppose it is because I have been more preoccupied with myself and Albania than with myself and life. It may be that I am at last grown-up. Anyway I am beginning to realize that if I wish to get anything out of living I shall have to learn how to do it. And it strikes me that one of the first essentials is to 'take the cash and let the credit go.' And now that I don't care terribly about anything I find that I enjoy everything more. It was only when I expected something of life that it pinched me. Since I've stopped caring and expecting, the shoe seems to be on the other foot.

I admit that I am complacent about it. But why not be complacent? This might seem to be contradicted by the way I rush off, with a whoop, to wars. But, as you say yourself, wars are n't really life. They merely help you to appreciate tranquillity.

I have n't been bored for some years. I doubt if I ever am again. Everything is too interesting.

I was talking with a girl the other day. She was twenty-one, and as she talked I seemed to hear faint echoes of myself. She said she was bored. That life was horrible. That she hoped she 'd die when she was forty because she could n't bear to be any older than that. (Mercy! I don't think I was ever quite that bad!) She said, a little consciously, that she 's'posed I'd think she was blasé but' . . . And then she explained to me, most earnestly for one so blasé, that nothing in life seemed to have any meaning.

'But why should it?' I inquired.

She looked at me pityingly, the way they do, and said I did n't understand. Poor darling!

Ramazan is over. All day long the great drum of Byram rolls its tremendous voice through the city. At sunset the jar of cannon startles the birds in the square to shrieking flight. But the vivid night-life of the bazaar is over until next year, and its streets are dark and deserted. The sky is no longer red with the leaping blaze from the forges. The shops, where the silks and gaudy handkerchiefs hung in slashes of color, are boarded up and silent. The street of the coppersmiths is full of black shadow, and there is no sound of many little hammers beating on ringing metal. During the day, in the clinic, the long line of patients with indigestion grows rapidly shorter.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
July 18, 1921

Our trip to South America is all off. Molly's mother died suddenly in June. The poor kid is still numb with the shock of it and not writing many letters. But I think she expects to stay at home for at least two years.

As for me, I fled like a scared child, to the bosom of the M. G. H. I had n't meant to. It just happened. I was spending a week on Pinckney Street, and one day, standing on the top of the hill, at Anderson Street, I caught sight of the familiar ivy-covered buildings at the foot of the hill. 'Good old M. G. H.,' I thought, and somehow, presently, I found myself wandering through the cool old corridors.

It got me. It always gets me. The orderly bustle, the smell of ether and soapsuds, the rattle of trucks, the clang of the ambulance gong! They are all a part of me. The old M. G. H. brought me up by hand.

I watched the preoccupied nurses, hurrying starchily; the house officers galloping up to 'The Flat,' four steps at a time. I looked out at the red-coated patients under the elms on the lawn. I saw the same old sunlight making the same warm squares of color on the floor of the Big Brick Corridor. And I remembered the old days. I saw myself, a young nurse again, skinny and wild-eyed, chasing to X-ray behind a truck. All at once, Rose, I wanted to belong again. I wanted to hurry through the corridors with my hands full of papers and my mind full of medical terms and hospital gossip. I wanted to feel a stiff uniform collar cutting my neck. I wanted to see the superintendent of nurses coming, and to wonder frantically if my cap was on straight. I wanted to hear the chatter and clash in the dining-room, and the voices of many nurses, all cursing the food — which, by the way, is very good as hospital food goes.

When I finally came out into the stuffy air of Blossom Street I was the slightly astonished possessor of a job, taken for one year. I was to have charge of the Nose and Throat Department of the Out-Patient. I was to teach etherizing, and I was to come July first. That 'one year' scared me a little. I wondered if I'd be able to stick it.

But here I am — and thus far quite contented. It still seems miraculous to me to have everything in the world to work with. I have worked so long with nothing at all. I can hardly understand the complaints of the other head nurses about equipment. It seems so amazing to me to have more than one of anything. I suppose in a little while I'll forget and grumble too. One always does. Then there is the food. Three meals a day, all quite different. To be sure, it begins all over again the first of each week, but when you have lived for a long time upon precisely the same thing three times a day, every single day, you are

overwhelmed at such variety. And the baths! My dear, you can have a bath at any time of day, and use all the water you want to. But the nurses take it quite as a matter of course, and fuss about the rule which says that no baths are to be taken after ten o'clock at night.

My job is devilish hard, but exceedingly interesting, except for having so many helpless doctors around. I'd forgotten they were like this. They never can find *anything*. I never saw the beat of it! Then there is the red tape. I suppose it is necessary in a big institution like this, but it irritates me exceedingly. When I want a thing I want it quick. I don't want to wait until day after to-morrow for it.

Socially speaking, life is most pleasant and busy. I don't have very much time for regrets and memories — yet. What it will be like when the novelty has worn off I can't say.

At the present time I am interested, absorbed, and busy, which is the best thing that could happen to me. I am not restless, as I was when I came home before. I may even be going to settle down. Who knows? Only don't begin writing me about Persia, and Egypt, and Siam. I don't think I can stand it.

June 3, 1923

Really, I had n't meant to go so long without writing you. But when I think of you in Bagdad —!

I've chucked my job, after sticking on it nearly two years. I left in April, and started specialing nights at the Phillips House. Am living with four of the girls who left at the same time I did.

Miss Johnson says that during the last eight months of my being in the Throat Room she expected me to leave any minute. I don't know just what gave her the idea, as I was still fairly contented. It was the Smyrna disaster that upset the apple cart.

I heard that the Red Cross was considering sending people over to do relief work, and that was all I needed to send me flying to headquarters to find out if there was any chance of my going. At the time, they said that nothing had been decided, but asked me if I would consider going to Greece on a publicity job. Would I? My goodness!

In my madness I rushed home and sold my Ford — which I have regretted ever since, as the Red Cross did n't send anybody after all. It was a sweet Ford, though shambling.

Anyway, my restlessness dated from that time, and I finally left, though not till long after the Smyrna trouble was over.

I'm writing this on night duty. Don't worry, my patient is sleeping. I've always liked night work, as you know, and this night duty is particularly pleasant. I'm on the seventh floor, which is always cool and quiet, and has the loveliest view in Boston. On one side I can see all the city sleeping, and on the other is the Charles River, which never sleeps. From sunset to sunrise, the Charles River Basin is a continuous poem.

Have you ever seen the Basin at night — strung with gold chains, and the black water streaked with wavering reflections? All night it is so, and I am never tired of looking at it. At dawn, when the lights go out and the milk trucks are rumbling along Charles Street and the trees begin to show green, there it is again, the old river — softly blue, with the gray bridges looping over.

I like it all, as far as it goes. But it seems strange not to see anything else ahead of me. If I were ambitious in my profession it would be different. But nursing is n't really what I want to do, although I like it, and always have. Its limitations are what I object

to. If I want to go any further I shall have to study medicine. And I would do so if the urge were a little stronger. But it would mean eight years of study, only parts of which would be interesting, and I don't care quite enough about the rest to make the game worth the candle.

Stupidly enough, it seems infinitely more worth while to catch in words the mood of the river than to be head etherizer somewhere. With my mind I perceive that it is stupid, but my perception of it does n't alter my feeling in the least.

I wonder what I should have been like if there had n't been any war? I wonder if I should have been perfectly satisfied with my little world? I think probably. I'm sure I should n't have been lazy, as I am now. And I should undoubtedly have realized my ambitions, since they would n't have aspired to anything higher than a superintendency. I might even have married, as the final Great Adventure — which now seems to me a terrifying and impossible thing to do.

What do I want? The same thing that most people want — leisure. Which is hard to get, in America. Living is so expensive that in order to have enough money to be leisurely you must work for years, your best years, to get it. Then I want a house with a garden, lots of books, and a good servant. I want to study languages, which seem to be my one real passion. I want to be surrounded, not too closely, by people who have the same interests as myself. All this can be had in America, but merciful heavens, what a job to get it! I have to meet a hundred people to find one that is congenial, and that one is always someone who has lived abroad as I have lived. It's too bad, and it's silly, but it is none the less the fact.

There are places in America where living is cheap, but if you go there you leave everything else behind. I can get all the things I want *separately*, after years of labor, but I can't have them all together. To have one I must do without the others.

I suppose the solution is a compromise. I should settle down to work the rest of my life and, by squeezing every cent, manage to pay for a small apartment overlooking the river, in which all the work would be done by *me*. And, since all the lovely swift days must be spent in labor, I should become absorbed in my job. That is what many of the girls have done since they came back from the war. Quite a few have married, but all those who have did so before they had time to think about it. It is probably an excellent thing to do — if you can do it. I can't. In the course of years I shall very likely acquire congenial friends. And I should forget about wanting to study, because there will be no time for it. Eventually I suppose I shall do all these things. You see, I am really quite sensible in my ideas. If only my emotions were equally so.

If only, at this moment, I could be absorbed in considering the best and quickest way to advance professionally, instead of sitting here dreaming over the river, remembering the hot Albanian trails and the nights of Ramazan, and hearing again the call to prayer, swinging out from the minarets at sunset!

The light is on over my patient's door.

Good-night,

TROUB

'AS THE SWIFT SHIPS'

BY THEODORE MORRISON

I

THEY pass me suddenly as I walk along the beach at night, enjoying the solitude and terrors of darkness, the wind cooling my hair to the roots, and the voice of the sea a steady singing and roaring in my ears. Like flakes of snow in a flaw, like white petals in a gust, they flee rapidly past my shoulder and vanish with a faint, wild cry in the night. But the white they show me is not the white of snowflakes or of petals; it is soft, pure down, fine indeed as the down a snowflake might form with its stiff crystals on a black cloth, but living and ruffling in a blow as the foam is ruffled when the wind drives over the rocks. And it covers warm breasts and sides, like a jacket, for they are the sandpipers, and it is the white beneath their wings that I see as I walk along in the darkness.

They summer in the lakes, and first come to the beach in the autumn. I cannot say precisely when they begin to appear, but always a little before they are expected they have come. It is one of the notes of autumn to be ready early. It is the season of wistfulness, and takes us unaware and unprepared. The chant begins before we are willing to hear it, full of glory as the long lament of color and the rising elegy of winds may be. It reminds us that our own days are falling before we have ripened our strength. 'They are passed away as the swift ships,' and we begin to see in autumn that their poetry is in their flight. We let them go as carelessly as chips in a millstream, but they are chips afloat on great tides. Nature and matter lie fathomless all about them, illusion bears them on through predetermined dreams, and at some incredible time they must expire altogether. The sandpipers always come before they are expected.

One sees a little troop of them running along the beach with quick legs, bobbing down suddenly as if their feet had met an obstruction while their heads kept on going by a quaint momentum. How indescribably comic is their progress over the sand! A little thrust sets them off; their feet twinkle back and forth in a blur of speed while they advance stiffly over the wet plane of the beach. Suddenly all this forward motion completely stops without in the least retarding by way of preparation; except the head, with its inch-long bill, which describes an arc that carries it accurately to the seizure of some mote or invisible atom of sustenance, the object of this picturesque attack. To see a group of them, with sparkling minute brown eyes and cocked heads, performing these tiny operations with community skill, is to open one's mouth impolitely wide with the laughter that springs straight out of nature, the honest amazement of one creature at the oddity of another.

Samuel Butler, in *The Way of All Flesh*, sends his hero, who has come completely to grief through ignorance of the world and of himself, to watch

the elephants at the zoo for the restoration of his moral faculties. Elephants, I think, could well communicate the touch of nature which a sick soul might need. Fundamental humor and a large capacity for tolerance might easily be bred in the observer of their habits. But it might as well have been sandpipers, with the addition of autumn air and the wet, firm beach underfoot; long lines of breakers tumbling, as it seems, at the eye level of the solitary walker, and mounting each other's shoulders as they burst into white and hurl shoreward. Perhaps when the birds take flight, a sharp-winged little flock piping faintly as they whirl off in the wind, the hero may feel a wistfulness which elephants could not inspire; but let him plunge his senses deep in the autumn air, and the wistfulness will do no harm.

Cardinal Newman spent much subtlety in distinguishing the notes of the true church. Autumn is a kind of lusty and undogmatic church, a sacrament in the blood which sets it singing through the veins, and its notes may be palpably gathered by the walker along the beach. They need no calendar to pronounce their authenticity, nor college of ecclesiastics to dispute them into tenets and ratify their virtue with formalities. About the efficacy of grace in this church, no communicant need trouble his conscience; he drinks it in and it warms him. The same grace is in wine. He may even repeat, as his foot presses the resilient sand: —

> 'Cup-bearing Spring is gone, but her wine remains
> Spilled on the crimson plains,
> And the hills reeling with color beneath the sun.'

But along the beach he must take these lines as a symbol of autumn in general, and not of the landscape as he sees it bleakly spread before him. No trees are in sight; the only plain is a long crescent of sand, the only hill a dull promontory like a finger pointing out to sea; and while there are colors aplenty, they are not such as these lines evoke. The beach is desolate. Colors are poured down on it from above, from the sun and the broken floes of cloud. The walker is not ten minutes from a crowded street, but his view is cut off by bleak, rude wastes of land and water; on one side by the crest of the beach, where the sand topples like a breaking wave and is crowned with lank blades of grass, stiff as swords and sharper; on the other side, seas lift and struggle, forcing their way against a land breeze, which breaks them into lips and roughnesses like half-chiseled granite. And these waves whirl with a green too intense and hardy to be pleasant except to rugged senses, and with the harshest degrees of purple. White veils of spray stream from their tops, as smoke is blown backward from the funnel of a rolling ship. Gulls with glistening wings circle keenly in a glittering ether. One of the notes of autumn along the beach is the colors of the sea, distinct alike from the blue days of summer and the black winter storms. In autumn, emerald greens, areas of purple like gigantic wings, a bay full of bluster and whitecaps and racing shadows of clouds, and a bright ether flowing over the face of the walker as if it were the unending river of life!

The sandpipers, when they are not chased by quixotic dogs and are not engaged in their comical pursuit of food, stand in a little cluster like berries and go to sleep on one leg. Some prefer two; no doubt they were born with a gift for attending to business, and their native sense of the picturesque has atrophied. But often a large part of the flock poise each upon one slender twig — so slender that it

can really be no more than a conventional straight line drawn in brown ink to connect them for our comfort with the earth, and save the brotherhood of science from walking out one day and finding a community floating at rest above the sand with their heads tucked under their wings. How they preserve balance on this interpolated leg, which is off centre, might indeed offer the scientist an evening's pleasant speculation.

Creatures of air, sharp-winged, soft-feathered pipers and flutterers by day and night, have they no need of balance? Observation soon reveals that they have. Watch them on windy days, and you will see that they are half swung about and almost whirled off altogether when their feathers are caught the wrong way by the breeze. This is when their tails point into the wind. The soft down beneath their wings, fine as feathers of snow, is awkwardly ruffled by an adverse current. You will see them running with the wind, rumpled feathers and all, doing their best to keep their tails in line with their heads, until they chance upon a molecule of nourishment, which only their bright brown eyes, cheerfully serious, can detect. Let such a speck come in view, and they round it promptly as if it were a buoy. So, coming up into the wind, they bob down their bills with secure and neatly fitting jackets unrumpled by the tides of air.

II

When the sky is in bluster on a bright autumn afternoon, the beach is universally active. The air crackles with its myriad points of light, the sea leaps, the wind blows life into the cheeks and thoughts of the walker. He hears a thousand voices — half-articulate inner sounds of wind, wave, bird cries, the rushing of his own blood, words blown into his brain from old songs and laments, forgotten harmonies, mysterious because the brain cannot reproduce their natural intervals — and hears them wilder than they are, like a voice echoing in a glen. Or, if the lots are cast in favor of coherence, he may discourse to himself much more clearly. He may see the point of human institutions and affairs with new humor and perspicacity, and criticize them fearlessly. He may settle his metaphysical tenets for as long as an hour. The clean-winged gulls are slitting bright arcs in the bluest of air over the greenest of waves, the long crescent expanse of rusty-red, desolate sand lies ready for eager legs to pace. Neither authority, nor the weight of weariness or convention, nor the necessity of pleading to a special audience, even of one and that one agreeable, can dull or impose unfair conditions upon the flow of wit and spontaneous criticism in which the mind may delight.

Unfortunately, thoughts at such times are deceptive. One lends his heart freely to the great realm of sensation or illusion by which life is manifested to itself, and lending one's self freely to illusion is little else but dreaming. The intellect may blush to acknowledge in a later hour the figments that amused it when the flesh bounded with the stings of autumn, and the white sails bellied out on a blue horizon. But another side of the case is at least possible. The brain has been active and free while the body was eager and sane, and the accumulated results of many such experiences may well be to sink a few vital reflections and affinities of taste, and perhaps a conscious source of moral strength, deep into the mind. Literature and the mind live by the expression of eternal attitudes, and the love of nature is eternal. It is a disposition of the whole man, of the sum of his instincts and the desire of his heart. What would be the

air without birds, or the earth without the sea?

Birds, of course, are one of the notes of which I am making so incomplete and indolent a list. Besides the gulls and the sandpipers, there are the ducks. They may be seen in the waves along the beach throughout the winter. Their particular skill is to ride the breaking crests in the shallows, rising half a dozen times their height on the slope of a wave, and vanishing undisturbed down the other side. If the wave, with its white forelock, threatens to break too soon and bowl them over, they rise promptly with a stroke of their webs, plunge down a quick bill, and plop beneath the surface with a brief show of heels, just in time to avoid the crumbling descent of a rolling green wall of foam. Or at sunset one may see them as he returns from his walk. The crest of the beach stands cold and rude, shadowing all the brown sand to the edge of the tide. Overhead there is still a clear blue, a staggering collection of atoms or tiny motes of sparkling light. Through this ether races the wind, and little troops of snipe whirl over with sharp, fluttering wings. Above them ducks in twos and threes plunge through the sky with outstretched necks, like winged ninepins. One can hear the whistling of their pinions as they pass; they scrape the air with the friction of their flight.

Another note of autumn is its clouds. There are chill days when all motion is arrested in the air and overhead. The sky is full of monsters, rolled and ragged shapes hanging in still suspension, with edges of sunny yellow, bellies of purple and brown, and horny protuberances of a dozen hues. From the fissures and smaller interstices of the clouds, long beams of dusty light slant through the air, and always there are clear lakes of blue lying like a glimpse of open sea from harbor. How to express the blue of these lakes! They are a theme for Melville's pen; they set the eyes to singing, they are like the wings of a dove to fly far away and be at rest. In the lower floes of cloud, which curtain the air thickly above the sea, comes a gap; and beyond, deeper in the sky, lighter and thinner clouds extend into the gap, like sand washed with a faint sunlight, and form the shores of the blue lake. But deep beyond all thought, infinitely far and pure, wholly detached and free from all human circumstance, the lake itself swims, of such a young forgetful blue as if God had made it in the youth of His days and the freshness of His love for the peace of all created souls.

III

The wisdom which a man may find in nature is so sane, so innocent, and so simple, that he need never defend it. Half his world will understand him, and that is enough for the most jealous persuasion. They will understand him the better if he does not attempt to speak. The best defense he could make of any cherished habit of thought or enjoyment, germane and natural as it appeared to himself, might only distort and disenchant his sympathies to others. By the aid of humility, he may come to see that the others are right, that his expressed opinions were really delusions, foreign to the instincts he thought they defended. There is little enough that any of us can understand, and of what we can the inarticulate is more significant. Creeds and faiths explicitly pledged mislead both those who maintain them and those who point out their idiosyncrasies; but such mistakes and inadequacies of human utterance are superficial. They should teach us to allow for a difference between what a man says that he believes

and what the true sources of his nature ought to lead him to believe and say that he believes, if he knew himself well enough, or could be thoroughly consistent and free from confusions. And we must admit that unless we were deceived in ourselves and in others, unless creeds were only half articulate and reasons often false, life would be intolerable, or at least wholly different from human, and no character could be winsome. Our most understanding humor comes from sharing our foibles; friendliness and courage are bred from a common struggle for truth and a common sincerity in our blindness.

But while the wisdom of nature needs no defense, the lover of nature may badly need to defend it, simply because profound instincts urge him toward expression. There is in man as a race an impulse to find out truth, to make all experience articulate; and this impulse, with its moral implications, is more serious than life itself, which for the most part passes in vanity or anticipation. Let a man take pen in hand, then, and protect himself from vanity by what means he may! A lover of nature who invited all the world to go walking with him would be disabused of one sort of vanity in ten minutes. But he may publish his walks to the world, and let his own find him as they will. Poets defend poesie, although of the making of books there is no end.

In autumn along the beach we shall learn that man is a natural creature. His eye was made to delight in birds as they fly, to trace the patterns of foam on the green hollow of a rising wave. His instincts are elemental, designed for his happiness and perpetuation. If they are confused by a too intricate society, he is led on to wretchedness. Yet if they were never complicated or opposed, ambition would never fructify. The principle in man's life which produces engines and weapons, builds cities, refines the intellect, dissects the body, the instinct which is the nourishing root of civilization, may seem a thwart and a burden to the simple love of beauty and impulsive enjoyment of the world as it appears to the senses. But this instinct is the one means of apprehending the hidden motions and habits behind the appearances of nature, of framing them to purposes which reason or the hope of progress may require. It is the one means of attempting to discover the conditions of a permanent good. From it springs all that is serious in the human drama, great achievements, great aspirations, great tragedies; and thus it enriches the materials of contemplation, to which at last the mind must escape for satisfaction and understanding. Man needs winds to blow through his hair and salt to sting his flesh as he needs poetry, of which they are the source, for the higher unities of his spirit, without which ambition would become an effort never chastened by rest, never enlightened and refreshed by the presence of beauty.

Like history, nature cannot be depended upon to teach any given lesson, for she is just as apt to give her authority to both sides. The observer comes to her predetermined toward certain conclusions, or with questions which, if she were to undertake them, she would propose to herself in a very different guise. No doubt she will modify the notions he brings her, but he himself will largely be the source of their final good or evil. Her wisdom is addressed to a court beyond his view. He comes to her for light, and she gives him the measureless fluid gray of the sea at evening, interfused with a luminous pale yellow which breathes from every point of its tranquil surface; or she pours down the windy colors

of sunset on his head. Wordsworth divines in her

> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought.

Walt Whitman learns 'to speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movements of animals,' or 'to be the free channel of himself.' Striding along the autumn sand, we may take our own measure in the presence of nature. Any thought must gain honesty and humility from a walk beneath her spacious arches of night and day. To unimpeded minds, with an easy taste for life, nature may teach impulsive ethics, enough to gratify the successive episodes of an earthly career within their own compass. But to those who cannot be free channels of themselves, who need the restraint of deeper reflections, nature may offer beauty and resignation in which their liberty may be found.

The sandpiper running on the beach with his bright brown eye is an instant in a vast natural force; presently he will whirl away, and we shall see him no more, though others of his kind may make autumnal journeys to our coast. We ourselves are moments in a flow of life, an expanding river of human consciousness which is immeasurable, inevitable, and blind. By watching the stars, breathing the tides, we learn palpably with our senses a little of the breadth and the minute exactness of the forces which determine all things. Not a molecule of the rising wave is exempt from the energy which shapes the whole mass; the most careless and fine-blown curve of spray flying like a mane from a breaking crest, is distributed to the last drop by necessary affinities in matter. Yet how wild, restless, and moving is the sea! Life is all illusion; it is a game played for an ulterior purpose, to maintain generations endlessly. 'All nature paints like the harlot' — colors, bright winds, whatever forms exist for the eye or harmonies for the ear, all that we accept as the tangible presence of things or properties of things, are in reality but a language of imagination, the properties of our response to a world of which science gives a very different report. Thus does nature equivocate with our perceptions, and build us life out of dreams.

That the sea with its bursting hues, the outlines of beach and promontory stained with bright autumn tints, that all impressions of sense are not nature herself, presenting her works to our direct view, but a pictured world, the romance of our own organs, springing out of nature perhaps, yet in no way resembling her, comes at first as a hard saying. But time enrolls this reflection among the most easy and familiar. Without illusion no creature could exist, no knowledge could be possible. Illusion is the whole source of beauty and of mental life. Nor does this recognition detract in any way from the reality of pleasure and pain, of good and evil. That nature equivocates with us is not a reason that we should equivocate with her, or with each other. We are not called upon to retaliate with deceitful morals toward our fellow men or toward our own minds. Life may be the substance of a dream, as poets have declared; but we may act in its course honestly, and treasure its great dramas of hope or ambition for whatever may make them worthy to be acted or felt. Nor shall we be the less resolved for the autumn walk with nature which has showed us how existence feeds upon illusion. From seeing thus clearly, we shall return to labor more cheerfully and intelligently. We shall play our small romances in another spirit, perhaps, beholding them under the aspect of eternity as only brief, fitful themes

which by some miracle are continually vested with enchantment. From the signs of beauty which nature makes to us in stars and in the sea, our thoughts may borrow dignity and nativeness; and in the end we may be more ready to put off the garments of illusion, and go to sleep.

IV

Night transforms the work of day, and if we extend our autumn walks into the darkness we shall meet novel adventures. Pace out on the beach when the air flows with a deep, steady pressure against your shoulders. No stars are overhead; the world vanishes into a black and bottomless ether. The sand is black and wet underfoot; an appearance of light hovers faintly above it by contrast. Successive waves break into white foam out of the invisible ocean, and mount above each other in tiers, stretching out a mile in length on either hand. A deep roaring and rushing of spray chants continually to seaward; the entire night moves and blusters in the air, as if it had struck its tents and were flowing across the world to settle in a new place. You urge forward against this opposing current, with blowing hair, cool cheeks, and leaping blood. Suddenly you stop and start with the shiver of beholding a phantom. At your side, almost at your feet, pale in the darkness, a milk-white river streams noiselessly over the sand. Out of the night before you, at the limit of your vision, the river appears, and runs into the night behind with a long, unwavering speed. A shift of the wind suddenly broadens it. The stream sweeps out like the skirts of a dancer, and you stand in the midst of it. Then you remember that often by daylight you had seen the loose, fine sand blowing in long, ankle-deep drifts down the curve of the beach, and you sigh with relief and astonishment.

Bend down your ear, and the flying particles will bring only the faintest whisper. Put your hand in the drift, and your skin will barely tickle with their impact. So light and impalpable is the stream that you will scarcely believe it actual. Like moonlit clouds combed out across the sky, the white river flies out of the darkness, now beside your path, now catching your ankles in its rapid sweep, and if you turn your back you will see it beginning at your heels and vanishing away from you in the night with a smooth, aerial velocity, a swift, visionary flight speeding in perfect silence, an hourglass for your meditation. You walk as if among moonlit clouds in the deep sky; sea and night, earth and existence, play only an accompaniment of luxurious dream.

And again your mind is suddenly arrested in its laboring wonder and delight. A little flight of downy breasts hurries by, and a faint, wild call follows back on the wind into which the invisible brown wings have struggled. You cannot now see the bright eyes or the quivering wing-tips, and only when the flock is whirled in an eddy that almost blows them over can you catch a brief glimpse of the white jackets of down fleeing past your shoulder. But you know that the symbol of all wistful desires, all hopes that can only be expressed by the fluttering of wings, all sympathies of the heart which are mute, unfathomable, and strange, has quickened your eyes for an instant as you stride along your mysterious road in the night.

COURAGE

BY BRASSIL FITZGERALD

WHEN they were youngsters of ten and twelve, the Sprague boys used to walk home alone after Sunday evening services. Peter was the elder, a stocky, unimaginative child, dark-skinned and awkward. Davy had nice features. He was fair like his mother's people.

As they neared the foot of Pride's Hill, Peter would take his brother's hand. Davy was afraid. That was on account of the old Baptist cemetery. The stones gleamed, and there were noises in the underbrush that fringed the road. As they topped the rise, the younger boy would draw away a little, and start chattering again.

Even in those days Peter had understood. Davy was different; things bothered him more. But he was smart, smarter than any of the others in the Pine Street school; and he could talk to people, even to strangers, when Peter could only mutter unhappily.

When the war came, it was inevitable that the Sprague boys should be among the first from Braintree to go. A Sprague had followed Ethan Allen down from the hills. There were the many Decoration Days when they had stood very straight and silent beside their mother, while the Grand Army bugler sounded taps. It was in the Sprague blood.

Davy enlisted in Boston, on his way home from his freshman year at Tufts. Two weeks later, when he left to report for duty, Peter went with him.

It was September. The transport was rocking to the first long swells of the outer harbor. The brothers stood by the rail, watching their convoy nose out ahead. Somewhere in the distance behind them the fog was blurring out the ragged Hoboken water front.

David turned a shoulder against the gray shifting surfaces. 'The old man has it in for me, I guess,' he said suddenly, an apologetic note in his voice. He was looking at his brother's chevroned sleeve.

Peter watched a smudge of smoke on the horizon. 'You'll be on the next list, Davy,' he said awkwardly.

They were silent then. David was wondering what it would be like — over there. How long it would be. Peter was thinking of his brother. He was n't sure —

Beneath their feet the great shafts plunged and recoiled — pushing them steadily, relentlessly, toward the unknown.

It was December. The third battalion had halted along the road beyond Ménil-la-Tour. At eight that night the division would take over a sector from the French. The men had done twelve muddy miles since noon, and they were profanely tired.

The rain had ceased falling and the sky was drawing away, cold and hard. A heavy rumbling came and went among the hills up ahead. A gray-blue camion lumbered by. Its bearded chauffeur dexterously caught a cigarette and grinned his thanks. The poplars dripped. Out of the clumps of O. D. blue shreds of smoke eddied.

Sergeant Sprague, working down the line, reached his brother's squad. Davy was sitting on his unslung pack, a little withdrawn from the others. Peter noticed that as he squatted down beside him.

'How are the feet, Davy?'

'They're sore, Pete. Got any water?'

'Plenty.' He reached for his canteen.

As he took the canteen back, he paused, his fingers on its cover. Out of the distance had come a purring noise — high up. A soft purr with a recurring throb in it. The men grew silent. The noise came louder and louder. Far up in the sky, somewhat off to the right, a tiny black insect was sailing slowly toward them.

'He's looking for the road,' remarked Pete. Slipping the canteen back in his belt he snapped-to the felt covers. The word was passed along to cut out the cigarettes and lie flat.

The Boche plane was droning almost directly overhead. The men lay still. The plane swooped down toward the road. A bomb struck in the field behind them; the explosion beat on them — the Boche had passed over.

A voice came from the next squad, 'Missed us, you ——!' A tense suppressed laugh. The Boche came circling back again. The drone of his engine grew louder and louder. It would be close this time. Davy's hand came into Pete's line of vision. It was very still — the hand. Then slowly, spasmodically it twitched. It twitched as a shot rabbit twitches — convulsively. He was aware suddenly of a fear that had been with him from the beginning. Davy could n't stand it. He was different. He wished to God the war would end — soon.

A flash, and the crash came. On the other side of the road — a bit of iron rang on a helmet.

The plane did n't return. It hummed off toward Ménil-la-Tour. The men sat up and followed it with jeering comments. Dave clambered to his feet, laughing unsteadily.

Sprague grew leisurely awake. There was a patch of sunlight on the dugout floor. That meant afternoon. He had a vague memory of noise, heavy muffled sounds. He had slept since daylight. It was quiet outside. It had been a quiet two weeks. By this time to-morrow they would be back in reserve. The first battalion would be in to relieve them by dawn. He heard someone passing outside; the creak of heavy boots on the duckboards. Fritz had been lying low. It was a bad sign, that. Well — they'd be out to-morrow. He'd speak to the captain then about Davy. It was nothing to be ashamed of. Davy was sick. His nerves were screwed tight — to the breaking-point. They could see for themselves.

He sat up and reached for his shoes, but the image of his brother's white face, the tense look of his eyes, persisted. Only one more day. The bags at the head of the stairs pushed in. It was Sergeant Ferber.

'Sleep through the row?' he grunted, pushing back his helmet.

'I heard something.'

'They threw some Berthas over — knocked in a piece of the support trench.'

Pete swung off his bunk and began winding on his spirals. Ferber stood watching him.

'Your brother's out of luck.'

Sprague straightened up and waited — tense.

'He sneaked off post five when the fuss started. They picked him up cryin' like a kid.'

It had come.

Sprague drew a quick sharp breath and bent again over his leggings, his back to Ferber. He tucked in the tape ends and turned.

'The kid's all in — he's sick,' he said quietly.

Ferber spat his disgust. 'He will be when they get through with him,' he remarked judicially.

Sprague's eyes flamed. Then, without speaking, he went past Ferber to the stairs.

The sky was blue overhead. The guns were quiet, oppressively quiet. There was a soft thud above him. A little sand scattered down. Davy — Davy!

The lantern at Captain Doane's elbow flared and smoked. The shadow on the wall behind him bulked grotesquely. He gave no sign. Sprague spoke with an effort, a sense of futility dragging down his words. When he had done, the officer raised his eyes. He looked past Sprague.

'The court can consider his physical condition. That's not up to me,' he said wearily.

Sprague's voice was steady. 'Will you recommend clemency, sir?'

'I can't, Sprague. When your brother crawled off his post, he endangered the whole battalion. I can't let any feeling for you —'

There was more; something about justice and Pete's own record. The words blurred together. It did n't matter. Davy would be put under guard in the morning when they started out. They would n't shoot him — it would be Leavenworth. The *Concord Times* would have it. Jim Wetherby would bring the paper out to his mother.

The phone stuttered. As Doane reached for the set, Sprague saluted stiffly and turned away.

He was passing out of the orderlies' room when someone grabbed his elbow. 'Are you deaf, Sarge? The old man wants you back.'

The captain was waiting, drumming nervously on the table. 'Price is on number nine. He thinks they've sneaked in and set up a machine gun off to his left.'

As Pete listened, his brother's face grew indistinct. The ground sloped off to the left of number nine.

'They could get the support trench from that position, sir.'

The captain jerked forward, scowling. 'If they've got that support trench covered they've got wind we're going to be relieved. They're going to strafe us when we start out.' He paused, and then went on grimly, 'You know the men. Send someone out to look it over. If the Boches are there, we'll hold up the movement and shell them out in the morning.'

A sense of relief — of escape — flashed on him. It would be a way out. Doane was waiting — giving him his chance.

A way out — for him. He stood silent.

The captain stirred impatiently. 'Well? Tell the man who goes we'll make him if he gets back. That's all, Sergeant.'

Sprague wormed his way out through the narrow connecting ditch to number nine post. A fine rain was beginning to fall. The night was black and warm. Price pointed out through the dark. Crouching together, they waited till a flare light shot up.

'Off to your left,' whispered Price, 'there's a shell hole. You can't see nothing, but there's a couple of Heinies in there with a machine gun or I'll —'

'All right, Price. I'll send someone out to look it over. Don't open up if you hear us. I'll go part way myself.'

Price cursed fervently under his breath. His whisper followed Sprague. 'There's a ticket west waiting for the bird that goes.'

Sprague knew it.

Davy lay crouched, his face to the wall. At the touch of his brother's hand he shivered and turned to stare up at him hopelessly. He tried to smile. His lips twitched.

Pete's face was granite. 'Davy, get your shoes on. The C. O. wants you.'

The members of Davy's squad were rolled in their blankets on the dugout floor. They had drawn away from his corner. One of them stirred in his sleep, but he did n't wake. Davy groped for his boots and stumbled after his brother.

In the trench outside, Pete gripped his shoulder. 'You've got to get out and get out quick. They're going to line you up in the morning.'

His brother's fingers clutched at his blouse. 'My God, Pete! They would n't do that!'

'They've got to on account of the others.' He put his arms around the boy and held him close. Then gently he broke the grasp of his fingers. 'You're going over to the Boches, Davy. They will ship you back to a prison camp. After this thing is over, people won't remember.'

He was glad of the darkness.

'I can't, Pete.' There was nothing left but fear.

'It's your only chance. Sure you can. Come.'

The boy shrank back.

'It's that or the firing squad, Davy.'

A moment later they were on their faces crawling beneath the wire. Out by number nine post. He could hear Davy breathing — quick forced gasps. Groping, he reached and found his hand. They crept on. Out past the vague hump that was number nine post. Five — ten yards beyond. A flare went up, and before the light failed he had aligned the suspected crater.

Drawing close, he whispered, 'I've got to go back now, Dave. Keep straight on till you strike a shell hole, twenty-five yards out. Crawl in there till it starts to get light and then go over.'

He drew swiftly back before Davy could hesitate, lest he refuse to go on. He could still get him back. He dug his fingers into the earth. The silence pushed down on him — it was too late now. The seconds hung back.

A roar shattered the night. The waiting Boche had swung his gun on the black smudge that had crept too near. A sharp staccato of shots. The silence settled down again. Sprague crept back under the wire. His lips were bleeding.

Captain Doane looked up anxiously. 'Well, Sprague?'

'There's a machine gun there, sir. Thirty yards off post nine.' There was a note of exhaustion in his voice. 'He opened up and got our man.'

Doane fumbled for his pipe. Their eyes met. 'Who went, Sergeant?'

Pete lifted a suffering face. 'Private Sprague, sir,' he said proudly. Then his voice went flat.

'Your lantern's smoking, sir. I'll send Webber in.'

He stopped in the orderlies' room, and then went back to his brother's dugout — to gather up Davy's things. They would send them back to his mother.

GEORGE ELIOT'S 'QUARRIES'

BY CHARLES GARDNER

On Wednesday, June 27, 1923, there was at Sotheby's a sale of books, relics, manuscripts, and portraits of George Eliot. The sale was 'by order of the executors of the will of Gertrude, widow of Charles Lee Lewes, being part of the property of George Eliot bequeathed by her to Charles Lee Lewes.' Among the manuscripts were notebooks containing what George Eliot called her 'quarries.' These were jottings, in small beautiful handwriting, on the characters and situations of the proposed novels. The quarry for *Middlemarch* is perhaps the most interesting of all. The ages and relations and pedigrees of the characters are noted. A little map of Middlemarch carefully marks the houses and their exact distances from each other. The story is placed at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832 and, to guard against anachronisms, the most important events leading to and from the Reform Bill are noted and dated. There are also notes on medical matters that might concern Doctor Lydgate.

There are two quarries for *Romola*, one of them written entirely in Italian. When George Eliot began to write the novel she was so steeped in Italian that Italian words came more readily to her than English, and not without embarrassment, for her characters would talk Italian, and she had to translate their speeches as she went along.

One of the quarries for *Romola* fetched £52; that for *Middlemarch* doubled it, at £105.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Ouvry, granddaughter of George Henry Lewes, I was allowed to see the notebooks and quarries and to read them at leisure. In learning, of course, George Eliot was 'the heir of all the ages.' When I got among the notebooks I realized afresh the immense range of her knowledge, equaled only by the discipline by which she kept it in order. I perceived more fully how possessed she was with the scholar's passion for accuracy, how no detail was too insignificant for her consideration. Her place, I can never doubt, is with the men of massive intellect and imagination, with the peaks which, reaching into the rarer atmosphere of the heavens, do not despise the flowers that grow at their base.

Among the treasures retained by Mrs. Ouvry are a sketch for a new novel and a further fragment, which George Eliot may have intended to weave into the story, but which was more probably, I think, an independent jotting for another possible tale.

The opening paragraph of the fragment shows George Eliot's characteristic tendency to study man as a branch of natural history. Here it is: —

> The transformations of insects — what nature can do in the way of turning a small pulpy grub that you are liable to eat with your salad into a winged creature of marvelous frame and instincts is a worthy theme of wonder, poetry, and science; but so are the metamorphoses of men in their passage from the stage of the pulpy infant in its first cap and nightgown, apparently shutting its eyes hard against the sight of the world and fighting and screaming at

existence as a means of improvement which it had never asked for, to the definite and solid form of the county or borough member, the hard-working clown at the circus, the busy lawyer, the ingenious inventor in steel, the remarkably plain householder known to a large public as 'the portrait of a gentleman,' the share-compelling swindler, the popular lecturer, the Right Reverend Bishop.

The bishop, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was a beautiful boy of fourteen, under the charge of a clergyman named Dolfus, headmaster of the Kippenham Grammar School. There was a house for the headmaster, but Mr. Dolfus was put into the rectory of the absentee rector, and the 'trustees let the house built for the headmaster to a flourishing corn-factor, and divided the rent among themselves.' Also since 'the townsmen made small use of the Free School, not generally caring that their boys should acquire Mr. Dolfus' hidden learning,' the trustees contrived that only a small portion of the school revenue should be given to the master, and managed to pocket the rest.

Indeed, Mr. Simmons, the great wool-buyer, often contended in familiar conversation that Trustees had a 'natural right' to be paid for their trusteeship out of such revenue as could be economized — always supposing the trust were of a public nature and not for your own nephews and nieces or your friend's widow, or suchlike. Mr. Mathers, who was not a trustee, often contradicted him and said that a man had no natural right to anything but air, and water, and bread or a parish allowance in lieu of it. But he never won the assent of the audience to this narrow view, and he was more than once asked where he would get his law from. . . . Quarreling of this sort seemed a function that went with property, filled up men's leisure, and gave them a point of view on various subjects concerning which they would otherwise have been in the void of neutrality.

There are touches of humor in the description that remind one of *Middlemarch*. However, I do not think George Eliot finally decided to build a novel out of her fragment. It is more likely that she thought of using it for her *Impressions of Theophrastus Such* and then dropped it altogether. The name of the headmaster, Dolfus, is in the manner of that work in which her massivity has become a heavy weight, and the humor caustic rather than genial.

The sketch for the novel is much more complete. Cyril Ambrose, the hero, is a man of inventive power in science as well as philosophy. 'The most fervid yearning of his life is to complete the development of a philosophic system which will make an epoch in the advancing thought of mankind.' But he is sadly hampered with poverty, having married young, and finding himself with a family to support. He has invented a destructive war-machine. If he can prevail on the Government to buy his invention for a good sum, he will be able to leave his journalism, by which he keeps his family, and devote his time and energies to his philosophical scheme. But the War Office is dilatory, and he is embittered as the years slip by, and 'the researches necessary to give a firm basis to his system are not being made.'

The story is at the time of the Napoleonic Wars. Rastin, an agent for a Continental museum, a man of universal accomplishment, and 'understood to know more than anybody else about the secret springs of European politics,' has come to England, and has an appointment with Sir Andrew Freemore. The baronet is an 'ardent patriot, and bitterly indignant at the Continental system, which is ruining the London trade and causing the suicide of distinguished bankers. . . . At the same time, he sees no objection to reducing the harm done to the English trade, by

trafficking to supply Napoleon underhand with the English goods which the Emperor wants for his own purposes.' Sir Andrew believed Rastin to be a secret agent of the English Government and told him about Cyril Ambrose and his invention. The scene takes place in the beautiful gardens at Streatham, where Rastin has already captivated Lady Freemore and promised to procure for her 'a set of jewels made precisely after the fashion of those worn by the Empress Maria Louisa.' Rastin's interest is immediately aroused, and, if Cyril will explain his invention, he proposes to go with him at once to the War Office.

Afterward, at a masquerade, Rastin meets a witty female spy who refuses to unmask. 'They sup together; she denounces him, after he has bought Cyril's invention for Napoleon. The formula of the invention is found on Rastin's person, and Cyril is thus involved in the crime against the English Government.'

'Enough!' we cry. 'That is not what we want.' I have read somewhere that George Eliot wrote one chapter of the new novel, and it was destroyed after her death, because of her known dislike of unfinished work. We can well believe that the whole novel would have been a remarkable product, full of subtle observation, beautiful scenes, and dramatic episodes, but we shall be accused of no detraction from the memory of George Eliot if we say we cannot regret that it remained unwritten.

Let us review her work and her life. To-day it is usual to depreciate the great Victorians, like Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Carlyle, George Eliot, and to extol its lesser lights, like Mrs. Gaskell, Matthew Arnold, Coventry Patmore, Anthony Trollope. The nineteenth century was loud in its scorn of the artificial, canting eighteenth. Only in the last few years has it become the thing to admire the cool, detached literature of what is now called the Augustan period. The time for a reversal of our judgments apparently is not yet due.

The reaction against George Eliot has gone very far. She was no artist. She was didactic without the right to be so. She was an overcultured dull woman. She was full of 'the cant of skepticism, the goody-goodiness of irreligion.' There were touches of power in her novels, and much heaviness. The centenary notices were rather more appreciatory, as if the writers felt they must say on the occasion what they could. Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote a brilliant article in the *London Mercury* and gave an unforgettable sketch of George Eliot driving through London with a Parisian feather in her bonnet. Did Mr. Gosse really remember all the details he gave? It was a very long time ago. That George Eliot did once have an ostrich feather Mr. Gosse has reason to know, for he owned the pencil drawing of George Eliot thus befeathered, made by Mrs. Alma-Tadema, which he afterward presented to the National Gallery. He gave the impression that George Eliot was habitually overdressed; and, with his perfect mastery over words, slyly slipped the word 'provincial' into such a place as to give piquancy to his whole picture. The truth is that George Eliot was neglectful and old-fashioned in her dress, except under the urgency of her friends. Thus moved, the material of her dresses became more expensive; their fashion remained unchanged.

The present depreciation of George Eliot, so far as we may consider it seriously, has some excuse. Her works have not been considered apart from herself; and the picture of her presented by Mr. Cross to the world was lacking in all charm or attraction. He told the story of her life by means of her letters,

which covered a period of about forty-six years. George Eliot cannot be reckoned among the great letter-writers. Her letters are sympathetic or learned or kind or thoughtful, but they are always restrained, rarely self-revealing or charming. Perhaps to her nearest and dearest she could let herself go. Anyway, judged by those given in her 'Life,' her letters are not interesting. The same must be said of her letters to Elma Stuart, published in 1909. The volume has a few charming letters, but they were written by George Henry Lewes. Her own scarcely bear publicity, and when pruned of what gave them character they are apt to become vapid. There is no bridge between her letters and her books or between her letters and herself. A letter was once an escape for ardent women: to George Eliot it was a prison. She found no escape until, late in life, she began imaginative work. Then she was found to be a master of strong, nervous English; under the inspiration of her passionate but disciplined emotions her language frequently attained to great beauty.

The real 'Life' of George Eliot remains to be written, and it should be written soon, or it will be too late. Mr. Cross gave the image of a suave, benevolent, uncomfortably self-conscious, cultured woman. He was obliged to keep reserve over the most important action in her life. No authoritative word has been given to the public concerning George Eliot's long connection with George Henry Lewes. Mr. Cross's enforced reserve allowed the public to put the worst construction on the meagre allusions, and people resented the hopeless incongruity between the private life of the novelist and the high moral teaching of the novels. No wonder they compared the didactic Sibyl with the fine portrait of Charlotte Brontë given by Mrs. Gaskell, and began to think that the work of the passionate, heroic little figure of the lonely Yorkshire moors must of necessity excel the work of the pedantic *savante*.

The real George Eliot had a tumultuous inner life. Her girlhood was painfully monotonous under the restrictions of her cramped surroundings. Later she achieved some degree of freedom among the advanced set she met in connection with the *Westminster Review*. Her friendship and union with Lewes, which might be supposed to have satisfied the ardent craving of her passionate nature, was otherwise fruitful. It confirmed her in the faith that there was no happiness in this world until one ceased to make great demands for one's self, and deepened one's impersonal interest in people and things and great ideas. Self-sacrifice was the one lesson of life. Her consolation was in books read, to allay her insatiable desire for knowledge, and in books written, by which she escaped into her imaginative world. Her books were the true fruit of her union with Lewes. He loved her with devotion and complete unselfishness. He guarded her tenderly against the morbid diffidence which was a part of her nature. We may say that he made her as happy as her difficult temperament would allow. When he died and she had worked through her store of memories, the imaginative power waned, and we see her a prematurely aged woman, entering with a shiver into her eternal winter. There are gleams of wintry sunshine after she married Mr. Cross, but underneath flows a river of sadness.

It is assumed to-day that George Eliot was essentially of her time, the mid-Victorian; that her novels are occupied with temporary problems, and therefore are doomed. The truth is otherwise. George Eliot's prime interest was in the unchanging elements of life and character. She began her

literary career about the time Darwin published his *Origin of Species* and paralyzed Europe by his mechanical doctrine of evolution. George Eliot's friends approved. She, on the contrary, wrote: 'To me the development theory, and all other explanations of processes by which things came to be, produce a feeble impression compared with the *mystery* that lies under the processes.' We feel that to-day; the Victorian scientist did not. George Eliot's learning was far too deep and thorough to allow her to fall into the one-sidedness of her time. Her mind was positive and concrete. She was not a born Platonist. Always she leaned to what is an equally persistent state — the Aristotelian and realist. Her contemporaries who had surrendered their Christianity generally turned to Spinoza and became pantheists. The alternative for Lewes was positivism. To her also positivism, with its idealization of human relations, seemed better than pantheism. But though she felt the feminine need to agree with Lewes, yet her mental honesty compelled her to consider positivism one-sided, and she looked rather to a time, which would not be in her day, when there should be a formula large enough to include all sides of our complex modern needs, spiritual and mental.

A comparison with Mrs. Humphry Ward illustrates a striking difference in the way the two women used their experience for purposes of the novel. Both were preoccupied with the new knowledge and the eclipse of the old Christianity. Mrs. Ward reproduces all her phases, which are current phases, in her novels. *Robert Elsmere* gives the particular views of contemporary German critics. Much later *The Case of Richard Meynell* gives the criticism as reflected in the Catholic Modernists. George Eliot, on the contrary, with the exception of *The Spanish Gypsy* and other poems, did not write of the passing phases of her time. Looking for the unchanging element over the whole history of man's recorded life, she cared greatly to detect it under the mere clothes of opinion and fashion. She loved dearly the great tradition that lies at the heart of the best Evangelicalism, Methodism, Catholicism, Judaism. When she had found the heart she could treat the particular form with reverence. Her presentation of the religious character under different faces is her special glory. Only she could have given us with such perfect comprehension and complete sympathy and truthfulness Mr. Tryan, Mr. Gilfil, Dinah Morris, Dr. Kenn, Rufus Lyon, Mordecai, Savonarola.

It is this universal note in George Eliot's novels that should give them a permanent place in English literature; still it would not save them were the modern charge that she is no artist true.

George Eliot's feeling for the beautiful was excelled only by her passion for the good. Her perception of the beautiful awoke in her when she was still a child; it was nourished by a life of long familiarity with the best European art; it was informed by Ruskin's constant teaching of the absolute importance of truthfulness in art. It is easy to deride Ruskin and ask what art has to do with truth. Yet, if the good, the beautiful, and the true are ultimates, as many affirm to-day, they must be eternally related, and it is our business to see that we do not interpret the true too narrowly. Certainly those in the nineteenth century who believed only in the objective reality of the universe, and rejected all they could not touch and see and handle, reduced truth to a remnant; but George Eliot believed in a world of feeling and of moral values. When her moral passion flamed highest it discovered beauty in all sorts of ordinary men and women. She did not

look for the ideal beauty, like the supreme artists, but she reveals a real beauty in everyday life, like the best Dutch and Spanish painters. Her sense of the good and the beautiful was inseparable, and therefore those who separate art from morality are not likely to care for her work.

The most beautiful scenes in her books are those she wrote when her moral feeling was most stirred: Maggie Tulliver discovering Thomas à Kempis, Dinah praying with Hetty in prison, Savonarola sending Romola back to her husband, Dorothea comforting Rosamond; and a score of other scenes are inspired by moral passion, but they are not therefore the less beautiful — it is impossible to see how they could have been more beautiful. Where there is passion there is beauty, and moral passion is no exception to this law.

There were other elements in George Eliot not so favorable to the creative faculty. She was early 'impassioned with ideas,' to use her own phrase. Her great danger as a novelist was to begin with an idea and make the story its embodiment. Her first four books escape triumphantly. *Scenes of Clerical Life*, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Silas Marner* were constructed on good yarns. The first sign of a too prominent idea was in *Romola*.

The nineteenth century was much more sanguine than we are that there could be an accurate science of history. George Eliot strove to get a complete knowledge of Florence at the end of the fifteenth century. Florence and its history were to be the background for her imaginary characters. The story, perhaps her best, and one full of possibilities for fine treatment, at first sight seems to have no relation to herself. In reality it grew out of her most intimate life and experience. It is concerned with the idea of rebellion. Her life with Lewes made her brood over the ethics of rebellion more than over other moral problems. The three rebels are Savonarola, Romola, and Tito. Savonarola's rebellion is treated as obedience to a higher law; Tito's is lawlessness; Romola's wavers, and she is finally brought back to obedience by Savonarola. The scenes and situations are vivid, intense, written in blood, and extremely beautiful. But the background of street pageantry, of Florence occupied by French soldiers, is dim to deadness. Obviously George Eliot cares nothing for Charles VIII's occupation of Florence. She notes his reptilian features and superfluous fingers and, when the most Christian King of the First Nation in the World ogles the Florentine ladies, patiently shrugs her shoulders as one accustomed to such incongruous anomalies in history. There was an opportunity for a splendid treatment of an episode in history full of color and movement. Instead, it is a faded neutral background, strangely enough not spoiling the artistic unity of the book, but serving to throw into relief the intense drama and rich vitality of the chief persons. The faults of the book are plain to everybody; but the scenes that fire the whole of George Eliot's moral passion are surpassingly beautiful, and are written in sustained language of equal beauty, purged of the epigrammatic smartnesses and polysyllabic pomp of the earlier novels. For these reasons some of us could spare *Adam Bede* sooner than *Romola*.

The prominence of the moral idea in *Romola* was ominous. The next novel, *Felix Holt*, began as an idea and was helped by memories. The construction is skillful, but betrays sometimes how it is done. *Middlemarch*, by a happy chance, escapes. At the beginning of her career she had wished to write a story of a young woman married to an elderly clerical pedant, which

should be included in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. But she closed the series with *Janet's Repentance*, because of Blackwood's want of sympathy for that powerful story. Years later she notes in her Journal, January 1, 1869, 'I have set myself many tasks for the year — a novel called *Middlemarch*, a long poem on Timoleon, and several minor poems.' The name 'Middlemarch' she contracted from 'Middle Mercia,' which meant to her Coventry, to which she had moved with her father when she was twenty-one. Her first thought was of a young and able doctor, struggling in a provincial town. Coventry brought a rush of memories. On December 2 of the same year she notes: 'I am experimenting in a story ("Miss Brooke"). . . . It is a subject which has been recorded among my possible themes ever since I began to write fiction.' Here were two veins of memory; they coalesced in her mind, and the story was conceived before any idea could be fastened on to it. There are signs that people are one by one rediscovering *Middlemarch*, not without wonder how it got overlooked.

Five years later appeared her last novel, *Daniel Deronda*. Here the story was made to illustrate ideas. It is the profoundest of the novels, its intellectual breadth is splendid and satisfying, it abounds in beautiful scenes and unexpected triumphs of character-drawing, every paragraph is packed with thought; but the story is made — not created.

Taking George Eliot's whole output, we may say that she brought to her work a fine imagination, genial humor, wit, satire, unrivaled learning, a magnificent intelligence. If she errs it is by excess. Her most important faculty for producing novels — imagination — fails in the end to do its full work, not so much because it waned as because other mental passions pushed it aside. Preoccupation with myriad ideas took final possession, and the days of her novel-writing were over.

EVENING

BY GRETCHEN WARREN

Above the gray, the parched horizon line,
The deep sky rends its breast,
And from the gaping west
Pours the swift crimson blood of day.
Great Pelican! Fold down your evening wings
To staunch that flood and rest.
With dark-plumed midnight hide
Your heart's red tide;
Cover your wound — and mine.

SCIENCE AND THE MEDIUM

THE CLIMAX OF A FAMOUS INVESTIGATION

BY HUDSON HOAGLAND

[THE case of 'Margery,' a subject of widespread comment during the past year, offers unusual opportunity for the application of scientific method to study of supernormal phenomena. The article which follows seems to the *Atlantic* to deserve attentive reading. 'Margery' is the name familiarly given in spiritualistic circles to the wife of a prominent Boston surgeon, Mrs. L. R. G. Crandon, who apparently developed mediumistic powers about three years ago. According to Dr. and Mrs. Crandon, 'Walter,' the spirit of the medium's deceased brother, is the so-called 'control' or communicator in the spirit world, endeavoring to get messages 'through.' He is credited by them with producing *telekinesis*, or movement of objects without visible contact, as well as with giving utterance to a voice independent of that of the medium, and with producing other supernormal phenomena, such as *ectoplasm* — or, more accurately, *teleplasm* — the visible 'stuff' of materialization. It should be borne in mind that since the beginning of her mediumship Mrs. Crandon has never been known to receive any material reward whatsoever for her powers.

In April 1924, in response to an invitation from Margery, a committee was appointed by the *Scientific American* which undertook to investigate her, and did so in a series of some ninety sittings. This committee was composed of Dr. William MacDougall, Professor of Psychology at Harvard, Dr. Walter F. Prince, Dr. Daniel Comstock, Mr. Hereward Carrington, and Mr. Harry Houdini, known to many of our readers in a very different sphere of human activity.

The investigation was not satisfactory. A verdict was rendered of 'supernormality not proved.' Specifically, Dr. Comstock found the evidence scientifically inadequate. Dr. Prince and Dr. MacDougall agreed with Dr. Comstock and further maintained that there had been much to indicate normal production. Mr. Houdini, on what seemed to many people inadequate ground, charged deliberate and conscious fraud. Mr. Carrington definitely pronounced in favor of supernormality, and Mr. J. Malcolm Bird, secretary of the committee, wrote a book in which he defended the same position.

In December 1924, Mr. Eric Dingwall, research officer for the English Society of Psychical Research, came to America, studied the case for about six weeks, and was very favorably impressed. However, he reserved his final pronouncement until he could examine the phenomena in his London laboratory. Finally, further investigation was made under rigorous scientific conditions, of which the following gives a detailed and accurate account.

— THE EDITORS]

I

My serious interest in psychic research dates only from last winter, and was excited primarily through various indirect contacts with the Margery case. I was first introduced to Dr. and Mrs. Crandon by Mr. Foster Damon during the latter part of Mr. Dingwall's visit, and by good fortune was invited to attend several séances in company with four friends from the Harvard English Department, who had known the Crandons for some months. My attitude at the time was highly skeptical regarding the supernormal character of the phenomena, in spite of the fact that both Dr. and Mrs. Crandon seemed to be in every way most sincere in their belief. These sittings took place in the Crandons' séance-room at 10 Lime Street, Boston.

It was customary for guests to arrive at the house about an hour before the séance began. Dr. Crandon especially desired new sitters to come early so that he could talk to them about the case, outline its development, and prepare them for the evening's phenomena. In this connection the visitor was shown numerous photographs and a cast of Walter's psychic hand. Dr. Crandon's large library on occultism was also at his disposal, and material from the literature was often referred to. Prior to the sitting, Mrs. Crandon was in and out of the room, retiring about fifteen minutes beforehand in order to put on the customary bathrobe and slippers.

On entering the séance-room on the top floor of the house, the visitors were generally urged to make an examination of the place. They were then seated and arranged by the Doctor, the victrola was started, and the lights were turned out. The purpose of this victrola, according to Walter, was to soothe and calm the sitters, and to prevent nervous tension. It took, on an average, seven minutes for Walter to manifest himself, and during that time conversation was carried on in low tones, dealing with Walter's exploits and the phenomena to be expected. Mrs. Crandon was usually advised by her husband not to talk, since her quiet seemed to speed Walter's coming. Dr. Crandon invariably sat at Mrs. Crandon's right, and newcomers were placed at her left. Mrs. Crandon wore luminously painted elastic bands on her ankles and a luminous tape on her forehead, and these were conspicuously visible. Sometimes during the phenomena Dr. Crandon would give the psychic's right hand to the member of the group sitting on his right, along with both of his hands. In addition, he would place this observer's hands in his lap and his head on the observer's shoulder so that all of his bodily extremities were controlled. On certain other occasions, the circle between Dr. and Mrs. Crandon would be broken entirely, the observer on Mrs. Crandon's left holding both of her hands while the one on the Doctor's right held both of his hands. These two methods were called double control and, at later sittings when both the Crandons wore luminous marks on head, wrists, and ankles, consisted of tactual control of Dr. Crandon's head, hands, and knees and Mrs. Crandon's hands, and visual control of their heads, hands, and feet by way of the luminous bands. However, as stated before, at these early sittings the only luminous controls were on the medium's head and ankles.

Walter's first manifestation was usually in the form of a whistle, followed by his voice, a hoarse whisper, coming from the direction of the cabinet, a simple three-sided board structure forming a sort of alcove in which the medium sat. From this stage on, Walter was master of ceremonies, dictating the

nature of the phenomena he would produce and the time to assume the double control described above. However, he was most obliging to us and would comply with requests for phenomena within his repertory for the evening. Small luminous objects were levitated from the low séance-table in front of the medium and moved rapidly through the air within a radius of several feet of her, theoretically by armlike processes of teleplasm sprouting from the medium's body. Luminous objects were even picked up from the floor and lifted two or three feet above the table-top. Furthermore, fingerlike processes were frequently visible silhouetted against these luminous objects. During the sittings Mrs. Crandon was apparently quite normal, and she sometimes took part in the conversation.

Though the Crandons have always maintained that the Walter voice was distinct from that of the medium, I never saw supporting evidence for this. The only time that the voice seemed to travel about the room was when a small nonluminous megaphone was obviously used to make it appear to do so. This megaphone voice was never observed to occur under the double control mentioned above, and it functioned only when the Crandon link was uncontrolled. Furthermore, on one occasion, when Mrs. Crandon's headband was unusually bright, we observed its reflection on the megaphone directly in front of Mrs. Crandon's face. It was also observed that the intensity of the Walter voice correlated precisely with the position of a line connecting the headband and its reflection, leading one to infer that the megaphone was reflecting light cast by the headband as it was held to the medium's mouth. However, the Crandons' interpretation of the megaphone, as given by Walter, was that Walter used it to talk through for amplification purposes and, since his teleplasmic voice apparatus was made and suspended from near Mrs. Crandon's face, he preferred to hold the megaphone in this position. Furthermore, this megaphone could not be luminously painted, as was the one used for levitation, because the light would tend to cause his voice-making apparatus to disintegrate — it being especially sensitive to light because of its necessary delicacy. On all other occasions when the megaphone was not used, the Walter voice, as a hoarse whisper, came directly from the medium, as near as I could judge, and, though differing in certain qualities, resembled her own in many respects.

The Crandons welcomed our criticisms and suggestions, and several of us were quite frank in our skepticism. We pointed out to them the futility of trying to prove the truth of their hypothesis to the scientific world as long as they insisted on conducting the séances in their own house with so many of the conditions preëstablished. We felt it necessary to put the investigation on a laboratory basis, and consequently suggested to the Crandons that they should go over to the psychological laboratory at Harvard for sittings. They readily acquiesced in this arrangement.

II

Since from this time forth our investigation took on a more serious aspect, it would be well to describe our method of procedure. In the first place let us deal with the conditions imposed on us by Dr. Crandon. We were not to touch or pull any teleplasmic arm without Walter's permission, nor were we permitted any light, white or red, during the séance. Further, we must not without Walter's consent expect to be able to use new methods, apparatus, or controls. I suggested that Dr. Crandon

absent himself from these sittings, but he refused on the ground that Mrs. Crandon needed him to establish the necessary feeling of confidence and protection. He also averred that he had some psychic powers, and maintained, owing to the abnormal nature of the physiological processes involved, that he, as a medical man, should always be in attendance. He was entirely willing to submit himself to search and control along with the medium. Another condition maintained by him was that Mrs. Crandon should not be required to submit to an internal medical examination for the purpose of detecting concealed apparatus. This was imposed on the ground that in order to make such a procedure thoroughly satisfactory it would be necessary to examine the digestive tract, which would be a painful inconvenience to the medium. He did permit us, however, to supply tights securely covering the medium's body. This procedure was adopted on one occasion with no change in the phenomena observed at the previous sitting.

Since the importance of supernormality, if true, was beyond question, we determined to proceed with scientific rigor to establish the nature of the facts by correlating them with the rest of experience.

Let me make it clear that we were not investigating spiritism, but rather supernormal physical phenomena — that is, the apparently rapid growth of certain tentacles from the medium's body, and the accomplishment of physical work by these structures or by other methods — at the time uncorrelated with the physical or biological sciences. The agency of spiritism was merely one hypothesis to cover the empirical facts, and at all times we were careful to distinguish between the observed facts and the causal interpretation thereof. Both the Crandons and Walter himself were careful to emphasize the importance of this distinction, and in no way resented our meticulous attitude on the point, although Walter frequently jibed us good-naturedly about it. In fact Walter insisted that we were investigating psychic phenomena and not spiritism. However, in the reports of all our sittings we accepted Walter at his face value for purposes of convenience, along with the technical verbiage of psychic research, with the understanding that this usage implied no hypothesis on our part as to the nature of the phenomena.

Our examination was aimed primarily at determining the properties of the teleplasmic structures. The investigation of the voice was for the time being postponed, and we concentrated on measuring physically the effects produced by the teleplasm. Our aim was to collect as many data as possible, correlate them, formulate an hypothesis, and then proceed to check the validity of our hypothesis by the laboratory method.

In addition to this direct attack on the specific nature of the manifestations, we tried to arrange controls that would effectually eliminate the probability of the production of the phenomena by normal means — that is, by the use of the medium's normal anatomy, by apparatus, or by an accomplice. In order to assure proper weight to our evidence, whatever its nature might be, I arranged with Dr. Crandon to introduce, one at a time, certain distinguished scientists who would sit merely as impartial observers, but who would record their observations and criticisms in our official notes, with any addenda or corrections they might wish to include. These notes, limited to empirical observations, were, by the way, taken down on a dictaphone by a controlled member of our own group, sitting in the circle, and

contained detailed descriptions of the phenomena as they occurred.[1]

The Harvard Psychology Department kindly lent us a small square room on the third floor of Emerson Hall. This room is only large enough to accommodate the circle of chairs, a table in front of the medium, a cloth cabinet which we had prepared, a table for apparatus, and a dictaphone. The room has no windows, and the only door was locked during the séances. In order to render superficial conditions as similar as possible to those at the Crandons' house, a victrola was supplied. Our object was to obtain optimum conditions for psychic phenomena as outlined by the literature, and at the same time render our procedure as rigorous as possible. Walter's usual playthings were supplied chiefly by us, consisting of several varieties of bell-boxes both mechanically and electrically operated, paper 'doughnuts,' megaphones, and a small basket. All of these things, except the voice-projecting megaphone, were conspicuously marked with luminous paint. In addition to these objects new pieces of apparatus were introduced from time to time.

Our first Harvard sitting occurred on May 19, 1925. Dr. Crandon, the medium, and also Dr. Fawcett, since she was not tactually controlled in the circle at this first sitting, wore luminous elastic bands on ankles, wrists, and foreheads. Dr. Crandon sat on the medium's right and Mr. Damon on her left, controlling her left hand. Most of the phenomena occurred with double control. I tactually and visually controlled Dr. Crandon's hands and Mrs. Crandon's right hand, as well as the Doctor's knees and head; another investigator was assigned the task of visual control of the feet; and a third concentrated primarily on watching the headpieces. Satisfactory control as reported to the dictaphone, therefore, meant visual control, by way of the illuminated bands, of both the Crandons' heads, arms, and legs, with tactual control of Dr. and Mrs. Crandon's hands, Dr. Crandon's knees, and frequently his head. Under these circumstances phenomena similar to those of 10 Lime Street occurred. Apparently something resembling an arm, presumed to be teleplasm, came from the lower portion of the medium's body and moved objects within a radius of several feet of her. This terminal was silhouetted against the luminous surfaces of objects picked up, and showed variations in shape from time to time. Owing to the deleterious effect of light on the teleplasm, Walter would never allow us close scrutiny of the terminals over a large, well-illuminated plaque which we provided. Our only view of this teleplasm at the Harvard sittings was its silhouette over small portions of bright surfaces or over very dimly illuminated large surfaces, and from these glimpses, from the nature of the movements of objects, and from the apparent rigor of control, the possibility of the Crandon hypothesis as to the supernormal nature of the teleplasm stood out in bold relief.

Additional Harvard sittings occurred on May 27, June 3, June 10, June 24,

[1] Professor Boring of the Harvard Psychology Department, Professor Wolbach of the Harvard Medical School, Professor Osterhout of the Rockefeller Institute, and Professor E. B. Wilson of Technology each attended a sitting at various times. Professor Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Astronomical Observatory, was kind enough to attend five sittings with us, while Dr. Hilbert F. Day, the surgeon, was present on two occasions. Mr. J. M. Bird, research officer for the American Society for Psychical Research, also attended a sitting. The medium was examined disrobed by Dr. Deborah Fawcett or another woman before and after each sitting, and the gown and slippers worn into the room were also carefully inspected; on no occasion was anything of a suspicious nature disclosed by these examinations.

and June 30. Since Walter declined to go to Harvard more than once a week, owing to the strain on Mrs. Crandon from the heat and discomfort of our windowless laboratory, I suggested that he give an extra weekly sitting at my house. This he consented to do. These sittings occurred on June 22 and June 29, with the Harvard group and most of the usual Harvard conditions.

Since it was natural that an unbiased person would prefer to believe that one of our committee was manifesting the phenomena rather than to accept them as supernormal, we all, as well as the Crandons, wore luminously painted bands on heads, ankles, and wrists at all sittings after the first two, in order to inspire confidence in our outside observers and reduce to a minimum the probability of conscious or unconscious fraud on the part of any of our own group. At most of our Harvard sittings we had an apparatus arranged to pass a slight electric current through the entire circle of sitters, the circuit being closed by the joining of hands and instantly registering with the observer in the hall if anyone broke the circle. We did not bind the medium's limbs for three reasons. In the first place, it has been objected that a clever magician can slip off apparently secure bonds of this kind, and therefore tactual and visual control were considered more effective. In the second place, Mrs. Crandon was quite willing to have us bind her securely, but Dr. Crandon objected on the grounds that, since the psychic was in trance, forced inhibitions of her limbs would tend to waken her, as she was quite restless at times. Thirdly, we were primarily interested, not in concentrating too heavily on controls, but rather in obtaining data as to the nature of the phenomena, from which we could build up a correlating hypothesis. Whatever else happened, we desired phenomena.

III

With the above visual, tactual, and electrical controls established, it became apparent that the problem was reduced to the determination of the nature of Walter's terminal, which obviously came from the direction of the medium and manipulated the apparatus. On several occasions I arranged a separate electric circuit through a d'Arsonval galvanometer to test the electrical conductivity of the teleplasm. A metal electrode was strapped to the middle of the medium's back after she was seated in her chair. Her hands, incidentally, were never released during the time that elapsed between Dr. Fawcett's search and the beginning of the séance. On the table in front of her was placed another electrode marked with luminous paint. If now, while electrically insulated from the rest of the circle, this table electrode were touched by any portion of the medium's normal anatomy or by a conducting substance attached to her body, the galvanometer in the hall would show a pronounced deflection to an observer stationed there to record it. During the sitting when, on request, Walter touched the electrode with his teleplasmic arm, an electrical connection was found to be established through this arm and the medium's body. This interesting experiment indicated several things. In the first place, the fact that the teleplasm conducted electricity showed it was not made of rubber, leather, cloth, or other artificially produced, dry, nonmetallic material; and further, it was a strong bit of evidence that the effects were not dependent in any way on an accomplice, since the current passed from the table electrode to the electrode on the medium's back.

We measured the reach of the teleplasmic arm in various directions by

having it push illuminated riders along ropes running away from the medium's chair-seat at varying angles. Forty-five inches was found to be the maximum reach from the chair, and this reach fell off considerably in planes having an elevation greater than forty-five degrees with the horizontal plane of the chair-seat. This was in keeping with what we were led to expect from Walter, since he had once said, when we saw his tentacle swaying to and fro across the medium's ankle bands, that most of his force was concentrated below the medium's thighs, especially in the vicinity of her feet. At this point it would also be well to mention the importance of the very low séance-table invariably used. On several occasions we requested to have this table done away with to facilitate observation, since it was apparent that Walter could pick things up from the floor. However, though Walter gave us permission to do this, no phenomena started until the table was put back, on the ground that he needed a foundation on which to rest the teleplasm in the beginning and would later tell us when to remove the table. Unfortunately we waited in vain for our permission.

By the use of spring balances we found that the tentacle could exert forces of from thirty to forty pounds in various directions, provided the correct gripping-surfaces were furnished. Of these forces the downward and forward thrusts were maximum and could be exerted against any flat surfaces at right angles to the direction of force, while the pull-back or lifting forces, when large, required loops through which the tentacle could pass and grip. On one occasion we mounted the medium's chair on a balance and had Walter pick up various weights, ranging up to sixteen pounds, in a basket, the order of presentation of these weights being unknown to anyone in the room save a certain professor attending his first séance. The order registered on the scales was afterward found to correlate with the order of weights presented, showing that actually the force downward of the weights was transferred to the medium's body on the platform; and the scales could not have been tampered with by any possible accomplice in the room aside from the above-mentioned professor. Incidentally it is interesting to note that the extension of Walter's teleplasmic arm caused no alterations in the weight of the medium. On no occasion was the tentacle observed to cut through material bodies interposed between the levitated object and the psychic. It was impossible, for instance, to levitate to a point above the table-top an object from the floor on the side of the low séance-table away from the medium, and it was obvious at all times that the teleplasmic rod acted mechanically as a solid material substance coming from the medium's body.

At one sitting I devised a machine for testing the ability of the rods to perform physical work by raising known weights over pulleys through measurable distances. It was found that a weight of six and a quarter pounds could be lifted two feet in about one half-second by the tentacle pulling the cord toward the medium. This is approximately .05 horsepower. In doing this we observed by the illuminated handle of the weight machine that the tentacle did not contract as would an elastic body, but described an arc from the far side of the table from the medium, backward and upward.

Sitters were occasionally touched by the teleplasm on the backs of their hands or on their heads. The sensations are described in our dictaphonic notes. Code remarked that it felt like

the fleshy part of a hand, rather rough. At the sitting of June 3, Walter, at request, pulled Dr. Boring's hair when the latter put his head on the table. The pull was given horizontally by a fumbling object with a force estimated at about five pounds. On June 29, Dr. Day, with his head on the table at Walter's request, described being rapped on the head with something feeling like the palm of a hand; and on this same occasion another observer said that the terminal resembled a heel pressing on his head. Walter had a great aversion to touching human skin, though he would touch the hair and clothing of sitters quite freely. On a few occasions when he touched my hand I described the sensation as that of pressure from a soft leatherlike object. Walter said at the time that this was a good description.

At the séance of June 22, I introduced a cöordinate board, 16 × 24, ruled off in inch squares by fine lines of luminous paint. Our object was to have Walter put his terminal out over this dimly luminous field and leave it so that we could read the coördinates to the dictaphone and thereby later reproduce dimensional drawings of the teleplasmic silhouette. Walter was most obliging in this respect, sometimes showing us as many as three different structures on the board at once, although at an earlier sitting, in response to a question from Mr. Damon, he said he had only two arms. However, of these only one at a time was active, the others apparently being motivated by the active arm. This particular active arm always moved rapidly over the coördinate board, and prior to the sitting of June 29 we were never able to get an adequate idea of its dimensions except that it was long, reaching the full length of the board on occasion, tapered away from the medium, and possessed a sort of crook or hockey-stick formation on the end away from the medium. The other objects on the board varied in shape and were described in the notes as starfish and general irregular forms. One very common shape, however, was that of a rectangle, rounded and somewhat pointed at the front end and about eight inches long and two to three inches wide.

Another interesting aspect of our data was obtained by the use of plastic substances against which the teleplasm left its imprint. Of these, plasticine modeling clay was by far the best. Walter, on being asked the nature of the print we might expect, declared that the teleplasm would leave coarse skin-prints — a correct prediction.

IV

Prior to our sitting of June 29, we were led to infer that some strong tentacle-like structures were operating from the lower part of the medium's body as locus, and acting within the general range and limitations of the medium's own well-controlled limbs. The whole thing was extremely baffling, in view of the fact that we were unable to clinch the matter by seizing the teleplasm, cutting a portion of it off, or turning on a light of any kind. Since if the phenomena were to be accounted for by physiological processes, however strange, it seemed probable that principles of light adaptation might apply to them, I prepared an automatic rheostat for the red light, which was to turn this light on very gradually over as long a period of time as could be desired, in this way adapting Walter to red-light conditions by slow degrees. Though this device was present at several of our sittings, I was never permitted to use it at any time, though we were led to expect that red light might be used in the future.

The sitting of the twenty-ninth occurred at my house in the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Crandon, Dr. Day, Professor Shapley, a certain visiting professor from a Mid-Western university, Mr. Code, Mr. Damon, and myself. A nurse in my employ at the time performed the usual search of the medium before and after the séance, and I searched Dr. Crandon. The trance came on rapidly as usual, and the Walter voice manifested itself. Before the occurrence of physical phenomena I requested Walter to permit me to put someone of our group permanently in Dr. Crandon's position on the medium's right. At all our previous Harvard sittings there had been only one at which Dr. Crandon was elsewhere in the circle, and in this case a member of our group had exchanged places with the Doctor after the séance had started. This, however, was relatively unimportant from our point of view, since we were sure that Dr. Crandon did not materially aid Walter during the double control. However, Walter readily accepted the suggestion and said that we might put Code in Dr. Crandon's place at our next sitting.

In a short time, as usual, Walter's terminals were observed silhouetting against his various playthings. He rang the bell-boxes, tried but failed to put his terminal through a series of holes varying from an inch and a half down, and played with an illuminated spool. It was at this sitting also that he manipulated the work-machine previously described. He further made impressions in plasticine for us, and tried but failed to tie a knot in an illuminated rope. Though a pail of hot paraffin was provided at Dr. Crandon's suggestion, in order to make paraffin gloves similar to those obtained abroad, Walter would have none of it.

At the end of about an hour Mr. Code at the dictaphone made a most crucial observation to the effect that the psychic's right ankle band was off. That is to say, he could see a complete circlet on the floor where before only a semicircle was visible, owing presumably to the eclipsing of the rear of the band by the medium's leg. Walter immediately denied that the band was off, though most of us had verified Code's observation, and instantly proceeded to cover portions of both bands apparently with his teleplasmic rod. After this the band had evidently been replaced, since by its elongated shape it seemed to be around the instep and heel of the medium's slipper. This discovery was of so much importance that I shall here quote directly from our notes the passage dealing with it:—

'At 10.22 Code reports psychic's right ankle band off. Walter says, "No, 't is n't," and covers part of the complete circle on the floor. The rope is left hanging over Dr. Day's fingers. Walter calls attention to the anklets. They apparently are partially obscured from some sitters in the circle. At 10.23 Walter directs Code's attention to anklets. The left one seems normal, the right one slightly elongated, as if over both instep and heel. Walter says, "I can hide them from you any time I want," and obscures most of the right anklet from Code. It was clearly not the left foot that obscured the right anklet.'

At the end of the sitting both the ankle bands were found on the feet around the instep and the heel, but not around the ankle as at the beginning of the sitting.

The next important episode was the usual silhouetting on the coördinate board, which occurred successfully with several terminals as above described. Professor Shapley then asked to have Walter levitate the doughnut from the coördinate board. We first

observed an indescribably shaped object fall on the board near the doughnut, and lie inert. A moment later a second terminal was seen to pass quickly over the coördinates to the right of the first, and to draw the doughnut to the edge of the board and pick it up. It is interesting to note here that Walter's usual method of picking up the doughnut was by gripping it against the edge of the séance-table or the coördinate board, and thrusting his terminal through the hole. Now it so happened that the visitor from the Middle West had, during the course of the evening, said certain things that greatly annoyed Walter, though he had come with the understanding that he would not deliberately offend Walter or the Crandons. As a skeptical stranger he was anxious to be sure that none of his colleagues should believe him to be taken in by the phenomena. Unable to explain them, and frankly puzzled, he proceeded to make remarks that called forth sharp and stinging retorts from the ever-ready and delightfully witty Walter. When Walter levitated the doughnut and brandished it in the air, it happened to pass very near to the Professor, who blew at it violently as it went by, causing Walter to drop the doughnut from the end of his terminal. Immediately, however, he regained the paper and thrust it back at the stranger insisting that he blow again. This time Walter's grip was firmer and the Professor's blowing was of no avail. This process was repeated three or four times, the doughnut being held out for a few seconds over the coördinate board while the Professor endeavored to blow it away. This was the opportunity I had long been wanting, since it gave me a fairly extensive silhouette of the terminal against the coördinate board, as it held the doughnut in the air for some seconds.

What I saw holding the doughnut appeared to be a human right foot, the toes clamped over the periphery of the disc, creasing it in a way verified by examining the doughnut after the sitting. Further, by shifting my position I clearly saw the ankle and leg silhouette to a point above the knee, and since the operation was successively repeated I was able to check my observations several times.

At the conclusion of the sitting, we obtained from Mrs. Crandon plasticine imprints of her feet and hands to compare with our teleplasm prints. At this point it should be made clear that the medium had not worn stockings at any of the Harvard sittings. Mrs. Crandon laughingly remarked how dreadful it would be if these skin-prints corresponded to the teleplasm. Dr. Crandon, however, assured her that this was more to be expected than otherwise from the literature on the subject, the psychic limbs of other mediums having been replicas of the mediums' flesh limbs, in Crawford's experiments and others.

Immediately after the sitting, when all but Code and Damon had left the house, Code, who is a clever magician, undertook to duplicate some of Walter's physical phenomena on the hypothesis suggested by the slipping of the ankle band and the sight of the leg silhouette over the coördinate board. In the dark room, with his unstockinged feet in sneakers and the usual luminous controls, with Mr. Damon and me each controlling a hand, he found it possible, with a little practice and under cover of an assumed trance-restlessness, to remove his sneakers from his feet and take off the right ankle band with his left toes. He then quickly covered the rear half of the ankle band as it lay on the floor with one of his sneakers, giving the impression that it was still on his ankle.

With his right foot now uncontrolled, he proceeded to duplicate Walter's various effects. He rang the bell-boxes, levitated the doughnut, operated the weight machine, pulled hair, untied my shoe, and produced silhouetting on the coördinate board. In all cases the effects of Code's leg-work produced phenomena apparently identical with those of Mrs. Crandon. He further showed two terminals silhouetting on the coördinate board at once, by the use of his leg and a sneaker, the sneaker producing the same effect as that of the rounded rectangular or oblong object previously described, an effect such as might have been produced by the medium's slipper. In addition to this, by holding the sneaker extended from his foot Code gave the impression of increased reach. The toe of the sneaker thrust through the hole of the doughnut gave the effect of exceptional reach that we had observed on several occasions, when the doughnut had apparently been supported by the rounded end of Walter's terminal. Later, with practice, Mr. Code was able to reproduce three objects silhouetting against the board, by using his leg, the sneaker, and a part of the robe he wore. Presumably some of Walter's shapeless exhibits on the board could readily have been produced by a corner of the medium's robe.

Mr. Code's impromptu performance duplicated the effects in so many incidental details as to leave little doubt that such means actually could have been employed by Mrs. Crandon. If independent movement of the feet were called for to identify foot control, Code provided the correct effect by moving the band covered by his sneaker with his right foot. Light touches by Code's foot or heel gave sensations identical with those of Walter's terminal, while the silhouettes of toes gave the effect of stubby, ill-formed fingers.

Subsequent examination of Walter's plasticine imprints showed, as mentioned before, coarse skin-marks of whorls identical with those on the human foot. It was impossible, however, for us to identify them with the medium's, because in each case the teleplasmic prints had been stamped over several times by toes and heel, and therefore identity had been lost. However, one of the most interesting things of all was shown by these prints. Traces of lint were found freshly pressed into the plastic surfaces, which in color, texture, length of fibre, and material corresponded exactly with the lint of the medium's slippers. Further, under the microscope tiny traces of sand, presumably picked up from the floor, and the microscopic skeleton of an insect were found freshly pressed into the plasticine. The discovery of the correspondence of the lint was greatly furthered by the fact that the medium, on leaving the house after the sitting, dropped one of her séance slippers in the yard. I found it in the morning soaked with rain and mauled by my dog and so we were able to identify the lint carried into the plasticine by Walter's teleplasmic arm.

V

Dr. Crandon has since accused me of deliberately giving Mrs. Crandon bands that were too large for her, so that they would fall off and thereby betray her. The facts are these: At our fourth Harvard sitting, on June 10, Professor Shapley had pointed out the fact that Mrs. Crandon was in the habit of bringing her own ankle bands with her. These bands had always troubled us because they were much dimmer than those we had prepared, and after Professor Shapley's remark,

for the sake of rigor of procedure, we suggested to Mrs. Crandon the advisability of wearing bands which we supplied, at random, from others all of the same size, and which consequently may have been larger than hers by several inches. These bands were worn without complaint at four sittings. On the sitting of June 29, Mrs. Crandon tightened the bands with safety pins to a circumference of ten inches, the exact circumference of her own bands. At the end of the sitting the pins were still in place, and Dr. Day observed that the bands across instep and heel on both feet were so tight as to cause skin-marks.

We found out on subsequent examination of the medium's own ankle bands that they were luminously painted on the outside only, so that they appeared as semicircles of light to observers even when off and lying uncovered on the floor. We resolved to do away with the medium's ankle bands altogether. Instead we would paste luminous surgeon's plaster on the medium's legs, which could not be removed and replaced, and which, while not interfering with genuine phenomena, would safeguard our control. We accordingly made two predictions: (*a*) that there would be no physical phenomena, or (*b*) that the phenomena would change.

We were now certain that all the phenomena of the Harvard sittings during double control could have been produced by Mrs. Crandon's right leg, though we combed through our records to find exceptions to this generalization. The argument that duplication of phenomena does not prove identity, though logically sound in itself, we believed was no longer of significance, owing to the nature of our data. These data all supported our hypothesis: the reach of the teleplasm in various planes, the unwillingness to start the phenomena without the cover of the séance-table, the magnitude of forces in different directions and their corresponding gripping-surfaces, the method of clumsy manipulation, the horsepower developed, the arc described by the handle of the weight machine, the nature of the silhouettes in which the crude fingers resembled toes, the feel of the teleplasm when touched, Walter's aversion to touching skin, the fact that only one of the three silhouetting terminals had ever been active, Walter's distaste for light, — even the luminous controls being frequently objected to, — the electrical conductivity, and some of Walter's own remarks, especially that his force was concentrated around the medium's feet. There had been the discovery that the ankle band was entirely removed, leaving the leg free to operate undetected — a fact at first denied by Walter, in order, according to him, to save us from the scorn of the visiting professor from the Middle West, but later admitted at the séance of June 30. I had seen the silhouette of the leg in action, toes gripping the 'doughnut'; foot, ankle, and leg to above the knee. Traces had been left of lint in every respect similar to that of the medium's slipper. Finally, Code's reproduction of Walter's phenomena put Walter's modus operandi beyond question in our opinion. Our hypothesis embraced and covered all the phenomena of the Harvard sittings.

Though the spiritualists might contend that we had seen Mrs. Crandon's psychic leg, it is hard to understand why such a leg should have to slip off the control band from her normal leg in order to operate, should leave skin-marks, should carry lint from the medium's slipper, sand and an insect skeleton presumably from the floor, and should look, feel, and operate in precisely the same way that her normal

leg would look, feel, and operate. It might be a psychic leg, but from all possible structural and functional objective considerations — which after all are the only considerations whereby experiences in the physical world can be classified — Walter's 'tentacle' and Mrs. Crandon's normal right leg were the same thing.

However, conclusive as was our evidence, we were willing to give Walter one more chance, and it may therefore well be imagined that we looked forward with much interest to the events of the following evening, June 30, our last sitting, expecting either a blank séance or a fundamental change in the phenomena.

VI

On arriving at Harvard, Mrs. Crandon reproached us for having supplied her with inadequate controls on the previous evening, and even suggested our use of surgeon's plaster to prevent the bands from falling off, as she expressed it. Mr. Code sat at the medium's right, Professor Shapley at her left, with Dr. Crandon on the opposite side of the table from his wife and controlled by Dr. Osterhout and Dr. Wilson. Four other persons were present, as well as an assistant in the hall to operate the victrola and listen for breaks in the hand circuit of the circle.

Walter 'came through' promptly with the medium in trance, and reproached Code, Damon, and me for our lack of faith in him the previous evening, though he admitted that the ankle band had been off on that occasion. He further showed an uncanny knowledge of what had happened the night before, after the Crandons had left my house, telling us in a general way of Code's duplication of his phenomena, and of our conversation. After warning us to control the medium's feet, not only by watching, but also by holding them, he proceeded, much to my amazement, to produce what at first seemed to be his usual teleplasmic terminal on the table, and rang the bell-box. I must confess at this point that Walter, by the scintillating skill of his attack and his caustic sarcasm, was on the top of the heap through the early part of the sitting. However, it soon became apparent that the teleplasm of this evening was not the same as that exhibited on previous occasions. Its reach was only about a third of that formerly manifested. The silhouettes further showed long, tapering fingers instead of the stubby formations previously described. Walter showed comparatively little aversion to touching flesh, and did so frequently by allowing members of the circle to reach over and feel his hand. The hand felt cold, moist, and flabby. The fingers were long, cordlike structures, and articulation was very poor in a hand-shaking process with one of the examiners, who described the hand as feeling like a fly-swatter. It did not fundamentally resemble that of previous sittings, either in silhouette, feeling, or movement, except in the fact that it performed some of Walter's usual manipulations. It was further observed that there were slight but distinct movements of Mrs. Crandon's right arm band correlating with the movements of Walter's hand, leading to the inference that an artificial object was in some way being manipulated, in spite of Code's apparent control of her hand. Plasticine imprints of the teleplasm on this occasion were most instructive in that they showed no skin-marks of any kind, but rather the smooth imprint of fingerlike processes. In addition, the plasticine showed plainly the impress of a small, chainlike structure,

presumably used to aid in the mechanical manipulation of the artificial hand. Besides the silhouette of the hand on the board, the previous shapeless shadow was seen, which we believed to be part of the medium's robe. This belief was strengthened by the fact that Professor Shapley subsequently said that a piece of cloth had brushed against his controlling hand in the medium's lap, immediately preceding the silhouetting. Professor Shapley further noted that during a portion of the phenomena Mrs. Crandon worked his controlling hand to her wrist, and apparently used the fingers of her left hand to aid the phenomena. This was done under cover of trance-restlessness.[2]

However, the ultimate and final bit of evidence for the natural means of production used at this sitting was furnished by Mr. Code. After our sitting he reported the following story. On the evening of the twenty-ninth, feeling confident that the means of production of the phenomena were known, he began to look with concern on the human problems involved. He felt a genuine friendship for both Dr. and Mrs. Crandon and, being something of a psychologist, realized full well that either one, or possibly both, might sincerely believe in the reality of a supernormal Walter, despite the paradox of such a situation. The Crandons at all times had shown the utmost in good will toward us and faith in the phenomena, and the most likely hypothesis seemed to be that the Doctor, at least, was sincere. Further, the possibility of hypnotic trance automatism on the part of Mrs. Crandon made it seem possible that she too might be genuine in her belief in spiritism.

[2] Professor Shapley consistently doubted the genuineness of the trance; he believed that the alleged trance-state was used advantageously to cover irregular movements, and to keep the male sitters sympathetic.

Therefore, in order to avoid a collapse of the mediumship, with possible deleterious consequences to the Crandons, Mr. Code visited Mrs. Crandon on the afternoon of the thirtieth, prior to our sitting, told her of our discoveries of the night before, and our expectations for the evening. As a result of his conversation Code became more convinced than ever of Mrs. Crandon's sincerity and good faith, and of the probability that the Walter personality was a hypnotic dramatization developed under powerful unconscious suggestion on the part of Dr. Crandon, the psychic literature, and her circle of sympathizers. He therefore resolved to help Walter to prevent the coming séance from being a blank, in order to avoid a catastrophe at the time. The source of Walter's seemingly supernormal information at the last sitting is therefore apparent, since it came directly from Mr. Code. In addition, Mr. Code testified that he acted as Mrs. Crandon's accomplice on the evening of the thirtieth, and permitted her in trance to work her right wrist band up her arm, and free her right hand from his control. Code further stated that she then proceeded to remove various objects from the region of her lap with her right hand, the bathrobe being thrown open in the dark, and to manipulate them on the table. Once or twice she used her own hand to produce silhouetting on the coördinate board, though the artificial hand was usually employed. In this way the slight correlating movements of the luminous right wrist band previously described were accounted for. At the end of the sitting the medium returned these artificial objects with her right hand. The search made by Dr. Fawcett before and after the séance of course revealed nothing. The things displayed on the table must have been stored away internally,

and no internal examination has ever been permitted.

After the sitting, Dr. Crandon, whose general attitude has always seemed to me sincere, demanded a statement from us to the effect that the séance of the thirtieth obliterated all the suggestions of fraud arising from the discoveries of the twenty-ninth. Unless such a statement were forthcoming, he threatened to stop the series. We gave him a statement that we were sure the phenomena of the thirtieth were not produced by the right foot, and since we were satisfied, after Code's additional evidence, that all supernormality had been explained away, we concluded the investigation. We were unanimous in accepting the hypothesis here described. After such an investigation, where the phenomena and controls were arranged under almost ideal conditions, we felt justified in inferring that all supernormal physical phenomena can probably be explained by normal means.

Since the conclusion of our series of sittings, we have heard that Mrs. Crandon has developed new phenomena. From their description Mr. Code was able to duplicate them satisfactorily under control conditions. Further, Mr. Code has duplicated all of Mrs. Crandon's other phenomena, excepting only some of the earliest, most obvious. His duplication includes the ringing of the bell-box in the red light and the photography of teleplasm under precisely the same control conditions as those used by Mrs. Crandon, in the presence of ex-Crandon sitters who were quite bewildered at his methods of manipulation.

And now we come to the most paradoxical and interesting part of all: the question of motives and reasons for the development of this case. It is the belief of everyone on the committee that Dr. Crandon is sincere in his belief in Walter as a supernormal reality — as the returned spirit, in fact, of his dead brother-in-law. The specific evidence for our belief in the Doctor's sincerity was accumulated through private conversations and social contacts with the Crandons, and need not be dwelt on here. We believe that a large number of Mrs. Crandon's phenomena have been produced by automatisms aided by high sensitivity to suggestion and a certain amount of amnesia. It seems reasonable that Walter was born through experimental functioning, such as automatic writing, table-tipping, and the like. Incidentally Mrs. Crandon's mother revealed certain automatic powers. In answer to a question of mine, Dr. Crandon specifically denied at my first sitting that Mrs. Crandon had ever shown hysterical symptoms. Though from the start I was inclined to look upon all mediumship, except the deliberate tricksters, through the windows of abnormal psychology, dissociation, automatisms, and the like, I saw little hope of an adequate correlation of this field with the Crandon case, until some of Mr. Code's observations and deductions shed new light on the situation. Anyone who is familiar with ouija-board activity knows that one can write all sorts of surprising things without deliberately frauding. For a highly suggestive person, the progression from this functioning of the subconscious to more complicated activities is an easy matter.

As Mr. Code has ably pointed out in a contribution to the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, the similarity in the conditions determining mediumistic trance and hypnotic trance is most striking. The atmosphere of either séance is charged with suggestion. A narrowing of consciousness is obtained by darkness or by

concentrating on some simple sensory stimulus. In the ordinary hypnotic trance, the subject is urged to render his mind passive. He is then lulled to sleep by the operator, who should have his confidence, with the parting suggestion to do what he is told. Then, in the trance, the subject is apparently bereft of a will of his own. Under the proper suggestions, amnesia may follow this state, as in the case of Mrs. Crandon's mediumistic trances. Furthermore, the repetition of hypnosis tends to render the trance-production easier until a comparatively simple technique may be employed. In my experience, I have seen a light trance produced in suggestible persons who had never before attended a sitting.

Without the actual influence of a trance, subconscious activity may manifest itself and become highly developed through automatism. It is possible for a heavy table to be moved rapidly about a room by a group of people, all sincerely believing that their fingers no more than rest on its surface, although by physical methods it actually can be demonstrated that they have exerted considerable force. Such automatism as this may become highly developed. It must always be borne in mind that the effect on a person of his own automatic action is profoundly impressive. The natural interpretation for such a person with a supernatural bias is that a spirit must certainly be moving him and using his body as a 'medium' of communication. This belief renders the person still more susceptible to further suggestion.

Walter seems to most of us to be a delightful and wholly dramatic impersonation — witty, tactful, obliging, entertaining, full of wonders and tricks, swaggering with confidence, joking with the most boisterous joker, and then in a moment all sympathy and wisdom, ready with advice and counsel. Of course, with a belief in the reality of a supernormal Walter established, it becomes a rather easy matter for the medium and sympathetic attendants to help him consciously at times as one would help any friend to demonstrate important truths, although this is not in the spirit of the scientific method. Into the psychological relations existing between Dr. and Mrs. Crandon, we are, of course, unable to venture. What bonds of affection, reciprocating interest, and power of mutual suggestion may have influenced Walter must remain subject to speculation.

Although we have here stressed the importance of certain functions of medical psychology as a possible explanation of the motives of the Margery case, and though we believe that the application to mediumship in general is very broad, we do not wish to give the impression that we think this is the only explanation of all supernormal phenomena. There are, of course, countless deliberate tricksters who could not come under such a category, and in addition there may well be a general nucleus of truly supernormal phenomena, telepathy and the like, which still defies classification and justifies all the efforts of serious research to correlate them with the rest of human experience.

MARX TO-DAY: CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM

BY JOHN R. COMMONS

I

KARL MARX, the founder of materialistic socialism, is recognized by economists as one of the three or four greatest minds who have contributed to the progress of economic science. What he did was to take the theories of Ricardo, the founder of materialistic capitalism, and convert them from a political struggle between British landlords and capitalists, over the tariff and the rent of land, into a class struggle between all owners of property and all wage-earners, over the ownership of the whole product of industry. Ricardo had taken for granted the institution of private property, but Marx resolved property into exploitation of wage-earners through the power of the State, which, it was believed, created the rights of property.

Ricardo's theory did, in fact, leave the wage-earner in the position of a commodity or machine, from whose labor the capitalist derived his profits and interest. He looked upon the capitalists' profits as the moving force of industry, and upon high wages as the cause of low profits, and therefore the cause of stagnation of business and unemployment. Marx inverted this and made high profits (including interest and rent) the cause of low wages, and low wages the cause of stagnation and unemployment, because the laborers were not able to purchase back from the capitalists the products which the increasing efficiency of industry enabled them to create.

It must be remembered that Karl Marx wrote his Communist Manifesto at the end of the year 1847, following ten years of the lowest degradation reached by the working people of England and Europe since the time of the Napoleonic Wars. A prolonged depression of business, after the panic of 1837, with falling wages and unemployment, was just then about to precipitate the Revolution of 1848 in France and Germany, and similar but less violent distress in America. It was during these ten years that Marx revised the theories of Ricardo, and during the next twenty years he formulated his revision in monumental detail and published it in 1867.

There is much reason to conclude, had capitalism continued in the same direction after 1847 as it had during the thirty years after 1817, when Ricardo wrote his *Political Economy*, that Marx's revision of Ricardo would have proven to be correct, for Marx described, in fact, what had actually been happening, and he predicted that it would continue to happen.

But there occurred, after 1850, and increasingly since that time, what may be named in part the self-recovery of capitalism, and in part its forced recovery, until to-day what may be named the stabilization of capitalism is apparently strengthening the system more than ever before.

The self-recovery of capitalism began with the general incorporation laws of

the decade of the 1850's. Prior to that decade, in America and Europe, a corporate charter could be obtained only by a special act of the legislature. This procedure, in America, plunged the capitalists into political struggles in order to obtain corporate charters, with the resulting political corruption and antimonopoly opposition. But, by means of general incorporation laws, the issue was taken out of politics, not by prohibiting corporations, as the antimonopolists demanded, but by making them universal. Since that time the capitalists, in order to incorporate, do not go to the legislature for a special act — they merely file their articles with the Secretary of State.

This universal freedom to incorporate has counteracted the prediction of Karl Marx, not by making it false, as a whole, but by splitting it into two parts, the concentration of capital and the deconcentration of ownership.

Marx was the first to establish the inevitable concentration of capital in large units, at least in manufactures, transportation, and banking, through the effects of competition in wiping out the inefficient competitors and converting them into wage-earners employed by their former huge competitors. But he assumed that concentration of capital would be concentration of ownership, and this might have been the result without general incorporation laws. It would follow that ultimately only a few persons would own all the capital, while the masses of the people would become a proletariat of wage-earners and salary-earners, so that the inevitable revolution would occur by mere weight of numbers.

But the general incorporation laws have diffused the ownership of capital while promoting its concentration. And now, since great corporations have discovered how important this diffusion is for the augmentation of their capital itself, they are consciously spreading their stocks and bonds into the hands of thousands of investors, and are consciously stabilizing values where formerly the 'insiders' employed the new device to exploit investors just as they exploited the laborers. To-day the spread of investments, of insurance and savings, has interested millions of Americans in the preservation of capitalism.

But capitalism has needed legislation for this purpose and continues to need it. Corporate charters are, after all, acts of the legislature, giving to private individuals the sovereign privileges of unity, continuity, and limited liability. But, with these privileges, there are often corrupt insiders who rob investors and menace the stability of capitalism. It is largely by legislation, such as public-utility laws, blue-sky laws, watered-stock laws, and similar measures, that well-meaning capitalists can be protected in the main safeguard of capitalism, the confidence of millions of investors.

This is what I mean by self-recovery and forced recovery. Capitalists could not have recovered general support, since the time of the Communist Manifesto, without the aid of legislation, and legislation is, baldly speaking, nothing less than forced recovery coming to the aid of self-recovery.

Another application of forced recovery has come through labor legislation. In the very year, 1847, when Marx was writing his Communist Manifesto, the Parliament of England was enacting the first effective labor-law in the history of the world — the law limiting the work of women to ten hours per day. Labor legislation has now pushed forward in all capitalistic countries, supported by farsighted capitalists themselves, but opposed by the shortsighted. For competitive capitalism, in its grasp for profits and its

fright of bankruptcy, pays no attention, on account of this very competition, to the health, leisure, or happiness of its employees, considered as human beings in contradistinction to profitable engines of production. When Bismarck was using all the power of the German Empire to suppress socialism and labor unions, he was, at the same time, introducing the most advanced legislation protecting labor against exploitation by capitalists; and, while this legislation has often been denounced as paternalistic, yet when it became evident that socialism and unionism could not be suppressed it was this very legislation that had its part in undermining the propaganda of Marxian socialism against the government of Germany and in furnishing to that country its healthy soldiers and patriotic armies.

II

Karl Marx, in 1847, could not predict this self-recovery and forced recovery of capitalism, either in England, in Germany, or in America, for he had no experience to go on. He knew only the cutthroat competition of individual capitalists, from the close of the Napoleonic Wars to the Revolution of 1848, and it was to that competition that he ascribed the increasing poverty of labor on which he based his forecast of revolution.

Another thing that Marx could not know about was the rise and progress of trade-unionism. It was not until the decade of the 1850's in England and America, and not until the decade of the 1880's in France and Germany, that trade-unionism began to take on its modern form of concerted aggression upon the profits of capitalists. Prior thereto labor had experimented with various forms of coöperation under the leadership of humanitarians like Robert Owen in England and America; or had joined in political parties designed to accomplish by legislation what they could not do individually; or had pressed for universal education, on which they based their hopes of improvement. But, beginning in the decade of the 50's, they turned to limitation of apprenticeship, to the systematic organization of strikes and boycotts, to the restriction of output, to the establishment of shop rules protecting members against discharge and regulating transfers and promotions, limiting the hours of work and forcing wages above the competitive level.

Here it was that the more intelligent and aggressive element of the wage-earners was accomplishing immediately, within the capitalist system itself, the very appropriation of increasing profits which Marx predicted could come only through the destruction of capitalism. The outcome shows that the growth of trade-unionism, for sixty years following the Communist Manifesto, had a leading part in undermining the doctrines of the Manifesto among wage-earners. For when the Great War came it was the leaders of the trade-unions, men who had actually obtained short hours, high wages, and job protection within the capitalist system, who rallied instinctively and without waiting to think about it, in all countries, to the support of their governments, on which capitalism depended for property and profits. In Germany, even, it was a collective bargain between Stinnes, the business agent of the capitalists, and Legien, the Gompers of Germany, that set up both the Republic of Germany and the recognition of unions in the shops. In America it was the trade-unionists, who knew by experience the destructive philosophy and tactics of communism, who joined almost unanimously in backing the government that was willing to recognize them as partners,

along with capitalists, in this dreadful struggle of war. I know the strong feeling and the shrewdness of capitalists in preventing the spread of unionism, but the history of our capitalist civilization shows that these unions are really the firing line of the proletariat defending capitalism against that other proletariat which Karl Marx would call forth from the factories.

Trade-unionism is, as it were, another application of the forced recovery of capitalism from its anarchy at the time of the Communist Manifesto. And, in our own time, the foreseeing capitalists, who are opposed to unions of labor, are actually copying the shop rules which unions have established, wherever they could, for the protection of hours, wages, and jobs. This, in a way, is again the self-recovery of capitalism.

A serious oversight of Marx was that of the incompetency of labor, as a class, in managing business. It might truthfully be said that the work of one man like Ford, Carnegie, Rockefeller, or Harriman, is equal to the work of all his 50,000 or more employees put together. What he does is to change them from a mob into a going concern. The way in which these great organizers of labor have come forward, under the capitalist system, is the method which Darwin has taught us to name natural selection, distinguished from artificial selection. Artificial selection of leaders in industry, politics, or war, is the popular election by subordinates of their own commanders. But natural selection, in industry, is the self-election of commanders by survival in the competitive struggle for profits. They are elected by their own success, not by the votes of those whom they organize and command. This is the substance of capitalism as against socialism: the foremen, superintendents, executives, boards of directors, are not elected by the wage-earners who must obey their orders — they are selected from above by those whose sole consideration is the profits that they can deliver. Hence these commanders are not responsible to the wage-earners they command. They are responsible to the capitalists.

In every case that I know of, and in every country, where workingmen have formed the so-called producers' coöperatives, in order to become, as they say, their own employers, and have thus elected their own foremen, superintendents, and directors, they have failed. Laborers, as a class, are incompetent to elect the boss. Individual laborers may rise out of the class, and even rise to be millionaires, but that is capitalism. Socialism requires that laborers shall rise as a class by becoming their own boss as a class. This is incompetency. Labor, as a class, is composed of conflicting religions, conflicting races, colors, sexes, ages, unequal abilities and intelligence, and all of these conflicts and inequalities show themselves in the competition for jobs and wages. When, therefore, they elect the boss, it is not on the ground of his efficiency and discipline, but on account of his sympathy.

The trade-unions have learned this cold fact, that they cannot manage business as a union or as a class. The unions know that they can get high wages, short hours, and job security only because it is the capitalists who take the first risk and who therefore must do the planning and managing. The leaders of the socialists are usually so-called 'intellectuals' and professional people, who flatter or idealize the laborers, but the unionists are laborers themselves and they know by experience that they can get more out of capitalism by bargaining with it collectively than they can by taking it over and managing it collectively.

It is charged by socialists that profit-

making is pure selfishness, the inference being that, if wage-earners were in control, public service and not self-aggrandizement would be the standard of business. It is difficult to see, however, any difference, in this respect, between profit-making and wage-earning. Both are the process of pure self-interest endeavoring to get as much as possible for self with as little as possible for others. From the public standpoint the real question is, how can this universal selfishness of mankind be so organized that, in pursuing his own self-interest, everyone may incidentally, and without intending to do so, actually promote the common interest? Not much reliance can be placed upon protestations of serving the public. As Adam Smith, the great advocate of private property as the motive force of industry, has himself said in his *Wealth of Nations*: 'I have never known much good done by those who affected to trade for the public good. It is an affectation, indeed, not very common among merchants, and very few words need be employed in dissuading them from it.'

This, I take it, is the source of the strength of capitalism and the source of its efficiency. It is from the institution of private property that this strength is derived. Private property compels efficiency by the penalty of bankruptcy.

Yet the capitalists themselves do not always distinguish between productivity and efficiency. Productivity may seem to be increased by lengthening the hours of labor, or bringing in cheap immigrant labor, or substituting women and children for men. But efficiency consists in reducing the hours and getting a larger output per man-hour. Productivity seems to the capitalist to be measured by success in acquiring wealth. But efficiency is measured by success in producing wealth. Karl Marx was the first to make this distinction clear. It is private property that permits the confusion to exist, for private property is mere selfishness, and it is only because capitalism has devised, or has been forced to submit to, rules of the game laid down in the common interest that it is arriving at the distinction between getting rich by efficiency and getting rich by exploiting the laborers and consumers.

These rules of the game have a certain effect, if they are properly devised: they arouse in the mind of the capitalist that sense of responsibility in the pursuit of private gain which is coming to be known as business ethics.

There is no single source from which this so-called business ethics is derived. The most general source sometimes referred to is public opinion. But public opinion is ineffective unless backed by some kind of organization with power to inflict some kind of penalty that will be felt by him who otherwise is unmoved by this sense of business ethics. I take it that the amazing increase in numbers, in recent times, of trade associations, whether of business men or of farmers or of laboring men, is a promising source of these sanctions of public opinion.

III

Here is the culminating oversight of Karl Marx in his theory of socialism, and the one which comprehends all the others: namely, the failure to see the importance of custom, and what, in Anglo-American jurisprudence, is named the common law. The same oversight existed for Ricardo, for Adam Smith, and for the capitalistic as well as socialistic economists. For them there was no intervening principle of human behavior between the compulsory edicts and laws of sovereignty, on the one hand, and the individual bargains of private property, on the other hand. Private property, for them, was actually created by the sovereign, and it

logically followed that the sovereign could abolish private property.

But if we recognize that private property — or rather the rights, duties, liberties, and liabilities of private property — is merely an historic custom of private property, superior even to the State itself, and not only quite recent in the history of the race, but also continually changing as economic conditions change, then we can see that between the individual and the State is a supreme principle of stabilization by custom which both regulates the individual proprietor, on the one hand, and overrides the arbitrary will of the State, on the other hand.

The term 'property' is sometimes distinguished as the object which is owned, and is thus set over against the phrase, 'rights of property.' From the economic standpoint, however, we should say that the term 'property' signifies the purely selfish interest of a person in the exclusive control by himself of any object, or even of any other person, whose supply, in general, is limited. Wherever there is unlimited supply which is expected to continue unlimited, there is no need of property. Property is, indeed, the scarcity aspect of commodities, and is just as applicable to slavery, based on the scarcity of labor, as it is to commodities based on the scarcity of food, clothing, and shelter. We may even call property the instinct of scarcity, and make it identical with what we might call the instinct of property, in order to distinguish it from that other phrase, the rights of property, based on custom.

The rights of property signify the rights, duties, liberties, liabilities, immunities, privileges, and so on, which, for the time being, the custom of his associates, or his community, or his nation, may be expected to apply to the individual in the promotion, liberation, or restraint of his instinct of property.

This is what is really accomplished by the trade associations and their standards of so-called business ethics. These associations are the rise of a new custom which tells the individual capitalist what he can, cannot, may, must, or must not do, in obtaining possession of things that are scarce. All customs, from the beginning of the human race, have originated in this way, and business ethics is but repeating for capitalism what custom has always done, from the time of primitive communism to that of capitalistic civilization, in regulating this instinct of property, which is the instinct of scarcity.

It is out of these customs that the common law arises. But we do not reach the need of a common law until disputes arise which must be decided promptly in order to keep the association, or community, or nation, in a peaceable frame of coöperation. In this sense, there is a common law that arises in all private associations without any intervention of the State, as when a board of arbitration is set up by the parties interested, or when factory rules are enforced by superintendents and general managers, or church rules enforced by ecclesiastical authorities. The peculiar common law of the State comes in only when a decision is made by a court which directs the use of the collective physical violence of the community. The capitalistic associations have their own common law, enforced by profit, loss, jobs, unemployment, bankruptcy, loss of patronage, and so on.

In all of these instances the common law authority, whether of the association, the community, or the nation, must decide between the practices of individuals or associations in their dealings with each other, as to which practices are good and which practices are bad, so that the common law of any institution has grown up by the artificial selection and approval of what are

deemed good customs, and the rejection and disapproval of what are deemed bad customs. In the course of time these approved customs become so fully accepted and are deemed so obvious and commonplace that they acquire the name of 'natural rights' or even 'divine' and 'sacred' rights, as they were called by Adam Smith and Blackstone, a hundred and fifty years ago. Yet they are but the gradual evolution of approved practices through artificial selection by the courts, employed as standards in order to decide disputes in a world of limited opportunities.

It is for this reason that approved customs are so powerful both respecting the individual and respecting any effort of the State to change them. They do change gradually, but even these changes are also so powerful that neither can the State refuse to change its statutory law, nor can the judiciary persistently refuse to change its common law, to fit the changing customs.

It is this changing fact of custom and common law which has always set up the principle of stabilization. The common law established in early times, for example, the principles of the market overt, with its publicity, free access, and negotiability of commodities, so that men could know what to expect. The good customs of the market became the common law. The same is true to-day under the amazing changes brought about by a world market and the competition of business on narrow margins. Always the common law attempts to stabilize good practices by excluding the competition of bad.

This early stabilization of the market overt was followed, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, by the stabilization of what has now become the most important of all business assets, the goodwill of a going business, and this turns out to be perhaps the greatest of all regulators of business in the public interest. For it sets up, as an inducement to the capitalist, the long-time future advantages of fair competition in place of the short-time cutthroat competition that Karl Marx knew about. Marx, indeed, knew nothing of the goodwill of a business, or of the way in which the judiciary, for three hundred years, has been constructing it out of what are deemed to be the good practices of business. Goodwill was not, in fact, a big factor in business until the corporation, instead of the individual or partnership, became the owner of goodwill.

This goodwill idea has been extending, in recent times, to wage-earners as well as customers and investors, and capitalism is learning that its own efficiency turns on maintaining the goodwill of the increasingly independent, free, and organized laborers, as against the old customs out of which the law of master and servant was constructed. Karl Marx could scarcely have imagined such an outcome of capitalism as he knew it about 1847.

One thing to be noted about the evolution of good customs is that they do not advance equally with all capitalists, and this is the reason why courts, legislatures, and commissions are found necessary to assist the more progressive in bringing up the laggards. Karl Marx had before him the destructive effects of the ethically worst competitors in compelling their better competitors to come down to their level. He did not perceive that the State, either as legislature, executive, or judicial interpreter of the common law, might increasingly protect the good practices of capitalism and restrain the bad practices. It has required and is requiring the State, either in its legislative, judicial, or administrative capacity, to perform this service, but in no case can either branch of government go very far ahead of what is customary and

sanctioned by associations, though it may fail to go as far as better customs would already support.

IV

This process of stabilization of capitalism through custom has been passing through two stages, a stage of conspiracy and a stage of regulation. The conspiracy stage reached its climax in the Sherman antitrust law of 1890, and the regulation stage can hardly be said to have had a beginning prior to the twentieth century.

It was in the year 1898 that the coal-mine workers and coal operators, in the bituminous fields which marketed their products toward the Great Lakes, framed their collective agreement based on the principle of equalizing competitive conditions. They established, for the entire area, a complicated set of rules, fixing minimum wages, maximum hours, and mining conditions, so designed that every coal operator, no matter what the differences in the richness of the mines, could get into the market at practically the same cost, including wages, transportation, and mining-conditions. Prior to that time cutthroat competition had reduced profits and wages below the subsistence level for both capital and labor, but since that time a live-and-let-live policy has considerably stabilized competition, though many amendments have been required from year to year and are still required. Here is a notable example of self-recovery and forced recovery in a great industry, extending over four states and superseding, to a considerable extent, both the conflicting laws of the state legislatures and the commands of the judiciary.

In another field, that of railway transportation, the period of conspiracy did not come to an end until the Federal Congress enacted the law of 1906 which, for the first time, succeeded in fixing, by a commission, the actual rates, and permitting little or no deviation.

In the field of manufactures the new policy of stabilization may be said to have started with the Steel Corporation about 1908, when it ceased the old Carnegie policy of killing off competitors, and adopted the new live-and-let-live policy. This new policy did not finally get judicial sanction until the dissolution suit of the Attorney-General against the Steel Corporation, decided in 1919. Here it was judicially found that although the practices of the Steel Corporation, along with those of its competitors, were plainly concerted movements similar in their effect on prices to those which formerly had been held to be restraints of trade, yet these concerted movements, in their new form, were to be approved because they showed that the Steel Corporation had not resorted to the destructive practices and price-wars that eliminated competition. The court declared that the Steel Corporation had not reduced wages, had not lowered the quality of its product, had not created artificial scarcity, had not coerced or oppressed competitors, had not undersold competitors in one locality and maintained prices in other localities, had not obtained customers by secret rebates or departures from published prices. Neither competitors nor customers, said the court, testified to any oppression or coercion on the part of the company, and they testified to a general satisfaction with the well-known and published policy of stabilization of prices and deliveries pursued by the Corporation.

It is plain, therefore, that the policy of stabilization through publicity, for labor, for transportation, for manufactures, has, within the past few years, become the policy, not only of capitalism itself, but also of unionism, of

statute law, and of the common law as interpreted by the Supreme Court.

The most fundamental stabilization has been that of credit and prices through the coöperation of the banks organized in the Federal Reserve System. This policy can hardly be said to have been agreed upon before the year 1923, when the Federal Reserve Board, on the advice of the leading bankers, laid down the rule, in effect, that the operations of the banking system should no longer be left to the accidents of demand and supply of gold, but should be directed toward stability of credit, which means stability of the general price-level. The country had become prepared for this stabilization of business, credit, and prices, owing to experience with the effects of war inflation and post-war inflation and deflation. The stabilization was brought about by a system which, for the first time, permitted and authorized the bankers of the country to unite through their representatives, but under the supervision of a board representing the people, and to draw up their rules governing discounts and rediscounts, purchase and sale of securities, and other matters affecting credit directly, and indirectly affecting the volume of business and the general level of prices. For the past two years this stabilization has been surprisingly effective, preventing general inflation in spite of the surplus of gold, and, while there may be need of improvements in procedure or in representation of interests other than those of the bankers, which experience will reveal, yet no greater service toward the self-recovery of capitalism can be suggested than this stabilization of credit, business, and prices for America and the world.

V

We may infer from these specific cases something about the ultimate philosophy on which Karl Marx based his theory of socialism, in contrast to the actual historic process of stabilization through custom and law. Marx took his philosophy from Hegel, who had developed his famous theory of social evolution through the dialectic process of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. This evidently is the process by which the human mind rises from the observation of a fact to the negation of that fact, and then makes a higher generalization, or synthesis, which includes both the positive and negative observations. In this way Hegel pictured the evolution of what he called the Idea, in the history of mankind, this idea starting with the thesis of primitive communism, then going over to its exact opposite, the extreme individualism of the French Revolution, then culminating in what he hoped would be the synthesis, a great German Empire that should afford the advantages of both the sovereignty of the State and the liberty of the individual.

But Marx inverted this process by changing the Great Idea into tools, machinery, commodities, and social labor-power. It was, for him, the invention and evolution of methods of production of wealth that caused all changes to occur in religion, ethics, property, and the State. The thesis now remained primitive communism, as before, but the antithesis became individualistic capitalism, and the synthesis became, not the German Empire, but a new communism extending over the world.

The outstanding characteristic of both Hegel's and Marx's philosophy was the idea of an impelling force that worked out its evolution regardless of the will of man. The individual was helpless to push it on or hold it back. Consequently, in both cases, the actual historical evolution of collective wills was overlooked. The collective will was

identified with sovereignty, or communism, whereas the collective will is really custom. And in Anglo-American history we find this collective will moving forward as the common law, including under this designation the law-merchant, or the custom of capitalists, as well as the law-agriculture, or the custom of feudal landlords and farmers, and the law-labor, or the custom of labor and trade-unions.

There is, however, a certain parallel between the dialectic of Hegel and Marx and the actual development of the common law. This parallelism may be distinguished as an early period of scarcity preceding the invention and use of the steam engine; then a period of abundance and even oversupply during the nineteenth century; and the period of stabilization, beginning with the twentieth century.

It was during this early period of scarcity that the common law developed its principles of the market overt, while the guilds of manufacturers and merchants were developing, in their own courts, their own rules respecting manufacturing, merchandising, and credit.

The period of abundance, which followed machinery and the steam engine, was the period of individualism and the abolition of many of the restrictions of mercantilism, of guilds, and of ancient customs. This period of abundance naturally became, at the hands of Adam Smith in 1776, the foundation of his doctrine of unregulated private property. According to this doctrine the instinct of property alone, without the aid of legislation or custom, was sufficient to augment the wealth of nations, while, at the same time, owing to this very abundance of wealth, the instinct of property could not injure anybody. But the nineteenth century, with its alternations of prosperity and depression, its overemployment and unemployment, its unregulated and cutthroat competition, showed the mistakes of this doctrine, and hence, at the close of this century, the period of stabilization began to take shape.

But this stabilization has not been an inevitable evolution of either Hegel's Idealism or Marx's Materialism — it has been the conscious activity of the collective wills of business men, of workingmen, of farmers, of the judiciary, of legislatures, and of public boards and commissions, endeavoring to adapt their customs, their rules and regulations, to the new industrial conditions by eliminating such practices as secrecy, extortion, discrimination, instability, and substituting such practices as publicity, security, and what in general may be known as the common-law concepts of reasonable value and reasonable practice. All of this is the conscious efforts of collective wills in thousands and millions of associated efforts, and the process is moving in a different direction from that prognosticated by Hegel or Marx. It is being developed through the age-old practices of custom. We can see these new customs getting themselves into the new common law, and it is not socialism toward which Western civilization is advancing — it is the stabilization of capitalism through custom and law.

Doubtless the most offensive of the theories of Karl Marx was his theory of class struggle between owners of property and non-owners, to be ended by a world-wide revolution, followed by a temporary dictatorship of the proletariat, and then a final harmony of all interests without dictatorship, after everyone has accepted the principles of communism.

The older economists, led by Adam Smith in 1776, had, in large part, accepted a principle of harmony of interests, provided that neither the State

nor any guilds or other private associations should interfere with the natural workings of private property under the motive of pure self-interest. This alleged harmony of interests was plausible enough under the circumstances of the enormous increase of efficiency following the expansion of markets, the invention of machinery, and the application of science to industry, under the inducements of private property. It seemed to follow, since in an age of abundance the opportunities would be unlimited, that nobody could injure anybody else in his selfish pursuit of wealth, because everyone would have unlimited alternatives to which he could freely turn if not satisfied with the treatment he was receiving.

Karl Marx accepted that part of this theory which asserted the enormous increase in productivity of the capitalist system, and, indeed, he made it an essential part of his own philosophy. What he added was done merely by pointing out that this very increase in efficiency created a propertyless class of wage-earners, employed by the capitalists, whose lack of property prevented them from sharing in the increased efficiency of capitalism.

Thus Marx, like the economists, set up the idealism of a future harmony of interests, the one to come by perfectly free competition, the other by perfectly supreme communism.

But this entire idealism of harmony of interests, whether under capitalism or under socialism, falls to the ground if once we recognize that social conflict has always been and always will be a fundamental fact in the progress of mankind. It follows from the mere fact of increasing population and increasing wants and necessities, which, no matter how great the increase in efficiency, are continually pressing upon the natural resources of the world. It is not so much the food supply that is the limiting factor, at least in our Western capitalistic civilization, as Malthus and Ricardo predicted, as it is the coal, iron, oil, water power, and the limited landsites available for the congestion of population, all of which are required in order to accomplish this increase in efficiency. There has not been and never will be an automatic harmony of interests, because there always will be scarcity of essential resources and of privileged areas of land through increasing pressure of population. If harmony of interests is actually attained, it can be accomplished only as we go along, from day to day, dealing with each conflict as it arises, and settling it the best we know how.

This is what is meant by the concepts of reasonable value and reasonable practice which guide the courts in deciding disputes. These are economic concepts growing out of a free, equal, and public balancing of conflicting economic forces in a world of scarcity, and depending upon a thorough investigation of all the contending interests.

The concepts of reasonable value and reasonable practice are acquiring new and larger meanings than ever before, owing to this new stabilization of capitalism which may involve secrecy, discrimination, and extortion. Their significance arises from the need of deciding economic conflicts as we go along, without waiting for ultimate ideals. But instead of a two-sided class conflict, as Marx predicted, we have actually millions of individual conflicts and thousands of class conflicts at every point where scarcity of resources places its limits of opportunity upon the individual, or class, or even the nations of the world. There is abundance in some directions, scarcity in other directions.

These conflicts over scarcity ultimately press upon the judiciary and the legislatures for decision. Yet these two

branches of government have shown themselves often incompetent to decide class conflicts. The legislature does not accurately represent the parties to the dispute. It is the lobbies that are more truly representative of classes than the legislatures. The judiciary, on the other hand, while it is suited to decide individual conflicts where the rules of the game have previously been laid down, yet is unsuited to decide the conflicts of classes themselves where the rules themselves are developed.

This incompetency of legislatures and judiciary has led the people of various states and the nation to install a set of commissions designed to deal with the more urgent of these class conflicts. The Tax Commission deals with the conflict between taxpayers as to how the burden of taxes shall be shifted between farmers, business men, and laboring men. The Railroad Commission deals with the conflict between public utilities and the shippers of goods or the consumers of light, heat, water, and power. The Industrial Commission deals with the conflict between employers and employees. The Market Commission deals with the conflicts between buyers and sellers. These commissions differ from courts in that they deal primarily with classes, while courts deal primarily with individuals.

All of these commissions are not a recognition of Karl Marx's two-sided class struggle between owners and non-owners, and certainly they are not an acquiescence in the older theory of harmony of interests. They are a recognition of the hard fact that conflict of classes is with us continuously, but that this conflict is as many-sided as there are classifications of the people according to their economic interests. It is not really a struggle between classes, as understood by Marx. It is a struggle between classifications — for no individual is tied up to a single class, as Marx contended, and as might be true in Europe, but every individual belongs to as many classifications as he may have conflicting economic interests.

In American states, if there is anything like an economic class-struggle, it is a three-cornered and not a two-sided struggle, for there seems to be a line-up separately of capitalists, farmers, and wage-earners, each rather highly organized, and each not only shifting its alliances back and forth with the others, but each continually shifting within its own membership. It is doubtful whether either our legislatures, our commissions, our judiciary, our politicians, our lawyers, or our professional men, can successfully deal with such an economic conflict. And it is evident that these several interests are already taking the matter in their own hands, dealing jointly and directly with each other through their own representatives, sometimes under the supervision of governmental bodies. The single rule of the game, that they should lay their cards on the table instead of playing a secrecy game, might lead to some agreement respecting the facts, at least, if not the policies, which then could be accepted by legislatures, commissions, and judiciary.

At any rate, when once it is recognized that there is no such thing as an automatic harmony of economic interests, either under capitalism or future socialism, and that economic conflicts are not merely conflicts between individuals, which can be decided in court after the damage is done or is imminent, but are conflicts between classifications of individuals, which might be adjusted before a break occurs, then some progress can be made toward approaching, not an ultimate ideal of harmony, but merely that series of next steps which will keep the concern improving from day to day — the Reasonable Stabilization of Capitalism.

THE MOSQUE

BY ELGIN E. GROSECLOSE

I

'*Shukr*' *Allah*,' grunted the *charvadars* as the carriage creaked over the last stony ridge and we could say that we had crossed the Sirdar Kuh. The horses, even in that chill air of mountain-top and early dawn, were hot and panting from their exertion. Only the camels seemed tireless, lumbering on down the mountain-side, soon lost in the lavender blur of tumbled rock.

The morning light began to pour over the edge of the horizon like an advancing mist. The sun rose, a giant in shining armor, until on the floor of the plain before us the city toward which we had been journeying lay revealed, shimmering like a mirage. Above the waving foliage and expanse of flat roofs could be seen distinctly, like a huge inverted cup, the blue dome of a mosque.

No one understands the mosque, certainly no Christian — least of all this poor wayfarer in a land of cupolas and enchanted turrets. It is not a temple, as was the tabernacle of the Lord round which the seraphim hovered. No incense burns before a mystic shrine porticoed over some sleepy deity. Allah to these people is no sculptured lord dwelling in an habitation of stone, but an invisible Everpresent having the Universe for his abode. Neither is the mosque a house of prayer, although prayers be chanted there, for wherever the True Worshiper may be at the stated hour of his orisons, there he kneels down. It is tended by no sacred priesthood as are the temples farther east, and to a less extent the orthodox churches of the West. But, whatever place it may fill in the lives of the prophet Mohammed's followers, there is no dweller in these parts but feels its unseen powerful influence, and I was to spend the better part of a year seeking to analyze, understand, and crystallize this elusive essence.

With the coming of day the semi-arid desert that stretched before us began to be dotted with life. The roads that radiated from the city were silvery skeins of a spider's web, upon which, threaded like beads upon a string, traffic began to appear, now discerned, now disappearing in tiny puffs of dust.

The road down the mountain-side now began to drop in sheer descents that were no more than rough stairways. How beasts and vehicles came up from this side, only Allah knows. Of course, neither in the ascent nor in the going-down were our wagons and carriages loaded. Long ago it seemed, though only the night before, we had put those burdens on the camels, and they with their soft padded feet were now plodding among the rocks far below, unmindful of burden, unmindful of mountain and rock, unmindful of master, unmindful, it seemed to me, of time and eternity.

The horses were dumbly brave. It was bravery to have a juggernaut shackled behind, which at any momentary slip might come crashing down,

crushing and carrying to destruction in the bottomless abyss below. Brakes were of no avail; a pole set between the spokes helped but little. With staves and hobnailed boots it was hard enough to keep footing for two feet, much less four.

The road tumbled on down in cascades. The drivers grunted, and kept trudging on. Our great relief was to turn our eyes from these hills to the immense plain sweeping before us, to the city, and particularly to this silent blue dome which rode so calmly on its bosom. Within its shadows must be rest! The nearer edge of the plain ran up into these mountains, the farther edge dissolved into the vast void which was the horizon. Midway between lay the city, a broad field of green oasis against a yellow haze. Yet it was not green — the combination of flat adobe roofs and the green of gardens is a blend which is closer to shell-pink than anything I know.

The rocky path which we had been treading finally began to yield to a broad graveled highway that curved in and out among the slopes of the mountain; what we had been on was apparently the last mile which the Persian authorities had never summoned the energy to finish. Instead of dropping straight, this highway followed the convolutions of the mountain so as to gain the easiest approaches. It was only at intervals that we could catch visions of the plain, but each time the city glowed more precisely and more enchantingly on its surface. At other times we looked across the valleys to the forbidden ranges that reared there, snow-capped and awful. We could catch glimpses of a vista where they curved and led seemingly into the very bowels of the universe. There in this chaos of nature the snow crests became blue in their iciness and blended in the deeper blue of the sky, while below the hard bare surfaces caught the sunlight and returned it in a constantly changing panorama of color. Here, where Nature rolled her tremendous drama, surely the people were possessed of some of this restless volcanic spirit, ready to break forth in warfare or flaming fanaticism.

By noon we had reached the bottom and were moving across the flat tableland. As the mountain range receded we seemed to be in a great saucer, surrounded, save where this range was thrust out like the prow of a ship, by the encircling level of the horizon. By dusk we had become a part of the mêlée of traffic in the city, caught in the jam of donkeys, camels, beggars, shopkeepers, and bawling porters. By the time we had forced a way through the streets of the markets and the dark vaults of the bazaars to the haven of the mission compound, the last glancing rays of the sun had turned the city into a violet dust. When we had refreshed ourselves in the cool shadows of the garden and I was considering the experiences of that day, — the mad descent down the mountain, the dreary ride across the plain, — I began to realize that the mosque rising lightly over the city, which had first caught my eye as dawn appeared that morning, was the only thing that had really interested me and piqued me. It had been tiny then, and now its dark shape above the garden wall was not large; but it was the spirit of this people rising to meet and understand this force which in nature moved and revealed itself so tremendously in the mountain and desert which screamed without. And that is no small thing.

II

Mornings I was awakened before daybreak by a high chanting cry proceeding from the near-by roof. It was

the muezzin, calling, 'Come to prayer, come to prayer; prayer is better than sleep.' As the cry was taken up by others among the Faithful, it spread from roof to roof, and ran through the bazaars like coals carried by runners in the mountains, until its message reverberated to the edge of the city to ripple across the illimitable sea of waste land that lay without.

Five times a day that cry could be heard — in the early dawn before the last twinkling stars had disappeared, thrice during the day, and at night when quiet had again dropped over the city. Like the church bells which once were heard in every village and city in our own country, this cry had in it an appeal to the spirit — only it was finer, for no thing of brass or iron can rival the sound of the human voice crying to its Lord.

Of all the muezzins who issued the call to prayer the one that strode the gateway of the mosque fascinated me most. He was a white-bearded old man with a bright-green sash and a blue turban — the sash indicating that he was a sayid and a lineal descendant of the Prophet. For all his age his voice was still strong, with a moving quality that seemed to command, if it did not invite, the True Followers of the Faith to enter within the sacred enclosure with their petitions.

Not being one of the Faithful, I had not as yet been permitted to enter that gate. Often I passed through the great square running before it, where merchants under little awnings squatted among their wares, and beggars cried for alms, and long lines of camels passed and repassed. The gateway with its two slender minarets was very ancient — how old I do not know — and its high Gothic arch was encrusted with a marvelous blue tiling scrolled in designs of flowers and verses from the Koran.

The dome of the mosque rising behind was of this same indescribable blue — a blue the art of making which has been lost in Persia these many years. Around the base were inscriptions done in tiles of black and yellow, and from it also sprang enameled jasmines to clamber up the curving surface; the tiling had, however, fallen away in many places, leaving vegetation to creep through the crevices.

There was nothing remarkable about the size of the mosque. Indeed there are finer ones in a dozen different parts of the world. There is, for example, that marble gem in the deserted palace of Agra, with its delicate cupola like a rare suspended pearl. And, not twenty miles from Agra, that sandstone replica of the Mecca mosque which the Moghul Akbar built in his play city of Fatehpur Sikri. There is Haggia Sophia, within the shadowed recesses of which one can still almost hear the faint wailing of the imprisoned priest. But these are all show places to which any Feringi may gain admittance, while this, set here in this cloistered Persian city, exists but for these people, and on them alone does it shed its benign influence.

Although I was later admitted, at present I was to feel its spell only through the life of the people about me, in the sounding cries of the muezzin calling to prayer, and in the solitudes of my garden. And of that garden I must speak a word, for to the Persian, whose empire is an empire of dry plain and barren mountain, these gardens are sweet havens of refuge; and has not the Prophet also made the garden the symbol of Paradise, when he says: —

> But for those who dread the majesty of their Lord shall be two gardens,
> With o'erbranching trees in each,
> In each two fountains flowing,
> In each two kinds of every fruit?

My garden was such as is contained in every Persian home. A large square pool, flanked on either side by willows and poplars, and at the end a tiny fountain, which played save when Abbas diverted the water for the more mundane uses of the melon and lettuce patch. There was an arbor over which a rose vine clambered, and here of evenings Abbas would bring tea, while we sat and talked or listened to the muffled sounds of the street outside. Abbas moved about quietly, sprinkling the flowers with water from a goatskin bag, plucking with suppressed mutterings an intruder worm from the satin petal of a rose, or a stray weed that dared to grow in the presence of the garden queen. The sounds of traffic in the streets rose to an inchoate murmur at times, and of evenings there would be dogs barking at the occasional wayfarer, or a Persian lover strumming on a lute. There were arrivals. Persian guests, wrapped solemnly in their long abbas, would drink tea, puff a while at the *kalyan*, and then discuss in dignified tones the events at Teheran, the beauties of some rare rug, or favorite passages from the Persian poets. Finally they would depart, leaving the garden quiet again as the deserted halls of Xerxes.

I often wondered what gave the garden its calm, why it soothed so mysteriously. Was it the sharp contrast to the heaving world of nature outside the city? When I thought of that remorseless desert and the terrifying mountains, I questioned if this peace could be real — whether there were not sleeping in this city, in this garden, savage forces which one day would take shape as suddenly and as fearfully as some desert whirlwind. But because it was so like all other Persian gardens, because they all seemed so other-worldly, because they seemed to typify the East that slept about me, I looked for another explanation than that of enclosing walls, running water, and softly moving leaves. And Marden, the lean missionary, whose two children used to tug at my coat-tails and clamber over me demanding that I tell them stories, gently chided me because I gazed at that large round dome, and blamed it on the mosque.

Marden was right. That savage force which sleeps in the very nature of things here did rise, and it was from the mosque itself that the tocsin was sounded.

III

Whether because of some nonchalance toward me, or because of some feeling near kin to affection which I inspired among these people, they fortunately permitted me to enter the enclosure of the mosque. It was an experience I shall not forget. Heretofore I had been playing around the edge of things, and until I had penetrated the reserves of their religion I could not say that I had known these people. Here, within this ancient court, in the shade of these broad-spreading chenars, would I feel and taste this mysterious sense to its depth.

The interior of the mosque was a large square open court, enclosed at one end by the Gothic gate, at the other by the mosque proper, opening on the court and covered by the turquoise-tiled dome, and on the sides by pavilions where sat the mullahs and lawyers, teachers, clerks, and doctors. The court held a long pool of water which reflected on its quiet surface the chenars which bordered it and the waving outline of the dome. There was a small fountain where worshipers might wash their feet and hands before praying. A few were making their genuflections toward Mecca, but under the chenars a group

of boys were playing, and in one of the stalls a number of students were listening to a *mushtahid* expounding the Koran. Some of the students, on seeing a Christian enter, eyed me askance, but turned again to their studies when they saw that I was escorted by one of the most reverend of their number. The boys playing greeted me, however, with a respectful 'Salaam, Sahib,' as I stopped to watch their game.

I remember distinctly the gray-bearded old mullah who was kneeling, his toes curled under him, reading one of the holy books, moving his body in a gentle swaying rhythm as he counted the verses, and murmuring to himself in a subdued monotone. I asked him what he read, and he, raising his eyes from his book and seeing that I was an infidel, betrayed no disdain or resentment, but told me the story.

'It is a story, Sahib, of a certain rich khan who had a servant, and this servant's wife fell sick. The doctor who was called looked gravely at the woman and declared that the only medicine that would save her was the liver of a certain horse. You know our customs, Sahib — what low esteem a woman receives and in what high regard a fine horse is held. But the khan commanded three of his horses to be killed that the woman might be cured. The doctor was astonished, and demanded of the khan where he had learned such manner of doing. The khan's reply, Sahib, I recommend for your thought. He said: "Such, O servant of the world, is to be learned from looking into the face of the Lord."'

The old mullah in telling the story had used more words than I have here set down, and when he finished his eyes were flashing with a prophetic fire.

'Would you care to climb to the top of the minaret with me?' he asked. 'It is time for the azan, when I must call the Faithful to prayer. Come.'

The narrow curving staircase leading to the top of the tower was very dark, being lighted here and there only by the tiny vent-holes that had been pierced through the masonry. Moreover the steps, built high in the rise and narrow in the step, were broken in many places, so that it was only with much panting that we finally rested under the parapet at the top. The city spread before us, a receding terrace of flat roofs over which the poplars and chenars cast dappled shadows, while at the edge the level plain began, a moving sea of pastel tints and shades that tapered off into the airy void of the horizon. This minaret rising into the air was the highest point in the city, and from it we seemed to dominate the little world that wavered before us.

'As this minaret mounts unsupported above the city, so must the soul in seeking its God grope Heavenward alone,' said the old man. 'Supported by buttresses, or joined to other structures, it ceases to be a tower. And so it is with man. No priest can guide, no tongue but his alone can utter his soul's cry.'

As he talked, I began to understand the democracy of the East. He explained why there is no vested and privileged priest-caste here, why no man has special entry into the divine presence, why no one may pray for another, why there is no apostolic succession and none ordained to pronounce even a benediction. Within the following of the Prophet exists a brotherhood which — though it extends no further — is capable of bringing into union the Aryan Persian, the Semitic chieftain, and the savage from Africa, to kneel without let or hindrance side by side in the same mosque, or to marry their daughters with the others' sons. I began to understand that species of democracy which Loti so well describes,

which I have often coveted for the West, and which I myself have seen manifested in the sitting down together of the khan and his servant to drink tea in the same tea house or to smoke from the same kalyan.

But more vivid to me than this opening-up of his faith was the ardor with which he seemed to be inspired, and which in truth glowed so warmly everywhere about me. Whether or not this light that I saw was one which, kindled to love or wrath, consumes us quite, I was certain that its fierce burning was much more to my liking than that cold phosphorescence which lies pale on so many of the altars of our own faith. How was I to know that, when it had been lit in the night camps of Genghis Khan a thousand years before, it burned of conquest and swept down out of the steppes to harry the known world so that the Eastern Church to-day still yields the prayer, 'Deliver us, O Lord, from the scourge of the Tatar'? Or to know that though it was now no more than a smouldering coal laid on the lips of the Believers, giving them tongues of prophecy, the mosque had never tamed the savage motions in the breasts of those who worshiped there, and that at certain seasons of the year there issued forth from its Gothic doorway the raging fires of fanaticism and religious bigotry that stirred even onlookers to trembling?

IV

For several nights in early spring, when the rest of the living world was joyous and putting on new garments, when the nightingales were busy in the tree-tops and the brown branches began to bud, when even the rough bare desert was here and there touched with green, I had heard sounds of lamentation in the streets. An incoherent babbling rose above the city like a giant groaning in slumber. Passing one evening near the mosque, I heard within the high-pitched voice of a mullah and the doleful wailing of a large throng. The court was so crowded that the women were forced to crouch among the dogs in the street outside.

During the day too there was a strange excitement in the air — not the hushed expectancy of joyful news, not the pleasant spirit of the Persian New Year's, that happiest of festivals, but the taut and agonized nervousness that precedes a bullfight or a leading out to execution. Processions of men began to appear in the streets, shouting incoherent names, gowned in black, with backs bared, and carrying in their hands peculiar lashes made of chains. The crowds of Mohammedans in the streets thickened, moved with more than ordinary tension, the Christian population began to stay indoors, and the governor increased the number of police. The ten days of Moharram had begun.

Moharram is the name of the month in which Hosein, son of Ali, who was son-in-law to the Prophet and contender for the Caliphate, lost his life in battle with the opposing force of the Ommayad dynasty. That struggle for the mantle of Mohammed created a hundred years later the schism which has ever since divided the Moslem world into two great parties. The bitterness it engendered is so powerful that it proved during the war a successful barrier to that grandly conceived scheme of uniting all Islam into holy war against the Infidel, and particularly prevented the coming together into one Pan-Turanic empire of the scattered elements of the Turkish world which the Young Turks, with Soviet assistance, so strenuously fostered a few years ago. The anniversary of that unsuccessful struggle for the temporal dominion of a spiritual

empire is here a festival of barbaric and fanatic mourning against which the enchanted spirit of peace is unavailing.

Hosein was killed on the tenth day of Moharram; for nine days the people mourn and display their grief with increasing abandon, and the tenth day is the climax of this terrible crescendo, when the scene of the massacre is reënacted in bloody detail. More vivid than memory of that celebration are the words of my diary written at the time, which I now quote: —

Wednesday, April 11. — For nine nights the city has been filled with the wailing of the crowds listening to the stories which the mullahs tell them of the martyrdom of the early leaders, while during the day processions have filled the streets, shouting the name of Hosein.

This morning Crothers and I went down into the bazaars where the chief processions pass. Never have I seen such masses of people moved by the single idea of grief. We could hardly push through the crowd, and only by means of the sharp command '*Yohl vers!*' (Give way!) and the fact that we were Americans did we manage to pass.

In the streets the people were in constant motion, but in the caravanserais and open spaces they stood about mimbars that had been erected, from which mullahs recited the story of the massacre of Hosein and his followers. At intervals the people would break out in great sobbing, and would show their grief by universal swaying and beating of the heads.

Crothers and I found a vantage point on a quoin of the street where two of the chief bazaars intersect. Processions of these festal mourners moved up and down both streets, and a cordon of Persian gendarmerie was vainly trying to regulate the traffic. A porter bound toward his master's with a basket of melons had been caught in the press. He was a pitiful figure, helpless as the swaying of the crowd carried him first one way and then another, at any moment threatening to crush his pannier into a ruddy juicy pulp. For a moment there was an open space through which he might escape, but it was not in the direction he desired, and he persisted, with a donkey's stubbornness, in his efforts to make his way through. Finally he was irresistibly caught by an eddy and swirled off into a side street.

A procession larger than the others now appeared down the maddening vista. A man bearing an odd branching standard surmounted by a number of queer objects — lighted candles, tinkling bells, a hand of brass, a banner — was at the head, followed by a mullah chanting the names of the imams. Behind them came a long double row of men facing each other, with bared breasts which they beat in unison with the mullah's chanting. Like waves enchanted by witches' music, the line of white arms rose into the air, poised, and descended upon the expanse of breasts, with a sound resembling the beating of a stormy sea upon a coast. Here and there breasts broke out in bleeding from the repeated striking of bare fists.

A rhythmic swish could now be heard in the turmoil. As the long line of mourners moved slowly on, the sound drew nearer and increased, swelling above even the roar of the traffic, the wailing, and the thuds of flesh against flesh. Down the vaulted avenue appeared a long column of men with bared backs instead of bared breasts. Each man carried a lash which we could see was made of many strands of steel chain. It was the swinging of these chains that made the terrible sound we heard. In rhythm the lashes swung into the air and, as the name of Hosein sounded, came down with heavy force

upon the bared backs. Flesh quivered as the lashes came down first upon the right shoulder and then upon the left, and then rose into the air, trembling, to descend with the reiteration of the martyr's name.

The column moved slowly on, and for a moment the din seemed slightly to diminish. But only for a moment, for the blare of trumpets sounded and a band, with cymbals, drums, and horns, burst forth in a wild music. The effect of this new provocative was to double the exultant crying of the people, and the force and frenzy with which the flagellants beat themselves. Across the way an old fellow, who had until now watched the spectacle unmoved, burst out weeping.

Thursday, April 12. — To-day is the Tenth of Moharram. Everyone is in the streets. Even Abbas, the very acme of faithfulness, who works day in, day out, early and late (though never very hard), to-day refuses to toil, as he must go and join the throngs. All the shops, even of the Armenians, are closed tight. The winding processions can hardly pass, the streets are so crowded. To-day the breasts and backs are covered, the black gowns and lashes have been discarded, and in their stead appear long processions of men gowned in white, with shaven heads, and bearing unsheathed swords in their hands. As they rigorously chant the litany they raise the swords and strike their bared heads until their garments are spattered with blood.

We watch the processions from the roof, as it is hardly safe to go below. On the roofs along the way the women, forbidden on the streets to-day, have taken vantage place to gaze. The horrible sound of the chanting, the sodden intonations as the host of swords waves in the air above the mass of white heads and swishes downward, is a gigantic discord. The scene overpowers one like a heavy smoke; the spectacle, blood-spattered and dusty, swims before the eyes in a nauseating blur. Shut out the sight, close the ears to the sound, stop the nostrils to that horrible odor of bodies, sweat, blood, and dust, and even the atmosphere seems dense and heavy with tragedy. As far as we can see are these processions winding through the streets; everywhere the packed masses of white devotees, flanked by the steaming mob, crying in madness over the awful chastisement, weeping over the loss of Hosein, calling aloud his name, until it seems as though pandemonium has broken loose.

By a back street — filled, it is true, with the frenzied mob, but less infuriated than elsewhere — Crothers and I come to the Ali Gapou, where, in the great maidan of the governor's palace, all the processions must pass sometime during the morning to be reviewed by the dignitaries of the city. Through Riza Khan, chief of the gendarmerie, a sheltered spot on the roof has been given to us.

Column after column staggers through the great gate — staggers, for they have become so wearied by their self-mutilation and loss of blood that the lines swerve and falter. The processions of the boys are the more vigorous, and several still beat their heads with such zeal that the gendarmes are forced to take their swords away from them. Relatives of others walk behind with staves to ward off the intoxicated blows, but some, crazed by the general fanaticism, evade these well-meant protectives by suddenly stooping and striking their heads with redoubled force, as if to make up for the strokes they have lost. My attention is called to one more maniacal than the rest, but as I watch he collapses and is carried away by friends.

Two men come who do not strike their heads with swords, but to show

their ardor walk along with swords fastened about them that prick with every step they take, while tiny flesh-hooks hang from every part of their naked bodies.

'Let's get out of here, or we don't know what we shall be seeing next. I'm getting nauseated.'

The grand frenzy continues unabated until noon, but when the sun crosses the meridian it begins to die away, and the white columns disappear from the streets. Back in the garden, the shouting in the streets becomes a low murmur of weeping, and finally a peculiar hush in strange contrast to the preceding cacophony settles upon the city. Abbas returns, his bloodshot eyes gazing at me sullenly.

Friday, April 13. — The city is again quiet, but it is as though a great storm had passed. The atmosphere is still electric. The tension is evidenced by the rumors that early in the day are brought to us of mutterings against the Christians. Some fearful ones beat at our gate.

'The mullahs are saying that the Armenians must be done away with. May we stay here, Sahibs?'

The gendarmes pace restlessly up and down the street, watching for any outbreak. But nothing happens.

The tension of the city is like that eternal dripping of water endured in the Middle Ages. I have moved about all day trying to compose my thoughts, but they are broken as, precisely at the stated hours, like a well-timed clock, the flutelike voice of the muezzin pierces the air. Everywhere I look I see the mosque. Its dome rising above the wall reflects the gleaming sunlight like a thing of flint and brass. Its blue surface in this spring air is icy, the two slender minarets like forbidding watchtowers. Where is the peace my fancy beheld spread like a net around it? Was it a mirage of the mind, reflected by the longings of a fretful spirit, or does it still exist in reality, with this unrest but the movings of an unseasoned soul?

Marden drops in to ask me over to supper. What a contrast to the atmosphere of the city is that of this pleasant missionary home! In the cool, well-stocked library Marden and I talk before supper of the work that is being carried on by the mission. Over the mantel hangs the picture of a Man. As I gaze at that saintly face and feel the divine peace radiating from it and pervading the room, I forget that once there was more blood shed over the hanging of His pictures than in all the terrible celebration of yesterday. After all, the divine presence is eternal; if the struggles of Leo the Iconoclast against the clergy were cruel as this festival of yesterday was bloody, it only means that we still are all barbarians struggling to pierce the mists of the mountain-top.

Supper is announced. The children laugh as they dabble with their milk and bread, while Marden and I talk and their mother vainly tries to quiet them. After supper they are put to bed.

'Uncle Dubie must tell us a story,' they demand; so Marden lets me lumber up to the nursery — like a bear in a fairies' house.

We all sing a song, — 'Now the day is over,' it is, — the children say their prayers, and then they tumble under the quilts to be put to sleep by 'Once upon a time.' As I remain silent, they grow insistent.

'Well, then, peace, and I will tell you a story.'

But as I say the word 'peace' I realize it is superfluous. For here is that brooding dove itself which with my net I had sought to catch under the mosque and in my Persian garden.

OUR EMBATTLED FARMERS

BY ARTHUR P. CHEW

I

THEY told me when I moved from Minneapolis to Des Moines in 1921 that in Iowa I should n't see any wild-eyed farmer radicals like those who were making life a burden to the sober and respectable citizens of the Northwest. 'You won't find fanaticism of the Nonpartisan League brand in Iowa,' said a banker. 'In that state the farmers know which side their bread is buttered on. They never have a crop failure and they understand the meaning of business principles. Socialistic experimentation like that now undermining the prosperity of North Dakota has no attractions for them. They would rather trust to work and thrift.'

That was encouraging. Although I had friends among the farmer radicals of the Northwest, I was beginning to quarrel with them. Their habit of blaming everything that troubles the farmer on bankers and grain speculators was getting tedious. They suspected me of coldness to their cause when I doubted the power of grain exchanges to control prices and suggested that credit stringencies sometimes indicate an actual shortage of bank resources rather than just a mean streak in bankers. When I ventured to hint that economic principles are a safer guide than political prejudices in forecasting wheat prices, I was given up as hopeless.

Accordingly I welcomed the prospect of getting into a more congenial agrarian atmosphere. But this prospect soon went glimmering. Shortly after my arrival in Des Moines I attended a convention of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation. This organization was thought conservative, and had much respectable backing. I expected it to hand out a realistic view of the agricultural depression then at its worst. Instead, I found the meeting industriously working itself into a passion against bankers and middlemen and Wall Street in the old familiar way. A director of the Federation played the part of witch doctor.

'There is no mystery about the trouble with agriculture,' he said, amid applause. 'It is the victim of a trick that I have seen worked twice before, after periods of fairly good times. Each time the trick has been worked by the same crowd. They resort to it whenever the ordinary working of our financial and economic machinery fails to do a clean job in trimming the farmer out of his earnings. It is a religion with Wall Street that the farmer must not be left with any spare cash, lest he should start loafing and run the country into a shortage of cheap food and cheap raw material.

'Usually our economic machine is pretty efficient in separating the farmer from his legitimate profits. Merchants and manufacturers overcharge him for household supplies and for tools and implements. Railroads levy toll upon him. Bankers load him down with high interest-rates and extra commissions,

evading usury laws by collecting interest in advance and compelling him to leave on deposit a part of the money he is supposed to be borrowing. Grain exchanges manipulate prices against him, and packers squeeze him by collusive buying.

'Nevertheless, a little money sometimes sticks to the farmer's hands in spite of these exactions. This happens in periods of exceptional commercial activity, and in war-time. Then it becomes necessary for Wall Street to work its master skin-game. It does so by manipulating credit and currency. Deflation is a dangerous two-edged sword. But Wall Street knows how to handle it so that it damages agriculture more than it damages industry and business. That is proved by the history of every deflation crisis this country has gone through. Right now business is beginning to recover and the stock market is forecasting industrial prosperity, while agriculture is sinking deeper and deeper into the hole. You can't get away from it. Farmers are just pawns in the hands of market crooks.'

It would have taxed A. C. Townley and the other crusaders of the Nonpartisan League to beat that for an all-round denunciation of Big Business. Moreover, the Farm Bureau leader was not expressing the views of a small minority. Later events, notably the election of Brookhart to the Senate, proved that the stereotyped radical explanation of agricultural distress is deeply rooted in Iowa. Senator Brookhart is completely committed to that theory. Even to-day, with agriculture making rapid recovery from the post-war depression, Iowa farmers are very radical. It is from Iowa that the loudest clamor comes for price-fixing and other nostrums.

Failing to escape from farmer radicalism, I tried to understand it. It did n't seem practical to go on the idea that all its smoke comes from no fire at all. There were then two possible approaches to its secret. One was on the assumption that its leading ideas were in the main correct — that agriculture really is playing a game in which the cards are stacked against it. The other approach was on the theory that perhaps the farmers have a chronic grievance, which has not been correctly diagnosed, or which for one reason or another they are loath to recognize. There was here a problem in psychology, as well as in economics.

II

Farmer radicalism varies in degree in different states, but not in kind. Curiously there is more of it in the newer and richer farming regions than in the older and poorer ones. Its special preserve is the richly productive land of the Middle West and the Northwest. You don't find much of it among the stony hills of New England or in the less fertile lands of the Middle Atlantic States. Evidently it is not specifically a product of poverty. Singularly enough, moreover, it is not materially influenced in its ideas by the varying economic circumstances out of which it seems to arise. The radical ideas now being propagated in Iowa, as a result of distress attributed to the post-war depression, are much like those preached by the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota in the boom years of war-time.

In the last few years the main idea of the farmer radicals has been subjected to searching tests. Their central doctrine is that business and finance, through their control of economic institutions, manipulate the prices of farm products so as to create an unnaturally wide spread between the value of such products on the farm and their value when sold to the ultimate

consumer. Out of this artificial price-spread are supposed to be drawn all the illicit profits of banking, milling, grain-dealing, and so forth. Wide spreads do, of course, exist between country and city prices. The question is whether those spreads represent loot or expenses unavoidably incurred in handling farm products.

On the theory that they represent loot, the remedy for the farmer is simple. He has only to go into banking and milling and grain distribution, and the loot will remain in his own possession. Even if he is inefficient at his new job he cannot fail, since he is tapping a supposedly copious source of profits. But what happened when the Nonpartisan League of North Dakota went into the banking business? Did it find the game so easy and profitable that every farmer of the right political persuasion could be given all the loans he wanted at low interest-rates, without in the least endangering the banking system? On the contrary, it made a disastrous and painful discovery that there are costs and risks in banking just as in farming.

Another enlightening experience has befallen North Dakota in connection with its experiment in milling. After two years of operation, the state flour mill is a losing proposition. It is said to be dropping a thousand dollars a day. Its aggregate losses already exceed $700,000. Although under competent management, it has not yet built up a broad and steady market or got its costs down where they should be. North Dakota farmers are so convinced that profitable milling is easy that they will not let the manager of the state mill do what other millers find it necessary to do in producing the best grades of flour. In making the best flour a proportion of hard wheat of high gluten-content is required. Many successful millers buy some wheat of this kind in Canada, when home supplies are low. But when the manager of the North Dakota mill wished to follow their example he aroused such a storm of opposition that he had to drop the plan. The farmers could not believe there was no profit in milling except at the price of bringing in foreign wheat. Such a notion contradicted all their ideas of milling-profits.

One of the chief articles of faith among our farmer radicals is the belief that grain exchanges manipulate prices at will. Recent Federal legislation bringing grain exchanges under government supervision indicates that the radicals are not alone in their view. And yet the collapse of the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., in 1923, and the more recent abandonment of another big scheme for farmer-controlled grain-buying suggest that the road to easy money is no smoother in the grain trade than in milling. Search for statistical proof of price-manipulation by grain exchanges has always broken down.

I asked a Minneapolis attorney, who has appeared in many grain cases for the Nonpartisan League and is a recognized authority on the grain trade, whether it is possible to show that grain prices have heretofore been regularly juggled against the farmer. This attorney is a strong opponent of future trading. He thinks the mere volume of future trading in wheat is prima facie proof that it is larceny. But he confessed that he has never been able to show by price statistics just where the larceny takes place.

Investigation by the Government into the wild markets of last winter has brought an official declaration that excessive trading was a factor in the situation. Apparently, however, all that the most powerful speculators can do is to throw a little more weight into the scales as they are moving under

the influence of supply and demand conditions. Bull and bear markets cancel one another eventually, and the effect they have on the farmers' ultimate earnings has probably been vastly exaggerated.

Another explanation of the farmers' troubles that has been to the fore of late attaches great importance to the tariff. Much of what the farmer produces must be sold in a world market exposed to the full force of foreign competition, whereas most of the things he buys are sold under effective tariff-protection. It is inferred that the farmer sells at low world-prices and buys at high American prices. The late Secretary of Agriculture, Henry C. Wallace, held this view. He accordingly championed the McNary-Haugen bill, which contemplated price-fixing for the purpose of making farm-commodity prices equal to those commanded by protected factory-goods. There is still a strong demand in the Middle West for legislation 'to equalize tariff benefits.'

But the trouble with this theory is that the dependence of agriculture on foreign markets before the war apparently did not hurt it much. Farm earnings were unusually favorable from 1900 to 1920. In that period farm-commodity prices rose faster than the prices of other goods. From 1880 to 1920 the average value of farm land in the United States more than trebled. In some states it increased tenfold. Such increases could not have taken place had farm-commodity prices been unprofitable. American agriculture in the past has undoubtedly been compensated in some way for its exposure to world competition. Urban growth may have strengthened farm-product prices as much as the tariff strengthened the prices of factory goods. Or, on the other hand, the effect of tariff protection on factory goods may have been less than is supposed.

In any event, history furnishes no proof that it is a disadvantage for agriculture to sell abroad. Agricultural commodity prices have been relatively lower since 1920 than the prices of other goods. But this has probably been due more to the overexpansion of agriculture in the war period than to anything else. Cotton has suffered less from price depression in the last few years than any other leading American crop. Yet half our cotton crop regularly goes abroad. It is evident that selling in the world market does n't hurt agriculture when the supply of its products is not in excess of the demand. When the supply is in excess of the demand, neither tariff nor price-fixing will cure the trouble.

III

When I got this far in my search for the roots of the farmer's discontent, I began to think that perhaps there was nothing really ailing him except poor business judgment and inefficiency. That is what most of the bankers of my acquaintance said. They attributed all the farmer's troubles to his failure in time of war to prepare for peace. They said farmers who made big money in war-time saved nothing in liquid form as an insurance against the inevitable post-war depression, and persistently hugged the delusion that war-prices would continue indefinitely. Such conduct, said the bankers, inevitably produced disaster.

That looked plausible. What could be responsible for the visible woes of the farmer, if he was not robbed either by means of grain exchanges and financial institutions or through the tariff? Moreover, how was it possible to square the idea that the farmer has a real chronic grievance with the evidence, afforded by price statistics and advances in land values, that agriculture has been a profitable business, on the whole, for

several decades? Unless this apparent inconsistency could be dissolved, there was no use in going any further. The farmer was just a grouch, blaming the results of his incompetence on other people.

Light was cast on the problem by a peculiar contrast between the economic position of Iowa and that of North Dakota in the crisis of 1920–21. There was apparently more distress in rich Iowa than in North Dakota, despite the extent to which the latter state had suffered from a succession of indifferent crops. Eugene Meyer, Jr., head of the War Finance Corporation, appears to have been the first to explain the paradox. During the war and the post-war boom North Dakota was in bad repute in the investment world on account of its politics. In consequence, its credit-supply was shut off and it did not participate in the land boom that swept neighboring states. It entered the deflation period with no great burden of debt, and without inflated farm-valuations.

Opposite conditions existed in Iowa. That state, with its rich lands and its reputation for conservative opinions, had received unlimited credit. It had plunged heavily into land speculation, on a wave of rising farm-valuations. As a result it found itself burdened in 1920 with an enormous load of new debt assumed at unheard-of price levels. When corn fell to thirty cents a bushel and hogs to seven cents a pound, the prospect of meeting those obligations looked slim. Accordingly radicalism waxed in Iowa while it waned in North Dakota. Debt and doctrine seemed to be united, if not as cause and effect, at least in some intimate relation. It was evident that the prosperity of agriculture is not always identical with that of the man who works at it.

Search for the true nature of the farmer's grievance seemed easier when a distinction was made between agriculture and the farmer. When they are confused, a good financial showing for the one necessarily implies equally satisfactory conditions for the other. But you can have poor farmers in a profitable agricultural system, just as you can have poor wage-earners in a prosperous industrial system. This was demonstrated by the fact that rich Iowa was harder hit in 1920 and 1921 than North Dakota. In these two states the prosperity of working farmers seemed to vary inversely with the extent to which farm incomes were high or low in proportion to farm valuations. Agricultural distress and radicalism seemed to have about the same geographical distribution as did over-capitalization of farm properties.

At bottom the problem of the farmer is much like that of the wage-earner. It turns largely on the distribution of income between the capital and labor employed in production. Farmers own only a part, and a decreasing part, of the capital invested in agriculture. Where radicalism is strongest, the proportion, although not the absolute amount, of farmer-owned capital is less than elsewhere. Less than half the farm land of the United States is owned by the men who work it. Tenants renting all the land they till comprise more than 38 per cent of all farmers. Total mortgage-encumbrance on all classes of farms in 1920 amounted to nearly eight billions of dollars, having increased from $3,320,470,000 in 1910.

Obviously a large part of agriculture's earnings goes to persons who do not farm. Every claim of the capital invested in the business is satisfied in full before the claim of the farmer and his family for a labor income are considered. In the crop year 1924–25, for example, the interest paid by farmers on mortgage and other indebtedness,

according to the Department of Agriculture, amounted to 6.4 per cent. Contrast that return with what went to the farmers as a reward for their labor and management and the labor of their families. This averaged only $649.

If the 6.4 per cent that was paid out in interest by farmers in the crop year 1924–25 represented merely a return on actual capital employed in agriculture, their position might be tolerable. But it included a return on water as well as actual agricultural capital. Throughout a large part of the Middle and Northwestern States, land values have undergone manifest inflation in the last few decades. In Iowa from 1890 to 1920 the average value of farm land increased from $28 an acre to $227 an acre. Iowa farms had an average value in 1920 of $35,616. On such valuations it is hard for a farmer to pay interest at 6 per cent out of corn and hogs and have anything left for himself.

An idea of the extent to which Iowa farm-land values were inflated in 1920 is given by the ratio borne to them by cash farm-rents. Cash farm-rents show better than anything else what the actual current earning-power of land is. In accordance with Ricardo's famous law, they comprise the total annual production of the soil, less only a return representing the minimum that competition for land forces tenants to accept. When cash rents are low in proportion to land valuations, the latter are excessive. That was the case in Iowa in 1920, when cash rents, according to the Department of Agriculture, were only 3 per cent of farm valuations. In other words, the farms were capitalized at about double their current earning-power.

It is customary for farm land in growing regions to be capitalized at more than its current earning-rate. The difference represents hope for the future. But sometimes the hope is destined never to be realized. This is so when the land is really at grips with the law of diminishing returns, but people are ignorant of the fact because time and experience have not yet proved it. When such a condition develops, the first reaction of the farmer to it is likely to be a feeling that he is not getting enough for his products. That seems to be what is going on in Iowa. Farmers there think they are not making progress toward independent farm-proprietorship because the prices of their products are too low, whereas perhaps the real trouble is that the prices of their farms are too high.

What the burden of advancing land-values means to the farmer of the Middle West can perhaps be divined from the enormous rate at which tenancy has increased in that region. Tenancy is an inevitable product of landownership. It tends to arise as soon as land becomes capable of yielding a surplus over subsistence. When that point is reached owners like to retire and live on the surplus. But tenancy increases also when it is cheaper to rent than to buy land, as happens when valuations are inflated.

Tenancy increased from 23 per cent to 41.7 per cent in Iowa from 1880 to 1920. In North Dakota the increase in the same period was from 2.1 per cent to 25.6 per cent. In South Dakota the increase was from 4.4 per cent to 34.9 per cent; in Nebraska from 18 per cent to 42.9 per cent; in Kansas from 16.3 per cent to 40.4 per cent; in Minnesota from 9.1 per cent to 24.7 per cent; and in Oklahoma from 0.7 per cent to 51 per cent. Contrast these figures with what happened in all the states north of North Carolina and east of Kentucky and Ohio, except New York and Pennsylvania. In that region the percentage of tenancy declined from 1880 to 1920. Apparently the explanation is that in the Middle West and the Northwest

the land-valuation situation made it cheaper to rent than to buy land.

The increase of farm-land values and the growth of tenancy are a measure of the success agriculture has had in the past. High land-values indicate the estimate placed on farm earning-power. Tenancy shows the extent to which farmers have been able to retire and live on the agricultural surplus. But the very fact that this process has taken place is a warning that it cannot be repeated indefinitely, and a sign to the alert farmer that the immediate future of American agriculture is likely to differ from its immediate past.

IV

Farmers in the Middle West and Northwest are dissatisfied with their earnings because they seem insufficient for current needs and future independence. Certainly the road to full ownership is steep when annual farm-earnings are less than annual capital values. Farms that yield a surplus of only 3 per cent on their valuations certainly cannot produce their own purchase money. But may not the trouble lie with the valuations to a greater extent than with the earnings? When earnings are persistently capitalized at an excessive rate, it helps the average operating farmer very little to increase them.

Tenant farmers escape the burden of excessive land-values in part but not altogether. It affects their rents to some extent, and blocks their road to farm-ownership. Farmers trying to complete payments on overcapitalized lands are in a worse case. They are not only overburdened with annual charges, but their hope of reaping a profit in the future out of further increases in land values is diminished in proportion to the extent to which they are paying too much now.

Many farmers are probably kept from seeing the drawbacks of overcapitalization by their hope that the process will continue long enough to let them out of the business with a competence some day. Increasing farm-land values carried the last generation of farmers to prosperity. In the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, farmers taking up lands on the rich plains of the Middle West could afford to ignore a few years of low income, because they knew rising values would put them on easy street eventually. Most farm landlords are ex-farmers.

Naturally the working farmer to-day hopes to win through in the same manner. He does not realize that a farm capitalized at $200 an acre has usually much less chance to double in value than one held at a tenth of the price. Farmers, in short, have an obstinate delusion that the normal course of land values is perpetually upward. Their solution for every farm problem is higher prices for farm products, so that higher prices for land can be paid if they are in process of buying a farm, and exacted if they have one to sell. They are blind to the profound significance of the change that has taken place in farm-land values in the last half-century, perhaps because the change has brought about a corresponding change in their economic status and in their prospects, which they would fain deny.

One need not go outside the United States for proof that farm valuations cannot advance indefinitely. In the East they appear to be approaching stabilization. From 1900 to 1910 the average increase for the entire country was 100 per cent. But the increase in New England and some of the Middle Atlantic and Lake States was very small.

Nor did the East keep pace with

the West in the increases that took place in the next decade. Pennsylvania was in the front rank of Eastern states in land-value increases from 1900 to 1920. And yet in this period Pennsylvania farm valuations advanced only from an average of $46 to an average of $75 an acre, whereas farm valuations in Iowa in the same two decades rose from $43 to $227 an acre. It is hard to explain the failure of the East to keep pace with the West in advances in farm valuations on any other ground than that the Eastern level of values is nearing high-water mark, and that buyers and sellers of land are aware of the fact.

It is significant, too, that cash rents are higher in proportion to farm valuations in the East than in the West. This is a sure sign that Eastern farm-land values meet with resistance when attempts are made to force them upward. Cash rents in much of New England in 1920 ran from 6 to 8 per cent of farm valuations, or more than double the rate in a large part of the Corn Belt. Landowners would unquestionably have capitalized these high rental returns at correspondingly high farm-valuations, had they been in a position to do so. But they were in no such position. The natural level of cash farm-rents is above, rather than below, the current rate of return on fixed-interest-bearing securities. Otherwise, farm landlords would prefer to sell out and buy 5 per cent bonds. When they accept rents yielding less than the going rate of interest on the capitalization of their farms, it is because the nominal value of the land is not its real value. Valuation and actual selling value, in other words, are two different things. The contrast between rent ratios in the East and in the West is a sign that farm valuations are too high in the West, rather than that they are too low in the East.

Farm-land values and farm-commodity prices must be stabilized somewhere. But it is just this obvious truth, with its practical consequences, that your typical radical will not recognize. He hates to admit it because his habit of mind makes him identify his real interest with the return accruing to the capital invested in agriculture, whereas the working farmer with a lessening property-stake in farming should be more concerned about the reward for his labor and management. Increasing land-values, even when they can be counted on, do not benefit the farmer until he cashes in on them by a sale and retires. Increasing farm-commodity prices benefit the working farmer only when the increase is not absorbed in higher charges for land and capital.

What usually happens is shown by the way an Oklahoma farm landlord of my acquaintance sizes up his personal problem. This man is a scientific farmer. He values one of his rented farms at $100 an acre. Under good management it would produce a return justifying that valuation. Farming practice in the neighborhood, however, is poor. Consequently the farm does not produce an income warranting the price set upon it. Other farms just as good can be bought in the neighborhood for considerably less.

Accordingly, the farm is to be held off the market until better farming practice in the district has increased its selling value. Then the owner will dispose of it to some hopeful young farmer who for the rest of his life will battle to meet the annual payments. At the same time other working farmers in the locality will be burdened with increased charges as a reward for their greater productivity. Increases in agricultural efficiency, when they do not chiefly benefit the consumer in the shape of lower prices, are very apt to

mean higher land-values rather than larger current incomes for the producers.

Every plan for relieving agricultural distress which does not take this fact into consideration is likely to fail. Our farmer radicals centre all their attention on commodity prices. Their efforts are devoted to getting larger farm-incomes, either out of the middleman or out of the consumer. But work in this direction has two fatal weaknesses. It is based on the questionable assumption that farm-commodity prices are usually unfair, an idea that is disproved by the extent to which American agriculture as a whole has thriven in the past; and it neglects the necessity for preventing increased farm-incomes from contributing to the further over-capitalization of agriculture.

I have suggested that this capital defect is probably due to the average farmer's inability to see that times have changed since his grandfather rode to affluence on a wave of steadily advancing land-values. To-day advancing land-values are a barrier and not an aid to the progress of the average working farmer. It is as a producer rather than as a landowner that he should look at his problem. As the amount of land and capital necessary in agriculture increases and his own share of it diminishes, he should turn his attention more and more to preventing too much of the return from going to the passive partner in his business.

It would be wrong to say that the farmers have no serious handicap except overcapitalization of farm lands. Their troubles have been aggravated in the last few years by disparities between prices of farm products and prices of other goods. Wheat-growers and livestock-raisers face increasing foreign competition. Wastes in distribution are a cause of loss. Farmers are also handicapped by the extreme difficulty of adjusting their production accurately to the demand. Moreover, since the depression of 1920 and 1921 there has been distress in regions where land valuations are obviously not inflated. This is true of many grazing-areas. Beef-cattle producers have had perhaps a harder time in recent years than any other group of agricultural producers, and yet as a whole they are not burdened with heavy land-charges.

Full allowance should be made for these qualifying considerations. And yet, when this is done, the importance of overcapitalization as a cause of agrarian discontent is not materially lessened. For one thing, most of the farmer's other grievances have a tendency to correct themselves. This is particularly true of price disparities, which tend to disappear from the action of the well-known economic law whereby capital and labor flow in and out of different enterprises until their returns are approximately equalized. Losses due to inefficient distribution diminish as improved marketing-facilities are developed, and better use of supply and demand data helps the farmer to gauge his production more nearly in accordance with market needs. But overcapitalization tends constantly to nullify the results, at least from the standpoint of the working farmer, of everything done toward solving the other problems of agriculture. Until that trouble is eliminated, farming will not be a means of wealth, or even of reasonable prosperity, for the men who work at it.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON SOCIAL WORK AND KANGAROOS

DURING the winter you hear vague hints about it; in early spring the murmurs become insistent; by midsummer there is no escape. The Joan of Arc Club, the Pollyannas, and the little Liberties must go to Bronx Park Zoo! They make intricate plans whereby each individual may see the animal dearest to its imagination, and the day is set — a selection involving, in our polyglot neighborhood, the Mosaic Law, the Papal Bull, and the Lutheran doctrine. We are going to Bronx Park Zoo!

You mention it casually at dinner. You note the incredulous expressions and the ominous silence of the older, more seasoned workers, but you pay little heed. All winter you have been inwardly scornful of their lack of enthusiasm for instructive recreational work.

And yet — when the chosen day dawns clear and warm you are aware of a shameful hope dying. But at 3.25, when you look from the office window on to an empty playground, a new one springs up in your heart. At 3.30 you glance out again. The playground swarms. It resounds with cries of 'Teacher, we're ready! We're ready, Teacher!' They are shiny as to face, a bit ragged as to some clothes and a bit dressy as to others — net and lace confirmation-dresses rubbing against dirty ginghams, unadorned heads bobbing about next to hats of Sicilian lace, trimmed with tenement-made flowers. They carry bottles of water, lemons, and pink paper bags from Rose Sternhill's mother's store. 'It's so sick we get on the subway train, Teacher!' 'We got some for you, Teacher!' You hear a titter behind you and turn to glare at your fellow workers in a group at the door, but you start off with a wildly beating heart.

'My mother says it six o'clock I mus' be home, Teacher!' 'Gertrude Krumpea's gotta take her little brother, Teacher! Oh, Teacher, Gertrude's gotta take —' You look at Gertrude, smiling sturdily up at you, and decide that her Teutonic efficiency can handle that fat little four-year-old clinging to her skirt.

You begin to count them. Everybody begins. You think there are twenty-three. Only twenty-three! Gertrude says there are twenty-four, without even glancing up from her little brother's nose she is then attending. Gertrude is right. You shoo them toward the car-line.

You accept tolerantly the sally of the young and facetious conductor of the trolley and assure him that they *are* all yours. You begin to seat them. Then, as you drop wearily into the space Margaret Maggochi and Mary Fiorito have been fighting to preserve for you, the conductor yells maliciously, 'This way out! *This* way! Here, you! Let 'em off! *Let 'em off!*' You raise your voice above his to tell Ida Mongolies and Gussie Turgel that they cannot go out by the window, and with the aid of the facetious young conductor you get 'em off.

Hurrying before the wheels of two impatient trucks, you assure Rose Koleck that indeed he was a nice man, grab Gussie from the jaws of death of the on-going trolley, give Margaret her

two pennies to squander on gum at the subway entrance, and drive them down the steps, refusing one stick of gum.

They scream at the darkness below and rush back. Gertrude asks whether this is like Hell. You assure her that it is, and count out twenty-three nickels from the store in your pocket. They put hands over ears as a train approaches, and again rush at you. You scream silently that the train will not hurt them if they let it alone, and pull Teresa Astarita — and Gussie — back from the edge. You count them again. There are thirty-one. You beg them to stand still one minute, just one minute!

When they are seated in two long neat rows in the car, awed into wide-eyed quietness, you are glad. Glad that for once the collective blankness of the subway faces has been broken, wrinkled into separate expressions of surprise, sympathy, consternation. The old gentleman on your right asks with keen interest about the lemons and the water bottles. Anna Romano has begun on her lemon, greedily. You begin to believe, oh, to believe absolutely, in the dark tales she has told of the time she went on the subway before — 'So sick I was my mother thought I would die on her!' Her skin is a greenish white. You glance hastily away. Rose Sternhill is beginning on hers, and the same threatening pallor is spreading beneath her dark eyes.

Ida Mongolies punches Gussie Turgel in the side, or so Gussie says. There is violent discord and endless ethical discussion. You try to arbitrate, and understand in a flash why nothing can be accomplished at Geneva. The owners of the disturbed expressions begin to get off, station after station, and you become less self-conscious about the hue of complexions. What happens now will be a family affair. The subway becomes an 'El' just there and you smile benignly at the unified shout of delight, as though it were a surprise you had had especially prepared.

You drag Gussie from her conversation with the guard, who looked like the candy-man on her corner, and marshal them through the gate of Bronx Park.

You beg them not to waste all their excitement on the bison. You lead the way to Bearland. You try, agilely, to be at every cage in response to every query. You look frantically at the placards and, feeling infinitely wise, introduce each slouching beast by name, age, and habitat; and, on further inquiry, you explain where he sleeps, when he sleeps, what he eats and when. What he *likes* to eat? Oh, what he gets! While that novel idea is being absorbed you take them to the indoor mammals.

With shrieks of joy they discover revolving doors. They play merry-go-round. They want to play tag with the tigers. They mimic the monkeys until the monkeys drop despondently from their swings and eye *them* with an increasing interest. You continue to be zoölogically intelligent, question-proof, until Anna Romano, in her even, monotonous voice, pointing to the girth of the hippopotamus, asks, 'Teacher, what's in his belly?' Colombo Polombo saves you by announcing firmly that she must see a kangaroo. She studied about one in her geography and, though she does n't believe there is such a thing, there was a *picture* of it. You assure her that there are kangaroos and that in due time she shall see one, and then you suggest fresh air.

Outside on a bench you refuse hunks of Italian bread and lollipops and little almond cakes — they've been in Rose Sternhill's mother's store for weeks awaiting this day. Colombo again mentions kangaroos. You reassure her and let Gussie and America Fuligini go for water. Water! Everybody goes for water. 'Ain't a bit o' fun in Central Park,' pipes Tessie

D'Est, the traveled; 'can't get a drink there a-tall.'

Colombo Polombo must see a kangaroo. There is nothing more important than that. You search a guard. He waves vaguely toward the west. You grasp Colombo by one hand and order the other twenty-two to follow. Gertrude leads them, smiling, her fat little brother asleep in her arms.

But between Colombo and her heart's desire are gray foxes, and peacocks, and swans, and the parrot house, and reptiles! You look at your watch. Five forty-five! You pull them away from the crocodiles and make them skip, in spite of Teresa's blistered heel and Angelina's hurt toe. You see a giraffe and a zebra. You call Colombo's attention to them particularly. But Colombo's hopeful expression is drowned in tears. You say, 'Colombo, I'm terribly sorry' — and you look steadily away. Your hand is dropped.

The returning train is empty, and a song of thanksgiving rises in your heart. You refuse to scoop any of the chocolate out of Gussie's palm and relax in the joy of achievement. 'Look at Anna, Teacher, oh, look at Anna! She's sick on you!' You look. Her head flops, and she is green. You hasten with her to the vestibule. You hold her head, but you speak heartlessly: 'Anna, stand up now and behave yourself!' There is a tug at your skirt. Rose Sternhill is there, and Carmela Gillio, empty bottles and lemon skins in their lax hands. You resort to threats: 'If you children get sick, I shall never take you out again!' They raise weak eyes to your granite-like face. . . .

In the wee small hours around eight o'clock you drag yourself up many winding tenement stairs, returning each child by hand to each bowing and smiling mother, and wonder not at their gratitude. Wearily you take yourself to the House, where cool, well-groomed, and smiling fellow workers inquire pleasantly into your afternoon.

In the dark hour of three you awake. Somebody has spoken in a hauntingly unsatisfied voice about seeing a kangaroo, and when you doze again a frieze of kangaroos goes loping round about your tired head.

THE WIDOW'S FRIEND

'JUST her luck,' said the neighbors, when the day of the Widow Marr's auction sale dawned bleak and gray. The Widow Marr, in all her forty years among us, had never had any luck. She was poor and mildly insane, and recently she had quarreled with her sons and their somewhat termagant wives. All that remained was to sell her belongings and, on the proceeds, enter an Old Folks' Home — if the proceeds were enough to finance that long-drawn-out homesickness.

The morning brought rain that was almost snow, but toward noon the skies cleared and volunteers carried the widow's goods into the pale March sunshine. Chairs and tables, pictures and rugs, dishes and pans, stoves and clocks — everything that had framed the meagre life of the Widow Marr since she came thither as a bride from her ancestral home on the mountain. The widow and her goods had grown old together, old and patched and rickety. Would anyone want them? No one wanted the widow; what market would there be for her nondescript and undistinguished chattels?

It seems, however, that the world, even in backwaters like ours, has an insatiable lust for goods. Things, any thing, can be sold — at a price. If a thing won't sell by itself, lump it off with a heap of other undesirables and someone will want something in the heap badly enough to bid for it.

What the purchasers do with all the wrecks they buy at country auctions passes comprehension, unless they use them to repair similar wrecks at home.

In spite of the weather there was a goodly crowd gathered in the widow's yard when the auctioneer arrived. He was an elderly man from whom the steam of life had escaped in many vaporings of this sort; he had all the patter of his trade, but there was no longer that hypnotic enthusiasm in his voice that compels bidding. The sale began badly and limped along indifferently, until the Man with the Brown Beard took hold of the case.

He was a stranger to me and to most of us. Someone said he lived on the mountain, and was one of the Van Armand boys. Another thought he was a Van Loon. The names meant nothing to me; yet I seemed to have known him always. He was tall and spare, and wore a threadbare overcoat; his brown beard framed a face that was disconcertingly Biblical in the beauty of its calm and gentle strength. The Jesus of picture and sculpture — no less!

The Widow Marr was by no means friendless among us, but until this man arrived she had had no active aid at the court of salesmanship. He it was who marshaled us hither and thither, bade us carry this or that, steered the auctioneer from one heap of battered treasure to another, privately called attention to hidden utilities as he circulated through the crowd and stirred timid souls to bid. Subtly but unmistakably the atmosphere of the Widow Marr's dooryard changed from gloom to hope, became charged with the electricity of competition. Even the auctioneer took fire; his 'Fair Warning,' which had been all warning, was now a challenge; the clerk at his elbow made frenzied jottings, so fast did the sales come.

It was the widow's friend, too, who led the way to the outbuildings when the household goods had been sold. There we found, in profusion and confusion, the tools and implements with which Tom Marr had massaged the face of Mother Earth with painstaking skill. On the way thither our guide reminded us of Tom's virtues, his industry and his ingeniousness. Tom, indeed, had his own ways of rigging tools; Tom might have been an inventor if he had been practical-minded instead of being interested only in growing things. Visions of patents danced in our heads; under the magic of that suggestion we bought Tom Marr's relics avidly.

While the auctioneer and the clerk were compiling their accounts the Man with the Brown Beard took the Widow Marr into his wagon and set off toward the mountain. 'Just a visit,' the neighbors said, 'to settle her mind a little before she goes to the Home. His folks and her'n are connected some way by blood. Or maybe just friends. Anyway it's a good place for her.'

I was unloading my purchases when they drove past. The widow, small and shrunken on the seat, was straining her eyes toward the mountain. He stood beside her, his tall body swaying to the rhythm of hoof and wheel, the wind tossing his beard, and the sunset full in his face.

That was three years ago, and the Widow Marr is still on the mountain with the Van Loons or Van Dorens or Van Somebodies. The Man with the Brown Beard is no doubt there also, ploughing and reaping and folding sheep in season. But although in these three years I have traveled and thought and written almost without ceasing, I have never been able to shake off the impression that I saw Christ Jesus saving the Widow Marr

that afternoon. I do not want to shake it off; otherwise I should hunt out his farm and ask his advice on sheep. That is too big a risk at present. But if life ever becomes utterly unbearable, then as a last resort I shall go up the mountain, find the Man with the Brown Beard, and tell him my troubles. Mind you, I know not this man, — I have never seen him since that day and may never see him again, — yet if he were to come to my door and say 'Follow me' I would go as surely and as confidently as the fishermen left their nets by Galilee to follow Jesus.

TOWARD THE ROYAL TOMBS

Night, deep and still, lay over the country west of Peking. Under a handful of stars, the palace road flowed wanly between black willows. Black and still, the fields stole away at either side. On that dark plain lay palaces and ruined palaces and the adorable, wild gardens of dead princes; there were rosy-hued temples there, and a great military camp, and towns, and the huts of farmers. But all alike were swallowed up in night, all things erased, save the handful of stars and the black blot of the plain. In some far village a watchman's rattle clacked, ceased, and all was still again.

On the palace road under the willows fell the soft tread of camels and the slap of slippered feet. And all at once the road was full of torches burning white holes upon the night, of ghostly white funereal robes, and the flash of gilded banners. Tongues of light fled away hither and thither among the willow branches. And on the flickering fringe of the torches' glare came a host of shadowy shapes — monstrous beasts riding high on the shoulders of men, troops of plumes and fronds and garlands, dark palanquins bearing I know not what mysterious mourners, guards mounted on slow-stepping ponies, a catafalque whose ninety bearers staggered under its weight. It was the funeral procession of the Little Emperor's mother. Silently — how silently! — it glided out of the night. No whine of bamboo flutes, no groan of funereal drums — as though it were more fitting thus for a ruined dynasty to pass to the tombs in silence.

Slowly and dimly a pale light moved in the sky and filtered down through the branches of the willows; the torches drew in their glare, colors came forth. Green and gold were the robes of the attendants, red and gold the canopy of the catafalque.

Then suddenly, as if to heighten that last gesture of regality, dawn flung across the east a banner of imperial yellow. The breeze of dawn sprang up. The willows shivered. Across that trembling screen of black and gold passed in semi-silhouette the phantasmagoria of the funeral procession — silent, undulating camels bearing with majestic deliberation their loads of burial trappings; towering guardian lions made of cedar leaves; palanquins of papier-mâché for the imperial mother's goings and comings in Paradise; offerings to be burnt before the gods. In a last flare of yellow light the dawn poured forth upon the gold-embroidered canopy of the catafalque.

Stop, O Memory! Stop before the cold light of day, before the camels grow lean and dingy, before the emblems droop and the robes of the attendants turn to faded tatters, before the torches grow cold. Stop, above all things, before the procession arrives at a tea house. For then the imperial lions will be abandoned in the dust, and the catafalque left in the middle of the road. The emblems will be flung aside, and the holy offerings. The funeral cortège will sit at the side of the road, drinking tea and laughing.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

SOMEWHERE in the activity of a New York critic, author, and playwright, **Edmund Wilson** has found the opportunity of listening to a most enlightening conversation. Speaking of Evolution, we should like to have heard what the Iguana had to say to Balaam's ass. ¶In his essay on 'Anonymity,' **E. M. Forster**, the gentle and distinguished English novelist, remarks that 'Anonymous statements have . . . a universal air about them. Absolute truth, the collected wisdom of the universe, seems to be speaking, not the feeble voice of a man.' ¶In the **Anonymous** paper that immediately follows, the author, outwardly healthy, yet condemned by the doctors to die within a few months, describes his attitude toward Death, and his ordering of what remains of life, with such knowledge and courage as compose 'absolute truth.' ¶Through dark and often stormy experience, **Agnes Repplier** has accumulated evidence somewhat inimical to that institution occasionally referred to as our 'national art.' **Frank Brandon** hits a stubborn nail on the head, a nail that cannot be hit too often or too hard. In life, as in his true dialogue, Mr. Brandon plays the rôle of a professor. **Benfield Pressey** has come to understand freshmen and deans while serving as assistant-professor of English at Dartmouth College. For the last four years Mr. Pressey has written the article on English and American literature for the *New International Year Book.*

* * *

Milutin Krunich first contributed to the *Atlantic* in June 1917, when, as a lieutenant in the Serbian army, he related his brave and dramatic story, 'The Graveyard by the Morava.' **Bliss Carman** is a poet of Canadian birth, whose pen persuades us that the modern muse trips to as delicate a music as her ancient sister. ¶A master of contemplation, whether his concern be advertising, deafness, or democracy, **Earnest Elmo Calkins** has recalled his youth in writing the religious history of a boy's soul. ¶An *Atlantic* critic, **Ellen Duvall** opens a new debate with matter sensible, fresh, and pithy. ¶In this number we publish the third paper of **Helen Dore Boylston's** trilogy, 'Coming of Age.' Following the war Miss Boylston served through two Albanian revolutions, and was one of the few neutral eyewitnesses of the Albanian-Italian struggle. On her return, she joined the staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Readers who have followed Miss Boylston's earlier career in the September and October issues of the *Atlantic* will wish to know that she has given up her nursing and is now devoting herself to writing.

* * *

Formerly an instructor in English at Harvard University, now a member of the *Atlantic* staff, **Theodore Morrison** has turned to Shelleyan account a bracing walk along the October sands. **Brassil Fitzgerald** served in France with the 101st Infantry. ¶English author and critic, **Charles Gardner** observes that George Eliot is more read in America than in England to-day. **Gretchen Warren** (Mrs. Fiske Warren) — poet, reader, and lover of the classics — lives in Boston. ¶A Columbia graduate, **Hudson Hoagland** took his master's degree in chemical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1924. Mr. Hoagland is now studying for a doctorate in psychology at Harvard.

* * *

John R. Commons is a professor of economics at the University of Wisconsin, and a director of the American Bureau of Industrial Research. ¶Missionary service in Persia has enabled **Elgin E. Groseclose** to enter where, otherwise, angels would fear to tread. ¶After conspicuous work as an editorial writer on agriculture and finance, **Arthur P. Chew** has become a member of the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Chew has diagnosed the trouble which has at times caused our most conservative farmers to see and be 'red.'

A few months ago the *Atlantic* ventured to criticize the colossal extravagance incident to the American standard of a car apiece, or something like it. Letters still stream in.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

No longer young enough to be a banker, I have become a candlestick-maker. It is necessary to live on a small income; our outgo has to be carefully planned from month to month.

Our consciences had not yet quieted down after reading the confessions of an automobilist, when some repairs became necessary on our car which would cut badly into a sum of money we were reserving for some clothes. So we became very thoughtful. Ought we to sell the car we bought on the installment plan at a time when I needed it to go from place to place in the work I was then doing, or have we a right to keep it?

We should not suffer without the car. We could afford some things which we now must deny ourselves. I could wear a new suit on Sundays instead of the one that has been cleaned and repaired a number of times. Wife and daughter could wear things of silk that now must be of cotton, except on rare occasions. We could walk to school, to work, to shops, even to the movies. Occasionally we could go by electric to the city on a shopping-expedition, or for a treat that we cannot afford now. A street car would take us near enough to church so that we could go once a Sunday. Our home is very comfortable, with a porch in front and a tree in the back yard, so we should not be shut in. No, we should not suffer if we had no car.

But some things we do because we are the owners of a car. I drive to and from work. My work, which involves climbing stairs a good deal, is very tiring. I can drive home to lunch, breaking the monotony of the mechanical work, and can be refreshed by the influence of my wife and daughter. For this daily pleasure I should have to substitute a lunch from a dinner-pail, and that would take away from my efficiency. In the evening the short drive home is just enough to take the sag out of my steps. If my wife is tired out from her day's work, I take her for a short spin out in the open. Ten minutes take us miles away on the boulevard. Sometimes, if we have more time, we circle a hill in a neighboring suburban town — a hill that has so many roads curving in and out among palatial mansions with wonderful grounds that again and again we get lost there, much to our delight, always coming out much nearer home than we expect.

On Sundays, even after attending one or more services, picking up friends who otherwise would stay at home, we fill our Ford with friends and lunch, and go — keep going till we get hungry. Then we eat by the roadside, at the beach, or, if we don't get hungry too soon, in the deep shade of a cañon beside a running brook.

How is it possible that my family and friends, just folks, can be such delightful companions? How can we explain that sandwiches and coffee taste so exquisitely delicious? What gives us the pleasure we take in sky and trees, in cañons and mountain-tops, in the roaring breakers at the seaside? What makes us so richly enjoy our friends? Whence comes that wonderful appetite and the pleasure in satisfying it?

'The ownership of a Ford,' is the answer.

So then, Mr. Banker, shall I sell the Ford and be reduced to living within the radius of from six to ten city blocks? Or shall I keep the Ford and live, *live* in the wide, wide world?

Good-bye, dream of silk things for wife and daughter! Come, old suit, be furbished up once more and serve another three months! We 'll get into the car and go so that no one sees what we are wearing!

Can we get lost on Oak Hill to-day, I wonder?

And, Mr. Ashdown, should our recklessness make us go on the rocks, won't you let us take up a note for thirty days?

Respectfully yours,

M. S.

* * *

An interesting postscript to Leo Crane's 'Let Joy Be Unrefined!' is this clipping kindly sent us by Mary L. Ellis.

WIND RIVER, WIS. — The Shoshone Sun Dance was held on the Wind River reservation July 24 to 27. Mr. Oliver Hower, superintendent of St. Michael's Mission, was requested by the Shoshone tribal council to ask a special blessing on the dancers at sundown on the second day. One of the old chieftains said to him: —

'Your way of worship is not like our tribal way, but we do not pray to the sun or dance to the sun or to this fire, or to these colored poles, but we pray to the same Great Father you pray to.'

* * *

The comradeship of 'over there.'

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

To borrow a bit of slang, Helen Dore Boylston was certainly 'there.' Her diary, in its first installment in the September *Atlantic*, carried this reader back to 1918 in one jump. They called it the 'Yellow Tea Room,' in Châteauroux, where Base Hospital No. 9 of the A. E. F. was located. So many *infirmières américaines* came down there, with majors and others, in the evenings, that an American name was given the café. So many came there, after hours of the sort of work

Miss Boylston did. After so many backs had been rubbed, so many dressings applied — but what use to speak of it, unless to those who were 'over there'? The poor benighted ones who condemned Julie Gamelyn and Peter Graham as immoral — how can they know conditions, from this side of 'Periscope Pond'?

Before a stay in the hospital, one major and his adjutant sat, of evenings, in the garden of the Château of a French village, and listened to the tales of two French nurses who had been through the same trials as the author of the diary. One had the Croix de Guerre, because she transported wounded from a French hospital under the bombardment of the enemy Taubes. *They* know what conditions were.

To speak of tales in a French garden brings me to Mildred Aldrich — one beautiful afternoon was spent at La Creste, in Huiry, the 'Hilltop on the Marne,' talking with the lady who saw a bit of the war from her garden. This was in July of 1919.

Yes, the war may be over — and a source of ennui to most to have to read of it — but it happened!

GEORGE B. STEBBINS

* * *

Liberals and Conservatives alike are concerned with finding a way out of Mr. Nixon's 'Evangelicals' Dilemma,' which appeared in our September issue.

SEWICKLEY, PENN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The Reverend Mr. Nixon's article, 'The Evangelicals' Dilemma,' is, as you say, such as to earn the sympathy of many. One reader, certainly, found himself interested in Mr. Nixon's analysis, and grateful to him for his definitions. But why the concluding paragraphs? Why must the Liberals go consciously about it, that they may meet the pragmatic test?

To one, at least, it seems that, historically considered, Christianity has succeeded where it has lived and worked spontaneously; that wherever it has assumed to be 'a judge and a divider' it has become self-conscious and ineffective. Martin Luther is a significant figure in the history of the human spirit, up to the point to which a pure and inner conviction brought him, but no further; the like may be said of John Henry Newman.

Why, then, insist that Liberals be conscious of a mission and a 'task'? Why not be satisfied that they hold precious the truth as they see it, live by it, and leave the future and its justifications to the God in whom they trust?

Yours respectfully,

BAYARD H. CHRISTY

WEST NEW BRIGHTON
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Dr. Nixon's article in the September *Atlantic* is to be especially commended for its frank facing of the dilemma of the Liberals. This commendation comes from the enemy's camp, since I belong to the minority group in the Presbytery of New York. We who are conservative maintain that the history given in Scripture is trustworthy history, and that the facts given in it are adequately certified by the evidence furnished, and we believe that this certified history is the scientific basis of Christianity. The interpretation of these facts — the philosophy concerning them — will always be, however, a sphere of thought more or less fluid. Against us, the Liberals believe that Christianity is dependent on no such basis, and in reality that no such basis exists, and they make out Christianity rather to be a subjective philosophy that can live, even if these supposed facts are discredited. But since this philosophy must, in its very nature, be fluid, changeable, uncertain, all hope of agreement is sure to be disappointed. No man can long agree even with himself, once he sets sail on this flowing stream of thought, no longer bound by an unalterable history.

In our position we face some dilemmas, but does one of them begin to be as appalling as that which confronts our Liberal friends when they first reject the truth of the only possible scientific foundation for our faith?

We can only hope that the terribleness of that dilemma may drive Dr. Nixon and his comrades once more to examine the evidence for the facts of Gospel history.

MEBANE RAMSAY

* * *

Opium — and a pair of rubbers.

NANKING, CHINA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

One paragraph in 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' — the paragraph that answers that question, 'What happened after all the natives were converted?' by beginning with the Word as preached by the well-meaning though deadly uninteresting Mr. Rudge and ending with the ravages of the opium traffic — is so irresistibly illogical that it recalls an incident in my early teaching-days at a New England boarding-school.

I must have been curled up in my favorite bay-window, looking at the Boutet de Monvel Jeanne d'Arc, or I should never have overheard this parental outburst, meant only for the ears of the head mistress: —

'And so we decided to put her in school and I'd like to look over this school and see if it suits. We had her in a day school at home, supposed to be a good private school, and the other pupils

abused her awfully. One girl jumped on her spine and punched her in the stomach and she came home in the rain *with only one rubber on*. And she caught an awful cold and typhoid fever set in and while she was sick grandma — my mother-in-law — fell downstairs and broke her leg and we had to have two trained nurses. And then we had to take them both to Florida! And before we were through the whole thing cost us fifteen hundred dollars, and as I said to the principal of that school: "If you had only bought Ethel a pair of rubbers or hired a carriage to send her home! Anything would have been cheaper than this."'

Sincerely yours,

JEANNIE J. CLEMONS

* * *

When Boswell walks in Reading.

READING, PENN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Can you spare a little space to a misguided unfortunate who has lived happily in the 'Land of Ain't' for nigh half a century? J. H. E.'s entertaining letter in the September Contributors' Column has served as an active, if irritant, topic of conversation in the clubs and circles of society that he has not penetrated, despite his recent acquaintance with and knowledge of 'Pennsylvania Dutch folk.'

Can it be that to his final meed of praise, 'Above all, they are thrifty,' he did not add the words, 'and truthful,' because of contrast? My reason for this thought is because he tells an interesting — but very ancient — story of an experience that he states he and his wife had, in which the other actors were a caboose, a little boy, and his 'mom.' ('Ain't, mom, when the little red car goes by it 's all?') That same story was told by our ancestors the very first day that a train ran through Reading. This gentleman admits having favored this 'foreign' city as his place of residence for a period of ten years. For many times ten years we have told this same old story to every carpetbagger who comes. Invariably the result has been the same — in a few days we hear it repeated as a personal experience.

I have passed this same grade-crossing thousands of times since my nurse first poured the story into my infant ears. At every hour of the day and night I have seen trains go by, but I have been less fortunate than your correspondent, for never yet have I seen this little boy and his 'mom' patiently standing there all these many years in order that he may 'say his piece' to strangers in a very strange city.

I have a very wide acquaintance among these people, who must seem even more 'quare' than Lucy Furman's young women did to the Kentucky mountaineers. They represent every mental and social grade, but none to whom I have spoken has ever heard anyone say, 'Is you on yet?' Can it be that this gentleman and his wife associate only with people who have vivid imaginations? 'Pennsylvania Dutch' cities contain as many kinds of people as do cities in sections of the country where true culture reigns; but here, too, there is an old saying — and in English, mind you — about water seeking its own level.

Yours respectfully,

A CITIZEN OF THE 'LAND OF AIN'T'

* * *

The gentle art of chaperonage.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Have experiences with the *Atlantic* similar to this one of mine been often related?

A few years ago I took with me on a boat trip, for leisure moments, my copy of the current *Atlantic*. While I was sitting on deck reading, a man in the party began to discuss with me an article he had just read in his copy of the same magazine. After this we talked of *An American Idyll*, by Cornelia Parker, then being published, which had charmed us both. From that beginning our friendship continued until we decided to attempt to make an idyll of our lives as the Parkers had done. The success we have made may be judged by the determination of some of my friends to carry a copy of the *Atlantic* when they go traveling.

My husband has often said that he was first attracted to me because I was reading the *Atlantic*. Needless to add, we consider this magazine an important part of our home life.

V. H. W.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1925

WHEN WILL CHRISTMAS COME?

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

Peace! and to all the world! Sure One,
And He the Prince of Peace, hath none!
He travails to be born, and then
Is born to travail more again!
— HENRY VAUGHAN (1656)

I

ONLY God could have thought of Christmas. Its beauty is beyond the wit of mortals, so simple in its sublimity, so homey yet so heavenly. On a tapestry woven of stable-straw and starlight it unveils a picture to soften and purify the heart, and to bring us back from a wisdom that is not wise, because it is hard, unholy, and unhopeful. Man would have made it a pageant, its stage directions as follows: —

Array of Great Ones
The Army marches by
Fanfare of trumpets
Enter the King

Our pageants pass and fade, but God works in slower and more secret ways. He blows no trumpet; He rings no bell. He begins within, seeking His ends by quiet growth, and by a strange power that men call weakness, a wisdom mistaken for folly. Man has one answer to every problem — force; but that is not the way of God. He did not send an army to conquer the world; He sent a Babe to make a woman cry. The divine method is different: —

The crowded Inn
A Mother and a Babe
No cradle, but a Manger
A man stunned by wonder
A wandering Star

Such wisdom bends the knee; such beauty breaks the heart — and mends it. It is a scene to sanctify the world, as if to teach us that God enters the life of man by lowly doors, attended by starry ideals and simple shepherd sentiments — 'one of the children of the year.' They are wise men who bow at such a shrine, linking a far-off pilgrim star with the cradle of a little Child. By such faith men are truly wise, knowing that no hope is too high, no dream too holy to be fulfilled — even the hope and dream of 'peace on earth among men of good will.'

No wonder it is a scene of mirth and music. As Botticelli sees it, angels are singing on the roof of the inn, and all the world is aglow with a new joy. Dance is mingled with devotion, and laughter with liturgy. Nay, more: he sees a path winding its way to the

Manger, and along it we need to return, we who walk thus far down the ways of time, lest we forget the thing which has come to pass.

II

Mayhap, if we take that path, an old faith and a new joy will be born in us, bringing a sense of huge dawns that sleep before us, deep changes, and a great hope. For, while we are not hopeless, we are unhopeful of a world Christmas of which the vision tells. Much has happened betimes: war has followed war, woe has been added to woe, and ages of cruelty divide us from that Manger-Cradle under singing skies. Even in our own day a storm of world war has swept over us, leaving a black swirl of wreckage in its wake. Until we wonder, in spite of ourselves, whether the vision is not too fair ever to have been true in the past, and too frail ever to come true in the future.

Our faith is dimmed by a cloudy cynicism; our skyey idealism is darkened by a blurred bitterness. Ten million young men dead — the fathers of dream-children never now to be born! Such a fact makes even Christmas pensive, and we wear crape on our hearts. Only God can trace the echo of those guns and the ruin they wrought in the lonely places of the soul. Even when we talk of peace, and lay plans to outlaw war, our hearts are haunted by a deep dismay. Men still take the name of Jesus on their lips, but in act they adopt rites more befitting the worship of Moloch. The world is a scene of wasted powers, but no waste is so wicked as the waste of child-life. Each age childhood offers us a new beginning, and we have so far failed to break the entail of evil.

Yet the world desires nothing so much as peace; for seven years we have been groping in search of it in vain. The desire has been pathetic, but we have gone the wrong way to attain it. Every road we have taken has proved only a bypath, leading us to the brink of an abyss. In our misery we have turned back and sought another, only to find ourselves in the same danger and despair. At any rate, the fact has been burned into our minds that it is neither sane nor sensible nor possible for humanity to go on living on a basis of war — and that means much. It has even become a saying among us that we must end war, else war will end us, bringing the house of man down in a charred and smoking ruin. But, alas, words such as these have been said before, and to no avail.

At the end of the struggle with Napoleon, in the years of famine and hatred and woe that followed, a Peace Society was formed. For a time it flourished, and then it faded. Gradually the high resolve in the hearts of men to end war ebbed out. Apathy and inertia ensued. New times brought new men who had not lived through the tragedy, and knew not its horror. At last the Peace Society became for many rather a nuisance, for others a bit of a joke. Dark forces gathered; clouds crept over the horizon; old envies, old vanities, old fears, old demands for trade and territory, returned — and again the world was shaken by the thunder of war. Will it be so again? Is it not going on before our very eyes? Is not our symbol a poppy? Will Christmas ever come?

Or must we admit that Christmas is only a fairy story, heart-woven and dream-spun, and that the gray shadows which life casts over us are the grim truth? Is it no more than a figment of fancy, tender and lovely, fragrant with old memories, enshrined in the love and armored with the wonder of childhood — a day of make-believe tugging at our hearts with the pull of playtime? After

all, has the Church only made a party for the Christ Child, inviting Puck and Peter Pan and Tiny Tim, and dear old Santa Claus, each to bring a note of elfin glee, blending all into an eerie anthem with a song of angels long ago? In short, is it an airy unreality, too fragile for a world of feud?

No — Christmas is both a fact and a faith; but even if it were only a brief season of good will, a holiday from our forgetfulness of others, or just a family festival, it would be welcome. At least it is a day of poetry in the midst of drab days of prose. But, if we have journeyed the path Botticelli saw, other thoughts have been laid upon our souls. One little Child — and therefore, by a swift and sure logic, all little children who make the world so young, and keep it so. One who has been to Bethlehem can never lose his reverence for these new lives breaking out of the dark with promise of hope for the race. Nor can he ever cease to wonder at the folly of man, so careful of his material wealth, so careless of his real treasure; and equally at the pity of God.

> God abides in a terrible patience
> Unangered, unworn,
> And still for the child that was taken
> A child is born.

III

Such facts, faiths, fears, and pities mingle in the mood of our day, so sorely disillusioned. But the tasks of the days ahead ask us to defy dark moods, to rise above misgiving and work the old alchemy of our faith. No one can overestimate the spiritual factor; without it we lose our way in a bottomless bog. It is not enough that high-minded men of state outline a plan of world order and peace. That is necessary. But all their plans and visions must depend for their fruition upon a spiritual life rising out of the heart of the people — a power of faith, a will to creation. Only the very genius of the religious spirit can achieve such vision and power.

Happily, by all the tokens, the tide is turning, and men are taking counsel of deeper needs and finer forces. For one thing, we have seen, in the outworking of ideas and events, that materialism ends in utter futility and chaos. In fact, as in philosophy, it is a proceeding in moral bankruptcy, and the verdict is written in red for all to read. No wonder men turn from it aghast. Fifty years ago men of science were proud to be materialists, but it is not so to-day. They are more nearly mystics, trying to wring a kind of mysticism out of matter, since man must be a mystic if he is to be a man at all, however he may hide the fact. Unless all signs fail, the wistful restlessness of the modern soul, astray in its own life, betokens a return to the eternal mysticism in which man finds faith to live and power to achieve.

By the same token, the feeling is widespread that we must have a new heaven if we are ever to have a new world. In other words, men are everywhere dimly aware that a deeper, more vivid sense of God — nay, experience of God — is the profoundest need of our age. They may not put it so in words, but they know it in their hearts, as they know nothing else. By an awful exegesis of events we have learned that no law, no diplomacy, no device invented by the wit of man, can heal the broken lives and warring wills of men. When all is said, only religion can redeem mankind from the law of the jungle; not religion as an abstraction, still less as a huddle of sects, but religion as a mighty law and principle of being. No archaic orthodoxy, no dainty modernism, is equal to our need. There must be a new dimension of religion, uniting the old vision of

faith with the new facts of the world and its laws. Our need is for a religion more direct, more drastic, at once more heroic and fraternal, with a daring kind of goodness, in which skill is blended with pity and joy.

No doubt it may be said that such a need is nothing new on earth and among men. Nor is Christmas — if it be only a story of long ago, enshrined in legend and enskied in art. But once we see that Christmas is no legend, but a revelation of God in the life of man, it becomes revolutionary, and we know it will come when we are worthy and ready to receive it. Often one feels that we are on the eve of the startling discovery that our religion, to our own astonishment, is actually true, in a way and to a depth which we have never even dreamed, and that to neglect it is for the race to rush down a steep place and perish.

IV

Thus one seeks to read, in a swift glimpse, more by hint and divination than by any record, the hidden signs of the time, so to speak, as they lie back of particular items in the programme of peace. Our programmes are important. It will be of far-reaching import if we make war both a sin in religion and a crime in the public law of the world. More important still, if only because it is less negative, is the effort by contact, by conference, and by the spread of knowledge, to obtain recognition of the fact that the interests and good of humanity as a whole really exist, and that nations are a part of one another, even though it is right that each should aspire to its own ideal.

All the while, to urge it once more, behind all our efforts in behalf of a better mind and mood in the world we need the spiritual impulse and insight. Never more so than to-day, when it is so fatally easy to fall into the cynic mood and say that human nature is human nature, and that we can expect nothing better of it than greed and revenge. For if man is a being in whom God can dwell, as Christmas affirms, if his soul may even be a cradle of the Eternal Love, then our highest social visions have hope of fulfillment. Then, indeed, we have not only a Divine Ally working with us, but also a hidden ally, potential and prophetic, in 'the better angels of our nature,' to which we do not appeal in vain. To this faith we must add clarity of thought and charity of heart, and, above all, a new sense of the vast hope that lies hidden in man.

For Christmas is the theology of a civilization yet to be. Like the early Christians, we must live in an air of expectancy, as of something immense impending, of a profound change to take place. For us there have so far been two divisions of time, before Christ and after; and so we reckon our days. But a new division may yet be marked, to which the second period is leading up, as the first led up to the second. At any rate, men of spiritual awareness in all lands feel that a time has come in the history of man when he must take a step into a higher range of being, or else lose and slip back. Stated starkly, to save his life he must reverse the old order of the brute, and assert a diviner law of love, not as a poetic faith, but as the actual basis of his life. So, and only so, can our wounded world be lifted out of the shadow of strife and cruelty into the light of justice and joy.

It can be done. The morning of the world is young, and man is only a step or two on his march to the City of God. His future, even if measured by his past, is unimaginable; but the past is no test of what he can be and will be.

Already he has found new powers and dominions to which we can set no limit, and to-day he is peeping on tiptoe through a keyhole into unguessed regions yet to be explored. As he has discovered new potencies in nature, new elements, new distances, so in the realm of spiritual reality he will unlock new depths, and order his life by a diviner law. Soon or late he will live in a frontierless and unfortified world, ruled by moral intelligence and practical good will. The Christian era lies ahead of us.

V

In this fact is to be found the answer to the questions that bewilder us betimes. Why do we live for one day by the law of love and then turn again and rend each other? Wherefore do nations at war lift up hands in prayer to Him who taught us to love our enemies? Why do men who deny Christ yield, for one day, to the spell of His spirit of pity and joy? Is there any explanation of such a deficit between dream and deed? Yes. It lies in the fact that Christmas is a prophetic day, looking not so much backward as forward. It is a history of the future, of an order of life not yet attained, of a religion not yet realized. To our dull eyes it seems visionary; to God it is vision.

Over an armed camp, in a hard old Roman world, the song of the angels rang out, proclaiming 'Peace on earth among men of good will.' How far off it must have seemed on that night! How far off it seems to-day! Yet it will come true. It is not a myth; it is not a mockery. Surviving ages of slaughter, it still haunts us, proving its immortality. It is not a mortal melody, but a divine symphony. Because it is far off we know that it is not our own music, but was sent into the soul of man by One who is as far above us as the stars are above the mists.

It is a song out of the heart of the world. It means much that we can hear it, despite gray fears and grim facts, forever singing above a din of strife; and, hearing it, take up its strain in a world of feud. Not in our day, not in many days, perhaps, but at last it will be fulfilled. The world will fill up with men of good will who keep step to its music and live by its law — men who know that man was made for love, because God is love, and that love and joy will blend in the final note of the great world-song.

SING

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

SEVERAL years ago while living at Papeete, the capital of Tahiti in French Oceania, I found myself so low in funds that it seemed the part of wisdom to retire for a time to one of the remote country-districts until I could repair my fortunes. On the windward side of the island, thirty-five miles from the town, I found an attractive place about an acre in extent, with a one-room house on it precisely suited to my needs. My verandah overlooked the sea, and a clear mountain-stream flowed through my small domain, so that I had both fresh- and salt-water bathing; but a more important feature than either of these was the cheapness of the rental — $3.00 per month.

The land thereabout was so fertile that I decided to make a vegetable garden. In the tropics gardening would be a delightful occupation, and it might easily prove so profitable that I should never again need to resume my old trade of journalism. So I set to work, hopefully enough, glad of the necessity which had brought me to this decision.

The experience was disillusioning. Millions of tiny red ants carried away most of my seed, and, if any happened to be overlooked by the ants, the moment they sent forth green shoots these were sheared off by land crabs. After three months of patient effort all that I had to show for my toil was two ears of sweet corn (or, better, corncobs, for the rats had eaten off the kernels), three small tomatoes, and one squash. Having estimated my time as worth, at a modest figure, twenty cents an hour, and adding expenditures for seed, garden tools, and so forth, I found that these vegetables cost me $15.50 each.

Nevertheless I resolved to try once more, and ordered from America a fresh supply of seed — a small quantity this time, for my funds were getting low; and furthermore, because of my innumerable enemies I meant to garden on a reduced front. But when I had cleared away the weeds — how marvelously they had flourished meanwhile, without care! — and saw the hosts of ants drawn up in waiting battalions, and the ground perforated like a sieve with the holes of land crabs, and a crab at the entrance of each hole, waving his keen-edged nippers in the air, I lost heart. 'It is useless,' I thought. 'I'd better go back to journalism. Although not a lucrative profession, it is more profitable than gardening, and if I practise it faithfully I should be able to earn at least twenty cents an hour.' Therefore I put away my tools and left Nature to plant whatever she would in my garden plot. She chose, as before, lantana and false tobacco.

That afternoon I was oiling and cleaning my typewriter, which had long been rusting in disuse, when a Chinaman named Hop Sing drove past my door in his dilapidated spring-wagon.

He lived a quarter of a mile down the lagoon beach from my place, in a house which he himself had built from the boards of old packing-cases and roofed over with flattened-out biscuit-tins. I knew that he had a vegetable garden, — although he raised only sweet potatoes, watermelons, and a very tough variety of field corn, — so I hailed him, thinking he might find use for my dollar's worth of seed. He stopped, willingly enough, and I brought out to him a small packet each of beans, sweet corn (Golden Bantam), squash, pumpkin, lettuce, and tomato seed, all of the best varieties. Hop grunted expressions of mild interest while I explained what the various packets contained, and, when I had finished, asked: 'How much?' 'Oh, nothing at all,' I replied. 'A little present for you.' He grasped the back of the seat to steady himself, perhaps, from the shock of receiving a present in that heathen land, and his black eyes glittered a trifle more brightly; but these were the only evidences of emotion — if it may be called emotion — that he displayed.

I forgot Hop Sing forthwith; there were other things to think of, chiefly the precarious state of my finances. Having counted on my garden to furnish food, I had spent my little capital all too freely. Luckily my rent was paid several months in advance, but I had left only 128 francs — a little more than $5.00 American, at the current rate of exchange — and not a penny coming in until I had written something, story, sketch, or what not. The manuscript would have to be sent to America, and even though it should be accepted at once — a remote possibility — I could not hope to receive a cheque for at least three months. How was I to live in the meantime? There were bananas on my place and about fifty coconut palms; but my landlord, a native, reserved the right to both the nuts and the fruit, which was no more than fair, considering the modest rental he asked for house and grounds. The nuts were gathered as they fell and the bananas picked green to send to the Papeete market. I thought of fishing, but, remembering past experiences, I knew it would be foolish to count on that. I had no better luck at fishing than at gardening. No, I should have to live, somehow, on my 128 francs. That, of course, was impossible, so I resolved not even to try. I kept 28 francs for incidental expenses, spent 25 francs for native tobacco, — if I was to write I should have to smoke, — and the remainder for sweet potatoes and tinned beef. When the food was gone — well, I should worry about that when the time came.

Three days later I was on page two of a sketch which I planned to call 'Settling Down in Polynesia,' a story of some experiences I had had the year before. It was Sunday, but necessity knows no holy days and I was doing my utmost to work. The mere fact of having to work seemed to make accomplishment impossible. I had written and rewritten the two pages of my story, vainly trying with each new draft to blacken page three. I was aroused from a mood of profound dejection by a knock at the back door. It was Hop Sing, and with him were his wife, their three small children, and a wizened little man with a scant beard and shaped like an interrogation point. Hop was dressed in a clean cotton undershirt and a pair of dungaree trousers. His wife wore a pyjama-suit of black silk, and her hair was elaborately dressed. She carried one child on her arm, led another by the hand, and had a third, the baby, in a sling at her back. The children were beautifully dressed, and each of them had on a little skullcap of blue silk with

flowers and butterflies embroidered on it in gold thread. The ancient wore a coat like a dressing-gown. He was very feeble and got down from the wagon with difficulty. It was pathetic to see the effort it cost him to walk. He would advance his staff a few inches and, grasping it with both hands, make a shuffling hop up to it. Then he would rest for a moment while gathering strength for a new effort. We helped him up the steps and at length all were seated on the verandah, Mrs. Sing sitting sidewise on her chair because of the baby in the sling. My unwashed breakfast-dishes were on the kitchen table, and several slices of fried sweet potato on a greasy plate looked anything but appetizing. I was ashamed of the disorder of the place, the more so because this was the first visit I had ever had from the Sing family. Both Hop and his wife looked about in appraising fashion, but whether they approved or disapproved it was impossible to judge from their faces.

'My fadda-law,' said Sing, indicating the old man.

I smiled and nodded.

A rather long silence followed. I felt embarrassed and could think of nothing to say.

'What name you?' he then asked.

I told him. Another interval of silence. I gave my forefinger to the baby on Mrs. Sing's lap. It clasped it gravely and held on. Mrs. Sing smiled. Her father, too, smiled; at least his face wrinkled suddenly, like a pool into which a pebble has been thrown. The small baby in the sling was asleep, its chubby arms sticking straight out. It looked like a doll rather than a real baby. The oldest child, a boy of six or seven, had the curious mature look and the air of profound wisdom common to many Chinese children.

Sing took from his pocket one of the packets of seeds I had given him.

'What name this?' he asked.

'That? Corn, sweet corn — Golden Bantam. Very good. Tahiti corn no good — too tough. This corn fine.'

'Where you get?'

'From America,' I replied.

He brought forth the other packets.

'All this Melican seed?'

I told him that it was, and the best that could be bought.

He was silent for a moment. Then he said: 'Make fine garden now. No have good seed before. Make plenty big tomato now, plenty squash, plenty corn. Bimeby you see.'

Thinking of my three tomatoes, about the size of marbles, I was not sanguine about Sing's being plenty big. However, I expressed the hope that they might be. I brought out my seed catalogue and showed him pictures of the various vegetables. He was much interested and exchanged remarks in Chinese with his father-in-law. Meanwhile one of those heavy local showers common at Tahiti in the rainy season broke with violence. The thunder of water on my tin roof was deafening. Soon the cloud melted into pure sunlight, the last of it descending in a fine mist shot through with rainbow lights. Sing then went to his wagon and returned with three huge watermelons. He made a second excursion, bringing this time a live fowl, a bottle of Dubonnet (vin apéritif), and a basket containing seventeen eggs. All of these articles he placed on my kitchen table.

'Littly plesent, you,' he said with a deprecatory gesture. Mrs. Sing and her father then rose, and all three shook my hand, bidding me good-bye with smiles and nods. A moment later they drove off, leaving me astonished at this expression of Chinese friendliness.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the value to me of their generous gift. Tinned beef is a nourishing food, but I

had lost all relish for it during the Great War. As for sweet potatoes, I had eaten so many while knocking about the Pacific on trading schooners that I could hardly endure the sight of them. How welcome, then, was this more palatable food! I planned to have a chicken dinner at once, but on second thought decided not to kill my fowl. Perhaps she would lay, and if I could somehow procure a rooster I might, from that small beginning, raise enough chickens to provide for all my needs. So I staked the hen out in the door-yard, with a string tied to her leg; and, having found several coconuts partly eaten by rats, I broke these open and gave her a good meal. Then, having dined on a six-egg omelet with half a watermelon for dessert, I resumed my work with interest and enthusiasm. All the afternoon the bell of my type-writer rang with the steady persistence of an alarm gong at a railroad crossing, and pages of manuscript fell from my hands like autumn leaves after a heavy frost. By six o'clock that evening I had reached the end of my 'Settling Down' story.

I had no time to lose if I were to get it in the north-bound mail. The monthly steamer from New Zealand to San Francisco was due at Papeete on Monday. I decided to go into town to post the manuscript, not being willing to trust the native mail-carrier with so precious a document. A motor-bus ran daily between Papeete and Taravao, a village just beyond my place, but the fare for the round-trip was twenty-four francs. I should need at least ten francs for stamps and expenses in town, so I decided to walk in to Papeete and, if I had enough money left, to ride back. Therefore, having fortified myself with a small glass of Dubonnet and another six-egg omelet, I set out.

It was a beautiful night, dewy and still and fresh, with a full moon rising above the palm trees on the Taravao isthmus. The road wound this way and that around the shoulders of the hills, now skirting the sea, now crossing the mouths of broad valleys where the *hupé* — the night breeze from the interior — blew cool and refreshing. I had glimpses through the trees of lofty precipices festooned with the silvery smoke of waterfalls and, on the left hand, of the lagoon bordered by the barrier reef where great combers, rising to break on the coral, caught the moonlight in lines of white fire. From native houses along the road came snatches of song, a strange mixture of airs, part French, part Tahitian, to the accompaniment of guitars, accordions, and mouth-organs. On verandahs here and there women were busy with their ironing, sitting cross-legged on the floor with a lamp beside them, and far out on the lagoon the lights of the fishermen were already beginning to appear.

I walked briskly along the moonlit road, feeling at peace with the world and with myself. How pleasant it would be, I thought, really to settle down in this remote tropical paradise, to remain here for the rest of my life. Where could I find kindlier people, or a life more suited to one of my indolent habits? If it were true that a man's wealth may be estimated in terms of the things he can do without, then in that sense I might hope soon to achieve affluence. Material possessions added little to the sum of one's happiness, and I could always earn enough at writing to provide for the simple necessities of life. Whenever the mild-eyed melancholy tropical wolves came sniffing apologetically at my door I could knock off a story of one sort or another; then I could live on the proceeds of the sale of it until it became necessary to write another.

So I mused, proceeding on my way:

but at length, toward midnight, when I had covered about half the distance to Papeete, I found myself again thinking of food. The nourishment stored in my second six-egg omelet had already been absorbed and its energy expended. I had a drink of water from a mountain stream and tightened my belt a notch or two.

'I'll have a good breakfast when I get to town,' I thought. For three francs I could buy a large portion of chop suey at one of the Chinese restaurants; that would have to suffice until I returned to the country, which I meant to do at once, as soon as I had posted my manuscript.

At a place where the road followed a lonely strip of beach I came to a thatched hut, and sitting near it, by a fire of driftwood, were an old native man and woman. I stopped for a moment to enjoy the beauty of the scene. The stems of the palm trees were black against the firelight, which flickered over the faces of the old couple and cast huge shadows behind them. They saw me, and the old man called out, '*Haere mai ta maa!* (Come and eat!)' This is merely a friendly greeting, and I replied in the usual way, '*Paia vau* (I'm not hungry)'; but if my empty stomach could have spoken it would have made indignant denial of that statement. But evidently they really meant that I should partake of their midnight supper. They were roasting in the coals what appeared to be shellfish and some sort of native vegetable, and an appetizing fragrance filled the air. 'Come!' said the old woman in the native tongue. 'Try this, it is very good' — and putting several generous portions in a coconut shell she held it up to me.

Good? I should think it was! The meat of the shellfish was as delicately flavored as that of the finest lobster, and the vegetable had a mealy, nutlike taste. My hosts seemed delighted at my appetite and urged more food upon me. 'Eat! Eat!' said the old man. 'We have plenty — enough for a dozen,' and he pointed to several buckets filled with uncooked food; so I ate with a will.

'What kind of shellfish are these?' I asked. 'Did you get them on the reef?'

'Shellfish! These are not shellfish; they're *tupas*.'

'What!' I exclaimed. *Tupas* are land crabs, and those I was eating with such relish were members of the pestiferous family, countless in number, which had assisted the ants in ruining my garden. I did n't know they were edible, but the old man told me that Tahitians thought them a great delicacy, which they are, in truth. As for the vegetable, it was not a vegetable at all, but a nut, the fruit of the *mapé*, the Pacific chestnut-tree. These trees flourish at Tahiti. They are found along the banks of streams and in moist or swampy places. There was a grove of them on my place, and the ground beneath was littered with nuts that I had never bothered to examine, not knowing that they were of value. I was appalled at thought of the time and effort I had wasted trying to make a garden, when all the while there was an inexhaustible food-supply at hand, to be enjoyed without labor, to be had for the mere taking. But no; the taking of land crabs could not be such a simple matter. I remembered the wariness of those which infested my garden plot. They did all their damage in my absence. The moment they saw me coming they scurried to their holes and, if I made so much as a move in their direction, dodged down to safety. I had once caught one by digging him out, but that cost me two hours of hard work.

I asked the old man how he caught them and he showed me a method so

simple and reasonable that I wondered I had not thought of it. He had a fish-pole and line, but instead of a hook at the end of the line he tied there a bunch of green leaves from the hibiscus tree. These leaves and the blossoms of the hibiscus are the principal food of land crabs. We went a little way from the hut to a spot in full moonlight where there were many crab-holes. 'Now stand very still,' he said. In a moment the crabs, which had scurried away at our approach, came warily up again. He then cast his bait very much as one does in fly-fishing. Immediately several crabs came sidling toward it. They fastened their nippers in the leaves, each of them trying to drag the bundle to his hole. The old man then gave a deft jerk to the line, and the crabs, not being able to disengage their nippers quickly enough, were dragged to his feet. He pounced upon them and threw them into the bucket with the others. I then tried my hand, with such success that I was tempted to forgo my journey to town. I wanted to go home at once and begin fishing in my garden, but more prudent counsels prevailed. One's appetite for food so plentiful and so easily procured might become jaded in time; furthermore, I should need a certain amount of money for clothing, shaving materials, tobacco, and so forth. Therefore, having bade farewell to my kindly hosts, I proceeded on my way and reached Papeete at dawn, just as the steamer that was to carry my manuscript to America was entering the harbor. Stamps for the precious parcel cost three francs. I then breathed over it a silent prayer and slipped it into the letter-chute.

Papeete is a colorful town, particularly in the early morning when the inhabitants are going to and from the market. Everyone is in the streets then, and the French and Chinese restaurants are filled with people exchanging gossip over their morning coffee. I had an excellent breakfast at a cost of four francs, and then strolled here and there doubly enjoying the gayety of the scene after my long sojourn in the country. I was walking along the Quai de Commerce looking at the shipping when someone touched my shoulder. It was a bald fat little Chinaman who had evidently been running after me, for he was out of breath and could not speak for a moment. Then he began talking in Chinese-Tahitian, a sort of *bêche-de-mer* that I don't understand. I shook my head. He renewed his efforts, speaking very earnestly and rapidly, and presently I caught the name 'Hop Sing.'

'Hop Sing?' I said.

'*É! É!* (Yes! Yes!)' he replied, and of a sudden he found some English words.

'You know Hop Sing? Hop Sing flen, you?'

'Yes,' I said. 'I know him. Hop Sing live close me, Papeari.'

Papeari is the name of the district where I was living.

The Chinaman's face glowed with pleasure.

'*Maitai! Maitai!* (Good! Good!) Hop Sing send me letta. I know name, you. You give seed; put in gloun, make garden. *Maitai! Maitai!* Hop Sing glad. Me glad. Hop Sing brudda-law me.'

'What name you?' I asked.

'Lee Fat. Keep store over there,' and he pointed down the street. 'When you go back Papeari?'

'Go this morning on motor-bus.'

'Goo-bye,' the Chinaman said, and rushed away as though he had not a moment to lose. I was surprised at the abrupt leave-taking and stood looking after him, hardly knowing what to make of the encounter, touched at

thought of this odd little man chasing me down the street to thank me for the trifling favor I had done his brother-in-law.

I sat on a bench near the post office to wait for the motor-bus. 'The Beachcombers' Bench' it was called, for it was usually occupied on steamer day by waifs and strays from all parts of the world, men who sat there waiting for the distribution of the monthly mail, always expecting letters containing money and nearly always disappointed. 'I'm in the same boat now,' I thought. 'Three months hence I'll be sitting here nursing the same forlorn hope.' It was possible, of course, that my manuscript would sell at once, but, remembering past experiences, I knew it would be foolish to count on it. Well, I still had twenty-one francs, and I should have nine left after paying my bus fare. Certainly I should not starve, with land crabs and mapé nuts to eat, and meanwhile I should work at the journalistic trade as never before, sending manuscripts north by every steamer as long as I had money for postage. Having made this resolve, I put my worries aside.

It was nearly midday when I arrived at Papeari. While I was paying my fare to the driver, the boy who attended to the distribution of parcels put a box down beside me.

'You 've made a mistake,' I said. 'That is n't mine.'

'Yes it is,' he replied.

'No, no. I did n't have a box and I've ordered nothing from town.'

He insisted, however, that it was mine. A Chinaman had brought it just before the bus left the market, he said, and had paid for its carriage to my place. I still thought there was some mistake, but upon prying off the lid I found a card with 'Lee Fat, No. 118' printed on it. (Every Chinaman at Tahiti has a number. This is for some governmental purpose; to keep track of them, perhaps.) Under the name was written, in pencil, 'Mr. Hall, for you.' The parcel contained the following articles: one two-pound box of New Zealand chocolates, a large paper bag of lichi nuts, one quart of champagne (Louis Roederer), and a beautiful lacquered box with a gold dragon on the lid. In this box were two silk handkerchiefs and a silk pyjama-suit.

I was tempted to open the champagne at once, that I might drink long life and abundant health to Hop Sing and his brother-in-law, Lee Fat, No. 118; but I had no ice, and I knew that I could not drink, alone, a quart of champagne without having a headache the following day. So I tied a string to the bottle and lowered it into the cistern to keep cool. Then I went out to attend to my chicken.

She was gone. The string was still tied to the stake, but she had worked her leg out of the noose and vanished. After a long search I found her under the back steps. I reached in, very cautiously, to grasp her. She pecked at my hand and, as I drew her forth, gave utterance to the indignant squawks common to hens when they are sitting. Surely enough, she had laid an egg and was sitting on it; evidently she had been ready to sit when Hop Sing brought her to me. The egg under her was unfertilized, of course, so I took that out. Then I made her a nest of excelsior out of Lee Fat's box, and placed in it the five eggs remaining of Hop Sing's gift. The hen settled down on them with contented cluckings and, when comfortable, closed her eyes as much as to say, 'Now then, all I ask is to be fed from time to time, and twenty-one days hence we shall see what we shall see.'

It seems to me now that the definite upward trend in the graph of my fortunes began that afternoon when I

started land-crab fishing. The results not only flattered my vanity — sadly in need of flattery — but gave me renewed confidence. 'At last,' I thought, 'I am a success at something.' I could not eat a tenth of the crabs I had caught, so I made a pen of stakes set closely together and deeply into the ground, and turned the surplus loose inside it. They immediately dug new holes for themselves, but this did not disturb me, for I knew I could easily catch them again. I fished all over my two-acre estate with such success that I had to enlarge the pen several times, and even then, and despite the fact that some of the crabs dug their way out, there were so many inside that the ground was honeycombed with their burrows. It occurred to me that by feeding them regularly on hibiscus leaves and blossoms I might add to their size and increase the delicacy of their flavor. The experiment was highly successful. The crabs thrived upon the regular and abundant food and I thrived upon them. At the time of Hop Sing's visit, what through worry and an uncongenial diet, I was very thin, but within six weeks I had gained fourteen pounds.

Meanwhile, upon the appointed day, my hen stepped out of her nest, followed by five bits of animated fluff. I was quite as proud of them as she was, and doubtless took more credit to myself on that occasion than the facts warranted. I fed both the hen and her brood on a mixture of roasted land-crabs and mapé nuts, and never have I seen chickens grow so rapidly.

It may seem incredible that my bottle of champagne should have remained unbroached during this time, but such is the case. In my interest in crab and chicken farming I had quite forgotten it; but one day, when my landlord was gathering coconuts in a near-by grove, I asked him to share it with me. He was more than willing, and at the first glass his habitually reserved attitude toward me altered at once. I then learned the reason for this attitude. He told me that his last tenant, an Australian, had not only eaten bananas and coconuts to which he had no right, but had gone away without paying his rent. We drank confusion to this scurvy tenant wherever he might be. Several of my landlord's children had accompanied him to the house, and I shared with them the box of New Zealand chocolates. It was a merry little party, and after much pleasant talk my landlord left me with repeated expressions of good will. The following morning I found on my back verandah a large bunch of bananas and a gunny sack filled with oranges and mangoes, and thereafter I was never without these delicious fruits, gifts from my landlord and his family. Not infrequently Mata, his wife, would send me, by one of the children, baked fish, breadfruit, and mountain plantain wrapped in green leaves, fresh from her native oven. I was overwhelmed with benefits and remembered with deep gratitude that I owed them all to Hop Sing.

His garden was flourishing; all of the seeds I had given him had sprouted and gave promise of a rich harvest under his patient, ceaseless care. He was always at work, and so too was Mrs. Sing, despite the demands on her time made by three small children. Sometimes of a late afternoon I walked down to their place, and usually found Mrs. Sing in a shed back of the house, where she sorted and cleaned bunches of lettuce and string beans for the market. All of her members were busy at once. She rocked the smallest baby, which hung in a little cradle from a rafter, by means of a cord attached to her foot. Every now and then she would pull another cord which hung

just above her head, and this one ran, by a system of pulleys, to the garden, where there was a sort of jumping-jack scarecrow to frighten away the mynah birds; and meanwhile the fresh vegetables got themselves cleaned and deftly packed in little baskets. Sing was a baker as well as a gardener, and four times per week, after his long day's toil, he made the rounds of the district selling crisp loaves and pineapple tarts to the native population. Invariably, during these excursions, he left something at my gate, either a tart or a loaf of bread or a basket of vegetables, and to my great relief nothing I could do or say served to dry up his fountain of gratitude for my wretched little gift of seed.

Under these circumstances the weeks passed so pleasantly and quickly that steamer day — the third since the posting of my manuscript — was at hand before I realized it. I walked into town once more and waited on the familiar bench for the distribution of the mail. I waited all through the afternoon until everyone in Papeete and its environs had called for their letters. I waited until the sun was sinking behind the mountains of Moorea and the post office was about to close. Then, summoning all my resolution, I mounted the steps and walked toward the delivery window, saying inwardly, 'It's useless to ask; I'm quite certain to be disappointed.' The girl who presided there went hastily through a small heap of letters.

'No, there 's nothing for you,' she said, smiling pleasantly.

I made a ghastly attempt to smile in return and was going toward the door when she called, 'Oh! Just a moment! What name did you say?'

I repeated it, enunciating the words with the utmost care.

'Yes, there 's one letter,' she said. 'Fifty centimes postage due.'

Having paid this, I had left only a twenty-five-centime piece, the smallest coin in use in French Oceania. But little that mattered. The letter contained a gracious note accepting my manuscript, and a cheque for five hundred dollars!

To those living luxurious lives in the high latitudes five hundred dollars may seem a trifling sum, but to me it was a fortune. With the half of it I could pay the rental for my house and grounds for a period of nearly seven years, and, provided I lived as modestly in the future as I had in the immediate past, the two hundred and fifty remaining would suffice for other expenses for a much longer time. But now, with bright vistas of ease and plenty and peace of mind opening out before me, I found myself perversely considering the possibility of leaving Tahiti. The north-bound steamer to San Francisco was expected in three days' time, and I fell to considering the varied experience I might now have by virtue of movement and my five hundred dollars. Remembering my past fortunes as a journalist, I knew that it was the part of wisdom to stay here where living was, for the first time, within my means; and yet, if I did not go now, I might never again have enough money for a steamship ticket. I walked the streets long after everyone else was in bed, in an agony of indecision, and at last, as the clock in the cathedral was striking two, the decision was made.

Hop Sing was in town on the day of my departure. He had driven to market with garden produce, and both he and Lee Fat came to see me off. Fat insisted on my accepting a pair of Russian-leather bedroom-slippers and a Chinese fan of blue silk embroidered with gold butterflies. Sing's parting gift was a basket of tomatoes as large

as oranges, and a dozen ears of sweet corn, Golden Bantam — the first fruits from the seeds I had given him. They smiled good-byes as the steamer backed away from the wharf; then I went at once to my cabin, in order that departure from that most beautiful of islands might be a little less poignant. While I was unpacking my bag the cabin steward looked in.

'You 've been assigned to the doctor's table, sir,' he said. 'It's a table for four, but this trip there's only one other gentleman there besides the doctor.'

'All right,' I replied. 'And by the way, will you please have this corn prepared and served at luncheon? Take a couple of ears for yourself if you care to.'

'Thank you, sir. I guess the other gentleman at your table will be glad to see this. He ain't half complained about the food, and to tell you the truth, it's not what it might be.'

The doctor did not come down for luncheon. I had just seated myself when the other passenger at his table came in. He was a tall, spare man with a drooping white moustache and a bilious complexion. He was dressed in a baggy linen coat, knickerbockers, and low white shoes. He sat down without even a nod in my direction and, adjusting a pair of nose-glasses, picked up the menu card, puffing out his cheeks as he examined it, letting the air escape slowly through his lips. He struck me as being a man hard to please in the matter of food, no matter how good it might be. He was partaking of a fish course of creamed tinned salmon when the steward brought in a platter with ten splendid ears of Golden Bantam corn steaming on it. He gazed at it in astonishment.

'Take this away,' he said to the steward, pushing the dish of salmon to one side, 'and bring me a plate.'

Never have I seen a man give himself up to the enjoyment of food with such purely physical abandon. One would have thought he had not eaten for days. When he had finished his third ear he said, 'Steward, where does this corn come from? It 's not on the card.'

'No, sir, it 's not on the regular bill. It's a gift to the table from the gentleman sitting opposite you.'

He gave me a quick glance as though he had just then become aware of my presence.

'Consider yourself thanked, sir,' he said brusquely.

I nodded.

'Is this corn of your own growing?'

'Well, yes, in a sense,' I replied.

He ploughed a hasty furrow along his fourth ear before speaking again. Then he said, 'What do you mean by "in a sense"? You either raised it or you did n't, I should think.'

He had a waspish, peppery way of speaking, as though he had been long accustomed to asking whomever whatever he liked with the certainty of a deferential reply. In view of the fact that he was eating my — or rather Hop Sing's — corn, I felt that he might have made an effort at least to be gracious. Therefore I merely said, as coldly as possible, 'Oh, you'd have to live at Tahiti to understand that.' Having finished my luncheon, I rose, bowed slightly, and left him there, still eating corn.

Half an hour later I was standing at the rail, aft, watching the peak of Orofena, the highest mountain at Tahiti, disappearing below the horizon. A hand was laid on my arm, and turning I found my luncheon companion.

'Well, young man,' he said, 'one would say you were thinking of jumping overboard.'

'I *have* been thinking of it,' I replied, 'but it's too far to swim back now.'

'You like Tahiti as much as that? Well, I don't wonder. An island where they grow such delicious corn must be a good place to live. I ate six of those ears — finished the lot, in fact.'

'I'm glad you enjoyed it,' I replied.

'See here! You must n't mind my manner. I've got dyspepsia, and a wayward liver and an enlarged spleen — Lord knows what all else the matter with me. Gives me a sort of jaundiced outlook on life. But I want you to know that I'm grateful. Sweet corn is one of the few things I can eat without suffering afterward. Now then, tell me something about your island. I did n't go ashore. Useless trying to see a place in six hours. It 's only an aggravation.'

I scarcely know how it came about, but within a few minutes I was talking as freely as to an old friend. I told him of the beauty of the islands, of the changing life, of the mingling races, of the strange outcroppings of savagery through the shale of what in those parts is called civilization. Presently I cut off short, thinking he might be bored.

'Not at all,' he said. 'Well, you've had an interesting time, evidently, and you seem to have made good use of your eyes and ears. Too bad you're not a journalist. I don't suppose you've ever tried your hand at writing?'

'Yes, occasionally,' I replied. 'In fact, journalism is my trade, if I may be said to have a trade.'

'Got any of your stuff with you?'

'A few sketches.'

'Do you mind letting me see them?'

'Not at all,' I said; and so, at his suggestion, I brought him a small sheaf of things, six slight papers on various subjects, each of them about two thousand words in length. He settled himself in his deck-chair and adjusted his glasses.

'Come back in an hour's time,' he said, 'and I 'll tell you what I think of them.'

He thought two of them worthless, and curiously enough they were the ones I thought best.

'But these four are not bad. What do you want for them?'

'Do you mean you would like to buy them?'

'Yes, of course. But I forgot to tell you — I'm manager of a newspaper syndicate in America. We can use these sketches. Tropical-island stuff is always popular. It 's all bosh about the waning of interest in the South Seas. It never wanes and never will as long as life is what it is in America. Well, what do you want for them?'

'Oh, I don't know,' I said. I was about to add, 'Would one hundred dollars be too much?' — meaning one hundred for the four — when he interrupted me.

'Give you a hundred and fifty each for them. Is that satisfactory?'

I admitted that it was — quite satisfactory.

Adam — 'Our General Ancestor,' as Milton calls him — was undoubtedly the first husbandman, and a highly successful one during the early part of his career. But, even under the exceptionally favorable conditions prevailing in the Garden of Eden before The Fall, I doubt whether he ever reaped a richer or more varied harvest than I did in my garden at Tahiti. And it all came from a dollar's worth of seed.

THE OFFICIAL RETURNS

BY H. G. DWIGHT

PERHAPS the real trouble with Mr. Dagonet was that he had too many creases on either side of his mouth.

At any rate they deepened as he hoisted a disreputable foot over a baggy knee (pre-Coolidge, if not pre-Harding, both of them), propped an Early American chin upon a preternaturally bleached and bony hand, readjusted to a Romanesque nose a pair of inelegantly thick glasses, and inspected with none too enchanted an eye the scene of his long-interrupted labors. After the Rocky Mountains the monstrosity looked more appalling than ever! Why in the world, if they insisted on setting it in front of the space of lawn and trees where he sat, had n't they taken their cue from those little brick houses behind him — simple and rosy and innocent, more or less of the period not of Mr. Dagonet's nose but of his chin — instead of piling up that pompous dingy mass of sandstone?

Not that he did n't know why. Part of the ground had belonged to the wife of one of the Trustees. The architect was the nephew of another. This young gentleman had been fortunate enough to visit foreign lands, and his Museum was a composite of his impressions. The recessed centre of his façade made a forecourt (Fontainebleau), which he enriched with two washtubs in Tennessee marble (Versailles). The path between them (neither Noble nor Eightfold, thought Mr. Dagonet, who was guilty of a book on the Arhats of Buddha) led to a stair of compromise between the practical and the monumental (Frascati), mounting to a portico of six Corinthian columns (Paris). It had been decided in full committee that four would look cheap, while eight would be ostentatious. The portico was surmounted by a pediment (Munich) in which nine wholesome American girls faced the weather in winter-weight draperies but without hats, accommodating themselves with what grace they might to the exiguities of their triangle. And somewhere beyond them, at the exact geographical centre of several acres of slate roof, a whitish swelling (Rome) was visible to the eye of faith. Indeed the top of it could actually be seen, between the months of October and April, from Mr. Dagonet's bench. What would you? The Trustee's nephew's ambition had been to crown his masterpiece in a manner not unworthy of the Popes. He had at least carried the day against cast iron.

Mr. Dagonet, who had visited Washington, was not ungrateful for that. But ruminating anew over the difficulties, disillusionments, surprises, and humors of the Noble Eightfold Path, he wondered whether it were because he had in other lives yielded himself to the Ten Bonds, to the Four Intoxications, to the Five Hindrances, because he had wantonly ignored the Twice Five Precepts of Aversion, that his still somewhat doddering and wholly unwilling footsteps now dragged him back to an edifice which had so much the air of a penal institution. A Reformatory, perhaps — for Wayward

Boys! That ridiculous dome, however, reminded him uncomfortably of the Director who lived under it. And he could not help finding it rather ominous, if rather characteristic, that the Director should wish to see him as soon as he returned. For Mr. Dagonet was not a man whom Directors do most assiduously seek out. He was, rather, one of those invaluable but unpresentable beings for whom Directors reserve their darkest corners — and occasionally their most uncongenial tasks. Which being the case, he sighed, rose from his bench, took another look at his favorite row of brick houses, and clumped resolutely toward the Museum.

After a moment of debate as to whether he should not slink around to the private entrance and the elevator, the Early American chin had its way. Those steps might be lamentable, but they would be good for legs that had gone too long unused. Yet when he had extricated himself from that revolving door which he would so cheerfully twirl behind him for the last time, — and in fact he had been on the ragged edge of achieving his ambition, — when he had extricated himself as well from the greetings of his firm friends the guardians thereof, it might have been observed that Mr. Dagonet appeared to be in no haste to seek out the Director. On the contrary, he allowed himself to be led away by his fancy about the Home for Wayward Boys, finding it rather quaint that the Trustees, who had been so strict about the girls in the pediment, should permit these unblushing young people in marble and bronze and plaster to hang about the entrance hall. Wayward Boys indeed! And how about their creators? Mr. Dagonet had n't a doubt that ne'er-do-wells who had found nothing better to do than to make love had reproduced in materials less perishable than their emotions the slim or swelling contours of which their expert fingers kept the secret — and had given the result a name to mollify the most suspicious Trustee: Spring, Valor, Surprise, Grief, Solitude. The name was there on a ticket to convince you, neatly tacked to each pedestal.

Mr. Dagonet sighed again. For he had a complex. He abhorred tickets. He read them meticulously, like everybody else, before — or without — looking at the object to which they were attached. But if he had anything to say about them — which he had n't, being merely a minor factotum whom the Director had an infuriating habit of introducing as 'our Far Eastern expert' — he would abolish tickets, root and branch. Which reminded him once more that it was high time he hunted up that Director. Still, apropos of tickets, why not take in the new accessions on the way? He could laugh at his Home for Wayward Boys, but he could also be curious to see what they had been up to while he was convalescing in the sticks. He accordingly made, not for the Director's door, but for one where he was confronted by two more tickets. The larger and loftier bore the familiar rubric 'New Accessions,' while the lower and more unexpected read 'No Admittance. This Means *You!*'

Mr. Dagonet paused, asking himself not too grammatically whether that meant him. As he paused, the door opened gingerly. And who should sidle out of it, who should carefully close it again before advancing to meet the situation, in the well-cut morning-coat, in the white *dépassants de gilet*, in the light-gray spats inseparable from power and place, but the Director himself! Mr. Dagonet would never see forty again. Time had not perceptibly dampered, however, his instinctive reactions. He advanced to meet the situation with outstretched hand.

'Aha!' he exclaimed. 'Caught at last! I was just looking for you!'

'Well, well!' cried the Director no less jovially. 'This is indeed an unexpected pleasure! Or I should say an expected one too long deferred. I hope you are feeling quite yourself again, after that nasty setback? And I trust you are not imprudent in allowing that note of mine to bring you over so soon.'

Mr. Dagonet was feeling quite fit again, thanks. Was in fact ready to remove mountains. At the same time he could not help noting that he himself was removed, by the cordial but firm hand of the Director, from the immediate vicinity of the door to an opportune seat near by.

'Splendid!' rejoined the Director.

It was not too splendid, however, for him to lack a moment in which to glance first about him and then at various points of his subordinate's anatomy. 'Like a conspirator,' thought Mr. Dagonet, who, although rather glad of another rest, was never too tired for fancies. His fancy of wayward boys recurred to him. Yes, the Director was just the type to manage a Home for Wayward Boys! He was a man for whom and by whom systems and hierarchies are invented. The law of his being required an orderly universe, in which his most wayward fellow-creatures had their logical and definite place. He knew by instinct the nice degrees of courtesy due superiors, equals, and inferiors of all ranks, and how on the day of a promotion to shift delicately from one to another. It was n't a thing for humor or speculation, as it might be with Mr. Dagonet. The world was like that. One climbed, according to one's forces, a long and arduous stair of grades, paying honor to whom honor was due, but never doubting that one's own day would come. Yet it struck Mr. Dagonet that, if the Director's day had come, it had turned out a hot one. Which left him the less prepared to hear the Director say, albeit with his conspiratorial air:—

'Of course you have seen in the papers that we have been left the Scratchard Collection.'

Mr. Dagonet himself began to feel the temperature of the day. For the first time in his life he questioned his wife's fidelity. Could she have seen so portentous a piece of news and kept it from him? He was too taken aback to waste time over obvious explanations.

'But of course I have n't! For a long time they would n't let me read a word. And out in the Rockies, you know —' So the stupefying woman was quieted at last! She had filled the world with the thunder and dust of her golden chariot, she had threatened to tie him to the tail of it, — merely because of a monograph or two and that incompetent little book on Arhats which he would so cheerfully suppress, — and now she reached out of the grave to play this fantastic trick! He might be surprised and annoyed, but he perceived that he might also arrive at the point of being amused. In fact it was with a smile that he said aloud: 'Well, we don't have to swallow it if we don't want to, do we?'

'But we do want to, don't we?' countered the Director with deference, with suggestiveness, and not without a certain curiosity. 'There is n't a museum in the country that would n't jump at it. The bequest includes, you know, quite a substantial sum for housing and maintenance. I hardly dared hope we could ever patch things up, after your refusal to help her with that catalogue raisonné. You seem to have made a deep impression on her, Dagonet!'

Mr. Dagonet recoiled. Never before had the Director addressed him without the prefix of formality. Nor did he care for the Director's archness. That

phrase about patching up, too, made him suspicious. Mrs. Scratchard rather reminded him of the Arhat Pindola, performer of unnecessary miracles.

'Of course she might have collected warming pans,' he conceded. 'But what gadfly stings those people — that they insist on rushing in for this sort of thing? With her means she could very well have afforded to brush up the lost art of being a woman.'

'Well,' put in the Director dryly, 'she stipulated that you were to be Curator of her collection!'

The temperature mounted again.

'Me? Curator of her collection? Without so much as saying "By your leave"? Nonsense! How did she know I would n't throw it into the street?'

His thick glasses fixed the Director with something like a glare. As for the Director, he returned a beam — which swiftly took in again the neighborhood of the bench.

'The will provides for that. There are conditions. You are to be Curator, and nothing is to be thrown into the street. Otherwise —' A gesture of evaporation. 'But it means, of course, that we shall have a most enviable Section — and we can at last give you the raise you have so long deserved. Quite a comfortable raise,' he added, as if there were nothing more to be said.

'What of it?' demanded Mr. Dagonet. 'One may be a pauper, but one is n't a piece of furniture — to be shoved around at the whim of people like that. They think, simply because they can afford to pay whatever dealers choose to ask for the sweepings of their shops, that they own the earth and everybody on it.'

'Come, come, Dagonet!' expostulated the Director. 'You will be starting for Moscow next! Poor Mrs. Scratchard could n't help it if she inherited five fortunes. Of course I grant you that there are people of means who exaggerate. They become a little capricious, a little too used to having their own way. And, like the rest of us, they make their little mistakes. We ourselves are sometimes at a loss for an attribution. But, after all, they do more good than harm. And where should we be without them? Besides, you know that Mrs. Scratchard bought nothing but museum pieces.'

'Have you looked them over yet?' inquired the difficult, the unplacated, Mr. Dagonet.

'That is just what I wanted to see you about,' temporized the Director. 'There was a time limit, you know, and we had no idea when you would be back. Ill as you were, too. But of course we could n't dream of letting them go.'

'Why not?' demanded Mr. Dagonet anew. 'If the will really makes those idiotic conditions, I won't stand in your way. I would rather stay where I am, on next to nothing a year, than be responsible for a lot of rubbish that we shall all have to tell the most hideous lies about. Did the woman have the imbecility to insist that her stuff be kept apart from ours, even when they belong together?'

The Director made a motion of despair, accompanied by an inarticulate sound. But Mr. Dagonet had no bowels: —

'After all, who is running this show? Is our reputation a jewel to be guarded by dragons, or are we out to sell space to any paranoiac at large who wants to buy a little advertising?'

Yet the tide of Mr. Dagonet's eloquence did not sweep him so far but what he could ask himself whether it were possible that he had misread the signs of his chief's agitation. For he suddenly became conscious of a third presence in the vicinity of the bench. He turned. As he did so he discovered that the door of the New Accessions

room now stood open. And what immediately transfixed his gaze was a ticket within the room, nobler and more legible than any he had beheld on this eventful morning: —

PRESENTED
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENJOYMENT
OF THE PUBLIC FOREVER

BY

CORILLA SCRATCHARD
1861–1925

If Mr. Dagonet were a guardian of jewels, this was indeed a moment in which he might have proved a dragon. And who shall say that the thick glasses and unpressed tweeds of Sinologues caught in the wheels of hierarchies do not conceal emotions as tempestuous as those recorded of more romantic victims of fate? The moment was upsetting for the Director. It could scarcely be less upsetting for Mr. Dagonet, in whom boiled the humiliation of having been shoved about more like a piece of furniture than ever before in his life; who yet realized that if he yielded to his impulse and did twirl the door of the Museum behind him for the last time he would not be the only one to pay for it; who nevertheless felt his creases twitch in an inconsistent and diabolic desire to laugh at the ingenuity of Corilla's last trick. For now he would have to write that catalogue raisonné after all! But he did not laugh — then. Neither did flames and venom burst from him. As the moment passed he merely heard himself remarking: —

'Strong words, Corilla. Strong words. You know they say the lizard and the lion keep —'

The Director resembled Mr. Dagonet very little. In his way, he knew how to live. His alert eye detected the fact that the crisis had passed. He accordingly administered the final shove: —

'Mr. Smale, I believe you know Mr. Dagonet, our Far Eastern expert, whose famous work on the Arhats you and Mrs. Scratchard found so useful.' And, turning to Mr. Dagonet: 'Mr. Smale, you know, is the executor of Mrs. Scratchard's will. He has been elected to fill the vacancy on our Board of Trustees.'

There was another moment, during which the new Curator — who had been distracted from the discovery of Lionel by the greater discovery of the open door — shook the hand of the new Trustee — who would doubtless take considerable interest in the catalogue raisonné of the Scratchard Collection! But as the Director divined, experienced as he was in the temperamental outbursts of subordinates, the crisis had passed. Mr. Dagonet wondered how long Lionel had been listening. Oh, he knew Lionel Smale well enough, who was in the second grade when he was in the eighth. Lionel used to bring a posy to his teacher in the morning — and to suffer for it afterward on the playground. Yet Mr. Dagonet was not incapable of appreciating that in his former schoolmate which had so early brought him to the notice of the great. By no means blind to certain glances which were wont to linger in the vicinity of his own knees or collar-button, it did not escape him that Lionel knew how to keep his cravat up, his hair down — all those dark hermetic arts which to Mr. Dagonet were so much more impenetrable than Chinese ideographs or the subtleties of Buddhism. Lionel must have made Corilla quite a proper secretary. He might be able, too, to give quite useful points. The provenance of a picture and the name of the dealer were sometimes highly important. And a rapture a day, thought Mr. Dagonet inconsequently, keeps the doctor away.

The temperature having fallen to so

perceptible a degree, the Director now considered it safe to lead the way to the New Accessions, once more carefully closing the door behind him.

'As there was so much uncertainty as to when we should have you with us again,' he explained, 'and since Mr. Smale happened to be familiar with the contents of the collection, it occurred to us that valuable time might be saved if we made a start at displaying the more important pieces. The new wing will hardly be ready for you before next year, I am afraid, if then. We felt, too, that we owed it to the public, as well as to the memory of Mrs. Scratchard. But of course this is really your domain, Dagonet. Mr. Smale and I are here only to give you what help we can. You must not hesitate to make any suggestions which occur to you.'

It was Mr. Dagonet who chose the seat in the middle of the room. The moment had passed, and he felt more doddering than ever. 'So much uncertainty as to when we should have you with us again!' The plain truth of the matter was that they had seized the chance, while he lay flat on his back, to put the thing over on him. In fact they had probably counted on his never returning at all. Still, the thing was double-edged. They had shoved him in, but they might not find it so easy to shove him out. He rolled that morsel under his tongue as he eyed Corilla's well-ticketed treasures and wondered whether he ought n't to have raised a rumpus — whether he might n't still raise a rumpus. What enraged him as much as anything, though, was the new note in the voice of a Director so adept in the fine art of shoving. The day of a promotion had arrived, and the scale of courtesies had to be revised accordingly!

'There is one thing which occurs to me,' volunteered Mr. Dagonet with an administrative air. 'You know I 'm not so frightfully keen on tickets.'

'Tickets?' inquired the Director.

'Tickets,' repeated Mr. Dagonet. 'Labels. Those small snuff-colored cards of more or less reliable information about the exhibits. It is not immaterial, of course, that the information be more reliable than less. But in neither case am I convinced that it serves any useful purpose.'

The Director winced. Tickets, and the infallibility thereof, were one of his strong points. As for Mr. Smale, he made an announcement: —

'Instruction was one of Mrs. Scratchard's principal aims. There are necessarily gaps in every collection; but she was fortunate enough to acquire, thanks to her long research and superior insight, examples of nearly all the more famous periods, schools, and artists. I feel certain that by a careful study of the pieces which she so generously left this Museum the average visitor will be able to follow the development and grasp the significance of Chinese painting. But in order to do that he must know what he is studying.'

'Then, you know,' contributed the reviving Director, 'the Museum already has a policy in that respect. We not only show the visitor a beautiful object. We tell him what it is, who created it, when. We thus make it possible for him, as Mr. Smale suggests, to trace, to compare, and to appreciate the great movements in art. You surely cannot think there is no utility in that, Dagonet!'

Mr. Dagonet stroked his Early American chin. 'I question it very seriously. Tickets are, of course, quite unnecessary for experts like ourselves.' He cast a grave eye upon each of his companions in turn. 'Moreover, in the case of the average visitor they distract his mind from what he really ought to look at, and so destroy his

last chance of recovering the use of an all but atrophied organ. The greatest possible service we could do him would be to compel him to use his own eyes. That is infinitely more important than trying to ram down his throat a little superficial patter about great movements in art. In fact,' he hurried on, 'the trouble with this country is that it already knows too much about great movements in art. We have dozens of people who can build you an impeccable Greek temple or a superlative Roman bath, a perfect Renaissance palace or a good Italian garden or even a fair Georgian house. We have thousands of dealers who are ransacking Europe and Asia and Ohio for what they are pleased to call antiques. We pay unheard-of prices for Old Masters and period furniture — which are sometimes genuine. But what good does it do us? Do we scuttle home and chuck our overstuffed furniture out of the window? Do we have the courage to buy a twenty-dollar picture because we can see without being told that the man who painted it knew what he was about? Do we do anything to make our kitchen or our back yard or our street a delight instead of an abomination to the eye? We do not! We scurry out to buy a new overstuffed armchair or a slavish copy of a Chippendale. That is why counterfeiters are billionaires while artists starve. It is an age of imitation, and museums are chiefly responsible for it. It would be better for us if every museum in the country were blown up to-night!'

The Director exchanged a sympathetic glance with his accomplice. But he knew how to take it. 'In which case we should all be out of a very interesting job! I am afraid we have been too thoughtless, though, in our desire to have the benefit of your advice before opening this room to the public. You must not let us overtire you, Dagonet. Why not call it a day, and let me take you home in my car?'

Mr. Smale took it more seriously. He had perhaps heard too much!

'Whatever Mr. Dagonet's private views may be,' he said to no one in particular, 'the Trustees seem to have settled the matter of tickets, as he calls them. But I hardly need point out that Mrs. Scratchard enjoyed great opportunities and that, in addition to commanding the most competent advice, she had become herself a very distinguished authority. I therefore see no reason, at this late day, to question her attributions. And as her friend and executor I must object to the insinuation that there are counterfeits in her collection.'

Mr. Dagonet made a superhuman effort to control his creases. The conception of Corilla as a very distinguished authority entranced him. Corilla, who between parties skimmed three pages of Fenollosa! Corilla, who might close her door to an ambassador, but to a dealer never! Corilla, for whom abandoned temples on mountainsides had been rigged up with bonzes and antiques! Corilla, whose idea of a glass was a pair of astigmatic lenses mounted in platinum and brilliants!

'I don't think it matters,' he said pleasantly, 'if the counterfeit is a good one. Good enough, that is, to be in itself a real work of art. The point is that a museum can hardly label a marble bust which is no longer snow-white "Contemporary Portrait of Julius Cæsar" unless every hour of its history can be accounted for. There is always a romantic possibility that it may have come out of a Neapolitan stonecutter's shop in Jersey City in 1917. And unluckily we Americans, with our short memories, incline to overlook the fact that these flimsy things of silk and rice paper don't last so long as Roman busts. And we know

even less about them. They have their roots in a tradition as outlandish to us as the moon. That is why I must, as Curator of Mrs. Scratchard's collection, under an important clause of her will, object to exhibiting any of her pieces until I have had an opportunity to go over the tickets.'

Was he difficult! The Director moved diplomatically out of the line of fire to an adjoining case. Who would have expected the fellow to turn out as difficult as that? Yet the Director himself looked at these matters not quite from Mr. Smale's angle. He made a second and more desperate attempt at a diversion, unlocking the case with his little pass-key.

'Here is a thing which will interest you, Dagonet — and one which proves that Mrs. Scratchard, like ourselves, realized the necessity of caution. No name. No — definite date. Merely the general indication "Legend of an Arhat."' He took out a partly unrolled makimono and handed it to his older colleague. 'Do you recognize it?'

Did he recognize it! Before taking out the powerful little pocket-glass which was as much a part of him as his thumb he recognized every stroke and letter and seal and patch and insert of it! Corilla had shown it, named it, and dated it to him on her way home from Paris in 1920 when, glittering with Allied decorations, she invited him to do the catalogue raisonné! And it had been one of several reasons why he so politely confessed he was afraid to take up even a temporary residence in Santa Barbara: he might be hit on the head by an orange!

'Yes, it is a charming thing. But —' He fiddled with his glass over one of the decorative inscriptions, asking himself how he should put it. 'Perhaps in moving the pictures from Santa Barbara some of the tickets got mixed. At any rate I do not recognize any of the more familiar attributes of the disciples of Buddha. On the contrary, the makimono seems rather to illustrate a famous poem of the fourth century — about one Tao Chien, who spent too many years of his life as Literary Inspector of Kiu-kiang, on the Yangtze River. He was at last promoted and transferred to Peng-tze. But he had been in his new post only a short time when he capriciously resigned — on hearing that he was expected to do obeisance to a certain young official of higher rank who was making a tour of inspection. "How can I crook my rheumatic knees before a child of my native town," he asked, "for no better reason than to earn a few grains of rice a day?" So he forthwith packed up and went home to his village of Tsz-sang-li-li, where he lived happily ever after.'

'But are you sure?' demanded Mr. Smale, meeting Mr. Dagonet's quizzical glance with frank skepticism. 'That was one of the last pictures Mrs. Scratchard bought — of d'Évereux. He even gave her a guaranty. How could he run such a risk?'

'How indeed?' echoed Mr. Dagonet. 'Yet extracts from the poem, not ill written or placed, are there on the margin to refute him — unless they were added by a later hand. But the makimono itself seems to bear them out. The first scene, you see, with a fine disregard of inconsequentials, represents the Official's arrival at his little house in the country. The centre of the composition is the barge with two strange timbers jutting out beyond the rudder post, an all but invisible design on them and on the sheer strakes picked out in the dullest red and gold. Two half-naked boatmen strain at the stern sweep, their faces set with anxiety to make a creditable landing, and a third manipulates a pole at the bow. The Official, impatient to get ashore, stands

there in a blowing robe of blue, bordered with green and lined with a suggestion of wallflowers, or perhaps of autumn leaves, in front of that small arched cabin of painted rice-paper. Just such a boat as one should sail away in from the monotonies of routine, the perfidies of subordinates, the insolences of superiors, from all the enervating, the indurating, slavery, snobbery, pettiness, heartlessness, intrigue, artificiality, parade, and bondage to custom of official life — all blown away now around that pale-jade curve of the river, behind that highly conventionalized cloud hanging over the right background.'

The Director's second diversion appeared to be more or less successful. For the moment, at least, Mr. Smale had nothing to say.

'The bank which the barge approaches,' pursued Mr. Dagonet, 'has not, as you perceive, been subjected to the restraints of convention. It meets the ripple of the river with a ripple of its own. Sedges roughen the pale jade of the Yangtze, a rude boulder lies half in the water and half out, pebbles and wild flowers make as it were a pattern of neglect. A tiled archway marks the water gate, shaded by a great pine. A faithful wife, whose form has not wasted away under the attritions of life, stands there expectant in mulberry — or rather, I think, in eggplant — and wistaria, edged with marigold, a child in her hand, a busy-tailed dog on the steep stone ramp in front of her. He is barking at two more boatmen, one of whom drives into the gravel a stake for the line with which the other has just splashed into the shallow water. Two menservants wait respectfully with their hands in their sleeves, while between them a handmaiden, whom I suspect of having been repainted, prostrates herself in welcome on the damp pebbles.'

Mr. Dagonet, pausing to draw breath, noted a familiar sign — the string of the Director's pinch-nose winding and unwinding around the Director's forefinger.

'In the second scene the Official begins to taste his hard-won freedom,' he continued, 'amid surroundings admirably composed. A terrace divides the foreground into two unequal levels. A pair of trees, their dense leaves powdered with a gold which can only suggest the happiest sunlight, shade the lower area. Into the vine-hung penthouse at the left disappears the repainted handmaiden, not too rapidly for us to catch a glint of her holiday splendor of peacock and flamingo. From the penthouse has just emerged a second, a slighter, a less flamboyant handmaiden, in a green of young bamboo flowered with periwinkle and doubled with morning-glory, bearing refreshments of a superior order. Under those lichened eaves of the upper terrace sits the returned Official, done at last with drudgery save of his own contriving, his sober blue, green, and filemot set off by the buff wall behind him, the higher part of which lets in the sky through vertical perforations. At his right hand sits the faithful wife, who has not had time to change her costume, who indeed may well lack a change of costume, but who has added certain jeweled pins to her dark hair. Watchful is she of the well-being of her lord, watchful that nought in her house go amiss, not least watchful of the three children who sit on balancing black-bordered mats in front of the more imposing parental mat — a largish child in the silvered green of artichoke leaves, facing a smallish child in the blue of chicory flowers and a quite small child for whose peach-petal coat I tremble. For I discover no bibs. Do you? Between the children's mats stands a noble jar with two handles.

Other receptacles of decorated porcelain, holding recondite dainties and fruits of sapiently contrasted hue, lie between the rotund knee of the Official's consort and his own. But the jar, whose generous proportions and exhilarating color proclaim the preciousness of its contents, is the centre of interest. The eye of the Official takes in with silent approbation his modest but perfectly designed courtyard, the ample contours beside him of eggplant and wistaria brightened with marigold, the softer, the more innocent curves of his artichoke-green child, of his chicory-blue child, of his peach-petal child. Nor is he unobservant of his two handmaidens, — at least of her in bamboo, periwinkle, and morning-glory, — of the fruits of his acre set forth on their well-chosen plates, or of his jar — superb in outline, superb in color, superb in its assurance of escape from the exasperations and humiliations of Peng-tze.'

'Extraordinarily interesting!' intervened the Director. 'How many scenes does the makimono contain?'

'This is only the second,' replied Mr. Dagonet. 'There are nine in all.'

Mr. Smale rose and stepped toward the open case.

'If there is any possibility of — a confusion,' he suggested, 'you had better put something else in a place as conspicuous as this.'

'But why?' queried Mr. Dagonet, all ingratiation. 'It is a charming piece — and really not badly done.'

'What period is it?' asked the Director, looking first at his Trustee, then at his Curator, and then at his watch. 'You surely did n't say fourth century, did you, Dagonet?'

It was Mr. Smale who held the ticket. But it was Mr. Dagonet who, finally, answered: —

'Fourth century is the period of the poem, not of the picture. The makimono can hardly be earlier than the eighteenth century.'

'Ching?' all but screamed Mr. Smale. 'Why, Mrs. Scratchard made it a point never to buy anything later than Ming!'

'Ching!' repeated Mr. Dagonet relentlessly, returning to his Official. 'Let 's see. Where were we? Oh yes. Number three. Outside the gate of the palisade the men are waiting. One restrains the curvetings of a long, low, prune-colored horse, rather too gaudily caparisoned, which I am not convinced the emancipated Official is eager to mount. At any rate he seems to inspect with some interest that cream-colored ox with a hump, yoked to a two-wheeled cart of red lacquer. This vehicle commits the *lèse-majesté* of having a yellow canopy and curtains, shot with silver, to guard the occupant against the sun and dust of Tsz-sang-li-li. No doubt it is also delicately cushioned within. Which shall he choose? And whither shall steed or vermilion wheels convey him?'

Had he chosen, Mr. Dagonet might have answered these questions in elaborate, decorative, and fatiguing detail. But certain indications apprised him that other engagements made it necessary for his audience to disappear without interrupting him, leaving him in sole possession of the New Accessions. And when he put the makimono back in the case he discovered, before snapping the lock, that the ticket which he would so have liked to see had disappeared as well. If, however, his creases then deepened a trifle, it was for no more than the barest instant. For it came to him that when on his way home he twirled the door of the Museum behind him, by no means for the last time, no barge would be waiting for him at the steps, no prune-colored horse, not even a two-wheeled cart of red lacquer curtained with yellow and silver.

TRAMPING WITH YEGGS

BY PAUL ERNEST ANDERSON

I

A DESIRE for adventure and a season of ill-health furnished the excuse, not long ago, for an unusual walking-tour through northern Oklahoma and southern Kansas. My itinerary began at Liberal, Kansas.

While on this hike, I encountered that secretive group of men known to the newspapers as yeggs, but among themselves as tramps, and of this mysterious tribe I became, for the time being, an honorary member. Since it seldom happens that an outsider becomes intimate enough with tramps to learn their mode of life, I must explain that my association with them was largely due to my ignorance of the existence of this *gens hominis ambulantis;* for, all unaware, I had been making friends with one for a week or more before I left Liberal for the first few miles of my journey through the back country of the Bible Belt. This fellow was fifty years old, broad and heavily built, still agile despite his years, and possessed of a pair of keen, peering blue eyes, which sometimes reminded me of the eyes of a railway engineer. His monicker was 'Old Fox'; and he was aptly named.

I had been with him scarcely a week when he informed me that I would make a 'fine tramp kid,' and that he would be d—— glad to make one of me! A confidence which he may have regretted when he discovered that I had neither the intention nor the desire to learn the gentle art of 'cracking boxes' in 'obies' for my own enrichment and Uncle Sam's loss. But the old rascal was no fool. He did not rise up heroically as they do in the movies and denounce me; he accepted my decision as final, and permitted himself the liberty of philosophizing over it as we lay beneath the shade trees of an unfrequented roadside, our stomachs gorged with a tramp Ritz-Carlton dinner. We remained companions and roamed together for nearly three months, and our relations remained cordial, through his kindness and a pledge of secrecy on my part, whereby I agreed to divulge nothing of what I heard, at least until I went East. While I was with him I met other tramps, one or two of them notorious, famous even. I attended their séances, listened to their jargon about 'boxes' and 'screws' and 'obies' and 'cracksmen' and 'hog's-eyes' and 'mortises,' and became expert in recognizing a 'box' as a safe, an 'obie' as a post office, a 'hog's-eye' as a kind of lock, in general use in the South, resembling the eye of a pig.

To explain the status under which I masqueraded, let me say that a 'tramp kid' is a young man, usually between eighteen and twenty-two or -three, who for a variety of reasons becomes the apprentice of an old and recognized master-tramp, from whom the kid, in return for obedient and loyal service, learns the profession of tramping in all its specialties, from the simple 'con'

game to the highly particularized art of cracking a box. Though they are often confused by the townsmen and the uninitiate — and even by bums themselves — with bums and hobos, tramps are neither bums nor hobos; they are a distinct and closed group, whose members undergo an arduous apprenticeship which usually includes a test term in a penitentiary to determine the ultimate fitness of the candidate for the 'holy orders' of trampery. Tramps do not work for wages, while bums and hobos sometimes do. A good tramp almost never begs meals or money; what a tramp wants he steals, or borrows without leave. The stealing and borrowing are carried on in various ways, one or two of which are unique and as yet, I believe, unknown to outsiders and even to the tramps' friends and enemies, the Federal sleuths.

Unless you engage in a fairly long conversation with a tramp and try to draw him out, you cannot from his appearance or manner tell him from the Chautauqua-going, free-silver Kansas farmer, or from the lean, shiftless rent-farmer of Oklahoma. As far as possible, the tramp may be said, in the words of Saint Paul, to be a true Christian, for he is 'all things to all men': if you are a farmer, he whines about weather and crops or goin' wages; if you are in business, it is of business conditions and the market he talks; if you are the silver-starred sheriff with the hard-boiled countenance, he will converse about jails, bad men, and penal laws. But if you are a fellow tramp or a kid, and you are not planning something big, he will talk over the day's news, foreign affairs, women, men, and 'heaven' — the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth. One single physical characteristic may be said to distinguish a large number of them — their eyes, which are unusually keen and peering, no doubt because of their night life of pillage, for they depend very little upon torches or matches. Religiously, they are affiliated with the atheists; ethnologically, Irish and American strains are predominant. Their boyhood environment usually has been that of orphanages, reformatories, and juvenile asylums.

However tramps may appear to outsiders, to one another they are recognizable on sight, even though they have never met before. What gives them away is perhaps their general air of prosperity and freedom from hurry or worry, and the fact that they really do pick up and carry from place to place tin cans for use in preparing their meals. After they have talked together to feel out the community of interests, they exchange monickers and politely laud each other in the most flattering terms.

A meal in the open, far away from the hobo jungle, well and appetizingly cooked and served, comes next. And over this meal the tramps descend to business intimacies, assuming their tramp jargon, perfectly secure while their tramp kids mount guard, looking out for or 'catting' strangers.

The conversation usually begins somewhat as follows: 'John, I catted around in the obie in —— City lately. Old box, soft iron, no glim burning over it at night. Not a screw in the town either. I figure that there's five in it when all the hicks are selling their crops.' All of which means that one of them has observed an old-fashioned iron safe in the post office in some city or town, which is easy to blow open and rob. It contains five thousand dollars, and is not watched by an officer of the law.

The tramps will compare notes on the relative advantages and profits of their respective prospects. These propositions are always considered thoughtfully and coolly, and that one is adopted which shows the most advantages and

the surest signs of good money. A date and place of rendezvous are decided on for a later reunion in, say, the early fall; then, after dividing equally their respective resources, the tramps part, each disappearing as suddenly and completely as he came. After this encounter the outline of the proposition is presented to whatever tramps each one later meets, and their aid solicited if they are sufficiently impressed and not otherwise engaged.

In regard to their preference for post offices over banks, tramps say: 'You get lighter jail-sentences in Federal pens, decenter treatment, and more friends.'

Bank-robbery is a felony punishable by the respective laws of the different States, which are in universal accord in that they give heavier sentences than the Federal statutes for the robbery of post offices. In addition, Federal penitentiaries are notably more humane, far less harsh than Mid-Western State 'pens' operated by Bible-pounding wardens and surly 'screws,' who are noted among tramps as notoriously inhuman and brutal. Besides, the Federal pen at Leavenworth is regarded as a vacation spent among friends.

In the pen the tramp eats regularly, works leisurely, and exchanges ideas on technique with other tramps, often planning the cracking of some obie box while under the benign care of his bloated Uncle Sammy. In fact — so say tramps — many of the most celebrated yegging expeditions have been planned in the pen.

In prison, too, the tramp kid gets his final course. If he does n't steal, stands punishment unflinchingly, and treats all other incarcerated tramps as pals, he receives the highest laudations, and his name becomes known as trustworthy among the profession elsewhere. Tramps boast that they usually become 'trusties' while in the penitentiary, and are thus able to evade some of the rigorous discipline of jail and to communicate with one another more easily. Most old-timers regard this phase of the kid's apprenticeship as necessary and final in his ascent to full-fledged privileges as a master-tramp.

Should the kid prove 'yellow,' however, he is ostracized from the company of all prison tramps, and those on the outside are warned by underground means of his defection. I have myself met one of these 'yellow-bellies.' The tramps treated him cordially enough, but they did not allow him to sit in at their conferences, even though he was permitted to eat with them. No measures of reprisal are taken against the yellow-belly unless he has meanwhile become a 'stool.' Then he is regarded as a dangerous traitor, and revenge overtakes him. Stories are told by tramps of many historic revenges, — of year-long man-hunts, — but the writer has no knowledge of these events at first hand. He himself was once warned not to talk too much after he left the territory of trampdom.

II

But to return to our main subject. To become a tramp one has to serve one's apprenticeship for varying lengths of time, depending upon the nature and disposition of both the master-tramp and the kid. Kids are chosen usually after a period of observation by the master-tramp, who may have watched his prospective quarry for a number of days or even weeks before making his announcement to the kid. The kids chosen for this signal honor are selected from runaway orphan boys or from hobo kids with more than the usual hobo intelligence. The qualities which all tramps most admire in their prospects are independence, self-reliance, and fearlessness. After the

tramp has been sufficiently impressed he will usually take over the youngster by suggesting that they travel together and divide their resources, showing the boy money as bait and dividing it with him. Often the tramp will go even further, and have the kid clothed at his expense.

The process of initiation is slow, but enough is told the kid to give him some idea of what is expected of him in manners and habits. Nothing is misrepresented; the kid's questions are usually answered frankly, and if he feels that he is unequal to the new manner of life he is allowed to return to the old, and is even urged to do so. But before going away he must give a pledge of silence, and he is advised to go 'straight' and always think of his friends, the tramps, as still cordial to him. These meetings with prospects who have not the wish to follow the tramp life are always quite friendly and sincere. This is the rule of the tramps' conduct, for the tramp life demands nerve, coolness, and fearlessness, as well as a strong sense of loyalty.

The first lesson taught the kid is how to be clean while traveling on the road as a tramp, for absolute cleanliness is demanded by the tramps. Meals are served in clean utensils, and good manners are observed while eating. The personal appearance of the kid is criticized and corrected. He is next taught to use his powers of observation accurately, so that in any given test there is no error. He is taught to look coolly for things and to make no deductions unless he has a fact of value upon which to base his statements. This is known among tramps as 'catting' or 'cattin' around.'

'Cattin' around' demands close and swift observation. It is absolutely necessary that while the kid is catting he shall arouse no untoward suspicion of any sort on the part of the casual observer in town or village, above all of the 'constabule' or sheriff. No guesses are allowed; only definite, unconfused information must be brought back. A boy must be able to name by its proper tramp-designation the lock of any door he is sent out to cat; he must be able to tell the number and kind of windows, their position in reference to the ground and the street, and the situation of any house in relation to the store, obie, or bank which he has catted; and he must be able to hold in his mind a definite picture of the roads near the objective, and other related facts. While exercising himself in obtaining a *coup d'œil* of the town, he must also attempt to learn the nature of the townsmen, whether they are suspicious or cordial to strangers and watchful or lax in regard to the safety of the town. Often on the basis of such information supplied by a kid, dangerous and highly doubtful yegging expeditions have been attempted and carried out.

Early in his career the kid learns the science of boiling dynamite to extract the 'soup,' or nitroglycerin. But before this is done either he or the tramp, his mentor, has stolen from a hardware store, oil well, or construction camp some sticks of gelatin dynamite, and has carefully concealed them until all danger of discovery seems past. He then chooses an isolated spot in the midst of a small grove of trees at some distance from any habitation, and begins his operations by starting a fire underneath a huge tin or dishpan. Into this utensil the dynamite is carefully dumped, and it is allowed to come to a boil, when the grease begins to rise to the top. This substance is the precious nitroglycerin, the essence of the explosive power of the dynamite — the 'soup.' This soup is then poured carefully into half-pint bottles, which can be conveniently carried in one's pocket. When bottled and cold, it is

taken possession of by the master-tramp and placed, in what seems a careless manner, in one of his pockets, hip or inside breast, and carried about on his person until needed.

Kid-training such as this requires time and practice on the part of the tramp, especially since much of the information must be acquired at long range and in the fewest possible number of glances, so as not to excite suspicion. The kid is taught to have no fear of the law, and any unnecessary brutality toward a kid on the part of an officer of the law is promptly revenged by his mentor. If necessity demands, a jail will be blown loose to free the kid. In sections of the Southwest the hard-boiled 'bulls' who scare the bums to death never molest tramps.

But the really important business of the tramp is safe-blowing. Tramps refer to it as cracking a box. But this occupation is seasonal, depending, in the farming country, on the great harvest of grain and, in the cattle country, on the sale of stock. It is in the fall that the farmer has money, which he has obtained from the sale of his grain; and the banks must have cash to move the crop and enable the farmer to pay off his bills. For that reason the tramp plans to do his big business at this time, in the peak of prosperity, planning his get-away so as to reach the city in time to enjoy a wild and expensive winter.

Because of the fact that safe-blowing is the important business of the tramp, and because it is also a seasonal affair, it must always be borne in mind that a tramp on the road at any other season is a tramp living by his wits, comparatively poor, awaiting patiently the advent of fall, when bank vaults and post offices are full to overflowing. Since the tramp must live in a leisurely fashion in order to plan his future operations, and be free to wander at will to look over the terrain and plan his fall campaign, he cannot accept a job which will tie him to some particular locality. Moreover, he must feel free to meet and entertain other members of his calling, because yegging, being a specialized profession, demands the help of at least five or six men for an ordinary small-time safe yielding not more than five thousand dollars. All these considerations demand time and some ready cash; therefore the problem of the tramp is how to make money enough and still not work for wages and be tied to one spot.

The problem is usually solved in one of two ways, depending, of course, upon circumstances and upon the cleverness of the tramp. The less dangerous method and the more popular one among the younger tramps is vulgarly known as the 'con game of the watches.' From a firm which specializes in this sort of jewelry, tramps obtain an assortment of watches with seventeen or more glass jewels and presumably guaranteed gold cases. Each watch bears on its dial a standard name spelled with one letter changed. For example, an 'Elgin' becomes an 'Elgen,' or a 'Waltham' a 'Walthem.' The watches cost two or three dollars apiece. Armed with one of these, a tramp goes from house to house in smaller villages or railroad-division towns. He knocks on the front door and politely inquires for the man of the house. When the latter comes he is met with a hard-luck story that runs somewhat as follows:—

'Do you want to buy a railroad watch? An Elgin? Cheap?'

While talking, the tramp takes out the watch, exhibiting the jewels, the name, and the works.

'I'm down on my luck and gotta sell it. Cost me forty' (or more if the prospect looks sufficiently gullible). 'It's yours for twenty dollars.'

Well, many people are looking for something for nothing. Here is a good standard timepiece, the name right on it, for half the price, or even less. The number of people who fall for this simple fake, year in and year out, is astounding. New customers seem to be born every minute for the smart young tramp with a 'phony' watch to sell. The tramp may sell only four or five a week; but five to ten hundred per cent profit on two or three dollars outlay is easy money. It suffices for ordinary tramp-needs during the slack season.

The watch game in addition furnishes the tramp with valuable information concerning local affairs. Usually after the sale is made the buyer has a friendly talk with the tramp in which he may innocently tell him many things about the local constabulary and the people of the town. These scraps of information are utilized by the tramp, who may be planning, even as he sells the watch, to blow the box of the town obie or the national bank. There are many variations of this game. The most usual one is that in which two or three smart young men, fairly well dressed, conduct a jewelry auction of a lot of fake jewelry in some small town that is without a jeweler.

The more ingenious scheme, and the second way by which tramps earn their living in the slack season, is known as 'weeding a dump.' Probably the despised nickel-pincher and the 'cockroach' business man who may chance to read this article will learn for the first time why and whither his stock has been mysteriously disappearing for many years. Most of it, he will find, is worn by Mexican section-hands, who have purchased it at really cut-rate prices. Some places have been weeded steadily for years, especially the larger and more prosperous stores that serve an extensive rural area.

III

Weeding is an art requiring nicety of judgment, a sense of balance and distribution, and, especially, rare self-control — all characteristically lacking in the ordinary robber. It is nothing more or less than the golden rule applied to thieving; for the tramp always allows the owner by courtesy to retain the lion's share, while taking away merely garments enough to clothe himself and perhaps a half-dozen Mexicans, food enough to last for several days, and some spending-money for the week-ends.

After the tramp kid has catted the store and learned that the owner himself, his dog, or his wife does not sleep on the premises, the tramp designs a key to fit the lock of the door to the store. Let us suppose that the lock is what is termed a hog's-eye. The tramp takes a twenty-penny nail and lays it carefully upon a railway track for an oncoming train to flatten out. Then he takes this flattened nail and files it into a hog's-eye key, which will generally fit any such lock. No method of turning a Yale lock has ever been perfected by tramps. In cases where there is a lock of this sort, the kid looks for an open transom or small window. Through this the youngster enters and opens Yale-lock doors from the inside. The case of the half-Yale is more interesting. This type of lock is so termed because its bolt is beveled. It is the easiest of any known locks to pick, as it can be pried open by inserting a piece of whalebone from an old corset or a piece of thin steel or iron between the door and the doorpost, and carefully working this down until it fits between the bolt and the iron hood which usually holds the bolt in place. This method has the additional advantage of needing no previous preparation on the part of the weeders, and does not, in the case of

arrest on suspicion, lead to any embarrassing questions on the part of the sheriff or his deputy. Forsooth, almost anyone may carry a piece of steel or whalebone from a corset without necessarily falling under suspicion as a robber or tramp.

Once inside the dump, the tramp and his kid reconnoitre in order to reassure themselves that all is quiet and safe. Then, if a gunny sack is not available, an old shirt is made into a bag; the collar of the shirt is buttoned up and the sleeves are tied about the neck. This impromptu suitcase is filled with clothing, shoes, ties, tinned goods, food, and such other articles as are deemed needful. Usually the tramp fills one shirt for himself and another for the kid. All the pilfered articles are removed from shelf, rack, or case in such a way as not to excite the suspicion of the owner when he opens his store in the morning. No telltale signs are left behind; no bit of merchandise not needed is carelessly discarded. The store is left apparently just as it was found. The result is that the number of detections of tramp robbery is almost nil. Only the merest accident or some bit of carelessness proves the undoing of the weeder. When everything has been closely packed in the shirts or gunny sacks and the tramps are about to leave, the till of the cash register is opened. By the same principle of selection used in weeding the dump, money is removed from the drawer. The amount taken is determined by the amount in the register; never is enough taken to cause the owner of the store to suspect at once that there is something wrong.

The tramp and his kid then depart, taking a route along the railroad right of way, keeping down behind the embankments whenever a house is passed. By dawn they usually reach some favorable spot, a wood or a ravine, where all the stolen goods are quickly buried, but enough food is taken from the cache to last the day. With enough to eat, they lie in the shade of a tree and read and wait for the passing of the day to tell them that all danger of pursuit is over, that the owner of the store is still ignorant of his loss. Never, even under what seem the most favorable conditions, do they relax vigilance or talk about what was done the night before.

That night they sally forth to some near-by town, sometimes taking the loot with them, sometimes leaving it buried. Upon arriving, they drop in upon some Mexican shack at the time of the evening meal. There, among the so-called 'greasers,' the tramps are welcomed and fed. During the course of the meal the master-tramp, who nearly always speaks Mexican, recites the list of materials on hand, mentions the quality and style, and states the price of sale. If the Mexicans are willing to purchase, the kid goes back for the hidden goods, which are then laid out piece by piece and sold. Sometimes the Mexicans give their orders, stating their price in advance, so that when the tramp weeds a dump he does it to meet the orders of his customers. All that is sold is disposed of at ridiculously low prices.

By all tramps in the Southwest the Mexican is held in the highest esteem. In his dealing with the gentlemen of the road the greaser never takes a mean advantage, never 'snitches' on the tramp. The dark-skinned men from across the Rio are very fond of tramps, from whom it may be said that they receive about the only fair treatment they ever receive in these grand democratic States. I have listened for hours at a stretch to tramps and Mexicans as they talked politics and manners. Sometimes tramps hide their stolen property in the shacks of the greasers, accepting the word of honor of the head man for its return intact. Such a trust is

never abused. The rest of the Mexicans would probably knife the compatriot who tried to make away with the goods or go to the local police. It may be said that the Mexican is the tramp's sole friend in all the Southwest.

That is the lighter and comparatively interesting side of trampery. All old tramps too aged for active work in cracking safes make their living by weeding dumps. But the grim side of tramping, and its *raison d'être*, is opening obies and cracking boxes.

IV

On the day and date, at the place previously agreed upon, all those invited to participate in the forthcoming robbery assemble. When everything is in readiness, and a leader has been chosen, the tramps move in upon the town and hide themselves. Between two and four in the morning is the time usually chosen for blowing the box. This allows for the explosion and robbery and the get-away. It may be said parenthetically that the get-away from the scene of the crime is always the most carefully worked-out feature of the whole act, excepting, of course, the acquisition of the money. It is the more important since tramps live and operate in a sparsely settled land, affording few places of concealment, and having but few roads and still fewer railroads. The get-away nearly always involves flight by rail on a fast freight to some junction point where another fast train is boarded. By morning as much space as possible is put between the tramps and the scene of the theft. This part of the programme presupposes a knowledge of the movements of railroad freights and their speed and destination. Contrary to popular conception, tramps rarely make use of high-powered cars, as these are too easily traced and identified. A hiding-place is chosen that neither man nor dog can trace, and it must be filled with sufficient food to last at least a week. In the hiding-place the loot is divided by equal shares among all the participants, the tramp kid receiving a share from his master, usually one quarter to one half of the latter's portion.

After the leader has been chosen, the men are placed strategically, according to the needs of proper defense. Each man carries a sawed-off rifle or shotgun, loaded. No matter what the size of the party, on the inside of the obie or bank there are always three men. Of these three men the head is the cracksman. He carries the soup. His kid carries a kit of tools, consisting of a steel drill, files, chisels, hammer, and a cake of ordinary washing-soap.

The cracksman takes his position before the box, sitting in front of the door and bracing his feet against it. On the floor before him — or at one side — lie the soup, the drill, and the soap. First he tries the knob of the safe in order to throw the tumblers of the patented lock, so as to open the door accidentally or to make easier its opening by the explosion. As soon as he is ready to drill, his kid and the assistant plant themselves behind his back, holding their knees hard against him to brace him for the arduous work of drilling a hole in the steel of the safe. The hole is made near the knob of the door, and is drilled until it penetrates far enough to blow out the bolts inside the safe and rip off the door.

When the hole has been drilled to the proper depth, the cracksman pours the soup into it, puts a fuse into the liquid, and stops up the hole with soap. An old blanket is often wrapped around the safe, both to muffle the noise of the explosion and to prevent flying débris. When everyone has carefully disposed himself either behind the furniture or outside the building, the fuse is ignited.

Generally the force of the explosion, if it is carefully prepared for, results in the dislodgment of the heavy armored door, leaving the lighter inner door exposed. This door is jimmied open with a chisel and a hammer, unless the charge has been unusually heavy and has blown a hole clean through the box. After the explosion the safe is red hot, and great care must be exercised to avoid bad burns.

The noise of the explosion never fails to arouse the entire town. But it is the duty of the tramps stationed outside to hold off the citizens until the master-cracksman and his two assistants appear outside the door with the 'keister' or satchel holding the money and stamps. Until everyone is outside the building, no tramp deserts his post. Sometimes a second or a third shot of the soup is necessary to complete the job. Meanwhile the whole town must be held at bay, but no one killed, while the men inside work at a feverish pace. The record number of shots ever taken at a box is the well-authenticated attempt of the celebrated 'Heavy Alky Jimmie' (so named because he drank raw alcohol); twelve shots were taken before he finally penetrated to the inside of the box, only to find three cents instead of the fifteen thousand dollars he had hoped to obtain.

The first offensive measure taken by the tramps is the shooting out of all the visible lights of the town. Then in the dark they keep volley after volley whizzing over the heads of the townsmen to frighten them away from the scene of operations. The truth is that, although their money is being stolen, the townsmen have an abiding fear of tramps and rarely care to meet them in an encounter of this sort.

There is a standing rule among all tramps that no bloodshed must occur at a robbery. The danger and the risk of such a happening are entirely too great. Usually the tramps can keep the yokels at bay with a plentiful supply of shot sent just near enough to make them shiver. Only on the most extreme provocation will a tramp wound a burgher. That is why yeggs — real yeggs, not city toughs — are rarely charged with murder or homicide resulting from a box expedition. Sometimes after two or three shots have been fired, and the opposition on the part of the men of the town is growing hotter, the head tramp — the one chosen as leader — gives the command for a retreat. Then it is pell-mell and rush, every man for himself, to escape the posse that is almost certain to be organized to pursue the fleeing bandits.

Despite high-powered motor-cars, radio, telephones, and tear gas, the tramp still persists. But the frontiers of his country are rapidly being delimited and his field of operation is narrowing. In the end, perhaps, only darkest and most backward Arkansas will be left as his sole hunting-ground. That will make easier the problem of his extermination. Like many another picturesque road-robber, he is passing away. Younger men are coming in, younger men who care only for science and speed. Like the highwayman of old and of romance, the tramp will become one of the gallery of historic robbers. The honor of his profession, if such it may be termed, — the recognition that the fight with society is a game with humane rules, involving generosity, loyalty, a sense of humor, and buoyant anarchical conduct, — will then be no more than a memory. But by that time trampery will have fallen into dishonor by having become brutalized, democratic, and mechanical. It will truly have fallen among thieves.

MR. JOHN HOOK WANTS HIS MONEY

BY EMILY STONE WHITELEY

THIS is the story of a laugh. A side-splitting, uproarious laugh that comes echoing down the years and reveals to us our Revolutionary heroes, not in their solemn portrait poses, but in a mood of ribald mirth, most abominably forgetful of dignity and justice and decency. It was an upsetting, demoralizing laugh that respected neither law nor order; a rough, barbarous laugh that cheated an honest man out of his due.

In 1789 a famous case was tried at New London, Virginia. It was six years since peace had been made, eight since the surrender at Yorktown. The hard-fought war was over. The splendid rejoicings were over. The soldiers had gone back home and had beaten their swords into reaping-hooks. It was a long time since that day in St. John's Church when Patrick Henry had thrilled his audience with 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' His hearers had been too deeply moved for applause, and they had sat silent for a space while those words seemed to be still ringing through the building. The speaker had led them up into a high mount, and they had seen a vision of glory and sacrifice. 'Let me be buried on this spot!' cried Colonel Edward Carrington, feeling that he had reached a spiritual height that he would never reach in life again.

Shortly after Yorktown a certain Mr. John Hook had bethought himself that some steers of his had been taken to feed the Continental Army, and that he had not been paid for the cattle. It was true that the soldiers had been very hungry, and that the commissary had been hard-pressed for food. Also it was true that the heroes who had fought and bled had not been paid, and that many patriots had sacrificed all in the common cause. No matter — Mr. John Hook wanted his money. He brought suit against the commissary who had taken his cattle, and the commissary retained Patrick Henry to defend him. The case had lingered long on the docket, but it finally came to trial. The court-house was crowded.

It would seem that the defense had not much to say. The facts, as stated by the plaintiff, were not contested. Mr. Henry's speech has come down to us in fragmentary form. He carried his hearers back to the stirring times of the war when a common danger had united all patriotic souls and a spirit of unselfishness had possessed them — when men had given freely of their blood and treasure, not counting the cost. Some had thrown their entire estates into the cause; some had laid down their lives. He painted the sufferings of the soldiers, half-starved and marking the frozen ground with the blood of their unshod feet. Then came the surrender at Yorktown, the wonderful relief after the dark hours of the struggle. The orator described the surrender, the humiliation of the foe marching out of the trenches, the joy of the worn and weary victors, the fraternal embraces and tears, the shouts of triumph, the bonfires and

rejoicings. 'But hark, what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, "Beef, beef, beef!"'

The courthouse rocked with laughter. The clerk of the court, to preserve the dignity of his office, fled from the room and, when safely outside, threw himself on the lawn and rolled in uncontrolled merriment. The jury laughed until their sides ached, and when they got through laughing they brought in their verdict: 'One penny damages, and one penny costs to be paid by the plaintiff.' Later, when everybody had laughed so much that he could n't laugh any more, some rough spirits were heard talking about tar and feathers, and the best thing that John Hook could do was to get on his horse and ride swiftly away.

Surely a great injustice was committed that day. Mr. John Hook was a worthy citizen of credit and renown. By rights he should have been paid principal and interest. But the jury let themselves be carried away by their emotions. They were a foolish set of fellows, and suddenly the suit appeared to them a huge impertinence — an amazing revelation of selfishness. They were struck by the disproportion between Hook's sufferings and those of others. The money he was crying about was so infinitesimal compared to the great losses endured by others. They saw in imagination the long heart-breaking struggle and the great piled-up mass of human agony. The blood that had been shed and the lives that had been given could never be repaid — but Mr. John Hook wanted his money. It would have been tragic if it had not been comic. It was a thumping anticlimax to the story of the great war. After all the heroic adventures, the terrible battle, and the wonderful triumph, here comes the collector presenting his bill. The epic ends in a greasy ledger.

The simple, rude men of that heroic time laughed loud and long. For them Justice was not the classic goddess austerely blindfolded, but an open-eyed frontier lassie with a will of her own. Mr. John Hook was laughed out of court, and all because he wanted to collect a just debt. A derisive chuckle still lingers in the dusty records of the court, for the verdict was a joke — solemnly awarding a penny damages and then playfully taking it away for costs. So ends this story of a laugh.

In these civilized times John Hook would have had a better chance of getting his money. The world has grown more sober and sensible since those outrageous days of our youth. We do not laugh so easily and we do not jest when money is concerned. When Uncle Sam presents his bill to his comrades of the late war the discussions will, of course, be conducted with decent solemnity. No one will be so tactless as to compare money losses with human losses. No one will paint the picture of the trenches, showing the very blood upon the ground, and then suddenly project upon the scene the collector with his bill. No one would dare such an impertinence; and no artful orator will confuse men's minds and, by some hocus-pocus, make an honest man, seeking his own, appear sordid and base.

This is not the moment to bring up old stories of the war and to talk about Verdun and the wild night of the Armistice. That adventure is over. We are back on the plain of everyday life. The time has come to settle accounts.

Mr. John Hook wants his money — and there is no Patrick Henry to loose upon us the laughter of the world.

MORE LEAVES FROM A SECRET JOURNAL

BY JANE STEGER

I

How much simpler the requirements of the spiritual adventure often are than we fear they may prove. He never took me half so seriously as I took my small conventional self. I used to be afraid that if I gave myself completely to Him He would demand something terrifying, like preaching at street corners from a soap box, distributing tracts, or nailing up placards — ARE YOU SAVED? — on telegraph poles, the very thought of which filled my quaking little soul with sheer panic because I was so self-conscious in those days that it took all the spiritual courage I could muster even to step out of the general crowd far enough to drop a coin in a Salvation Army kettle. I used to wonder if any revelation would ever make me brave enough to stand by the kettle and ring the bell in the face of the Christmas crowds. Now I could do it with delight, but in the old days it seemed an amazingly brave act. The fear of what I might be commanded to do held me back for a long time, but at last I did summon sufficient courage to make a surrender of obedience — not a very good one, it is true, but still a gesture toward Him, after which I waited in apprehension of the soap box and the tracts. Was I directed to them? *Not in the least.* Of course not! Who was *I* to convert the world when I was not even sure of my own conversion? Instead, the inner direction that I received — but so clear that I could not doubt it — was to tidy up my desk and bureau drawers! So overwhelmingly laughable in the face of what I had dreaded!

Yet, laughably simple as it was, I did not doubt then, nor do I now, that it was a genuine revelation of what I needed to cultivate. The very unexpectedness of it was convincing. I do not believe that 'order is Heaven's *first* law,' but it is undoubtedly a most important law, and one which I sin against frequently. If I was ever to do anything for Him, evidently the first step was to bring my small world into a more ordered state. The command has come again to me lately. I am not required to do anything great or spectacular, like preaching on street corners, for instance, or retiring into a convent, or embracing poverty, but only to bring more order into my everyday life. There is nothing symbolic about it. It is simply a practical direction, in the form of a strong desire, to put in order prosaic things, hang up garments, lay toilet articles straight, and tidy papers. In the carrying-out of it, however, it becomes a sacrament, an ideal for the whole of one's life, a first step in the Kingdom of Heaven — yet so very small and simple!

> If I could have a million stars,
> Ten whirlwinds and a sky,
> I'd make a song all thundering bars
> To shout His greatness by.
> But I have such a foolish mind,
> It moves me more to see
> His littleness, which chose to find
> The littleness of me.

That was so often the way. He constantly answered my solemnity with an unexpected gayety. Sometimes I think God does not take religion so seriously as we do — at least not so seriously as a person of New England ancestry, like myself, does. Once, in a moment of complete surrender, I asked that I might be allowed to write something for Him. I petitioned it in a big solemn prayer, but afterward I forgot I had done so. These forgotten prayers, with what unexpected answers they sometimes come trailing home! I would be careful not to pray for anything unless I was very sure that I wanted it. I forgot this prayer, but He did not, and some time afterward there came to my mind every morning, just as I waked, flocks of verses. I did not understand at first where they came from, but later I realized. They poured out so fast that I could not get them all finished. As soon as I set about dressing one in words and rhyme, another would come singing through. They were so slight and whimsical, almost childish, how was I to guess He might answer a great solemn prayer with such fleeting gayety? (O Utter Love! You knew that was the way to own the last shred of my being!) I could worship and serve Him in reverent and distant awe, but if He chose to come in an intimate fellowship of mirth and song, then there was absolutely nothing of me that I would not give. We build absurd high altars to Him, when all the time He is there at the heart of life, companioning us in the smallest experiences.

I

Some little verses came one morn
Singing in my head:
Came before the day was born,
Bowed, and laughing said,
'Please get up and write us down,
For we are new to-day.
Please get up and weave our gown,
Ere we fade away.'

They made a sudden magic sign,
And all the east went red —
'Arise and spin the measured line,
For Love commands,' they said.

My Lord, my Life, I dare not guess
The verses whispered true;
Yet just in hopes I weave their dress,
And send them all to You!

II

I had a merry flight of songs,
But drove them all away,
For Love, I said, will scarcely wish
A gift so small and gay.
I'll take my tears, the dim dark tears,
And in their gray retreat
I'll hide my heart, and secretly
I'll lay it at His feet.

I took the tears, the stricken tears,
I made a gift of pain —
But never would You take my heart
Until it sang again!

III

As You have taught Arachne how to spin
Her fragile web from fairy reels within,
So, Gift-of-all-my-heart, Your dear commands
Draw from my soul's delight faint silver strands
Of song, frail wisps of love, all gemmed with You,
Like cobwebs, fret at dawn with drops of dew.

That was the first time the songs came. They have come many times since, and often so fast that I cannot finish one before another is there.

O Gift of Joy, on golden days
  When tides of love run strong,
Each thought flows out dew-decked with rhyme,
  And song pours after song.
My heart is like a secret spring
  In woodlands hid away,
At every touch from You there wells
  A whispered roundelay.
Fast as I catch the living stream
  In crystal cups of rhyme,
Fresh waters from the fount of life
  Gush forth in measured time.
I may not chalice them in words,
  So fast the songs break through —
But Love, my very self becomes
  A canticle of You!

II

For weeks I have been working by an upstairs window which looks straight

into the heart of a green maple tree all in its new summer foliage. Most of the time the wind has been blowing through it. Its green effulgence ruffled under the wind is pure magic. As the branches go up, and then slide softly down, riding the waves of the wind, they seem to half-reveal a secret. At least it is a secret from me. There is much more there than a wind-tossed maple tree. So much more that if the tree were suddenly to burst into flame, burning without being consumed, like the bush out of which God spoke to Moses, I should hardly be surprised. It would all be in line with that tremendous Something which is there. However, it is not a change in the maple tree that is necessary in order that I may know the truth about it, but rather a change in me, an awakening of the spiritual self, a clearing of the inner vision. If I could only see a little further! I feel as though if I strained harder, if I looked and looked, I might understand; or even if I could find the right word, that might open the door. But I do not, and I have been looking at the tree for weeks, and seeing the wind toss the branches up and ride them softly down in long lines of absolute poetry — green poetry, wind poetry, ecstasy! If one could only put it into words!

Probably a few weeks is not a long enough time for looking at a tree. Years and years would hardly be enough. How amazing the leaves are! Green on top and silver-white underneath. Now, as I look, the wind is turning them over, one at a time here and there, in an abstracted way, — as I flutter the leaves of a book, — so that I can see the frosted silver underneath. But, of course, not in the least for me to see. It is all a private affair between the wind and the tree, and Something — Somebody — else. Yet I do feel that if I could see far enough I should know that I had a part in it too, that that Something which dresses Itself up in maple trees and wind had dressed Itself in me also. But I can't see far enough, or hear far enough — or, perhaps more truly, deep enough. My perceptions just can't reach it. But it is coming closer. Perhaps around the next corner of consciousness I shall come upon it. Perhaps I already know it, but, as with a good many other things, don't yet realize that I know it. Anyway it is much to know that something far more is there than just green leaves and wind on the surface of life. How blank the world would be if this feeling of other-whereness were to forsake me!

It would not be well, I imagine, to see too far all at once. Does n't something strange happen to the people who hear the Flute Player? And panic is derived — so an old teacher of mine used to tell me — from the fear of Pan. And when one goes to the Back of the North Wind one is never the same again. After that one never really cares again for the important things, like diamond necklaces, motor-cars, or a distinguished career, and so of course one is just ruined for real life. That 's why Blake's mother smacked him, when as a little boy he explained his lateness for supper by the statement that he had seen the prophet Ezekiel sitting in an apple tree. That's why, too, all the grown-ups made Thomas Traherne stop gaping at the miracle of everyday life, and feeling that 'the corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown,' but which 'had stood from everlasting to everlasting,' and that 'the dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold,' and finally induced him to believe that the tinsel on a hobbyhorse was a fine thing, and a purse of gold of value. But Thomas Traherne was a wayward spirit, and when he was grown and could be his own master he broke away

from the tinsel idea — or, as he called it, 'the burden and cumber of devised wants' — and went off to live as he chose in the country, on a matter of ten pounds a year. Ten pounds, of course, does not buy much tinsel, so he was delivered from that and, thus set free, was enabled to make astonishing statements like 'You never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars. . . . Till you sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold and kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world. Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the stars are your jewels . . . till you love men so as to desire their happiness with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own.'

Goodness! *He* would have known well enough what is going on in my wind-swept maple tree! Perhaps when I get across into the next world I can get him to tell me. But I want to know *now*, even at the risk of its destroying my taste for tinsel, and sounding brass, also tinkling cymbals. I think he might leave his celestial abode long enough to give me just a hint. I think a hint, coupled with the right word, would be sufficient. Or would it? Perhaps not. Perhaps what I need for illumination is to put money in its place as he did, and be content with ten pounds a year and a leathern suit. Besides, even if one returned from the dead, his message would have little meaning, unless the person to whom it came had already arrived at some conception of the truth. One must find it for one's self first. The outside revelation corroborates what one already knows. The kingdom of Heaven *is* within you — and its truth also. The only way to discover it, or to solve the mystery of the maple tree, is literally to inquire within. Doing so, one goes forth on the most amazing adventure that life offers — an adventure far more exciting than any expedition to the North Pole or into the heart of Africa.

As I look at the wind in the tree a little shiver of ecstasy goes through me because the vision is so close. Just the turning of a hair would bring it. What a mystery it is! What in the world makes those green leaves? Oh no, I don't want to know what they are composed of. A botanist might tell me that. What I want to know is why the sap ever started to run up the tree, up the trunk, along the limbs, into the buds, to spread them out into leaves. Perhaps the way to find out would be to get inside the tree one's self, a nebulous personality, to run with the sap up the trunk, out the limbs, into the leaves and maple keys, and there hear the command to stop. The end is as amazing as the beginning. Why does the urge of life cease with leaves and seed vessels? How does it know when to stop — when its type is completed? If this command to halt did n't come at the right moment the breath of life that is in the tree might go on beyond leaves and bloom into all sorts of green fantastic abortions that would spoil the type. The beginning is a marvel, the ending is an amazement. I suppose there was in the mind of God the finished thought of a maple tree, as definite and complete as is its spark of life in the seed, although He no doubt sent the thought forth in several types before the present one was achieved. It *is* a miracle that trees stop with themselves — that maple trees are only maple trees, apple trees only apple trees, and oak trees only oaks. The urge of life might so easily have flowed on into a green maelstrom of confusion, a sort of crazy-quilt of creation.

The same, of course, is true of every type. Why do pigs stop at pigs, and human beings at human beings? Oh, of course we human beings still have

animal tendencies, and no doubt we are potential angels, but in spite of what we have been, or may be, we *are* human beings. Each type may have come up from something else, and be slowly drifting on to another development; nevertheless, at each stage it is itself, and not a confused medley. As I sit writing, I am surrounded by numberless finished articles, — books, chairs, tables, desk, — all of which were conceived by the mind of man. Then, as I look out into the garden, I see infinitely more things, — an innumerable company, grass, trees, flowers, bushes, — all of which the mind of God created, and all of which are separate, distinct, and finished, with no confusion, no intermixing of forms. Truly the finished type is an astonishment. I never really thought of it before. The urge of life always amazed me, but I never until now realized the marvel of its stopping when each creation is completed. It might so easily go on into confusion or shatter the type, as a child breaks his bubble by blowing too much breath into it. It might, that is, if at the back of creation was nothing but a blind force. How can anyone believe that! One might, possibly, if one thought only of the initial urge of life, but surely not when one sees it always stopping in definite forms and types.

Look at that fat dictionary over there on the shelf, so solemn and well informed — do I think a blind force created it? I do not. Then why should I suppose a blind force created the trumpet vine swaying out there in the wind? Did anybody ever see a trumpet vine forget its type and try to overflow into something else — into a maple tree, for instance? Or a maple tree forget that its urge to life should stop with sharply pointed leaves, rather than with the round edges of an oak? Nobody ever did, unless the types had been crossed by outside interference. What keeps them all so loyally true to their own plan? Surely if there were nothing but a blind urge at the back of them they would long ago have lost their way in the maze of life and gone off into a confusion of green grotesqueries.

But to come back to my maple. I would like to get inside of it and see what it feels like to be a tree. Perhaps I was a tree once long ago, at one stage of my journey from an atom to an angel. Perhaps I shall be again when I reach the superconsciousness of a Thomas Traherne. Then I should not need to stop short with trees, but could project my consciousness into anything else I wanted to, — into the sky, the sea, or the stars, — could be in them, and still be myself. Most of us do not realize the possibility of this extension of consciousness. Especially those of us who dread the survival of the personality after death. Heavens! Who would want to survive forever and ever in our present small earthworm personality! The mere thought of it fills me with desolation. But if one is to go on with unveiled face from glory unto glory, as Saint Paul says, then one may adventure with a high heart.

I can scarcely remember the time when I did not have this inexplicable yearning to get inside of growing things and taste, as it were, their consciousness. Perhaps the desire is a promise of an ultimate attainment.

Truly I must be mad, for often I knock
At the cool green portals of vines, of flowers, of trees,
Begging a dole, the gift to enter their lives.
Jewel weeds swaying there in the shade, handfuls
Of green-gold sun dotted down on their heads, inflame
My desire. I would be one of them, making my bow
To the wind, dabbling my leaves in and out of the sun,
Yellow blossoms for earrings, and anklets, and pendants to clash
In a faint and exquisite chime. And corn — Ah, God!

What was the word You spoke in the heart of the corn,
That the grains, so small, went laughing into the dark
To leap out again, so green, so straight, and so tall?
Ah, *what* was the word? Some day I fear I shall spend
One penny of birth on the corn, just to know what You said,
To stand in the heart of the field and exclaim with my tall
Tasseled finger forever and ever at You. Perchance,
Adventuring all if I could stab straight through
This self, this hard imprisoned me, letting
My spirit's life gush forth, brimful, some green
And lovely basin like a field of corn —
Ah, then in flowing forth, the barriers down,
The door of self wrenched wide, heart open flung,
God's spirit might swirl in, possessing mine!

Green brothers, green brothers, I knock! Open your hearts!
Ah, let me come in! Do not keep me forever without!
See, I will give you great handfuls of love, pressed down,
Running over. But no, they are wise, they will not unbar.
Yet sometimes at dusk the bud babies open the doors
A crack, to laugh, to peep out at me, kissing
And waving their little green hands. But when I approach
There is never a chink to see, all is shut, fast shut —
The crickets and I are alone in the dusk and the dew.

III

This morning, just as I waked, I was conscious that the barrier, the feeling of separation, was gone. I was there. I was possessed of a larger life. I have often waked — sometimes in the morning, sometimes late in the night — with the sensation of His presence; but, wonderful as that was, there was always a bar between; long as I might to break through, it stood in the way. This morning the barrier was down — I was *there*. I cannot express with what utter delight the realization fills me. At the moment there was nothing surprising or particularly ecstatic about it — it merely seemed completely natural. But suddenly I realized that the walls were gone, that I was there at last; and in the moment of realization — of touching it with my waking thoughts — it vanished. It was with me only for the shortest possible time, but that it should have been there at all carries me away in joy and gratitude. Just for that fleeting moment I was at the journey's end, the haven where I would be, the destination toward which I have been traveling for so long. I did not deserve it. I had grown so slack, so desultory, in all my spiritual life, so distracted with surface activities and engrossed with things, that I had almost lost the hope that it would ever happen. Then, just when I least expected it and deserved it so very little, it came. Now I know that what the other travelers have said is true. They say that for a long time the soul stretches out to God in ardent longing, and then at last the order is reversed, and He comes to the soul.

The tide has turned. I had begun to fear that mine was not the temperament for the revelation, or else that I was on the wrong track and should change my life in some way — how, I did not know. But now a little realization has been vouchsafed, and I can continue to persevere with infinite delight. It has happened once, in spite of all my sins and my meagreness of spirit, and in good time it will happen again.

'It has come down, and it will come down, and I pray to the Lord to send it down.' This old revival hymn, which I have always sniffed at in my mind, takes on a fresh significance. What a fool I am! And how foolish is all our intellectual snobbery! We stand around in the aloof scornful places of the mind, looking at religious experiences from the outside, and then, *click!* a little

door within opens, and out of our own knowledge we too behold new wine filling the old bottles of long-familiar words with a shining truth. 'Why, it was true all along!' we exclaim with a startled insight. Our shabby little minds should then go down in the dust and ashes of humility. Forever and forever there is more in life than the everyday intellect can lay hold of. 'It has come down' — it did this morning just for a minute. It was as though two halves in me which belonged together, but which were separated, had met at last. I was filled with a larger life in which my own smaller life was swallowed but not lost. Was it God and the soul meeting, or my conscious and subconscious, or superconscious, selves coming together? I do not greatly care which it was. After all, what do we really *know* about the subconscious mind? Not much more as yet than that it is a vast, unexplored, and amazing region within which may well be a gateway leading to God.

I think I now know a little of what Saint Paul meant when he said he lived in Christ — only a very little, of course. At the time, however, there was for me no particular sense of a personal God; only afterward a great rush of personal gratitude to Him, and an infinite feeling of shame and unworthiness. I never came so near to a conviction of sin. I see now why the real saints and mystics, who had such tremendously vivid spiritual experiences, set about repentance so avidly. If I had had a little further glimpse, I too might have sufficient grace and vigor to dislodge the unworthy devils who have so long accompanied me. In His light the small desires and selfishnesses appear infinitely tawdry. And how it does take the arrogance out of material things! They are no longer engrossingly important, and yet, for some reason, in the light of the spirit one may enjoy them more than ever. Is this, I wonder, being 'free to enjoy'?

I feel a great content now to rest in His good time, and a conviction of things being done for me outside of my small self. With delight I will continue to endeavor to do my part, but for some reason I feel a little as though the burden of it rested now more with God than with me. Probably it always did, only I never realized it before.

This experience, which seems so small when I put it down and yet means so much to me, as appearing to be a definite step along the way I have been trying to follow, has come when youth is over. It fills me with delight to see how the spirit continues to unfold after the mind and body have reached maturity. Development of the physical and mental comes to an end fairly early, but one may grow in grace forever. This is the great adventure which keeps one young and expectant. Nothing in the youth of the mind or body, for me at least, was half so interesting and joyful as the awakening of the spirit. The theory that religious experiences are merely an attribute of physical adolescence is amusing.

It is curious how frequently these little extensions of perception come just at waking. We are inclined to think that something wholly new has come to us, but it just occurs to me that the real truth may be that as we develop along these lines we become more and more capable of bringing into our waking consciousness the things which we are aware of when we are deeply asleep. I think that when our physical faculties are in abeyance we ourselves become pure spirit; but the adventures of this state we cannot as a rule remember, because they are obscured, as we return into the body, by a stratum of surface dreams. These surface dreams, which the psychologists are so excited over nowadays, are

designed, I believe, among other things, to close the doors of memory between the two worlds. If the consciousness of this other existence down beneath the veils of sleep came to us without due preparation, our minds would doubtless go to pieces under the strain of the double experience.

Sometimes when one is not getting on well with another person, and the everyday selves seem to be in a snarl of antagonism, — for often the spirit finds the endeavor to realize through matter heavy sledding, — things may be improved by a desire, just as one falls asleep, to meet the other person on the spiritual plane, and there come into harmony with each other. So often disagreements are merely antagonisms of the small material selves. I find the following note made some years ago: —

'The other night I was unhappy about someone, and prayed that when I was asleep this person and myself might meet in our deeper selves and understand each other better. Just as I dropped into sleep, I felt as though something streamed out of my side in a flood of being which seemed really tangible. I thought it was myself, going forth, just as my physical faculties lost consciousness, in a flood of affectionate desire to help and understand and be at peace with the one I was unhappy over. It may, of course, have been only a dream, but it did not seem like one. It seemed like a real occurrence, and since then that other person and I have been happier together.'

To-morrow is a silver trumpet that I shall blow upon.
It is unknown, it is unborn;
It is coming to me through the dark of to-night.
To-day I know, and yesterday I have known,
But the day which waits on the other side of the dark tunnel
Is all unknown —
It is completely new,
And I shall meet it with a new spirit.
It is a miracle, a possibility, a gem —
It is a clear crystal in which I shall mirror myself.
God swings it to me from out the mysterious future.
For a moment I hold it in the hand of to-day,
Then I swing it down the past stamped forever
With an image and superscription of myself.
For an instant it is mine,
All untouched and untried, as clear as a dewdrop,
Ephemeral as gossamer on the grass.
Oh, ecstasy of to-morrow!
The dead past has buried its dead,
And all the world is new!
You are a silver trumpet that I shall blow upon,
Making of you new songs, gay songs,
Melodies never heard before.
I stand for one moment, tiptoe
On the edge of the future,
Gazing upon the wonder of the approaching gift;
Then I plunge
Down the dark tunnel of sleep.
Life is a golden chain
Strung with to-morrows,
And at the end
Is the great to-morrow of death.

IV

Winks of beauty. There is the mystery of it dodging in and out of life all the time — 'half guessed and gone again.' Such slight things, but so startling with the stab of joy they give. Just little things that one scarcely notices, would not notice at all if it were not for that thrill of ecstasy. Sparrows bathing in a city fountain, flowers spilling out into the street from a florist's shop, the flirt of a squirrel's tail when he hops, the solemn way Negro children roll the whites of their eyes, the lovely mirth on the face of a white primrose — all so slight, so fleeting, yet the very heart of life, compounded of love, of mirth, and of — well, we call it beauty, but I fancy that 's because we don't know exactly what to call it. It seems to me of much more value and importance than so-called beauty, because so frequently it presents itself under an aspect that is not conventionally beautiful. There 's my little Negro maid, for instance. She has a big

mouth and a flat nose, and yet that mysterious something, value, beauty, ecstasy, — *other-whereness*, as I sometimes call it, — is constantly winking in and out of her. It may be because of the grace of her soft movements, or it may be because she sometimes wears a yellow dress, and her little brown neck coming out of her frock is wholly appealing. Yet it does not seem to be quite either of these things. It is something that does not go into words, and no doubt I make a mistake in endeavoring to express it with them. Probably its real medium is color and line, or music: words bring in the element of thought too much, and are too concrete. The trouble may be with myself, because possibly I am an artist gone astray. As a child my great passion was drawing, but circumstances and my handicap made the carrying-out of that desire impossible. So I suppose I have more the artistic response to life than the literary one, — if there is a fundamental difference between the two, which of course is open to question, — and so I am at cross-purposes with my medium, always trying to force into words that which belongs to the brush. However, even the most successful artist is never completely satisfied with his attempt, feeling always that something more which no medium can interpret; and after all I might have found the brush as unsatisfactory as the pen, so there is no good in indulging myself in a 'gentle melancholy' over the buried artist in me.

It is curious that I get this thrill of beauty, or value, or whatever one may call it, in Negroes more frequently than in white people. Perhaps it is because they are more primitive, and artificiality dims the thrill. I had another Negro maid once — a small brown, almost black, woman — who had a whimsical sense of humor. In memory I can see her now, down on her knees scrubbing some steps. I made a small joke, and all her little body doubled in curves of laughter. She had a way when she went to the spring — blue frock moving down the garden path — of always presenting one with an offering of fresh water. 'Will you has a drink of nice fresh water?' she would say, holding out the silver-frosted glass. No sophisticated cup of tea was ever presented to me with half the appeal of this simple offering. Goodness, what is the matter with us! We seem to be forever destined to seek the ornate, and yet it draws us away from the underlying ecstasy of life. Still the desire for elaboration of existence must have some real reason in it or it would hardly be so persistent. A strange world, and humanity the strangest thing in it!

As I think of it now, there is something notable in the attitude of Negroes toward water. Water appears to mean more to them than it does to members of the white race. They pay it a tribute of respect. Good water, spring water, a bucket of fresh water — these are exclamation points of satisfaction in their lives. As I look back in memory I see a long procession of Negro servants in our family performing this rite of going to the spring. There was one old woman who used to carry three buckets of water at a time, one on her head and one in either hand. The great dignity of her figure thus laden comes back to me now with a thrill of pleasure. There was another one who would sometimes set down her buckets wearily on the path and, looking up at the immense sky, cry out in a kind of protest, 'Father in Heaven, look down, do, pray!' When we played in the kitchen as children we might take almost any liberty provided we respected the water buckets. It is spring water that is especially

reverenced; rain water not so much so, except that it is a gift from on high; and creek water is negligible. But spring water, pure and undefiled, is sacred. It is, as well, almost the only gift of hospitality that Negroes are permitted to offer to members of the white race. Perhaps this is symbolic, a prophecy that their simple and mystical faith may sometime renew the wellsprings of religion for the more sophisticated of us.

But to come back to the winks of beauty. Artificiality appears to break the connection with that Something More which seems to me to furnish that especial sense of joy. I can see a hundred thousand young painted faces go by in the city streets with never a flicker of delight — and then be enchanted by the grace of an old country-woman's hands. People are more beautiful against the background of nature, and nature — at least cultivated nature — appears to need them. My garden never seems so lovely to me as when people walk about in it. They seem to be the climax for which it waited. Really I think what I am trying to define is more poignancy than beauty — a sudden sharp aspect that stabs one awake. It is the Spirit glinting in and out of life. Never really out of it, of course, but for us never as yet fully realized. He is there behind the veil of it all, but some places in the veil are thinner than others, so that through them we glimpse Him more distinctly. Loopholes into reality.

Such unexpected glimpses in unlooked-for places! I remember a boy — a rough, unmannerly, smart-Alecky boy. 'Smart, smart, smart, you can't fool *me*,' was written all over him. But suddenly I caught a glimpse of the curve of his young shoulder looking out through a rent in his shirt — so young, so appealing, such a surrender, completely betraying all the rest of him; as if God had for one instant broken through, completely destroying all the cheap surface, and setting upon the whole the stamp of a divine creation.

Another time I was looking out of a car window, staring idly at a man who was leaning against the wall of the station where our train had stopped. The man seemed to me wholly uninteresting, and then all at once there was something about the fold of his rough coat at his neck that was miraculous. Now how absurd that sounds! Yet all I know is that it was true. Just the fold of a coat, an old coat covering an apparently uninteresting man; that was all it was at first, and then suddenly it was a revelation. It was the whole of humanity coming down out of the ages, — its sorrow, its wistfulness, its struggles, its divinity, — all epitomized for one instant in the fold of a garment. And such economy! Not even the whole coat used — just the fold by the man's neck. Some great artist in words or music could have interpreted it, but I could not — I could only see it and wonder. The eyes of my mind have stared at it through all the years since, remembering that wink of illumination, but never quite understanding it. Was it just the pathos of it? Or was it that I glimpsed the absolute garment? Or again was it that, as the man was in the coat, so God is in all life? I do not know. It might have been all of these things, for, by the sudden twist of Something More with which the sight was infused, I knew it was a pathway leading deeper into life, only I had not the spiritual sight or hardihood to follow it. How deficient I am! To see constantly, yet not understand, not be able to push on to the full revelation! 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'

Sometimes, however, the deeper meaning of these moments of revelation comes to me later. I think I

understand now the experience I had in crossing the street once in New York. There were, of course, crowds of people, and so there was some concern on my part about doing my own small navigating successfully. Then all at once there was that sense of something deeper present, and a feeling that if I let go all would be well. I did. I relaxed, giving over my surface tension and letting myself float into the tide of people as a swimmer gives himself to the water. It all went simply and easily then. But there was much more to it than the simple surface fact. It was as though for a moment I had caught the undercurrent of the crowd, its rhythm, and so could move in it, be carried easily and naturally by it. I had found my place, and fitted in like a note in a piece of music. I think this small experience might be true for all of life. Under everything we do there is probably this great life-giving undercurrent, the spirit of each activity, but we usually fail to perceive it. If we could get into touch with it more frequently, all of life would move much more easily for us. We should not then sail such choppy seas. We might catch the tune, so to speak, in everything — in people as well as in activities. But to do so one must let go of one's surface self, and make at least a little gesture toward the spiritual. Let go, let go — that seems to be the constant command. Let go of the surface anxiety, the terrible snatch and scramble and fear of getting left in some way, and reach out toward the spiritual. If one dared to let go, one would drop only a little way, yet that little way might carry one into a whole new aspect of life. It was what Christ was always proclaiming — a losing of one's life to save it, a surrender to the life more abundant. But the initial attempt must come from ourselves, although no doubt the Holy Spirit instigates us to it.

V

Sometimes one withdraws for a moment into one's self, stepping aside from all of one's own intense activity to look on in amazement at the great pageantry of life flowing past.

Marching and marching, from one side out of the dark
Of my mind to the flare of its lighted spaces, and thence
Lost in the wings on the left, existence unrolls,
An enchanted parade, an endless rhythmic wave,
A melody woven of color, of laughter, of tears,
A rainbow intoxication, animals, birds,
Flowers, and people. Drunk with the sight, I am mad
To live all lives, to string them upon myself,
Millions of beads on one continuous strand.
I think before I was born the face of my soul
Must have peered and peered through the gorgeous windows of life,
Like a child peeping in at a toy shop, bewildered by all
The rich display, and uncertain how to invest
His penny. Well, my penny of birth is expended,
But now, walking the aisles inside of the shop,
I see laid out an endless assortment of lives —
Sad lives, gay lives, broken lives, woolly-dog lives,
Grotesque jumping-jack lives. I do not care —
Everything that hath breath praises the Lord; and I?
I desire them all, not to handle and touch, but to live,
To be there at the heart, at the quick of each breath. But how
Could one ever obtain such a madness and wonder of life?

The spirit of life is through it all, and life is God, and God is love — ecstasy! Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father in Heaven — of course not! How could it, since He is there at its very heart? Call not thou anything common or unclean — oh, I will not! I will not! I will hold the vision clear. The Kingdom of Heaven has come nigh unto you. It is all about, here and now, in every human being walking the streets, in every sparrow flying, in every green leaf blowing in the wind. In every living thing it is here

before us, is surging up to us in every act of life. How stupid I am, how blind most of the time! But to-day my eyes are open; I am moving in the mystery of life. I must hold the vision, recapturing it every morning, every day plunging it more and more into each act of life. I see how all of life should be glorified by the realization of this life more abundant, pouring it into every activity, re-creating all with joy. But as yet the vision is fleeting, so hard to hold, so difficult to carry through into all one's busy life. It is like cobwebs on the grass. One sees them distinctly in the early morning, gradually fading as the sun advances, but renewed again the next day. The vision comes to me again and again, but it is lost in the heat of life's activities, even in the simple activities of the life I lead. Why am I so inept in carrying it through? It is the amazing adventure — behold the vision, then try to clothe it in the garment of life. Nothing too small for it, nothing too big. When one tries to put it into life, one knows the poet's despair and delight in endeavoring to put pure poetry into words. The vision is there; one struggles to interpret it; but the hardness and selfishness of circumstances carry it all awry, just as words with their inflexibility break the fleeting gift of poetry into something hard and concrete. Yet the attempt must be made.

If we are ever to rest in pure vision, it is not now. Now it must be brought into active life in some way, through some one of the endless channels which offer. The effort is the thing. If it is bungling and unsuccessful, — as it is almost certain to be, for the vision must always be far above its realization, — no matter. The attempt has been made; you have taken a hand in the great game; some other player sees, knows what you are about, and is stimulated, as you have been stimulated by his effort. 'I know! I know!' he cries out across the murk and failure. 'Oh, I know what you have attempted. It is my game also, the greatest game in all life — the very heart of life itself!'

The spirit may be utilized in all the ways of existence, once it has found an entrance into the world, but the entrance, in human lives at least, must be through the opening of the heart. That is the everlasting door that the psalmist cries upon to be lifted up. 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in!' When one makes an attempt to lift up the everlasting door, through the offering of one's small self in prayer and meditation as one sinks into deeper and deeper levels of consciousness, of self-surrender and stillness, one becomes aware at times of a sensation of rhythm, almost of half-guessed music, as if just beyond this utter silence there surged a tide of melody waiting for an opening through which to pour itself.

Oh, shout! Oh, shout, ye sons of God!
And shawms of joy reply,
To lift the everlasting door,
To throw it wide and high;
That He, the King of Glory,
Who is the King of Song,
May enter in with laughter
Where melodies belong!
Oh, lift it up — the heart of man,
That gate so long held fast —
Oh, beat it down with melody,
With joyous blast on blast!
Throw wide, throw wide the secret way
To all the hosts of God,
That through the world their shining feet
May march with music shod!
For now I know! I know, O Heart!
I know it deep and strong —
Through the distant wall of silence
Waits Love, which is a song!

HAKLUYT UNPURCHASED

BY FRANKLIN McDUFFEE

MAN is a fool and a bag of wind!
Or was it madness that stopped my buying
The old brown Hakluyt I chanced to find
At twelve and sixpence, dustily lying

With shilling shockers? An if 't were here
I'd kick off shoes and pull on slippers
And settle back to my brier and beer
For a windy voyage with Hakluyt's skippers.

Up the blue sea and down the sky
To Java Head or warm Cipango,
With albatrosses floating by
And a wind that whistles of spice and mango;

Into the ice with Frobisher's men,
Or south with Raleigh to seek Guiana,
In the Jesus of Lubeck with Hawkins then
To plunder the dons of smug Habana,

And east. . . . But my ale is dregs and lees,
My pipe won't draw, and I, besotted,
The sport of devils — I failed to seize
On the rich old tome till another got it.

And so, instead of an offshore gale
And a tropical sea and a lion skipper,
I sit and blow at my mug of ale
And stare at a toe through a toeless slipper.

THE MEETINGHOUSE AND THE LABORATORY

BY A WOMAN PHYSICIAN

One of my early memories is of a church, a brick church with a long, broad flight of steps leading up to a big bare churchroom — and at the front of this room three tall Christmas trees decorated with tinsel and cotton, with candles ready for the lighting. The trees were arranged in a triangle with the centre one at the back. Of the mechanics of those three trees I have a vivid memory, because I was to be the golden-haired angel with a starry crown, standing on a platform higher than my father's head — an angel with one hand poised beneath the dove of peace, and the other extending an olive branch. After I was poised the outer trees were to be swung back by a scissor arrangement to disclose the angel.

It seemed strange that God and the minister should want a little girl to wear a white nightgown, and no shoes or stockings, in the church. It made the little girl's heart beat very hard and fast.

They were lighting the candles when the cotton caught on fire, and there was almost a stampede among the audience. My sister and her nurse were pushed down the long front steps, and people were knocked down. After the excitement was over and the candles safely lighted, the angel was put on the platform — a little girl not over four years old, with one outstretched hand holding a spray of leaves, and the other touching a white dove that gently swayed on its wire. The outer trees were moved aside, and red-fire flares lighted. As the flares blazed up, terror struck to the heart of the frightened child, and with a wild cry for her father she leaped from the platform into his arms, and the dove of peace still swayed from the tree. There was no thought of God or any heavenly protection. I do not believe that religion is inherent in the human soul or that it is an hereditary factor. It is the result of training and of the need for something by which one may live.

Religion, temperance, and politics were a sad mixture in my childish mind, because at that same time I remember being put on the big church platform to recite 'Have courage, my boy, to say No,' at a temperance rally; and then, not knowing how to get off the platform, I stood there and cried at the top of my voice until mother came and lifted me down — that was church again. Then I remember a political parade, with torches, celebrating the reëlection of our Congressman, Colonel Pete Hepburn, after a defeat four years before. Mary held me on a fence post and mother marched well at the head of the parade with a little flag; and the old man standing next to me kept shouting, 'Praise God!' — so that was religion, too. I thought one had to be good to be allowed to carry the flag in a big parade. This was Western Iowa in the early eighties.

Prayer meant nothing to me in my very early childhood — it was pieces to be spoken in a certain way and at certain times, without any personal connection. The first time I really prayed a prayer of my own was when I was six

years old — and then I prayed for something that I knew was wrong, and my prayer was granted.

Mother and the baby had been at grandfather's for some months because Aunty Belle was very ill there, and all that winter I was alone with my father and Mary, who took care of the house and me and of my father and the horse and the cow, and I wanted mother to come home. So I went out into the barn, knelt down, squeezed my eyes tight shut, and prayed aloud that Aunty Belle might die so that mother and the baby would come home. And Aunty Belle did die — almost immediately, as I remember now.

Mary told me very gently, but I went out into the barn to rejoice. I knew I must pretend to be sorry, so when I came back into the house my face was solemn, and I cried. Even to this day, after almost forty years, I can always bring tears when I really want to laugh by thinking, 'Aunty Belle is dead.'

A long time afterward I asked mother whether God would answer a prayer if you asked for something wrong, and she said, 'Of course not!'

The Bible was traditional in our household. Aunt Martha had read the Bible through before she was six, they said. I tried to do it, but was interrupted when we moved, and I doubt if now I have ever read all of it — I have a bad habit of skipping all the 'begats.' Our family is old Covenanter Scotch, and during the summer-time we lived with grandfather and grandmother, who were strict United Presbyterians. Sunday was always the Sabbath, and on that day no unnecessary work was done. We sang Psalms ('Sams'), not hymns. The church was bare and forbidding except for the sunlight through the stained-glass windows. There were no cushions on the uncomfortable pews. We heard long sermons on doctrine, and no music except the Psalms and a choir without accompaniment. We belonged to the more progressive church — the second church which split off from the first because those in the first church held that it was ungodly to start the choir with a pitch-pipe instead of a *do-me-sol-do* which might be pitched too high or too low. I loved some of the Psalms: —

> By Babel's streams we sat and wept
> For mem-em-em-ory still-ill-ill to Zion clung
> The wind alone our harp strings swept
> That a-a-on the droo-oo-ooping willows hung.

We were not allowed to read anything but the Bible on the Sabbath, our meals were cold, and we might not go buggy-riding or play. We were taught that God was a righteous God, and that He was ever waiting to visit His wrath on His children. Hell was close ahead — the true Biblical version.

At this time there is the memory also of family worship night and morning. Grandfather's house was on one crest of the double-crested hill, and two hundred yards across the road on the other crest was great-grandfather's house, where he lived with great-grandmother; and as a child I always wanted to go across the road for evening worship, for just as the darkness began to fall we would hear faintly the quavering voices singing a Psalm. We did not sing at worship at grandfather's. We had a reading from the Bible and then a prayer. Grandfather had two basic prayers, one for morning and one for evening, with little personal variations each day. I did not always understand all the words — they went so fast, always ending 'command sin and sickness to proper distance from us, and command Thy blessing upon us, for Thine is the power and glory forever. Amen.'

Family worship and blessing before we might partake of food are always tinged with the picture of grand-

mother sitting on the edge of her chair, ready to run to the kitchen, saying, 'Just say a short blessing, Pa — I'm afraid my chicken will burn,' or 'Make it a short reading — I want to get to my washing early,' and scarcely waiting for the Amen to be said.

The forms of religion were closely observed, and I believe grandfather and grandmother lived this religion all the time. It was not a comforting one; there was always the fear of things undone which should have been done. I grew up with this outward religious form — and no conception of what it really meant. My soul was untouched by any divine flame.

And then we moved to Chicago, to a block with forty-four children in it, when I was almost nine. Sabbath changed. We slept late, went to Sunday School at almost noon, came home to an especial Sunday dinner; then, in the afternoon, we went driving through the parks. The minister was young and interesting, — he tried to hold the children, — and he has since done worlds of good in his ministry in Chicago. He offered a prize of five dollars to the child who would make the best abstract of one of ten sermons he was giving. I won the five — chiefly because I had a good memory, to which were added a few surreptitious notes. He made an appeal that the Sunday School did not. We were a pert, sophisticated lot of children — at least those in my class. We constantly kept the banner for attendance, but we refused to repeat any verses or sing any songs in which, as little materialists, we did not believe. We doubted everything. Our superintendent was very fond of one song, 'At the Cross,' which used to be on page ninety of our songbook. We would sing lustily except for one line, 'For such a worm as I.' We were not worms, so why tell a lie? Always, on that line, the volume of song diminished half. I suppose it was well to become a worshiper of truth, but it was hard on the Sunday School morale.

When I was twelve I had a big decision to make, all by myself: whether I would agree with mother or with father. It was too big a problem for a child to solve, so I decided to go to see our minister. I timidly got to the front door and rang the bell. He came and, without inviting me in, asked what I wanted. I could not ask my question on the doorstep, so I said 'Nothing,' and went down his steps. It was the only time I had ever asked for help, and it was my last attempt at presenting a problem of my own to a minister for solution. I will present other people's troubles, but for myself I wait for time and thought to solve my difficulties.

I felt that the church had not functioned properly, and I did not join it with the other children of my class.

It was somewhere in this interval of time that a cousin of mother's, the pastor of a Brooklyn church, came to visit us. He was a man distinctly ranking himself superior to the rest of us. The first morning he was there Cousin Nelse suggested family worship, which we had discontinued in our Chicago household. Our schedule provided for breakfast and school without much leeway. My sister and I knelt by the window and watched the children going to school, while Cousin Nelse prayed on and on — for all the sinful family, beginning with great-grandfather and his six or eight real children and the four adopted ones, on down through the littlest babies; for the governments, from the national to the ward politicians; for missionaries in all foreign countries; for protection from all the conceivable ordinary and extraordinary forms of sin; and my sister and I, kneeling, watched the children go to school and heard the school-bell ring. We had never been late before. Mother wrote

us each a note explaining that our visitor had prayed so long at family worship that we had to be late. I started off to school, but did not go, because I could not give that explanation to the teacher. It was my first truancy.

Through college I led a carefree life, without religious influence. It was a state university. I glibly signed my church preference — went occasionally, and did some work with the Y. W. C. A. There was nothing in college to disturb any religious views I might have had. Biology, evolution, and embryology did not offer any disturbing conflicts. I could still fit them to my Bible by stretching my six days of creation over a tremendous span of time, as some Biblical authorities claimed. As I think of it now, there were no influences either for or against religion in my college life. It was a neutral ground. I once learned at a Y. W. C. A. meeting that white lies were 'sin spots — freckles — on the soul.'

After college I drifted, against my better judgment and against my wishes, into teaching. The first year I taught science in a high school in a little town in Eastern Illinois. This town was a close community of people who had intermarried until sometimes I wondered if there was anyone there aside from myself who was not related to at least one fourth of the town. We had two trains a day — one in, one out — and we were the end of the railroad branch. In a community like this, religious sentiment is strong. My superintendent was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School, and he requested firmly that I attend church regularly in order that I might be a good example — and I did. He was a good-natured, stolid, round-faced man with rosy cheeks, whose favorite song was 'Jesus wants me for a sunbeam.' We had it every Sunday, down through the chorus. Then he would say: —

'Let 's have that chorus again, and this time I want every *girl* in the audience to sing this — big girls, little girls, old girls, young girls — every girl in this room help sing this chorus.'

And in a high falsetto we would all sing: 'Jesus wants me for a sunbeam.'

'That 's fine,' he would say. 'Now every *boy* in this audience — big boys, little boys, old boys, and young boys — every boy help sing this chorus!'

And in a deep bass would come, 'I 'll be a sunbeam for Him.'

'That 's fine, but it 's better with all of us together. Now, all together, let 's sing the chorus once more!'

Each chorus was sung some four or five times, sometimes left side, sometimes right side, sometimes grown-ups, sometimes children, sometimes men, and sometimes women, but always all together at the end.

That is my memory of a year at that Sunday School.

That church holds another recollection, that of my first revival. Our little town was not far from the coal-mining districts, and something had happened to the city wells — they had all gone dry or become alkaline and corrosive — so that, to run the electric plant, water was hauled fourteen miles, in tanks, from an old coal-mine. This particular week we were to have an evangelist who was widely known and a singer whose reputation had spread over the Middle West, for an interdenominational revival. They organized a choir of fifty voices and, again at the superintendent's request, I volunteered. The first three nights went beautifully. We practised singing 'Come, sinner, come!' — just that one phrase over and over again, very softly, but very distinctly and slowly. The fourth night the pump at the mine had broken down and there was no water for the electric-light plant. The entire town was without electric lights.

I wish I could picture that big dark church, with the high-vaulted ceiling, lighted by about a dozen flickering oil-lamps that threw only a little circle of light and made the open space beyond it darker than ever. We sang from memory. A tiny lamp lighted the pulpit desk, but the evangelist stepped beyond its rays and preached like an artist, taking the key from his background. He preached Hell. 'Hell,' he said, 'is a place where one is in eternal darkness. It is like the tunnels in the coal-mine, all black-dark, with a lone soul at the end of each blind tunnel shut up in total blackness for all eternity, isolated from all other souls, eternally lonesome, in eternal silence, meditating on the sins he has committed, trivial sins, little sins, and big sins, for all the rest of time — alone in absolute silence and absolute darkness.'

You could feel the terror sweep over the congregation as he paused, and the very silence seemed audible. Then his voice rose clear and like a trumpet: 'All of you who do not want to go to this Hell — rise!' And like a wave the congregation rose to its feet. The choir remained seated and he turned to us with the same question — and with one exception they all stood. I was the exception. It was sinful, I felt, for each man to make up his own form of Hell, for 'if any man shall add unto these things —'

The choir was seated after an instant, and then sang slowly and softly 'Come, sinner, come' over and over until the entire congregation that packed the church had marched by and taken the evangelist's hand, with a promise of reform. When the choir had finished and we were going out, the man leaned over and said directly to me: 'I want to see you when the rest are gone.'

The church emptied and there I was alone on the platform. He placed a chair at the front for me and one opposite for himself, so he could look into my eyes. The lights were growing dimmer and more flickering. The sexton put them out in the back. Off to the left sat the retired minister and his wife with whom I lived. Their heads were bowed and they were praying softly and yet audibly for me and my soul. In the dark centre of the church sat one of my nicest high-school boys waiting to take me home, and 'way in the back stood the lady who planned the music, waiting for directions for the next night. She was standing, holding a heavy sleeping baby in her arms.

For two hours that evangelist sat and faced me. I told him I believed in God and in Christ's teaching; but he told me, in a low voice that reached only my ears, that I should never be able to get married, — no one would have me, — that I could never hold any responsible position and that I should lose my present job, that my mind would grow weaker and weaker, that my health would be lost, and that many other horrible things would certainly happen to me if I did not join the church. Two long hours we sat on that platform with his eyes glued on mine. 'You are yielding,' he would say, 'you are just ready to come — you will rest to-night in the arms of Jesus'; and I would draw myself back with a start, realizing that always I had felt that joining a church must be like love — a great overpowering thing that would come over my soul and make it impossible to do anything but join the church. Never, I thought, could my church connection be forced by fear or by an artificially stimulated emotion. It must be a deliberate decision.

It was long after twelve when I tore my eyes away from his — his eyes that seemed to hold me so I could not think, so I could hardly tell what he was saying — and forced myself to rise from the chair. I told him I would think it

over and write him a note the next day.

The old minister and his wife came to take me home, convinced that my soul was safe. The lady with the sleeping baby came wearily to the platform, and the high-school boy followed ten feet behind the minister, his wife, and myself — followed all the way home, although he lived at the opposite end of town. After we entered the house I was forced to enter the living-room for some more prayers. I was just twenty when this happened. I never did get married, and I did lose my job that year, but not as a result of his prophecy. I wrote a little note saying I was sorry but it would be impossible for me to sing in the choir for the rest of the week.

This experience, which should never have been allowed to happen, left a scar so deep that it was years before I went into any church affairs. I occasionally attended a service, but took no part in church activities.

Some five years afterward I received an offer to head a department in a denominational school for girls in one of the oldest Southern states. It was a Methodist Episcopal college. The president wrote and asked me for my church affiliations. I wrote back that I was not a church member, but that I was a Christian and would be willing to attend church, and that I should never influence the religious views of the students. Strangely enough I got the appointment. In a characteristic letter this same president wrote me that he had an application from a perfectly good Methodist from Virginia, but she gave no evidence of being able to teach science; and another from an excellent science-teacher from Tennessee, but she was a Baptist and he had all the Baptists he could stand on his faculty; so the Board of Trustees had decided to appoint me.

This president was the broadest-minded, fairest minister with whom I have had the privilege of working. His chapel talks were simple straightforward talks on the ordinary things of life, — our relationships with each other, honesty, morality, — and he preached that each one was a model for someone else, that every day and every minute of our conduct were important, that our girls were training for leadership, and that it must be the highest type of leadership. There was never any attempt to influence my religious views. I even taught evolution under the heading of Theoretical Biology, without a textbook, correlating it so that there could be no religious conflicts raised; making it modern evolution, the changing of species with the development of hereditary qualities that better fitted the group to a changing environment; explaining in words of one syllable that Darwin did not say we are superior monkeys. Those four years came the nearest to developing a religion for me of any years in all my life so far. The admission to the school of one girl who was expelled from another college for stealing crystallized my conception of religion into a doctrine of helpfulness, giving a fellow another chance, forgiveness, and real love. The president said, speaking of this girl: 'She is young and has made a mistake, but if we give her a chance she will win her own salvation.'

The God of the South was a gentle God, and a God who was very constantly a daily force — not just a God of the Sabbath day.

Just below the college there was an old man — with the calmest face I have ever seen, a face that was alight with an inner glow — who had received 'the gift of tongues' and was 'sanctified.' Sanctification was a great gift for him: he was beyond all temptation in this world, he was one with God, and all desire for wrong things was gone. I would give much for a belief like that.

During all these twenty-five years, the life after death was a puzzle to me. I was not sure, never sure during all those years, that there was anything more. How could we be made in the image and likeness of God, and then cast off our earthly shell and have the spirit go to Heaven or Hell in the same likeness? Was n't the soul that strange physico-chemical thing we call life, that flickered out in this form to be preserved as an energy that might furnish the magic spark to create a new life? Was there an independent life after death?

And then I came North, into an anatomy room, to study. The dead body meant nothing at all to me. I could not visualize the man or woman it might have been. Life left few records on those immobile faces. For weeks I worked, and each day the wonder grew; and then, one day, I was working on an arm and hand, studying the perfect mechanical arrangements of the muscles and tendons — how the sheaths of certain muscles are split to let the tendons of other muscles through, that the hand may be delicate and small and yet powerful. I was all alone in the laboratory when the overwhelming belief came: a thing like this is not just chance, but a part of a plan, a plan so big that only God could have conceived it. Religion had been a matter of form, a thing without convictions, and now everything was an evidence of God; the tendons of the hand, the pattern of the little blue butterfly's wings — it was all part of a purpose. There must be a life after death. What it is we may not vision; we are not able to conceive it — any more than I am able to convey to anyone else my own exact conception of a color or a sound. Is my red your red? Is my middle C yours? Or do you have overtones and vibrations which my ear cannot receive?

And here began my religious philosophy. I know there is a ruling power, which, for lack of better name, we call God. I know there is something coming after death, and I believe the Christian system of things gives us the best guide by which to govern our present life. I have no quarrel with any church denomination, or with any religion. I have no desire to force my views on any other person; but I do wish to emphasize the fact that for each of us religion must come as a personal revelation, and it must come differently to each of us — it is not necessarily marked by the function of joining a church.

Death is a strange thing, for which religion must account. I never saw anyone die until four years ago. I had seen old people and invalids and insane people clinging hard to life, begging for more years here, but never actual death. I thought the strongest thing in life was the desire to live. Then I saw a man die. He was badly hurt, and had suffered for days. I went into his room just as we thought he was growing better. It was very quiet. He was not moaning, and there was a smile on his face. 'I 'm easier now,' he said, and then he looked at me again. 'Your face is dark.' Then he raised his hand, and with a puzzled look he stared at it; and it dropped down to his side, and he was dead — dead with a smile on his face. And I was glad it was so easy.

Never, — and I have seen many deaths since then, — never have I seen a horror of death. It seems always, when the moment comes, a welcome thing. I never think of sending for a minister, unless it be a family of the Roman faith; then I remember that for the sake of the living the sacrament must be given. I never think of asking whether there are unrepented sins. One's life is lived, and the judgment rests in God's hands.

THEN CHRISTS FOUGHT HARD

BY MILUTIN KRUNICH

I

Up to about four o'clock in the afternoon the people of the three towns — which clustered close together on the shores of the bay — enjoyed the fire hugely. It was Sunday, so of course everybody, young and old, came to view the novel and wondrous sight.

One of the seven immense storage tanks of the oil farm was on fire. It was a grand and at the same time an awe-inspiring spectacle. Monster black billow after billow, in quick succession, rose majestically high into the air, thrown with a tremendous yet silent force out of the gaping mouth of the giant tank. And every once in a while, between the billows, terrific tongues of flame would leap into the smoke, which glowed strangely in spite of the bright sunshine of a perfect day.

The cause of the fire was unique too. We live in the part of the world where 'it never thunders.' Still, the oil in the tank was ignited by lightning! There were people who said they had not seen lightning or heard thunder for the past ten years or more. However that may be, the fact is that at ten in the morning clouds gathered over our towns; there was a thunder storm for a few minutes, then a crash — and the tank was on fire. A few drops of rain fell. By noon the sky was as clear as ever. To the people this freak of nature was very intriguing. It was a novelty, and everybody was excited and eager: thousands came out to see the freak another freak had created.

Besides, the oil farm had a very advantageous position; there was ample room for the thousands to view the fire from every angle. The farm was situated between the old and the new towns. It was very large, and fenced in with a high fence painted green, the tanks themselves being painted in the same color. Right across its lower end was the Presidio, with its vast, bare, gently sloping hill, a veritable amphitheatre for the eager spectators; across its other end, and to its left, the new town began. Bordering the fence was the road which connected the two towns; where it ended by the upper Presidio gate the very broad street of the new town began. To the right of the farm was the government depot — a long wooden structure, filled with baled hay, grain, and so forth. From the road the farm sloped gently toward the bay. Just at the edge of it ran the railroad track. Below it stood the fine, solid, long pier of the oil company, to which, every so often, great tankers came, to take away the crude oil to its destination. To the left of the pier, and at no great distance, the row of canneries extended as far as our own town, which is practically one with the new town.

Between the main street of the new town and the canneries, and to the left of the farm, was the workmen's quarter — long, narrow, unpaved streets, bordered with sorry wooden shacks and cottages, crowded together. This

quarter was separated from the farm by a street and a few vacant lots — there was only one cannery which stood in close proximity to the farm. The houses nearest to the farm were those which stood beside the Presidio gate.

Still, to one viewing the monstrous column of black smoke, easily a mile high, everything might have seemed dangerously near. However, up to four in the afternoon I doubt if anybody even thought about it. The holiday crowd was out for great and carefree enjoyment.

And it enjoyed itself. Neighbor talked to neighbor excitedly, remembering his or her experiences in different fires. There was not a suspicion of a panic. Even the people of the two or three nearest houses were not apprehensive. But they certainly were very busy talking to the crowds below their porches. On the large porch of one of them — the second from the Presidio gate, standing almost opposite the burning tank — the master, in shirt sleeves, his Sunday paper still scattered about him, sat in a comfortable chair, explaining things to the intensely interested hundreds below him. The good mistress, still in a white morning-apron, her fat arms still white from the flour of the Sunday pie, told to every newcomer the hundred-times-repeated (she certainly had a bit of practice!) story of how it all happened. How she 'd seen a huge ball of flame descend upon the roof of the tank and break right over it — 'like a egg, my dear; and that 's how started yonder fire.'

So people forgot their lunches and watched.

The fire departments of the three towns and the Presidio were very busy indeed. All the fire hose available was used. The road, the street, the space between the tanks, were completely covered with the long, snakelike hose. Firemen and soldiers clustered on the other tanks, wielding the heavy nozzles. They looked like small insects trying to do a thing that they did not understand in the least. There was much running and shouting everywhere. Children in numerous flocks jumped over the hose and climbed the fence, yelling in their great glee and exultation — everybody was excited and glad to be there.

But *there was no wind.* Most unusual for this part of the country — almost another freak of nature! Had there been even the slightest breeze I am sure the conflagration would have appeared in a different light to the gaping thousands. But there was not even a puff! After the electric storm the sky was absolutely clear, the air absolutely calm. The column of smoke rose very high in the air, then swerved gently toward the bay, crossed its many miles, and spread over the mountains on the opposite shore. It looked there as if half of the world were in blackness.

Yet about four in the afternoon the first breath of uneasiness swept over the multitude. By then the steel sides of the tank had caved in, reducing its height to half. The heat became intense; the crowd gave way a little. Mothers and fathers began to gather their children about them. There were no longer firemen or soldiers on the roofs of the near-by tanks, but they still crowded around, directing the water against the sides of the other tanks nearest to the fire to keep them cool.

Then the explosion. Suddenly, and utterly unexpectedly to everybody, the burning, boiling oil rose out of the tank and in dreadful, flaming waves splashed in all directions. It splashed over the road and the street. In a second, it seemed, the two nearest houses were in flames. The oil ran into the bay and burned there, spreading over the water.

The pier was in flames; so was the government depot. Another tank blew off its roof and belched forth the black monster billows.

Then the panic. Instantly the thousands realized what the calamity really meant. The multitudes swayed and ran. Hundreds lost their reason for the moment. Here and there women fainted. Here and there women ran frantically through the surging crowds, shrieking and calling their children. Horrible rumors spread like lightning. Fifty men were burned alive between the tanks; then sixty; then eighty. Some stammered in almost inhuman fright that the three towns were surely doomed.

By evening there was not a soul who did not think about wind. Wind was the danger. Men, women, and children were on their knees, praying most fervently for the blessed calm to endure.

Everywhere in the new town a most feverish activity reigned: people were making all haste to save their belongings. Every imaginable kind of vehicle was used. The working-quarter was a bedlam, a many-tongued bedlam — foreigners lived there.

At ten at night the second tank silently boiled over. One could not believe it, but it was true that the thick column of flame rose up more than a mile. The towns were immersed in an appallingly red light like that of day. It looked as if the flame simply had to fall down and swallow the many thousands of houses.

At eleven the gasoline drums began to explode. Real explosions these, dull and powerful, each one with its bright, intense, blinding lightning. The drums, some hundreds of them, were stored in a shed on the farm. The corrugated-iron shed had gone by eleven.

Still more deadly rumor spread among the black figures that roamed the streets in that red glare. It was said that there was on the farm a fifty-thousand-gallon tank of gasoline. If that exploded! True, it was surrounded by a high, thick, concrete wall; true, between the wall and the steel of the tank were five feet of water. But what of that? The fire would come from above!

A beastly panic was at hand.

It was then that the Christs began their singular struggle.

II

Their champions were two women.

Of one I know nothing; of the other I know a great deal. In fact, she and her husband were my best friends. Were, I said; for, though the great fire took place rather recently, both of them have died since.

Mr. and Mrs. Meriweather lived in a most charming little house perched atop of a hill in the town next to the new one. It stood amid hollyhocks, nasturtiums, and geraniums, with a very trim hedge around it. There was a cosy little porch in front, half screened with ivy, and commanding a magnificent view of the bay. In a corner of the garden stood a quaint dovecote on a high pole, with several pairs of snow-white pigeons fluttering about. The place was peaceful, idyllic.

Mr. Meriweather had been a government employee for a great many years. After he had retired from the service, he chose this spot to build himself a home to live in, with his good wife, the remainder of his years. He was a very handy man, and it was with great love that he built that little home. Everything about it, or in it, had to be just so. He was immensely proud of it. How many times had he pointed out to me its marvelous and unique appointments, features, and comforts! Once or twice he even opened the closets,

and made me pass my hand over the shelves to notice how smooth the board was! It was a modern home — electricity ruled there. Everything was done to save labor as much as possible, for the little housewife simply had to be spared. Yes, Mr. Meriweather loved his little home, but not more than his good wife loved it.

Mrs. Meriweather was a tiny little woman of seventy. Her hair was white and surprisingly abundant, and she dressed it in a most becoming way. Her small face was ivory-colored and covered with wrinkles. Yet it was a singularly beautiful face, with its large black eyes — sparkling, kindly, intelligent, almost mischievous eyes — indeed as youthful as a girl's. She was always dressed in white, from her fancy little lace cap to her shoes. She was a gay little body, all day long. Hers was a superhuman courage, hers was an indomitable character, for she had been an invalid for over thirty years; her heart was weak, very weak indeed.

Mr. Meriweather, on the other hand, was a tall, thin, gaunt, stooping six-footer. He was a little older than his wife; still his fine, silky hair was just turning gray. His face was long and bony, with a long nose and large, thick-lipped mouth, high cheek-bones, and long, deep wrinkles. It might have appeared a stern face but for the very merry twinkle in the gray eyes. He was kindness itself; and his love for Mrs. Meriweather was quite the most ideal thing I have ever seen. He was an excellent cook and knew all the intricacies of household duties quite well. He was an irreproachable nurse, which was very fortunate, for Mrs. Meriweather was forced at times to spend several weeks in bed.

They were ideally happy. Still there was a great sadness in their happiness — they never had any children.

Then, some years back, I came into their lives. They accepted me as their friend and child. This is not the place to say how much this meant to me. Suffice it only to mention that the eight or ten weeks which I spent with them every year were by far the happiest days of my life — a lonely life otherwise, since I was left an orphan very early in my boyhood.

I was, and still am, a student of biology. In this little town there was, and still is, a marine station with modern laboratories for extensive research work in science. When I came to the station for the first time, some friends recommended me to the Meriweather home for board and lodging. That is how I became acquainted with these wonderful people. And when I was away from the little town we kept in close touch with each other through letters. I want to state here that by far the finest letters I have ever read, in print or otherwise, were those written by Mrs. Meriweather. They were indeed literary gems.

III

That famous (for these three towns, at least) Sunday, we three were still in bed when the electric storm came. By mutual agreement the previous evening, since we had played '500' quite late, we had decided to take life in a most leisurely manner the next day.

I must confess that I was wakened only by the thunderclap which had ignited the oil tank. At the same time I heard Mr. Meriweather's deep basso floating from his room across the hall:—

'Bingo! It never thunders in this land! Sure, now, here's the exception to the rule. Only I would rather have the rule than the exception.'

This needed a commentary, and I supplied it; mine deserved another, and Mr. Meriweather promptly gave it out.

So we kept it up merrily, till I happened to look through the window. It was my turn to proclaim a sensation, and I did right heartily.

'The world's on fire!' was my tremendous revelation.

We all dressed hastily and went out on the porch. We too were quite eager; we too, I am afraid, enjoyed the novel spectacle. After a hasty breakfast I sallied forth to view the fire from a nearer point of vantage.

At dinner time (two in the afternoon on Sundays) I came back and reported to the Meriweathers what was happening. After dinner Mr. Meriweather and I went to the fire. When the first tank exploded we were on the Presidio hill, near enough to be caught in the clutches of the panic.

At supper we spoke very little about it. For we did not want to excite or frighten Mrs. Meriweather too much — though I must say that at that time she felt better than at any other period since I had known her.

However, after supper, when the darkness came, Mrs. Meriweather became uneasy. We were sitting on the porch. The sky — all of it — was now covered with the smoke, which looked a horrible phantasmagoria of billowy shapes and figures, lighted by the fitful red glare, which at times attained the intensity of lightning. The air, too, was close, still, unreal. And those awful rumors reached even our peaceful abode. Several machines and trucks of the fugitives passed our little street.

Suddenly, shortly after nine o'clock, Mrs. Meriweather got up and declared calmly: —

'I want to go down; I want to be closer; I want to see.'

Needless to say, I was greatly alarmed, but Mr. Meriweather asked gently in his deep voice: —

'Do you think you can make it, Mary?'

'Why, of course I can, Abe! Like this,' she said, taking my right arm and Mr. Meriweather's left.

We went. The distance from our house to the oil farm was a little over two miles. The old family doctor had practically forbidden walking to Mrs. Meriweather, and I, knowing this, was worrying. I feared that she could not stand the exertion — a fear that later proved only too correct. But I said nothing. There was something in her manner that forbade me to speak. Mr. Meriweather understood his wife perfectly. With tender care he led her on and on, talking calmly the while about the great disaster.

Mrs. Meriweather went on slowly, steadily; she was silent, serious; she was listening and watching. Everywhere we passed groups of people, standing on the sidewalk or in the middle of the street, talking in hushed voices. One felt that a mysterious, potent, and evil fear was gripping at their souls.

The explosion of the second tank found us toward the middle of the main street in the new town. Its unspeakable dreadfulness rooted us to the spot. I confess I was frightened; nothing in my many war experiences (and I have witnessed the explosion of a huge, stone-built powder magazine at a time when thousands happened to be around) could have been compared with the silent soaring of the flames upward. This burning oil-tank explosion on a dark night was too ghastly, too horribly weird for mere human senses. Its peer, I am sure, will not spring into existence during our generation; even for our dangerously complicated modern times that would be too much.

I felt that Mrs. Meriweather trembled. But she emitted no sound. She watched, for a great many long seconds, the fiery-red tongue of flame mount higher and higher, shooting straight

through the clouds of dense smoke. We stood there staring, aghast, blinded. Two minutes passed — and the monstrous mass of fire did not fall on the three towns. It was lost in the boundless spaces! Two more tanks were on fire. That was all.

But, *there was no wind.* Not even the slightest puff!

I thought that we were to return now. But no — Mrs. Meriweather moved slowly forward when our eyes got accustomed once more to the glare. Even the cries and shrieks of the small and large black phantoms that moved and ran about us did not daunt her.

Still I said nothing. But I did all I could to assist and support her, which, truth to tell, was superficial: she was quite vigorous, and I am sure she could have walked without any assistance whatever.

Soon we turned to the left, and two blocks farther down we turned to the right, entering one of those unpaved, dusty, dirty streets of the workmen's quarter which ran parallel with the main street.

I tell you, the horrors of fear and fright and sheer panic that we saw and heard there were simply inhuman. One felt, more than ever, that man's greatest enemy is fire, his best friend. This is true in life: that our best friends hurt us the most at times.

Finally we came to a point beyond which we could not go any farther — there was a cordon of soldiers barring the way. The spot was the crossroads of two streets, quite spacious, for on only two corners were there houses; the other two were lots, pastures for the poor people's goats. It was about six blocks away from the oil farm. The heat was oppressive and rather stifling, but not intense. It was very light there — at times one could have seen a small button in the dust.

A crowd had gathered, composed of men, women, and children of the quarter. Strange faces, in that utterly unnatural light — mostly Italian and Portuguese; here and there, Japanese and Chinese. It was a curiously quiet crowd, behaving in a most peculiar manner. Some of its members were crossing themselves; some were kneeling; and some were craning their necks to see better what was going on in front. For something was happening there — just behind the soldiers, who stood mute and motionless. A high-pitched, loud, angry voice was heard coming in gusts from behind them. Fear, that gripping, growing fear of the unknown and unexplainable, was in the air and in the hearts of the crowd.

We felt it, we three, as soon as we came near. What was happening there in front? Mrs. Meriweather wanted to see, so we pushed on. The people were kneeling. A tall, large woman stood before them. She had her face turned toward the horrid conflagration, and she held aloft, with both hands, a silver crucifix, which shone like fresh blood in the sun. And we heard her awful voice: —

'Repent, ye sinners. Repent while there is time. For the end is nigh. The last judgment is come. Ye sinners, Christ has sent the fire to destroy this wicked world! Christ is come with the flame! On your knees, ye sinners, and pray, and repent! Oh, repent, sinners, ere the time is up! For time runneth short.'

One felt the unyielding force of her powerful personality; one was conquered by her sincerity, so eloquently expressed in her voice — the voice of a true fanatic. No wonder that the poor souls behind her writhed in fear, murmuring fervent prayers to the awful deity of vengeance.

Suddenly the woman turned toward the trembling crowd and, waving her shining cross, exclaimed dramatically:

'Aye, for time runneth short! The storm and wind will strike the earth now to scatter yonder flames. I hear the wind in the air; it bloweth shrilly. Verily it is the trumpets of the last judgment. I hear them! The wind cometh! Repent, oh, repent!'

The crowd swayed, horror-stricken. Several women wailed loudly. Yes, the motley crowd understood her — how well! The wind! That was the crux — *that* was all.

In front of them four huge tanks belched forth living flames; and above them the clouds of smoke, all red and monstrous, mocked at them with their unearthly fantasies of whirling and dancing.

Yes, here *was* a beastly panic and agony.

Mrs. Meriweather, the while, was silent, gazing at the woman. She held my arm firmly; and once or twice I felt her shake violently.

'Oh, poor lambs! This is inhuman!' I heard her whisper, after the last outcry of the woman.

Then, without a warning as to what she was about to do, she let go of my arm and, stepping carefully around the kneeling figures, went to the woman and stood beside her, looking intently into her face. Then she smiled. I saw the smile; it will remain in my memory till my dying moment. It was a smile of boundless sympathy and pity — as a loving mother would smile forgiveness to a wayward daughter. Then she faced the crowd, and in her sweet, high voice said: —

'Christ is our best friend, people. He would rather be crucified again than see His friends suffer. Why, my dears, He cries when the little finger of a little child is hurt! He loves every one of you, and He will protect you. He will, never fear. And I tell you now that the wind will not come. He will not permit it. I know, my good people.'

'The wind will not come!' she said, and the crowd understood. It surged toward her. It was almost jubilant! Hope was born then and there. Mrs. Meriweather gave it birth.

And the woman with the crucifix? She stood her ground like the very fanatics of old. She was surprised when Mrs. Meriweather came to her side and spoke comfort to the people, but in an instant she accepted the challenge. With exultant eagerness, too. The cross waved more fiercely than before, and the woman exclaimed, as soon as Mrs. Meriweather stopped speaking: —

'Do not be deceived, ye sinners. You know you are filled with sin. You know what the Bible — God's own words — says about the last judgment. Beware, I say unto you! This fire is the sign of God. He Himself sent the thunder that started yonder fire. Who dares deny that?'

'I.' Immediately Mrs. Meriweather lifted her voice. 'God is goodness and mercy. He has nothing to do with directing thunder. Thunder and lightning are Nature's, my children. Lightning strikes where it is most convenient for it to strike. And man can protect himself from it quite easily. God does not object to that. On the contrary, He wants him to; He gave him brains for it. This fire was started by man's stupidity and carelessness. That is all. Do not fear, people. Do not fear wind. It will not come. Christ will not permit it. I know.'

'Do not be deceived! I warn ye, people!' thundered the woman. 'Christ will send the wind and storm. The words of the Bible will be fulfilled to-night.'

'But it's calm; where's the wind?' Mrs. Meriweather asked, just the least bit mockingly.

'I heard it! It's coming! I hear it!' the woman exulted.

'I don't. Do you, people? Of course not — not the slightest breeze even!' was the prompt thrust.

And so the battle began.

IV

It raged for hours, this fierce battle of the two Christs.

Mrs. Meriweather, so tiny, so frail, appeared to us during those hours like a spiritual giant; the people in the crowd felt that she was one with the spirits of goodness of the boundless spaces. Hope, without which no being could live a moment, was simply pouring out of her little person, in such torrents that even the iciest heart was warmed by it. For her courage, her faith, her hope, were perfect, infinite.

She stood erect, her hands at her sides; she never moved. But the voice! That sweet, wonder-working voice was her weapon. Even the soldiers, themselves badly frightened by the fanatic woman, began to warm up and move about, and finally they clustered around Mrs. Meriweather.

When my first daze — and I most certainly was dazed by her unexpected action — was spent, I anxiously touched Mr. Meriweather's arm.

'This will kill her,' I whispered.

He did not hear me. With his hands folded before him, the tall man stood like a statue, gazing intently at his wife. I looked closer, and saw large tears slowly sliding down his bony cheeks. I too had to swallow something that stuck in my throat many a time and in quick succession before I was able to repeat my words.

He then turned toward me, stooped a little, and smiled.

'Kill her? No. She loves a good fight!' was the shrewd statement of this wise old Yankee.

Still, a minute or two later I heard him whisper to himself, 'No; not now.'

'But we'd better help her,' he added hastily, and we moved cautiously to her side.

She looked first at her husband — so proudly! Then she lifted her wondrous eyes to me, took my hand, and whispered: —

'My good boy! Now we must win!'

And winning she was. But victory came slowly. For so many things — the real, tangible, horrible, and dreadful things of that gruesome night — were against her. The fight had to be fought till dawn. For the other woman was a tower of strength. Her sincerity was amazing; one felt that she believed absolutely every word that she uttered. And the horrors of the night — all of them — were in her favor. And she never missed one of them — she used them most skillfully and convincingly.

First came the explosions of the gasoline drums; then, at two in the morning, with an interval of only ten minutes, the third and the fourth tanks exploded. These were the most staggering blows to Mrs. Meriweather's Christ — the other Christ almost carried the field. Then, a little later, at the change of the tide, the burning oil spread over the bay, moving slowly toward the canneries. Then, shortly after three, there *was* a suspicion of wind! What agonizing moments we lived through during that fateful hour before the dawn! At that time all of the seven tanks were afire. Only, one could see that the first three were just smoking, the first one quite languidly; and the suspicion of wind died down.

So the fight went on. And the souls in the crowd swayed to and fro, now toward despair, now toward hope.

And Mrs. Meriweather stood it all. More than that: during all those hours she never showed even the faintest sign of exhaustion. At moments she was positively exultant.

'I could sing, son!' she would whisper to me now and then.

Yet the victory came with such appalling ease! Aside from the fact that the wind did not come, the monstrous billows of smoke never even swerved. They mounted straight, like so many gigantic columns, big enough to support the whole of the universe! Mrs. Meriweather triumphed easily at the end because the woman made a fatal mistake. Just before dawn she declared that the day would never come. (Poor woman; even I could have believed it. That night — a summer night, too — was the longest in my whole existence.)

But the day did come! Oh, it was a ghastly enough morning, but it was morning just the same. And Mrs. Meriweather, like the marvelous captain she was, made the most of it — in fact, used the woman's declaration for the decisive blow. When the sun, a weird, huge red ball, shone through the smoke, she lifted her sweet voice for the last time.

'There's the good old sun, my good people. It is going to be such a beautiful day! And you see for yourselves there is no wind. Don't fear or worry any more. For the wind won't come even to-day. Now go home and rest. But remember, your best friend is and always will be your good Christ! Go home, my dears.'

And the crowd began to disperse quietly. Many, many, however, came to kiss that tiny white hand, reverently, so reverently! And the little woman let them do it.

And the other woman? I don't know what happened to her. Just after the victory two or three ugly shouts were heard, but they were speedily hushed up. I did not notice when she moved away from the crowd.

When all was over, Mrs. Meriweather suddenly sagged on our hands.

V

The little house on the hill was peaceful that morning. Outside, birds sang merrily and the pigeons cooed sweetly. Inside, in Mrs. Meriweather's room, a soft twilight still lingered. She was in her bed. She was still, her eyes closed. The little face was as pale as that of a dead person, yet there was a faint smile on it. Mr. Meriweather sat at the foot of the bed, watching, hardly breathing. I stood by the window, thinking — but those thoughts could not be expressed by mere words on a piece of paper.

At length she opened her eyes and looked at us, smiling as no mother ever smiled on her beloved ones. Then she turned her head toward the window and watched the hollyhocks. But they were absolutely still in their colored glory. After a while she said, with boundless sweetness: —

'Did n't He fight nobly! And He's still fighting!'

She never got up from that bed.

The damage of the conflagration ran into millions. But what of that? It is forgotten now, completely. The little woman, I am positive, will live for many a day to come in the hearts of those to whom she gave hope at the moment when hope was dead. Yes, she will live there — and her Christ will live there, too.

A CONTEMPORARY CHALLENGE

BY VIVIAN T. POMEROY

THERE rose from the dimness the fairest face to haunt me. It rose from a neglected corner of the library of the house near Boston where I was a guest. It was a miniature by the famous Malbone — a portrait of a girl with fair hair piled a shade carelessly on a proud little head. From long ago came the beauty of that face, the gayety and wistfulness of the deep eyes. I looked at the portrait more than a hundred years old. I saw the mocking, charming, lovely mouth — laughing, it seemed, at the demure muslin folded over the long and graceful neck and at the ridiculous little sleeves. I saw the high, serene brow which the careless hair tried to hide. And I said: 'Eliza Southgate of Scarboro, Maine, — you lovely creature born in 1783, — what do you say about these modern girls? You went to school in Medford; you went to school in Boston; you knew Boston well. Won't you tell me whether this present age is so terribly different? Whether you or we are to be counted happier?' The laughing eyes seemed friendly; but the serene brow baffled me.

Then I went to my case and found the picture of a girl of 1925. Not a painstaking miniature. A photograph. And I looked at her. She too was lovely. Her eyes slightly puzzled, but fearless. Her hair fell cropped in a rather hard line against her thin, pointed face. She is a little over twenty now. Very gay and oddly serious. A frank mixture. She is gifted and brilliant and undeniably beautiful and, as it happens, English. She has recently been working among some derelict people in Europe. I myself am a little too old to understand exactly what she does. It is something to do with fighting ugliness and stupidity and dirt and wrong ideas. She is doing things Eliza Southgate could never have glimpsed in a dream. So I said: 'Peggy, — dear child, so much more clever than I am, — what would you say to Eliza about life? About the fun and loneliness, the splendor and muddle of this age?' And as I looked at her grave and hopeful eyes it seemed as if she answered: 'Judge for yourself. You have those letters of mine. You have hers. Why should I tell you anything?' So I read the letters the same day.

Eliza Southgate, having gone to school at Medford, aged fourteen, writes to her parents: —

May 12, 1797

HONORED PARENTS,

With pleasure I sit down to the best of parents to inform them of my situation, as doubtless they are anxious to hear. Permit me to inform them something of my foolish heart. When first I came here I gave myself up to reflection, but not pleasing reflections. I burst into tears, and instead of trying to calm my feelings I tried to feel worse. I begin to feel happier and will soon gather up all my philosophy and think of the duty that now attends me, to think that here I may drink freely of the fountain of knowledge. But I will

not dwell any longer on this subject. I hope I am in some measure sensible of the great obligation I am under to you for the inexpressible kindness and attention which I have received of you from the cradle to my present situation in school. In my infancy you nursed and reared me up, my inclinations you have indulged and checked my follies, have liberally fed me with the bounty of your table, and from your instructive lips I have been admonished to virtue, morality, and religion.

My thankful heart with grateful feelings beats,
With filial duty I my parents greet.
I wish and trust to glad declining years
May each heart go, each eye refrain from tears.
When days are finished and when time shall cease,
May you be wafted to eternal peace

is the sincere wish of your dutiful daughter,

ELIZA SOUTHGATE

Robert Southgate, Esq., and Lady

On February 13, 1798, Eliza, aged fifteen, writes from school in Boston, where she has been sent by her parents to be 'finished': —

'HONORED FATHER: I am again placed at school under the tuition of an amiable lady, so mild, so good, no one can help loving her. She treats all her scholars with such tenderness as would win the affection of the most savage brute, tho' scarcely able to receive an impression of the kind. I learn embroidery and geography at present, and wish your permission to learn musick. You may justly say, my best of fathers, that every letter of mine is one asking for something more, never contented. If you refuse me, I know you do what you think best, and I am sure I ought not to complain, for you have never yet refused me anything that I have asked. My best of parents, how shall I repay you? You answer, "By your good behaviour." Heaven grant that it may be such as may repay you.'

Eliza, aged seventeen, still in Boston, writes on February 7, 1800: —

'Now, mamma, what do you think I am going to ask for? A wig. Eleanor Coffin has got a new one just like my hair, and only 5 dollars. I must either cut my hair or have one. I cannot dress it at all stylish. At the assembly I was quite ashamed of my head, for nobody has long hair. If you will consent to my having one, do send me over a 5 dollar bill by the post immediately after you receive this, for I am in hopes to have it for the next assembly.'

Eliza, still seventeen, shows a critical spirit toward the older generation. In a letter from Bath to her sister she writes: —

'After a fortnight very pleasantly spent in Wiscasset I return to Bath. In my last I mentioned that Judge Lowell's family were expected in Wiscasset; they came immediately after. Judge Lowell appears to be one of the mildest, most amiable men I ever saw. Mrs. Lowell is a fine ladylike woman, yet her manners are such as would have been admired 50 years ago; there is too much appearance of whalebone and buckram to please the depraved taste of the present age.'

At the age of nineteen, Eliza Southgate writes a long epistle to her cousin, Moses Porter: —

'I have often thought what profession I would choose were I a man. I have often thought, if I felt conscious of possessing brilliant talents, the law would be my choice. Then I might hope to arrive at an eminence which would be gratifying to my feelings. I should then hope to be a public character, respected and admired. But unless I was convinced I possessed the talents which would distinguish me as a speaker, I would be anything rather than a lawyer, — from the dry sameness

of such employments as the business of an office all my feelings would revolt, — but to be an eloquent speaker would be the delight of my heart. I thank Heaven I was born a woman. I have now only patiently to wait until some clever fellow shall take a fancy to me and place me in a situation. We ladies, you know, possess that "sweet pliability of temper" that disposes us to enjoy any situation, and we must have no choice in these things till we find what is to be our destiny; then we must consider it the best in the world. But remember, I desire to be thankful I am not a man. I should not be content with moderate abilities — nay, I should not be content with mediocrity in anything; but as a woman I am equal to the generality of my sex, and I do not feel that great desire of fame I think I should feel if I were a man.'

In September of the same year Eliza writes a letter which bears the interpretation that she is in love: —

'I know not, my dearest mother, how to introduce this subject, yet as I fear you may hear it from others I consider it a duty to tell you all. At Albany, on our way to Ballston, we put up at the same house with a Mr. Bowne from New York, and from that time he was particularly attentive to me. I felt cautious of encouraging his attentions, though I did not wish to discourage them. I felt myself in a situation truly embarrassing. His conduct was such as I shall ever reflect on with the greatest pleasure. And now, my dearest mother, I submit myself wholly to the wishes of my father and you. That I feel deeply interested in Mr. Bowne I candidly acknowledge, and I have every reason to think he has well weighed his sentiments toward me. I have referred him wholly to you, and you, my dearest parents, must decide.'

The following year Eliza is married. She describes an introduction during her honeymoon: —

'We always kept by ourselves, but in passing the entry General Knox, who had just come in the stage, met Mr. B. and asked where he was from. He told him from the Eastward. Alone? No. Who is with you? Mrs. Bowne. So plump a question he could not evade, so the General insisted on being introduced to the bride. I was walking the room and reading, perfectly unsuspicious, when the opening of the door and Mr. Bowne's voice, "General Knox, my love," quite roused me. He came up, took my hand very gracefully, prest it to his lips, and begged leave to congratulate me on the event that had lately taken place. After a few minutes' conversation, "And pray, sir," said he, turning to Mr. Bowne, "when did this happy event take place?" I felt my face glow, but Mr. Bowne, always delicate and collected, said: "'T is not a fortnight since, sir." . . . General Knox introduced me to General Pinckney from Carolina. General Pinckney, they say, is to be our next President. "Mr. Bowne," said General Knox to General Pinckney, "has done us the honour to come to the District of Maine for a bud to transplant in New York."'

From Peggy. A letter undated, but internal evidence proves it to be written in April 1916: —

'Dear Father and Mother: As soon as the train started I felt awful. So I ate my sandwiches at once. The old lady opposite was quite decent, and she offered me her magazine and some butterscotch, so I felt better. There were five other girls on the train. Two of them are jolly. When I think of the dogs, I get awfully homesick. The school is beastly. Whatever did you send me here for? I hate it. Peggy.'

From Peggy, May 1916: —

'DEAREST MOTHER: Thanks for the money. I am getting on all right. I have decided that I want to be an actress as soon as I leave school. I am going to be in a play here next term. We have a good many arguments about religion. I think there is a good deal to be said against a God. There is cruelty to animals, which why does God let? I hope father won't mind if I say I am now an atheist.'

From Peggy, 1922: —

'DARLINGS BOTH: I think you are wrong about my being too young to decide about my life. One is much older now at nineteen than you were, I think. I dare say I am talking nonsense to some extent; but the main body of my feeling is sound and sincere. Of course, I may fall in love; but I have several times already. It is a rather disappointing experience. There is so much clumsiness, so little beauty and light, or so it seems to me. I know there is a good deal of sentimental rubbish talked about careers and callings; but one has the feeling that one has to challenge this awful world so stupefied by the war. One has to see to it that the world is cleared for the real business of living and doing fine things all together. I want to fight my own battles, and to know that I am fighting for a new world. I suppose life is a series of battles. First I hated school; then I conquered and adored it. Once I detested the Church and hated God. I see now that I was only fighting my way through to understanding what God means for me. And now I think it must be God, as He seems to me, that urges me to be myself at this stage; not to care much what people say, but to follow this inner urge which is taking me toward championing a cause.

'Of course, darlings, you hate me to be odd and different; but I am sure you would be ashamed of me if I danced round looking pretty and waiting for marriage, or sprawled about looking for it. I shall fly into it if it comes. Of course I shall. But I shall see to it that it's got the real shine on it, if I do, and that it is n't just sham. Meanwhile I want something I have n't had so far. You've given me a wonderfully good time; and now I want hardness, mental fight, some sort of discipline. I want to challenge every old fallacy, every ancient prejudice, and all the new ones too, and win the way for beauty and creativeness. We want new art, new poetry, new vision, as well as new politics, don't we? Well, I've simply got to take my share in winning it. I love you more than ever. I could cry like a little fool for thinking of you at this moment; but I must go my own right way, and you will let me, I know, and your love will follow me all the way.'

'Judge for yourself,' she had said to me. An uneasy recollection of other words of Peggy's stole across my mind — words about a contemporary of mine. 'He's about my age,' I had said, and was about to add: 'Forty. Quite young.' I did not add it, for Peggy had interrupted carelessly: 'Oh! Not young, then.' So who am I, who are we, the 'not young,' to judge? And it seemed, as I sat with portraits and letters, that there was no question of yesterday or to-day, but eternally challenging youth, pilgrims in every age, asking everything of life, venturing, defying, risking. Only to-day, perhaps as never before, in Bojer's great words, youth 'sowing corn in the enemy's field that God may exist.'

NEIGHBORS OF MINE

BY NORA WALN

I

We fox-trotted and one-stepped away the hours from ten until two in the morning to the animated syncopation of the Nanking Community Club Jazz Orchestra. Then I read an affirmative answer in my husband's eyes to the question I sent him over my partner's shoulder. A few seconds later, having donned practical shoes and covered my dress with an all-enveloping coat, I slipped out of the back door to find him sauntering leisurely along the path with the forbearing manner men have of rubbing in the fact that it takes wives longer to make themselves presentable than it does husbands.

A word from our chauffeur to an armed sentinel and we turned into the Big Horse Road to glide five miles over smooth asphalt cleared of traffic and guarded at intervals of twenty yards by a double row of soldiers with drawn bayonets. Such is the custom in this country of civil wars when government officials go abroad. Tight in my hand I held the precious red card of invitation to attend service at the Confucian temple, from the gentle little old civil governor who — such is fate — was in control of affairs in Kiangsi Province fourteen years ago when my husband held a post there, and was returned to office again just a year before we came.

After the first mile our motor fell into line behind the cars of the civil and military governors and their many attendants. We rode past shuttered shops and closed compounds — without even a stray dog to remind one of the beehive this road is ordinarily — to the gates of the temple where the Government comes to pay homage to the greatness of Confucius each year before dawn on his birthday.

Within the great red gates the civil and military governors, each with one hundred attendants, took their places on red-silk cushions laid to the right and left sides of the lowest level of the oblong courtyard, which is composed of three flagged squares with double steps of carved marble leading from one to the other and finally to the temple building wherein stands the tablet to Confucius.

On the level square nearest the sacred room were hung a myriad of colored lanterns in different shapes. Here also were two great wire baskets on high standards, heaped with knots of wood.

Massed in the centre of the square were sixty kinds of ancient musical instruments — bells small as buttercups, bells of silver, bells of porcelain, and one great bell of metal the same width as the maker's height; tiny drums and one great drum of dull red, the size of a hogshead; curious hollowed logs of highly polished old wood with one side open and set with strings of catgut. To the left of the musical instruments were sixty boys wearing long blue-cotton coats and mortar-

board hats; on the right stood a withered old man, crier of the temple, famous beyond the province for the musical resonance of his voice.

Silence lay like a benediction over the temple grounds. We had all found our places. Then a voice from the lower level chanted the request for permission to pay homage to the Sage. The voice of the crier repeated the request. The drums broke into a thunderous roar that died through the bells, the stringed instruments, and the high soprano of the choir boys, who held the note long after the other music had ceased.

Three times this was repeated. Then the crier sang out the answer bidding the supplicants come.

A match was set to the baskets of wood, and flame darted skyward. The aged man with the gentle face slowly climbed three long flights of stairs, supported by officials and preceded by bearers of flaming torches of braided bamboo, to perform the first ritual of worship — the sacrifice of an ox before the tablet altar.

The civil governor, attended by his officials in the long embroidered robes of the Sung dynasty, returned to his cushion on the lowest level. Again he took up the cry, which was repeated as before through crier, drums, bells, stringed instruments, and choir boys, and answered by the crier. Five times in all he came up the long stairs and to the altar table, performing the intricate ritual, ending with the sipping of a cup of tea, which has been invented by man since the death of the Sage.

The military governor, who is of Western education, remained on the lowest level throughout the service. At intervals I found myself wondering what thoughts stirred under his blue plumed hat.

When the last rite had been performed we stood with bowed heads for several moments of silence. Then silvery music played on the air, and the crier led the choir boys in a soft soprano chant in which they beat time with sixty-one long feathers from the golden pheasant.

One by one the lanterns were extinguished. The servants who had helped in any way in work about the temple went forward to receive the white slips of paper that entitled each to a share of the sacrificial meat on presentation to the temple butcher before noon. The civil governor, pale from two hours of worship, came and spoke to us and took my husband to the room where refreshments of tea and cake were laid. I, being only a woman and thus not served with men, according to custom, was free to wander about the temple, where dawn was breaking.

These are some of the teachings of the Sage which I read on the tablets of red with gold-inlaid characters: —

Better do a kindness near at home than walk a thousand miles to burn incense.

A man of noble mind seeks to perfect the good in others and not their evil.

The inferior man always embellishes his mistakes.

If on self-examination I find I am not upright, shall I not be in fear even of a beggar? If I examine myself and find that I am upright, I will go forward unafraid against thousands and tens of thousands.

To see the right and not do it is cowardice.

Sincerity is the way of God; study it wisely, inquire into it searchingly, reflect upon it carefully, discriminate about it accurately, and practise it wisely.

When Fan Che asked Confucius, 'What is humanity?' the master answered, 'To love men.' When he asked, 'What is knowledge?' the answer was, 'To know men.'

He who desires to know men must first know God.

Why should God speak in words? The four seasons follow in their course and all things come to life.

II

'Remember well the tasks of the household — your father's thin rice gruel, which he likes steaming hot at seven in the morning. Watch Faithful Duck — she is lazy and may slight the pounding of the linen to snowy whiteness in the stream every third day. Be careful that the small children do not wander beyond the Dragon Screen. In the second drawer of the chest in my room there are fresh candles to burn before the Fox Spirit Altar.' Mrs. Lui Pin Fan gave last directions to her daughter from her sedan chair after she had been lifted to the shoulders of the four bearers. 'Also be thoughtful of the comfort of our Western guest.'

'Yes, yes, sweet mother. I shall earnestly do as thou hast taught me. Let thy heart rest, and enjoy thy visit with my maternal grandparents,' was Hsing-o's answer.

'Come, my wife, we must start.' Mr. Lui leaned from his chair.

'*I lu ping on!* (A road of peace!)' chorused children and servants as the two chairs were borne away to the train that Mrs. Lui was to take from the junction three miles distant.

Hsing-o had been my instructress in the arts of her language, Mandarin, for several years, and now that my husband was absent on business at the same time that her mother was to make her annual visit to the house of her parents I had been invited to spend the time in the Lui Pin Fan dwelling.

At mention of a Fox Spirit Altar a dozen questions burned on my tongue. A little time before, I had received from a friend in England an exquisitely written book entitled *Lady into Fox*, but the mention of candles for the Fox Spirit Altar was the first intimation I had of any relations between fox spirits and Chinese households. Only by holding my mouth close shut did I resist impertinent probing into something sacred to the family of which I was a guest.

Five days of my visit passed. Shyly the children became my friends and vied with each other in keeping in the air the small red balls I had brought, by skillfully kicking them alternately with heel and toe. The servants tested the material in my garments and tried on my hats. Faithful Duck asked my age, and offered to show me how to make myself beautiful by dyeing my hair and treating it with slippery-elm juice to make it lie back smooth and dark. The wives of Hsing-o's paternal uncle questioned me about my home and awkwardly attempted to use the knives and forks for which I sent to amuse them. The women spent hours in open wonderment that I should say I was not lonely in the dwelling where I was the only wife.

I learned nothing of the Fox Spirit Tablet Altar until the morning of the sixth day, when Hsing-o said simply, 'Would you like to come with me to light fresh candles before the Fox Spirit Altar?'

I saw a reassuring smile pass from Mr. Lui to Hsing-o as we left the Well of Heaven Courtyard, where we had all been reading.

'This is the Fu Sin Sut (Fox Spirit House),' Hsing-o said, pushing open the door of a room off the Jade Fountain Courtyard. 'My father saw that you were interested when mother spoke of the candles, but I waited until we knew you better to bring you here.'

The room was immaculately clean and bare of ornament, save a simple tablet above a tablet altar. On the table were arranged dishes of fruit, eggs, and two bouquets of flowers. Hsing-o cleared away the old wax and placed fresh candles in the holders.

'We keep incense burning here on ordinary days — candles are only for

special festivals. To-day is the Festival of Awakening Insects.'

'Do many families have tablets to the Fox Spirit?'

'All the homes I know except one — the household of our maternal great-uncle, Wu. He is a stubborn man and has new ideas — he does not hold with superstitions, as he says. He has had a lot of trouble, though — one son an imbecile, one dead in a storm at sea, and three wives who are barren.'

'Do you think that he would have been saved these afflictions if he had paid homage to the Fox Spirit?'

'I do not know.' Hsing-o looked at me coldly. 'I only know that we in our family believe that the Fox Spirit often troubles householders — sometimes inhabiting the body of a woman so that she cannot bear children, sometimes causing young children to run away into the wilderness, sometimes doing little mischiefs like turning milk sour. We burn candles and give fruit and eggs, that our house may continue in peace.'

Hsing-o is my instructress in Mandarin. I am her guest. In the bitter school of lost friendships I have long since learned to be silent unless my opinion is requested.

III

At the Feast of the Formation of Heaven and Earth the four wives of Wong Hsu honored me with an invitation to accompany them to worship at the Temple of Illuminous Light. As arranged, I met them at the place where the 'Street of the Convenient Bridge for Mother' turns into the country highway. Their eyes shone with excitement as they greeted me — the rarity of their excursions beyond the walls of their home makes of each trip an adventure.

I caught the gleam of the gold pin crossing the knot of Mai-ling's hair; she is the third wife and to her belongs the honor of having borne the family seven sons. Then my bearers fell into the fifth place in the procession — just back of the wives and in front of the four amahs who accompanied them.

We swung along at a smart pace over the flagged road, which tradition says was laid fifteen hundred years ago, between neatly squared-off paddy-fields where the plants were in different stages of growth. Some were bent low with ripe harvest; others showed but an emerald-green mist above brown mud. In several inundated plots men followed, knee-deep in oozy slime, behind buffalo-drawn ploughs. Huge water-buffaloes pastured on the borders of grass around the paddy-fields. A brown-skinned boy lay on the back of one of these beasts, steering the herd away from spots not intended for their grazing. Two rosy-cheeked country girls worked a treadmill, with broad bare feet, drawing water from the canal. Fluffy white clouds floated in the sky. At the entrance to the temple a pair of neat black-and-white magpies were noisily coaxing their young to venture from a nest on the pink wall.

We entered the temple gates under the huge abacus, with the warning, 'As ye live, so shall it be counted,' in gilt characters above it. We went, without tarrying, past the stalls wherein are depicted in statues sinners receiving punishment in eighteen hells of the lower world. The wives of Hsu lead careful, virtuous lives, and have no concern with these hells.

We went directly to the building containing the image to Wen-ch'ang (God of Literature). The eldest son of the household — born of the third wife — is a student in a university in far America. The four women prayed in turn for his success. True love shone in their faces as they united in hope for

him. They went through the ritual of three times knocking the head on the prayer bench and repeating a formal prayer mechanically from custom, but each one spoke of the young man, whom I have never seen, as she came back to a place near me.

We went next to the Goddess of Mercy, where the youngest wife, who awaits the birth of a child, left a little shoe at the foot of the altar. The wives prayed, each in turn, that it would be a girl.

'We have been blessed with many sons,' the second wife explained. 'And when they are with us a few years they go into the world of men. We do so want a baby girl — a girl is sweet, don't you think?'

At the altars of the Gods of Wealth and of War they burned incense, that prosperity might continue in their household and peace come to the land.

The amahs prayed always after their mistresses, but went first through the courtyards, pressing a passage through the crowded places; for a busy mart of trade had sprung up to catch the eye of worshipers. Temporary booths with innumerable fancies: brown pots of spiced ginger, blue bowls of salted watermelon-seeds, ready-cut silk coats, strips of bright embroidery, artificial flowers for the hair, snuff bottles with designs painted inside, gilt images of the gods, pink imitation-porcelain washbasins, balloons for children, alarm clocks, chow dogs, little tables at which to sit and sip tea, a Punch and Judy and a peep show, a weather-beaten old man telling fortunes. Above the babble of voices rang the whine of beggars. One tugged at my garment: 'Peace be with you, old grandmother — and could you spare a coin?'

We dropped coppers in her dirty hand and hastened to our waiting chairs.

'I like the temple best on ordinary days when there is no noisy market,' the second wife said, as we rested in the cool of the Well of Heaven Courtyard, in the women's quarters of her home.

'In life there must be room for all,' the first wife chided gently.

'I prefer the activity of feast days,' put in the fourth wife, her eyes sparkling with excitement. 'It is nice to have a change from the ordinary quiet of our daily life.'

IV

As twilight fell on the fifteenth of the Chrysanthemum Moon, which three years ago coincided with the second of September according to the Western calendar, we drifted down the Yangtze on a Chinese junk. Our skipper played the boat's single sail so as to keep us to a course just off the right of midstream, safe from collision with swift-moving modern steam-craft. The orb of the sun had disappeared below the horizon, but the lingering rays of light touched widespread sails of skiffs like ours, making them wings of pure gold, warmed the nearer hills with rose, turned distant ranges to violet, and made deep pools of purple of the evergreen groves that surround the ancient temples on the naked mountain-sides.

Thus we journeyed through a super-world where the kindly light of departing day enfolded hill, plain, and river in a caress of beauty that veiled all the pain of poverty, the filth of unsanitation, and the selfishness of man's struggle for survival.

With the coming of night, lanterns glimmered from country hamlets. We were nearing a village when we first saw dozens of lotus blossoms, each with a burning candle in its golden heart, floating serenely on the water's surface.

'The candles will burn the flowers,

won't they, amah?' my little daughter asked.

'The flowers are made of wax, like the candles — use your eyes, Small One. You know that real lotus blossoms are not red, heliotrope, orange, pale blue, and green like these. To-day is the Festival for Friendless Children. According to the religion of my people, it is the time of special prayers for babies who have no parents or for little ones who are not treated kindly by those to whom God has entrusted them. It is the custom on the eve of this festival to light candles in the hearts of flowers of wax and set them afloat as a covenant that we will be good to all children.'

'I should like to light one, amah. Perhaps it would help me to remember to be kind and to share my sweets with Roselynd — even though she makes me angry by always choosing my own favorite chocolate peppermint. She is only three and she has n't any Mummy.'

Amah — always reserved, when I am present, in sharing her beliefs with my child — moved her hands nervously as she put the flame to the candle that the skipper's wife brought her. I felt her searching eyes upon me, but I continued to gaze into the distance; and a few seconds later two blossoms with flaming hearts — symbolizing the promise of my old nurse and my child to be kind always to little children — drifted downstream.

Long after amah and my daughter had gone to bed, I watched candle-lit lotus blossoms float out in dozens from wayside towns, and sometimes singly from lone mud-dwellings.

V

Sung Fan Che had journeyed to the mountain of Kui-hwa-shan, in the province of Nganhwei, to the Monastery of Morning Dew, — a journey consuming six weeks, just at the height of the tea harvest when he was most needed at home, — to secure for his grandmother a garment bearing the seal of Ti-tsang-wang (God of the Underworld), to ensure her soul safe passage through the Land of Shades. This gossip was carried to me by little Martha Chun, the six-year-old daughter of a Chinese woman who was my classmate at Swarthmore.

A few days later I received an oblong red envelope containing a red card with characters brushed in gilt, bidding me to have tea with Mrs. Sung on Fifth day at four o'clock. Mrs. Sung's acquaintances, friends, and family always look upon an invitation from her as a summons from a ruling empress, to be accepted regardless of any previous engagement, and demanding one's very best attire. I treasure every audience I ever had with her, and I have always felt that my favor in her sight hung on a very slim thread.

I had heard that she was dying. She sat propped erect among embroidered cushions on the same bed where in her youth she had given birth to nine sons and five daughters. From the Courtyard of Peonies outside her room came the voices of her two great-great-great-grandchildren at play. In her face and on her slender hands, beneath the rich satin cuffs of her coat, was chiseled the story of ninety-three years of vigorous life. Worn as she was from the ravages of fever, her voice vibrated with force as she bade me sit where she could see me as we talked. I began to discredit the statement of the doctors that her recovery was impossible.

'Shang-ti's summons has come for me,' she said simply, and then she abruptly turned the conversation into channels of local gossip.

For an hour, perhaps, we sipped tea, ate the kernels of watermelon seeds, and

talked small nothings. Then her great-granddaughter, a woman of thirty who had come from her home in Peking to be with Mrs. Sung, entered the room, bearing in her hand a Christian Bible in Chinese characters.

'Grandmother, won't you listen to the Eternal Truth before it is too late? You are a good woman, but you break my heart by continuing to cling to heathen ways. Won't you let me read to you?' she pleaded brokenly.

'All faiths are one to the Giver of Life,' the old woman replied, smiling gently upon her great-granddaughter. 'Read to me, since it will give you comfort, but do not be troubled. When you have lived as long as I have, and have seen this world and the one beyond bridged as often as I have by what we call life and death, you will cease to weary yourself with many questions — you will only trust. I shall pass the happier, wrapped in the cloak that your father brought me, because it is the faith of my age to wear it.'

At dawn this morning she pushed open the gates of eternity, her earthly body wrapped in the garment bearing the seal of Ti-tsang-wang, which had been secured for her from the Monastery of Morning Dew.

I come of a line of Plain Friends, and I grew to young-womanhood in Pennsylvania, never having attended worship other than that of the Quaker meetinghouse. I married an Englishman bred to the ritual of the High Church. My husband is in government service in China, and of necessity I have had to find my friends among these my neighbors of whom I have written. I have no bond with these women save the bond of proximity — and the kinship which women have in their need of companionship with each other. Naturally my friendships are with women who are wives, mothers, homemakers; and I can truthfully say that I have come to the place where I feel no racial difference. I am puzzled at what I consider their queer ways; they, in turn, often find me odd.

As the years pass I find myself filled more and more with the certainty that the Divine Father draws men and women toward Him as naturally as the flowers are drawn toward the sun. The complications of many varied rituals no longer trouble me.

This evening, as I write, a river woman is making her evening prayer before the miniature altar on her sampan, anchored in the Pearl River, two hundred feet from my verandah. I know that she prays for the safe return of her husband, who has gone into the interior on business, because I talked with her half an hour ago — just such a prayer as I often make, except that the outer observances of her religion are different from mine.

A STAR AMONG THE REEDS

I

Out of the dusk the Wanderers drew near,
  Planets that burned above the dim parade,
Above the white road mystically clear
  Through moveless isles of shade.
He trod the dust on which the stars came down
  Immortal with the radiance of the world,
  And watched the little meteors hurled
Into the dark. 'So drown
  Thoughts that would speak the wonder of the soul,'
He cried, 'when glory far exceeds the sight.
  This is the presence chamber of the Whole,
    And here the stars immerse
The panting heart in everlasting light.
    This is the universe.'

II

What prescience in the realms of dusk draws back
The Wanderers to their homeless depths of sky?
It is the dawn; through the long leafy track
Her young wings winnow by.
Fringed in the reedy shallows of a pond
He sees the last star swimming white and cold
Where measureless deeps of cloud unfold
Beneath a trembling frond.
'Does not Illusion give to cloud and crag
The depths that make still waters yet more deep?
The farthest star beneath the iris flag
Swims where the ripples purse
The pool's cold lips,' he cried, 'as if in sleep.
This is the universe.'

THEODORE MORRISON

IN QUEST OF THE PERFECT BOOK

BY WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

I

'HERE is a fine volume,' a friend remarked, handing me a copy of *The Ideal Book*, written and printed by Cobden-Sanderson at the Doves Press.

'It is,' I assented readily, turning the leaves and enjoying the composite beauty of the careful typography and the perfect impression upon the soft, handmade paper with the satisfaction one always feels when face to face with a work of art. 'Have you read it?'

'Why — no,' he answered. 'I picked it up in London, and they told me it was a rare volume. You don't necessarily read rare books, do you?'

My friend is a cultivated man, and his attitude toward his latest acquisition irritated me; yet after thirty years of similar disappointments I should not have been surprised. How few, even among those interested in books, recognize the fine, artistic touches that constitute the difference between the commonplace and the distinguished! The volume under discussion was written by a foremost authority upon the art of bookmaking; its producer was one of the few great master-printers in the history of the world; yet the only significance it possessed to its owner was the fact that someone in whom he had confidence had told him it was rare! Being rare, he coveted the treasure, and acquired it with no greater understanding than if it had been a piece of Chinese jade.

'What makes you think this is a fine book?' I inquired, deliberately changing the approach.

He laughed consciously. 'It cost me nine guineas — and I like the looks of it.'

Restraint was required not to say something that might affect our friendship unpleasantly, and friendship is a precious thing.

'Do something for me,' I asked quietly. 'That is a short book. Read it through, even though it is rare, and then let us continue this conversation we have just begun.'

A few days later he invited me to dine with him at his club. 'I asked you here,' he said, 'because I don't want anyone, even my family, to hear what I am going to admit to you. I have read that book, and I'd rather not know what you thought of my consummate ignorance of what really enters into the building of a well-made volume — the choice of type, the use of decoration, the arrangement of margins. Why, bookmaking is an art! Perhaps I should have known that, but I never stopped to think about it.'

One does have to stop and think about a well-made book in order to comprehend the difference between printing that is merely printing and that which is based upon art in its broadest sense and upon centuries of precedent. It does require more than a gleam of intelligence to grasp the idea that the basis of every volume ought to be the thought expressed by the writer;

that the type, the illustrations, the decorations, the paper, the binding, simply combine to form the vehicle to convey that expression to the reader. When, however, this fact is once absorbed, one cannot fail to understand that if these various parts, which compositely comprise the whole, fail to harmonize with the subject and with each other, then the vehicle does not perform its full and proper function.

I wondered afterward if I had not been a bit too superior in my attitude toward my friend. As a matter of fact, printing as an art has come into its own only within the last quarter-century. Looking back to 1891, when I began to serve my apprenticeship under John Wilson at the old University Press in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the broadness of the profession that I was adopting as my life's work had not as yet unfolded its unlimited possibilities. At that time the three great American printers were John Wilson, Theodore L. De Vinne, and Henry O. Houghton. The volumes produced under their supervision were perfect examples of the best bookmaking of the period, yet no one of these three men considered printing as an art. It was William Morris who in modern times first joined these two words together with the publication of his magnificent Kelmscott volumes. Such type, such decorations, such presswork, such sheer composite beauty!

This was in 1895. Morris, in one leap, became the most famous printer in the world. Everyone tried to produce similar volumes, and the resulting productions, made without appreciating the significance of decoration combined with type, were about as bad as they could be. I doubt if, at the present moment, there exists a single one of these sham Kelmscotts made in America that the printer or the publisher cares to have recalled to him.

When the first flare of Morris's popularity passed away, and his volumes were judged on the basis of real bookmaking, they were classified as marvelously beautiful *objets d'art* rather than books — composites of Burne-Jones, the designer, and William Morris, the decorator-printer, co-workers in sister arts; but from the very beginning Morris's innovations showed the world for the first time that printing belonged among the fine arts. The Kelmscott books awoke in me an overwhelming desire to put myself into the volumes I produced. I realized that no man can give of himself beyond what he possesses, and that to make my ambition worth accomplishing I must absorb and make a part of myself the beauty of the ancient manuscripts and the early printed books. This led me to take up an exhaustive study of the history of printing.

Until then Gutenberg's name, in my mind, had been preëminent. As I proceeded, however, I came to know that he was not really the 'inventor' of printing, as I had always thought him to be; that he was the one who first foresaw the wonderful power of movable types as a material expression of man, rather than the creator of anything previously unknown. I discovered that the Greeks and the Romans had printed from stamps centuries earlier, and that the Chinese and the Koreans had cut individual characters in metal.

I well remember the thrill I experienced when I first realized — and at the time thought my discovery was original! — that, had the Chinese or the Saracens possessed Gutenberg's wit to join these letters together into words, the art of printing must have found its way to Constantinople, which would have thus become the centre of culture and learning of the fifteenth century.

II

From this point on, my quest seemed a part of an Arabian Nights tale. Cautiously opening a door, I would find myself in a room containing treasures of absorbing interest. From this room there were doors leading in different directions into other rooms even more richly filled; and thus onward, with seemingly no end, to the fascinating rewards that came through effort and perseverance.

Germany, although it had produced Gutenberg, was not sufficiently developed as a nation to make his work complete. The open door led me away from Germany into Italy, where literary zeal was at its height. The life and customs of the Italian people of the fifteenth century were spread out before me. In my imagination I could see the velvet-gowned agents of the wealthy patrons of the arts searching out old manuscripts and giving commissions to the scribes to prepare hand-lettered copies for their masters' libraries. I could mingle with the masses and discover how eager they were to learn the truth in the matter of religion, and the cause and the remedies of moral and material evils by which they felt themselves oppressed. I could share with them their expectant enthusiasm and confidence that the advent of the printing press would afford opportunity to study description and argument where previously they had merely gazed at pictorial design. I could sense the desire of the people for books, not to place in cabinets, but to read in order to know; and I could understand why workmen who had served apprenticeships in Germany so quickly sought out Italy, the country where princes would naturally become patrons of the new art, where manuscripts were ready for copy, and where a public existed eager to purchase their products.

While striving to realize the significance of the conflicting elements I felt around me, I found much of interest in watching the scribes fulfilling their commissions to prepare copies of original manuscripts, becoming familiar for the first time with the primitive methods of book manufacture and distribution. A monastery possessed an original manuscript of value. In its scriptorium or reading-office one might find perhaps twenty or thirty monks seated at desks, each with a sheet of parchment spread out before him, upon which he inscribed the words that came to him in the droning, singsong voice of the reader selected for the duty because of his familiarity with the subject-matter of the volume. The number of desks the scriptorium could accommodate determined the size of this early 'edition.' When these copies were completed, exchanges were made with other monasteries that possessed other original manuscripts of which copies had been made in a similar manner. I was even more interested in the work of the secular scribes, usually executed at their homes, for it was to these men that the commissions were given for the beautiful humanistic volumes. As they had taken up the art of hand-lettering from choice or natural aptitude instead of as a part of monastic routine, they were greater artists and produced volumes of surpassing beauty. A still greater interest in studying this art of hand-lettering lay in the knowledge that it soon must become a lost art, for no one could doubt that the printing press had come to stay.

Returning to the office of Aldus, I pause for a moment to read the legend placed conspicuously over the door: 'Whoever thou art, thou art earnestly requested by Aldus to state thy business briefly and to take thy departure promptly. In this way thou mayest be of service even as was Hercules to the

weary Atlas, for this is a place of work for all who may enter.' But inside the printing office I find Aldus and his associates talking of other things than the books in process of manufacture. They are discussing the sudden change of attitude on the part of the wealthy patrons of the arts who, after welcoming the invention of printing, soon became alarmed by the enthusiasm of the people, and promptly reversed their position. No wonder that Aldus or Jenson should be concerned as to the outcome. The patrons of the arts represented the culture and wealth and political power of Italy, and they now discovered in the new invention an actual menace. To them the magnificent illuminated volumes of the fifteenth century were not merely examples of decoration, but they represented the tribute that this cultured class paid to the thought conveyed, through the medium of the written page, from the author to the world. This jewel of thought they considered more valuable than any costly gem. They perpetuated it by having it written out on parchment by the most accomplished scribes; they enriched it by illuminated embellishments executed by the most famous artists; they protected it with bindings in which they actually inlaid gold and silver and jewels. To have this thought cheapened by reproduction through the commonplace medium of mechanical printing wounded their æsthetic sense. It was an expression of real love of the book that prompted Bisticci, the agent of so powerful a patron as the Duke of Urbino, to write of the Duke's splendid collection in the latter part of the fifteenth century: 'In that library the books are all beautiful in a superlative degree, and all written by the pen. There is not a single one of them printed, for it would have been a shame to have one of that sort.'

Aldus is not alarmed by the solicitude of the patrons for the beauty of the book. He has always known that in order to exist at all the printed book must compete with the written volume; and he has demonstrated that, by supplying to the accomplished illuminators sheets carefully printed on parchment, he can produce volumes of exquisite beauty, of which no collector need be ashamed. Aldus knows that there are other reasons behind the change of front on the part of the patrons. Libraries made up of priceless manuscript-volumes are symbols of wealth, and through wealth comes power. With the multiplication of printed books this prestige will be lessened, as the masses will be enabled to possess the same gems of thought in less extravagant and expensive form. If, moreover, the people are enabled to read, criticism, the sole property of the scholars, will come into their hands, and when they once learn self-reliance from their new intellectual development they are certain to attack dogma and political oppression, even at the risk of martyrdom. The princes and patrons of Italy are intelligent enough to know that their self-centred political power is doomed if the new art of printing secures a firm foothold.

What a relief to such men as Aldus and Jenson when it became fully demonstrated that the desire on the part of the people to secure books in order to learn was too great to be overcome by official mandate or insidious propaganda! With what silent satisfaction did they settle back to continue their splendid work! The patrons, in order to show what a poor thing the printed book really was, gave orders to the scribes and the illuminators to prepare volumes for them in such quantities that the art of hand-lettering received a powerful impetus, as a result of which the hand-letters themselves attained their highest point of perfection. This final struggle on the part of

the wealthy overlords resulted only in redoubling the efforts of the artist master-printers to match the beauty of the written volumes with the products from their presses.

III

These Arabian Nights experiences occupied me from 1895, when Morris demonstrated the unlimited possibilities of printing as an art, until 1901, when I first visited Italy and gave myself an opportunity to become personally acquainted with the historical landmarks of printing, which previously I had known only from study. In Florence it was my great good fortune to become intimately acquainted with the late Dr. Guido Biagi, at that time librarian of the Laurenziana and the Riccardi libraries, and the custodian of the Medici, the Michelangelo, and the da Vinci archives. I like to think of him as I first saw him then, sitting on a bench in front of one of the carved plutei designed by Michelangelo, in the wonderful Hall of the Medicis in the Laurenziana library, studying a beautifully illuminated volume resting before him, which was fastened to the desk by one of the famous old chains. When I was introduced he greeted me with an old-school courtesy. When he discovered my genuine interest in the books he loved, and realized that I came as a student eager to listen to the master's word, his face lighted up and we were at once friends.

In the quarter of a century which passed from this meeting until his death we were fellow students, and during that period I never succeeded in exhausting the vast store of knowledge he possessed, even though he gave of it with the freest generosity. From him I learned for the first time of the far-reaching influence of the humanistic movement upon everything that had to do with the *litteræ humaniores*, and this new knowledge enabled me to crystallize much that previously had been fugitive. 'The humanist,' Dr. Biagi explained to me, 'whether ancient or modern, is one who holds himself open to receive Truth, unprejudiced as to its source, and — what is more important — after having received Truth realizes his obligation to the world to give it out again, made richer by his personal interpretation.'

This humanistic movement was the forerunner and the essence of the Renaissance, being in reality a revolt against the barrenness of mediævalism. Until then ignorance, superstition, and tradition had confined intellectual life on all sides, but the little band of humanists, headed by Petrarch, put forth a claim for the mental freedom of man and for the full development of his being.

As a part of this claim they demanded the recognition of the rich humanity of Greece and Rome, which was proscribed by the Church. If this claim had been postponed another fifty years the actual manuscripts of many of the present standard classics would have been lost to the world.

The significance of the humanistic movement in its bearing upon the Quest of the Perfect Book is that the invention of printing fitted exactly into the Petrarchian scheme by making it possible for the people to secure books that previously, in their manuscript form, could be owned only by the wealthy patrons. This was the point at which Dr. Biagi's revelation and my previous study met. The Laurenziana library contains more copies of the so-called humanistic manuscripts, produced in response to the final efforts on the part of patrons to thwart the increasing popularity of the new art of printing, than any other single library. Dr. Biagi proudly showed me some of

these treasures, notably Antonio Sinibaldi's Vergil. The contrast between the hand-lettering in these volumes and the best I had ever seen before was startling. Here was a hand-letter, developed under the most romantic and dramatic conditions, which represented the apotheosis of the art of hand-lettering. The thought flashed through my mind that all the types in existence up to this point had been based upon previous hand-lettering less beautiful and less perfect in execution.

'Why is it,' I demanded excitedly, 'that no type has ever been designed based upon this hand-lettering at its highest point of perfection?'

Dr. Biagi looked at me and shrugged his shoulders. 'This, my friend,' he said, smiling, 'is your opportunity.'

At this point began one of the most fascinating and absorbing adventures in which anyone interested in books could possibly engage. At some time, I suppose, in the life of every typographer comes the ambition to design a special type, so it was natural that the idea contained in Dr. Biagi's remark should suggest possibilities which filled me with enthusiasm. I was familiar with the history of the best special faces, and had learned how difficult each ambitious designer had found the task of translating drawings into so rigid a medium as metal; so I reverted soberly and with deep respect to the subject of type design from the beginning.

In studying the early fonts of type, I found them exact counterfeits of the best existing forms of hand-lettering at that time employed by the scribes. The first italic font cut by Aldus, for instance, was based upon the sharp, thin, inclined handwriting of Petrarch. The contrast between these slavish copies of hand-lettered models and the mechanical precision of characters turned out by modern type-founders made a deep impression. Of the two I preferred the freedom of the earliest types, but appreciated how ill-adapted these models were to the requirements of typography. A hand-lettered page, even with the inevitable irregularities, is pleasing because the scribe makes a slight variation in forming the various characters. When, however, an imperfect letter is cut in metal and repeated many times upon the same page the irregularity forces itself unpleasantly upon the eye. Nicolas Jenson was the first to realize this, and in his famous Roman type he made an exact interpretation of what the scribe intended to accomplish in each of the letters, instead of copying any single hand-letter, or making a composite of many hand-designs of the same character. For this reason the Jenson type has not only served as the basis of the best standard Roman fonts down to the present time, but has also proved the inspiration for later designs of distinctive type-faces, such as William Morris's Golden type, and Emery Walker's Doves type.

William Morris's experience is an excellent illustration of the difficulties a designer experiences. He has left a record of how he studied the Jenson type with great care, enlarging it by photography, and redrawing it over and over again before he began designing his own letter. When he actually produced his Golden type the design was as far removed from the model he selected as can be imagined, showing the strong effect of the German influence that the types of Schöffer, Mentelin, and Günther Zainer made upon him. The Doves type is based flatly upon the Jenson model; yet it is an absolutely original face, retaining all the charm of the model, to which is added the artistic genius of the designer. Each receives its personality from the understanding and interpretation of the creator.

From this I came to realize that it is

no more necessary for a type-designer to express his individuality by adding or subtracting from his model than for a portrait-painter to change the features of his subject because some other artist has previously painted it. Wordsworth once said that the true portrait of a man shows him, not as he looks at any one moment of his life, but as he really looks all the time. This is equally true of a hand-letter, and explains the vast differences in the cut of the same type-face by various foundries and for the typesetting machines. All this convinced me that if I were to make the humanistic letters the model for my new type I must follow the example of Emery Walker rather than that of William Morris.

IV

During the days spent in the small, cell-like alcove which had been turned over for my use in the Laurenziana library, I came so wholly under the influence of the peculiar atmosphere of antiquity that I felt myself under an obsession of which I have not been conscious before or since. My enthusiasm was abnormal, my efforts tireless. The world outside seemed very far away, the past seemed very near, and I was indifferent to everything except the task before me. This curious experience was perhaps an explanation of how the monks had been able to apply themselves so unceasingly to their prodigious labors, which seem beyond the bounds of human endurance.

My work was at first confined to a study of the humanistic volumes in the Laurenziana library, and the selection of the best examples to be taken as final models for the various letters. From photographed reproductions of selected manuscript pages, I took out fifty examples of each letter. Of these fifty, perhaps a half-dozen would be almost identical, and from these I learned the exact design the scribe endeavored to repeat. I also decided to introduce the innovation of having several characters for certain letters that repeated most frequently, in order to preserve the individuality of the hand-lettering, and still keep my design within the rigid limitations of type. Of the letter *e*, for instance, eight different designs were finally selected; there were five *a*'s, two *m*'s, and so on.

After becoming familiar with the individual letters as shown in the Laurenziana humanistic volumes, I went on to Milan and the Ambrosiana library, with a letter from Dr. Biagi addressed to the librarian, Monsignor Ceriani, explaining the work upon which I was engaged, and seeking his coöperation. It would be impossible to estimate Ceriani's age at that time, but he was very old. He was above middle height, his frame was slight, his eyes penetrating and burning with a fire which showed at a glance that he had come beneath the influence to which I have already referred. His skin resembled in color and texture the parchment of the volumes he handled with such affection, and in his religious habit he seemed the embodiment of ecclesiastical learning of the past.

After expressing his deep interest in my undertaking, he turned to a publication upon which he himself was engaged, the reproduction in facsimile of the first manuscript of Homer's *Iliad*. The actual work on this, he explained, was being carried on by his assistant, a younger priest whom he desired to have me meet. His own contribution to the work was an introduction, upon which he was then engaged, and which, he said, was to be his swan song, the final message from his soul to the world.

'This, I suppose, is to be in Italian?' I inquired.

He looked at me reproachfully. 'No, my son,' he answered, with deep impressiveness; 'I am writing my introduction in Latin, which, though called a dead language, will be living long after the present living languages are dead.'

Ceriani placed at my disposal the humanistic volumes in the Ambrosiana, and introduced me to his assistant, whose coöperation was of the utmost value in my work. I was particularly struck by the personality of this younger priest. He was in close touch with affairs outside the Church and asked searching questions regarding conditions in America. He spoke several languages with the same facility with which he spoke his own Italian. His knowledge of books and of bookmaking, past and present, surprised me. All in all, I found him one of the most charming men I have ever met. His name was Achille Ratti, and when he became Bishop of Milan in 1921, and was elevated to the College of Cardinals two months later, I realized how far that wonderful personality was taking him. One could scarcely have foreseen, however, that in less than a year from this time he would become Pope Pius XI.

When, after my drawings were finally completed, I returned to America, I took up the matter of the type design with Charles Eliot Norton, my old art professor at Harvard, then emeritus. Professor Norton was genuinely interested in the whole undertaking, and as the proofs of the various punches later came into my hands he became more and more enthusiastic.

I had arranged to use this type in a series of volumes to be published in London by John Murray, and in America by Little, Brown, and Company. An important question arose as to what should be the first title, and after careful consideration I decided that as Petrarch was the father of humanism his *Trionfi* would obviously be an ideal selection. The volume was to be printed in English rather than in the original Italian, and I settled upon Henry Boyd's translation as the most distinguished.

Upon investigation it developed that the original edition of this book was out of print and copies were exceedingly rare. The only one I could find was in the Petrarch collection of the late Willard Fiske. I entered into correspondence with him, and he invited me to be his guest at his villa in Florence. With the type completed and with proofs in my possession, I undertook my second humanistic Odyssey, making Florence my first objective. Professor Fiske welcomed me cordially, and in him I found a most sympathetic personality, eager to contribute in every way to the success of the undertaking. He placed the volume of Boyd's translation in my hands and asked that I take it with me for use until my edition was completed.

'This book is unique, and so precious that you certainly could not permit it to go out of your possession,' I protested.

His answer was characteristic. 'Your love of books,' he said, 'is such that this volume is as safe in your hands as it is in mine. Take it and return it to me when it has served its purpose.'

Then came the matter of illustrations. In London I had a conference with Sir Sidney Colvin, Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum. Colvin had been made familiar with the undertaking by John Murray, who had shown him and Alfred W. Pollard some of the earliest proofs of the punches which I had sent to England. After careful examination of these, both men assured Mr. Murray that his American friend was playing a joke upon him, declaring that the proofs

were hand-lettered and not taken from metal originals.

'There is a fate about this,' Colvin said after I had explained my mission. 'We have here in the Museum six original drawings of Petrarch's Triumphs, attributed by some to Fra Lippo Lippi and certainly belonging to his school, which have never been reproduced. They are exactly the right size for the format which you have determined upon, and if you can have the reproductions made here at the Museum the drawings are at your disposal.'

I made arrangements with Emery Walker, the designer of the Doves type and famous as an engraver, to etch these six plates on steel, and the reproductions of the originals were extraordinarily exact. Those made for the parchment edition looked as if drawn on ivory.

Parchment was required for the specially illuminated copies which were to form a feature of the edition, and before leaving America I had been told that the Roman was the best. I naturally assumed that I should find this in Rome, but investigation developed the fact that Roman parchment is prepared in Florence. Following this lead, I examined the skins sold by Florentine dealers, but Dr. Biagi assured me that the best grade was not Roman but Florentine, and that Florentine parchment is produced in Issoudun, France. It seemed a far cry to seek out Italian skins in France, but to Issoudun I went. In the meantime I learned that there was a still better grade prepared in Brentford, England — this, in fact, being where William Morris procured the parchment for his Kelmscott publications.

At Brentford I secured my skins; and here I learned something that interested me exceedingly. Owing to the oil which remains in the parchment after it has been prepared for use, the difficulty in printing is as great as if on glass. To obviate this, the concern at Brentford, in preparing parchment for the Kelmscott volumes, filled in the pores of the skins with chalk, producing an artificial surface. The process of time must operate adversely upon this extraneous substance, and the question naturally arises as to whether eventually, in the Kelmscott parchment volumes, the chalk surface will flake off in spots, producing blemishes which can never be repaired.

For my own purposes I purchased the skins in their original condition, and overcame the difficulty in printing by a treatment of the ink which, after much experiment, enabled me to secure as fine results upon the parchment as if printing upon handmade paper.

The volumes were to be printed in the two humanistic colors, black and blue. In the original manuscript volumes this blue is a most unusual shade, the hand-letterer having prepared his own ink by grinding lapis lazuli, in which there is no red. By artificial light the lines written in blue cannot be distinguished from the black. To reproduce the same effect in the printed volume, I secured in Florence a limited quantity of lapis lazuli, and by special arrangement with the Italian Government had it crushed into powder at the royal mint. This powder I brought home to America, and I arranged with a leading manufacturer to produce what I believe to be the first printing-ink mixed exactly as the scribes of the fifteenth century used to prepare their pigments.

The months required to produce the *Triumphs* represented a period alternating in anxiety and satisfaction. The greatest difficulty came in impressing upon the typesetter the fact that the various characters of these letters could not be used with mathematical precision, but that the change should come

only when he felt his hand would naturally alter the design if he were writing the line instead of setting the type. The experiments required to perfect an ink that should successfully print on the oily parchment were not completed without disappointments and misgivings; the scrupulous care required in reading proofs, perfecting the spacing, was laborious and monotonous; the scrutinizing of the sheets as they came from the press was made happier when the success of the lapis-lazuli ink was assured.

The rewards came when Professor Norton gave the volume his unqualified approval — 'so interesting and original in its typography and in its illustrations, so admirable in its presswork, its paper, its binding, and its minor accessories, a noble and exemplary work of the printers' art'; when George W. Jones, England's greatest artist-printer, selected the humanistic type as 'the most beautiful face in the world,' and promised to use it in what he hopes to be his masterpiece, an edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets; when the jury appointed by the Italian Government to select 'the most beautiful and most appropriate type-face to perpetuate the divine Dante' chose the humanistic type and placed the important commission of producing the definitive edition of the great poet, to commemorate his sexcentennial, in the hands of that splendid printer, Bertieri, at Milan. Such rewards are not compliments, but justification. Such beauty as the humanistic type possesses lies in the artistic ability and the marvelous skill in execution of the scribes. My part was simply seizing the development of a period apparently overlooked, and undertaking the laborious task of translating a beautiful thing from one medium to another.

The Quest of the Perfect Book must necessarily lead the seeker into far varying roads, the greatest rewards being found in straying from the main street into the fascinating bypaths. My quest has resulted in giving me greater appreciation of the accomplishments of those who successfully withstood opposition and persecution in order to make the printed book a living vehicle to convey the gems of thought from great minds to the masses, never forgetful of the value of beauty in its outward aspect. I believe it possible to-day to perpetuate the basic principles of the early artist masterprinters by applying beauty to low-cost books as well as to limited editions de luxe. The story of the printed book itself is greater than that contained between the covers of any single volume, for without it the history of the world would show the masses still plodding on swathed in theological and encyclopædic bonds, while the few would still jealously hoard their limited knowledge.

THE WAY OF A BIRD

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

THE flight of birds has kept mankind wondering from the beginning of days; and the wonder has crept into the literature of most countries since Solomon selected 'the way of an eagle' for first place in his four miracles of the world. He thought so much of it that he classed this physical wonder with spiritual wonders; and perhaps years before he wrote men felt that flight had something angelic in it — as the mediæval artists also persuaded us. Did not the first of great poets use 'winged' as his highest praise even for words?

This age-old wonder remained vague and quite failed to penetrate to the secrets of the mechanics of flight till our own times, till the first human flight in a machine heavier than air was made at Dayton, Ohio. The first flyers, especially the brothers Wright, had watched the flight of birds as studiously as ever did old Dædalus, whose son Icarus was the first (mythical) victim. Many men of science, especially in France, had attempted to investigate the mechanics of the motion, not without success; but they were all baffled — the key was not discovered. Mr. Wilbur Wright, discussing with the writer the relation of man's flight to birds' flight, once went so far as to say that his years of watching taught him nothing *until he himself could fly*. Then he began to learn a great deal from the birds, and a score of little puzzles in the manner and habit of the bigger birds were solved. But even then what he learned was as much about the air as about flight.

The essence of the new manifestation was the use of upward currents of air by creatures in control of apparatus that we call an inclined plane. The winds of heaven move heavenward, as well as horizontally between heaven and earth. Their course is also diagonal or vertical, and only those who have traffic in their conflicting motions know what uses the many angles may serve. The birds know, instinctively and through their delicate senses. For a bird is 'subdued to what it works in.' Quite literally birds are of the air aerial. Even their bones are partly composed of air bubbles. Mr. Wright believes that some birds create the upward current on which they float.

One of the most characteristic birds of the American continent is the buzzard. It is known to urban as well as to rural dwellers; and there is that about its style which irresistibly draws the eye. It loves to fly in short circles, not the long, difficult spirals dear to the lark, and in this it very much resembles 'the whistling eagle,' so called, that is the most characteristic hawk of Australia. The lark seems to climb steep golden stairs under the impulse of an ecstasy of energy inspired by song and love. It makes the long loops to overcome some of the troubles of ascent, and never for a moment limits or arrests the speed of its wing-beats. It threshes the air as a dolphin threshes the waters, cleaving the buoyant and yet resistant medium by the exercise of mere muscular power. The buzzards sometimes rise in short

spirals, but thereafter revolve, preferably two or three in company, in more or less level circles, with a scarcely credible economy of effort. Their spacious wings, singularly broad at the tips in comparison with those of most birds, move lazily at long intervals. How can a creature weighing some pounds possibly support such a burden so easily? It seems to be a true theory that their circling, though it may not create, yet maintains and assists a natural upward current; and this is firm enough to support them if the plane is cunningly directed to the exact angle of the draft. How very straight upward the air may move we all can see who have watched a cumulus cloud form. As the water condenses round the cold ascending current, the cloud builds its successive stories, as in a Chinese pagoda.

The circling of the buzzards is an extreme example. They seem to float round and round and delicately tilt their angle for mere pleasure in the exercise of their art. It is my belief that they are particularly fond of flying over American towns, because the high buildings and open spaces — perhaps also the heat generated in the polished streets — assist in the formation of the upward movement of the wind. When we have perceived how a line of elm trees will throw the air upward, how a 'pool of silence' is formed on the leeward side, how the sound carried on the wings of this tilted wind becomes audible again only when the draft descends — when we consider such phenomena as these, it becomes a simple inference that the architecture of a town would offer stronger, higher barriers than that of the country, and therefore produce sharper variations in the pattern of the wind.

The upward draft is the secret of all the gliding flight of the long-winged birds. The albatross in its several species is the master artist, but all gulls have high skill. If we divide birds into two classes — and all classifiers have a certain affection for such dichotomy — the gulls are best taken as the representatives of the wide-winged, light-bodied gliders, and the ducks of the heavy-bodied, short-winged, strong-engined flyers. The lesser or the greater albatross will glide interminably, even within a few feet of the surface of the sea. And if you watch an albatross closely you discover two things: that the neighborhood of the ship is a help; and that the rougher the sea, the longer it can pursue the ship without moving its wings. The winds may be compared with the grain of a piece of rather gnarled wood; and by subtle instinctive adaptation of the angle of the plane to the changing direction the birds can use the moving air very much as a sailing ship, which, if need be, can go a point or two into the wind. There are some who believe that the albatross sleeps in the air, suspended high up like a balloon, which is lighter than air. The bird, of course, being heavier than air, cannot merely float; but it is at least probable that even in sleep it can subconsciously preserve its balance, and address itself to the right angle, for any continuous wind will support indefinitely an object slightly heavier than air if it is directed against a broad plane appropriately sloped. It may do much more than this, even when observers are little conscious of its strength. In Switzerland, throughout the Alps the valleys are deep and often wide at the base, narrowing and growing shallower toward their upper parts. The commonest birds are a chough-like species of crow, a family that combines many of the qualities of both gull and duck. You may again and again watch these birds sweep triumphantly upward without stirring a wing. They keep well within the chimney-flue of the valley and find

there currents of a rapidity quite unsuspected by the observer watching from some plane at the side of an upper peak. Heavy though they are, they shoot upward like down or bubbles or mere feathers. Tennyson wrote better than he knew when he described the rooks as 'blown about the windy sky.'

All airmen know that it is safer to fly high than low; as Wither wrote, in an onomatopœic line that delighted Charles Lamb: 'The more he makes wing, he gets power.' How well the labored monosyllables suggest the pains of climbing! Ascent is hard; but movement becomes a comparatively easy business when at any moment you can attain what speed you will by planing downward in any direction. It is the ascent that is the trouble: *Superasque evadere ad auras, hoc opus, hic labor est.* *C'est le premier pas qui coûte.* It is at this point that the heavy short-winged birds that spend most of their life on the ground or water greatly excel the rest. They need and have developed quite other virtues and properties. The engine matters more and the plane less. To save themselves from the commoner dangers they need first of all capacity to accelerate; and since they are not particularly fitted to use the wind, they have developed powers of defying it. It is a liberal education in power to watch a duck of almost any species or variety bore through a tempest. The bird seems to enjoy driving into the very teeth of it, like a steamer escaping from a lee shore. I have seen them on the east coast of Britain come up against a west wind of twenty to thirty miles an hour at an absolute pace somewhere near the equal of the wind they charge. Anatomically, the shortness of the wing and the weight of the body vary in rough proportion with the power of the sinews that hold the socket of the wing. The weighing of the 'elevator' muscles by some aeroplane pioneers brought out this point. The duck resembles the oak tree, which, defying the laws of gravity, compensates for the horizontal spread of heavy-headed boughs by the exceeding toughness of its fibre. As an engine the duck's wing is almost incomparable, though in certain details it is excelled by the pheasant's.

An old controversy hangs around the subject of the fastest bird. The prize used to belong, at least in the opinion of sportsmen, to that little and most typical duck, the teal. So far as I have been able to collate the evidence and compare it with personal experience, the very fastest birds belong to the classes which come between the gulls and ducks. The peregrine falcons and some of the swifts compete for the head of the list; and it is worth notice that the swifts, which people in general class with the swallow tribe, thanks to several real and obvious likenesses, are put by the classifiers as cousins of the hawks. However this may be, it remains that the ducks attain a dazzling speed and can defy the winds better than any bird that flies, though their momentum exaggerates their difficulty in changing direction. But so much depends on the engine that when it is in the least out of gear, when it is not tuned up, as happens at the early moult, they cannot fly at all; they become an animal of land or water, relapsing into the state of their primeval ancestor.

It is interesting to compare the duck as a flyer with the European partridge. The partridge too has a rather short, broad wing, slightly cupped, and is provided with very strong sinews. Being a ground bird it needs, for defense, skill in rapid acceleration. The noise a covey makes in rising is some indication of the speed and power of the wing-beat. But the species has found the ground so congenial, has

learned to run so fast, that the wings have not wholly responded to the growing weight of the body. In spite of the high speed that the bird reaches, it rarely flies so far as a mile and it tires rapidly. Now and again it has been blown off the coast by a strong wind and carried across the English Channel, to fall exhausted on the shore. There is an accredited instance of the birds being picked up by hand on the south coast of England, as weary and careless of enemies as sometimes are the smaller migrants after a journey of five hundred miles and more. The partridge has affinities with another short-winged bird, the pheasant. Some few of them, as one subspecies on the west coast of Africa, have almost lost the power of flight, and escape their enemies, like the ostrich, by speed of foot; but the majority of pheasants are a good example of the short-winged, quick-flapping bird, further endowed, by the length of the tail, with a tolerably efficient plane. Often I have seen the partridge and the pheasant flushed together. For a few short yards the partridge gains, but the superior 'stream lines' of the pheasant soon tell, and after two hundred yards the bird with the better plane leaves the other far in the lurch.

The power of acceleration, the possession of a strong engine, implies the ability to rise at a sharp angle. We have all noticed how differently birds start their flight. That splendid flyer the rook — or, indeed, the crow or any of the corvine family — likes to hop along and lift itself as deliberately as Mr. Wright's very first aeroplane. The snipe, which was often called in the old chronicles 'the eccentric snipe,' likes to face the wind, prefers to be blown upward; and quickly though it mounts at a later stage, it travels at a very slight angle for the first ten yards or so. The pheasant can perform miracles of abrupt rising, a power perhaps developed by the need of escaping from vermin. Are there any birds that can so nearly approach the vertical at the opening of a flight? They will fly through the upper branches of a high tree at the foot of which they are flushed. The mallard is perhaps a near rival. Suddenly disturbed in a small pond closely hemmed in by the trees of a wood, it will lift straight through the opening without the necessity of threading the branches of a single tree. The speed of both, though it does not appeal to the eye, is very great considering the foot-pounds that it must lift. How many sportsmen it deceives! Either pheasant or duck so flushed will escape the gun of the very elect, if they do not consciously take note of the angle. Some surprising examples of a bird's immunity in such circumstances are found in the sporting annals. If it were a question of attaining the altitude of a hundred feet, the black-headed gull would probably travel at least three times the distance of the route taken by the Mongolian pheasant. It is a common occurrence for a gull to be drowned in stormy weather; and the fatality is due, we may surmise, partly to the wind's purchase on the extensive wing-surface, partly to the bird's inability to leap out of the danger of a sudden wave.

Most of the small birds in most countries conform more nearly to the duck type. They can start quickly in any direction, but there are certain exceptions and every degree of special adaptation. The starling is a fine flyer, in spite of its weight of body. At the same time it is a great imitator of the gulls. The two qualities appear ludicrously on some reaches of the Thames in and about London. Gulls have learned to delight in the town, where they find plenty of food to pick up from the surface of the river. The

starlings, having watched them with envy, have now taught themselves the same trick. But what heavy weather they make of it! Their wings move at an absurd pace. Instead of gliding at a delicate angle and taking the morsel in their stride, as it were, they flutter abruptly downward, flapping furiously, and by dint of intense muscular effort stay still just long enough to pick up the morsel; but they fail perhaps as often as they succeed.

The swallows and swifts may be said to be the only small birds in the gull division; and they have gifts very nearly peculiar to themselves. The body and skeleton have been lightened by an elaborate apparatus of air sacs, as if nature were striving to produce a craft lighter than air, a tiny airship. This form of adaptation, common in some degree to many birds, has reached its highest development in the swallows, and, accompanied by a wing of considerable length and a tail that is both rudder and plane, it gives them an ease and grace quite their own. They can glide so low as just to dip their wings in the cool water. They can turn and twist with a smoothness that hides the sharpness of the angle. The upper air or lower air is all the same to them. They are so conscious of their mastery that, tender though they are in beak and body and claw, they will chase and mob any enemy. I have many times watched them compel the retreat of a cat by diving at him so close as, you would swear, to touch his ears. The cat did not so much as attempt to strike, and soon retired utterly cowed. We have all seen them mobbing birds of prey and curvetting round them, in repeated arcs, having no trouble to keep pace, though they travel many times the distance. The point has been made by Oliver Wendell Holmes in a charming, if rather elaborate, metaphor, in which he compared their excursions with the thoughts of a nimble-witted listener to a slow preacher. He could wander pleasantly in this direction and that, yet be sure of keeping the thread of the preacher's journey when he might wish to return.

A considerable number of the birds with which we are most familiar seem to desire to be both gulls and ducks. No pattern of flight, for example, is more distinctive than the woodpecker's. He proceeds, as do many of the finches, in a succession of loops or festoons. At any period of active flight he ascends a little, and at every pause he is carried downward by the weight of his body. He loves to plane, but is able only to taste the pleasure of the interminable glide of the albatross. There is reason to think that the starling is progressing in the new art, is becoming more of a gull if not less of a duck.

Some few birds, such as the West African pheasant mentioned above, and perhaps too the extinct dodo of Madagascar, after acquiring wings, by slow development, have degenerated in wing-power owing to a peculiar set of local conditions; but wings were, of course, a late development in the story of evolution. The flying animals, of which there are three classes, — insects, bats, and birds, — all changed other organs into instruments of flight, and reached much the same goal by very different paths. Mechanically, and in some directions, the birds' path has not been the best. The dragon-fly, which has a different mechanism from other insects, is certainly the most able of all the aerial acrobats. Its flight is rapid, and its power of changing direction (a point in which the ducks are peculiarly incapable) is so good that it can dart backward as well as forward. We admire the ingenious flights and sallies of the wagtails in pursuit of insects. The small species seen over English lawns and the larger seen on Australian

sheep-stations have an incomparable rudder in the long, flexible tail; but how slow and clumsy is the combination of rudder and wing compared with the twin, perfectly socketed and muscled wings of the dragon-fly.

The quickest of the small birds can scarcely exceed thirteen beats a second. The insects attain to 330 (in the house-fly) or 190 (in the bee), and this speed of beat means what one of the writers on games calls 'instantaneousness,' a promptness of alteration in direction of which no bird is capable. Indeed, the insects' nearest rival is the bat. Nevertheless the bird has done most with its gift of flight. It learned the art, we may presume, by gliding from the trees to which it had retreated to escape from the dangers of the ground. Anatomically, it has been demonstrated that while the bat is theoretically liable to breathlessness, like other quadrupeds, or like the man who runs or swims against the handicap of his lungs, the bird actually evades breathlessness by means of motion. The stress is on expiration, as Professor Thompson has shown, not inspiration; and the mechanism of flight, operating on the otherwise inelastic lungs, keeps the bird in breath, assures the rhythm of aeration.

The spiritual and material truth is that the bird has sublimated its whole being by attuning it to this newborn power. No animal leads an intenser life. Its heart beats quickly. The blood that gives it animation is arterial and the temperature high. The brain is large. The senses of seeing and hearing are acute and the wits alert. Spiritually many birds have attained to monogamy. Their loves are truly lyric, to use Browning's adjective; and between the bouts of recurrent parenthood are long spaces for the enjoyment of the free play of a wider life, for change, for the ecstasy of the migration flight.

EXIT PROFESSOR

BY FRANCIS B. GUMMERE

'Exit,' of course, is euphemism. Here is no Abdiel, who marches out with retorted scorn, but an incompetent who is to be put out; a lost job is in question, rather than a lost cause. 'Professor,' too, is indefinite. The professor of tradition, amiable, irresponsible, innocuous, went out as a type more than a generation ago: he no longer hunts manuscripts in a romance, or forgets his own name in the post office, or trails debilitated love-stories over the stage. The futility which is laid to the revered professor's charge is not of that amiable kind, and it attaches not to practised arts. He left, however, upon certain of his kind the generic curse of futility; and it is this curse, unknown to useful disciplines, such as chemistry and engineering, that determines the impending expulsion and names as victims the professors of the humanities, of the vernacular literature, of history, of æsthetic — in short, of whatever is founded upon traffic with the past. The gravamen's in that. What seemed to be this professor's glory, as well as his salvation,

has become his ruin and his crime. It is not his Latin and Greek, as the vulgar think; in the majority of cases he is still the same pedant of record, who will not let the dead past bury its dead; who uses protective coloring, from the flannels of the athlete to the singing robe of a new poet; who teaches for his bread and butter, and formalizes inutilities for the delectation of a second-rate mind.

The publishers of textbooks fight for him, but in vain: his hour is come. His chief accusers are the young men who write our new literature of power, because they are strong — young men mainly of that fine racial blend, that interchangeable nationality, which puts to shame our commonplace Americanism of two centuries. They are going to give this grammarian a worthy funeral. His obituary is ready. One might even fancy that the sympathetic hand which penned the memorial of an extinct type of scholarship in the person of Abbé Coignard had undertaken the same task for this moribund professor in the books that deal with Monsieur Bergeret; only in the latter case Anatole France makes his reader feel with himself that there is no need that this sort of professor should ever die. 'Sa vie médiocre et difficile,' to be sure, is just a gloss of Mr. A. C. Benson's blunt word about the teacher's calling, — 'it is a dingy trade,' — but where Mr. Benson only scoffs, M. France goes on to praise the compensations of this life — 'embellie, cependant, par les riches travaux de la pensée.' Yet it is Anatole France himself who is credited (do the strong young men really read him?) with the purpose of making the professor's research as superseded and obsolete as the Abbé's learning — labor that the strong young men regard, not only as the last word in futility, but as an active menace to their own benevolent nihilism.

The first business of this revolution of theirs is to destroy the old monuments, and to abolish the old standards. This is enjoined by example in Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* and by the theory in the uneven cleverness of his *Notebooks;* by Nietzsche in dithyrambs, and by the cool and ordered æsthetic of Croce; by the converts to the new criticism, and by the leaders of the new party. All are bound to break up literary traffic with the past. But the professor blocks the way. For research in humane letters is the professor's life; the inheritance of learning is his care. In the banks and trust companies of his order, and on the literary exchanges, he guards and arranges and keeps valid and appraises the very securities of erudition; in a word — an ugly word, for truth will out — he is the capitalist of the world of letters; and the destructive processes of the strong young men are thus perfectly justified.

You see their scheme from here: abolish this capitalist along with his capital, his gold standard, his tests of efficiency; and the six-hour day — what need of six or five, or 'what need one'? — follows inevitably for the day laborer of letters. Much is mere eccentric protest, ranging from Butler's acerbity in *The Way of All Flesh*, through Tolstoi's crudities and Mr. Shaw's paradox, to the irresponsible but alarming gossip in *Vale* of Mr. George Moore. Whole regiments of criticism are in defection; and even in academic ranks, where the classics ought to get their chief support, so many young men have written plays 'strategically and technically far superior to the best of the Elizabethans' that the master's mastership is suspect.

So it goes too with fiction. 'Every man his own short-story writer' is the ideal which inspires most of the college courses in English composition. In regard to poetry, the commandment

is to write it, rather than to read it. As in the days of Pliny the Younger, so now; Mr. Braithwaite reports each year his *magnum proventum poetarum*. To make the production less toilsome, free verse has been revived — free and easy verse. For Browning's 'rock' is not 'the song-soil,' it would seem.

'Yes,' says one, 'but is this new? Is it not the inevitable democratic movement, begun two centuries ago and just now coming to its own? Is not this the people's poetry, as eighteenth-centurians dreamed of it — the folk in verse, the living voice, and all that?'

Not at all. This socialism in letters is receptive, not creative. The folk, as folk, have nothing to say about it. As literature it is intensely individual. It looks neither forward nor back; it does not even look about; it excludes all that social and collective judgment on which critics used to rely, and to which romance gave such lofty names.

Now it is not merely the humanities that are in question when Jack Cade the Journalist insists on burning all the records of the literary realm, and upon doing to death all men 'that usually talk of a noun and a verb and such abominable words.' For 'Away with him; he speaks Latin!' is stale condemnation. 'Off with his head, if he speaks Old English or Shakespeare!' is the cry to be noted. A modern professor of English literature is said to have persuaded the authorities to drop Anglo-Saxon from the university tripos in English. So anxious is he to remove the taint of erudition from his new calling, and to give the professor a chance to save the situation, that he has some specific words for the type of scholar — men of research — who 'cannot distinguish Vergil from Bavius.' There, indeed, are the men who muddle in Anglo-Saxon, not the men of taste who appreciate real poetry and can 'distinguish' Milton from Cædmon! He would banish the pedant and retain the critic.

Well, let it be so. Write 'Exit Pedantry' and save the pedants by converting them to criticism, appreciation, and other pleasant ways of wisdom. It is indeed alleged that some call the headquarters of all critical anarchists a refuge for the very band of expatriated pedants themselves. It will be said, indeed, with a formidable list of names in proof, that the professor is saving his occupation and has forsworn research; that he is moving out of that crazy old tenement of scholarship, and is taking rooms in the solid apartment-house of criticism, precisely as sundry churchmen, for fifty years and more, have been changing ritual and dialectic and the Thirty-nine Articles for the higher sociology and social service. Nay, he goes further: he is practical; he leaves criticism for actual experiment, giving positive instruction, not, as of old, in the mere art of writing, but in the craft of letters, turning out journalists, novelists, playwrights, and so forth.

Now this leap from research to criticism and appreciation and actual practice may seem to be a winning move. But it will not save the professor from the clutch of the strong young men unless, indeed, he will forswear what is called literature, make a clean breach with the past, and use as textbooks in his classroom only the periodical itself, where these trumpet-blasts are blown at the crumbling walls of literary tradition. If he still thinks it worth while to 'distinguish Vergil from Bavius' and play the critic — and most of our professors do this out of old habit and prejudices — he will have to know in what Vergil's excellence consists, and to know this he must know the dialect of excellence; so criticism must call in the aid of research, and one is caught in the vicious circle.

ITALIAN TYRANNY: AN ANTI-FASCIST VIEW

BY JAMES MURPHY

I

THREE years ago I came to Italy to follow the fortunes of Fascism, which was then at the zenith of its popularity and power. The land was athrill with hope and faith in the movement. That faith amounted almost to a definite vision of the new dispensation of peace and prosperity that Fascism was to usher in. Everybody was singing or humming or whistling *Giovinezza*. Even the wheels of the Pullman seemed to take up the triumphant strains and chant them down the ringing grooves of the long way from Modane to Turin, to Genoa, to Pisa, and to Rome. Through some mysterious operation of mass psychology I too felt myself seized by the same emotion as I crossed the Alps and passed into the land of sunshine. When I arrived in the Eternal City I found all my old friends full of faith and confidence in the destinies of the new régime. Fascism was the sun of the political future. True to her historical traditions, Italy had once again come to the assistance of Europe in its hour of agony and disaster. She had discovered a new political formula which would solve the riddle that had puzzled the brains of European statesmen ever since the camp fires had been quenched in 1918.

Delusion. There is not a sadder or more sordid chapter in the modern history of Europe. No government in recent times has had such a golden opportunity as did that of Signor Mussolini. In November 1922, he had at his back the whole of Italy and the active sympathy of neighboring nations. Representatives from all the great constitutional parties — Liberals and Populists and Democrats — joined his Cabinet. The press of these parties gave loyal and generous support. Famous statesmen of the old régime, such as Giolitti and Salandra and Orlando, lent the aid of their political ability and experience. The Vatican sent an order to the bishops all over the country to help the new government. Even the Socialists did not stand in the way, for leaders like Turati and Treves and D'Aragona expressly adopted the policy of giving Fascism a fair chance to carry out its programme of reconstruction and restoration.

What is the state of affairs to-day? Not a single non-Fascist statesman or political leader is now associated with Mussolini's régime. The Liberals and Populists and Democrats have all left the Cabinet. Giolitti and Orlando and Salandra have definitely gone over to the Opposition; and the nonparty ministers, General Diaz and General Di Giorgio and Admiral Thaon Di Revel, have also deserted. All the important newspapers of the country have followed suit; not a single journal of repute supports Fascism now, except its own subsidized and controlled party organs. Besides fulfilling the office of Premier, Mussolini is now also Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister

of War, Minister of Marine, Minister of Aviation, and so on. And he is all these at one and the same time, not because he is anxious to hold all power in his own hands, but primarily and principally because no man of outstanding ability and public repute can be induced to accept a portfolio in the Fascist Cabinet. When not only respectable passengers, but also the legally certified officers, abandon their posts and take to boats, leaving a self-appointed captain alone on the bridge, something must be radically wrong with the methods whereby the ship of state is being navigated. That is the most obvious and striking phase of the Italian political situation at the present moment.

How has it come about? What are its immediate causes? What precisely are the mistakes in navigation which have driven the legitimate officers from the ship? To these questions I can now give a fuller and fairer answer than I could have given while I lived in Italy; for I have recently recrossed the Alps, in the company of several Italian political refugees.

II

It is difficult to understand the policy of wrong-headedness that Mussolini has persistently followed since the early months of 1923. The problem is one of psychopathy rather than of politics. Therefore I shall not risk a discussion of it here. The historical facts are as follows. For the first few months after taking over legislative power Mussolini showed himself agreeable to the idea of allowing the people of Italy to be governed in a legal and constitutional manner. But before the spring of 1923 was far advanced the Dictator returned to his old ideas of violence and accepted the coöperation of some of the baser satellites with whom he had been associated in Milan. The precise period at which these henchmen began to function as official instruments of government is not easy to fix. But we shall not be far wrong if we associate it with the organized attack against the ex-Fascist deputy Misuri, on May 29, 1923. Misuri had just made a speech in the Chamber, criticizing the ways of the Fascist Government, and at the break-up of the sitting Mussolini openly threatened to have him punished. The assault followed almost immediately. Misuri has declared in the press (*Il Popolo*, December 21, 1924) that Mussolini gave orders for the assault, and nobody has ever contradicted this statement.

The Misuri incident may at first sight seem a rather stale topic of discussion, but I have recalled it here for a special purpose. I wish to alter the angle of vision from which it has hitherto been looked at in the foreign press, and, as a consequence, to alter the angle of vision from which all such crimes have been looked at. The Misuri incident is a definite landmark that probably marks the first official operation of the Cheka in its official functioning as a normal organ of government. We can never hope to understand the present state of affairs in Italy if we continue to attribute such incidents as the attacks on Misuri, Amendola, Forni, and so forth, to the general spirit of violence that has been characteristic of Fascism as a popular movement since its foundation. These incidents, and darker crimes of which we shall speak later, have no connection with Fascism as a popular movement. There is overwhelming evidence to show that they are the official acts of the official Cheka. Therefore they must not be confounded with the more or less sporadic outbursts of violence that appear from time to

time throughout the country, mainly due to local animosities or to the clash of local personal interests.

An understanding of what the Cheka means, how it was founded, and how it functions, is a necessary preliminary to any honest study of the Fascist régime. The story of how the Cheka was definitely established and organized is told in an affidavit drawn up by Signor Finzi, Undersecretary at the Ministry of the Interior. He penned his document immediately after the Matteotti murder, when he had reason to fear that he was about to be made a scapegoat; he laid the document before three gentlemen who were in close touch with the leaders of the Opposition. The whole story is authoritatively told in the indictment drawn up against General De Bono and laid before the Senate by Dr. Donati, editor of the Populist organ, *Il Popolo*. Last June the Grand Jury of the Senate gave its decision and failed to find a true bill against De Bono. As the matter is no longer *sub judice* we may cite Donati's indictment as a piece of historical evidence throwing a welcome light on some dark patches of current Italian history.

In his solemn accusation Dr. Donati writes of the Cheka as follows:—

'The criminal association — or the Cheka, as it is more commonly called — bound together under a pact of mutual common action in crime the highest leaders of Fascism (Rossi, Marinelli, and so forth), the professional assassins (Dumini, Volpi, and so forth), and the nonofficial coadjutors (*Corriere Italiano*, Filippelli, and so forth). It had its headquarters in a government building, the Viminal, where Senator De Bono also has his dual headquarters, as Director-General of Police and Chief of the Militia.

'The Cheka, which had already existed in embryonic form, was endowed with a regular constitution of its own at a meeting held in the private residence of the Premier, in the Via Rasella. Among those present was General De Bono, who had already been appointed Director-General of Police and First Commander-General of the Militia. There is explicit mention of this meeting in the affidavit drawn up by Finzi, which was submitted to three gentlemen who can give evidence as to its contents. These are Signor Schiff Giorgini, Commendatore Guglielmo Emanuel, head of the Roman office of the *Corriere della Sera*, and the journalist Carlo Silvestri. This is also borne out by the evidence which these gentlemen have already given before the Crown Prosecutor and confirmed by Finzi himself in a recent conversation which he had with Silvestri. Therefore the Cheka represented a constitutional organ of the Fascist Party and the Fascist Government.

'As we shall see, the Cheka was entrusted with a twofold task: (1) to spy attentively on all movements of political parties and persons opposed to Fascism, also on lukewarm friends and open dissenters; (2) to suppress the more dangerous adversaries by violence "in style,"[1] under an astute system of protection which ensured the

[1] *Bastonatura in stile* (bastonadoing in style) is the technical phrase used in the orders sent out from the headquarters of the National Militia. It stands for a distinct type of cudgeling, and those who are entrusted with the task have been specially trained in the barracks, where they have a dummy figure on which they practise. The weapon used is a specially made bludgeon which is rather heavy toward the end and is somewhat flexible. Most of the blows are inflicted on the lower part of the face, for the purpose of breaking the jawbone and thus laying up the victim for months. Care is taken not to fracture the skull, lest death may ensue. This is of great importance when such men as Amendola are to be punished, for the murder of another deputy would bring ruin on Fascism.

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'The executive of the Cheka is dentical with the General Command f the Militia. The General Command ecruited the hired assassins, furnished he material and financial means, rranged the plans, gathered informaion, provided — through the office of he Premier's press agency (Cesare Rossi) — for the "working up" of ublic opinion, and made arrangenents with the police authorities to uarantee the impunity of the direct ulprits.

'The Cheka was considered as an nstrument "necessary for the governnent of the country," according to the iteral expression used by Finzi in his ffidavit. To this Cheka organization ve are to attribute the well-known acts f violence committed against the eputies Mazzolani, Misuri, Buffoni, Amendola, Forni, Ciriani, Bergamini, Nitti, and the journalist Giannini; also he murder of Father Giovanni at Argenta, the murder of the laborer Antonio Piccini, Socialist candidate in Reggio Emilia, and the murder of James Matteotti.'

III

The statements made above have been corroborated by the Rossi and Filippelli memoranda, by the sworn confessions published by numbers of ex-Fascists, by General Balbo's letter dealing with the Minzoni murder, which was produced in court last year, and by several witnesses who have already given evidence before the Crown Prosecutor in connection with the forthcoming Matteotti trial. Moreover, though the Grand Jury of the Senate decided that Dr. Donati had not supplied sufficient evidence to warrant a true bill being found against De Bono as an actual accomplice in the Matteotti murder, they did not deny Donati's main thesis. They even admitted the existence of the Cheka, speaking of it in the text of the judgment which they gave as 'the committee which had been organized against the enemies of Fascism.'

I have somewhat labored this affair of the Cheka simply because it furnishes the master key to the whole situation in Italy to-day. By the establishment of the Cheka all pretense of constitutional government was thrown to the winds. When the whole question of the Cheka and its crime came before Parliament on the third of last January, following the publication of the Rossi memorandum, Mussolini said: 'I declare before the whole Italian people that I accept the moral, political, and historical responsibility for all that has been done.' This open and formal acknowledgment caused the secession of all non-Fascist members from the Cabinet, and also the passing over to the Opposition of Salandra, Giolitti, and Orlando. The Fascist Minister of Justice also resigned. The explicit motive for this wholesale desertion on the part of responsible statesmen was that they could not continue to be associated with a government that had openly approved a criminal organization as a normal organ of public rule.

Before I come to trace the widespread and intricate ramifications of the Cheka and to explain its operations, I must open a rather lengthy parenthesis in order to disclose certain historical facts which must be borne in mind if we are to understand how such a régime comes to be tolerated by a monarchy which has sworn to uphold the Italian Constitution. If statesmen like Giolitti and Orlando and Salandra could not be associated with Mussolini, because of his nonconstitutional methods and his open acknowledgment of

impunity of the assassins and their paymasters.

'The executive of the Cheka is identical with the General Command of the Militia. The General Command recruited the hired assassins, furnished the material and financial means, arranged the plans, gathered information, provided — through the office of the Premier's press agency (Cesare Rossi) — for the "working up" of public opinion, and made arrangements with the police authorities to guarantee the impunity of the direct culprits.

'The Cheka was considered as an instrument "necessary for the government of the country," according to the literal expression used by Finzi in his affidavit. To this Cheka organization we are to attribute the well-known acts of violence committed against the deputies Mazzolani, Misuri, Buffoni, Amendola, Forni, Ciriani, Bergamini, Nitti, and the journalist Giannini; also the murder of Father Giovanni at Argenta, the murder of the laborer Antonio Piccini, Socialist candidate in Reggio Emilia, and the murder of James Matteotti.'

III

The statements made above have been corroborated by the Rossi and Filippelli memoranda, by the sworn confessions published by numbers of ex-Fascists, by General Balbo's letter dealing with the Minzoni murder, which was produced in court last year, and by several witnesses who have already given evidence before the Crown Prosecutor in connection with the forthcoming Matteotti trial. Moreover, though the Grand Jury of the Senate decided that Dr. Donati had not supplied sufficient evidence to warrant a true bill being found against De Bono as an actual accomplice in the Matteotti murder, they did not deny Donati's main thesis. They even admitted the existence of the Cheka, speaking of it in the text of the judgment which they gave as 'the committee which had been organized against the enemies of Fascism.'

I have somewhat labored this affair of the Cheka simply because it furnishes the master key to the whole situation in Italy to-day. By the establishment of the Cheka all pretense of constitutional government was thrown to the winds. When the whole question of the Cheka and its crime came before Parliament on the third of last January, following the publication of the Rossi memorandum, Mussolini said: 'I declare before the whole Italian people that I accept the moral, political, and historical responsibility for all that has been done.' This open and formal acknowledgment caused the secession of all non-Fascist members from the Cabinet, and also the passing over to the Opposition of Salandra, Giolitti, and Orlando. The Fascist Minister of Justice also resigned. The explicit motive for this wholesale desertion on the part of responsible statesmen was that they could not continue to be associated with a government that had openly approved a criminal organization as a normal organ of public rule.

Before I come to trace the widespread and intricate ramifications of the Cheka and to explain its operations, I must open a rather lengthy parenthesis in order to disclose certain historical facts which must be borne in mind if we are to understand how such a régime comes to be tolerated by a monarchy which has sworn to uphold the Italian Constitution. If statesmen like Giolitti and Orlando and Salandra could not be associated with Mussolini, because of his nonconstitutional methods and his open acknowledgment of

crime as an instrument of government, why did not the King immediately call for his resignation? All constitutionalists hold that it was the King's sworn duty to do so. Not only does Victor Emmanuel not bow to this opinion, but he has recently made it plain on more than one occasion that Mussolini enjoys the favor and confidence of his Sovereign. What is the explanation? I repeat the current explanation that is given in the inner political circles of Italy. I can vouch for the truth of the historical facts as stated; but I do not wish to risk an opinion as to whether these facts adequately explain the present attitude of King Victor Emmanuel III.

We must go back to the episode of the 'March on Rome.' The Fascist propagandists usually dress up that event in military trappings that outrival those of Napoleon's Grand Army on the road to Moscow. Mussolini has recently got into the habit of perorating about the three thousand dead that they left by the wayside. Contemporary historical research, however, has definitely established the fact that one boy succumbed to the fatigue of the march — that is the full casualty list of the great Fascist anabasis. The propagandists also talk of the three hundred thousand armed Black Shirts then ready for the fray; but they admit that only fifty thousand actually came to Rome. The plain truth is that about eight thousand Black Shirts took an actual part in the march to Rome; they were badly armed and they had no properly organized commissariat. Monterotondo was their rallying-point in the neighborhood of Rome. General Badoglio, who was head of the Army Intelligence Department, assured the Government that he would scatter the whole lot in a few hours with one regiment of soldiers. On October 27 the King advised the Government to declare martial law, and the decree was decided upon that evening at a meeting of the Cabinet. On the following morning it was posted throughout the country, and the local Fascists began to melt away like grease spots under the iron. Panic set in at Monterotondo. What if the plan should miscarry?

For there was a plan, whereby the Black Shirts had been guaranteed a peaceful entry into the Eternal City. At a meeting held in Florence some time previously, attended by Fascist emissaries, a few of the army chiefs, and some members of the Nationalist-Imperialist Party, it was agreed that the march on Rome should be attempted. D'Annunzio was offered the leadership, but he refused. General Peppino Garibaldi was then asked to head the Fascist ranks, but he also declined the honor. No further offers were made and the Fascists were left without any leader of recognized valor or prestige. At the meeting in Florence it was agreed that if the Government should use the army to drive back the Black Shirts, and if a serious encounter should occur between the contending parties, the Duke of Aosta would intervene. Both the army and the Fascists would obey him; for he is extremely popular in military circles. His intervention would necessarily involve the abdication of King Victor Emmanuel III and the appointment of the Duke of Aosta as Regent. It is only fair to say that this arrangement was a very general one and was dependent on many eventualities. A mass meeting of Fascists was held at Naples on October 24. The Duke of Aosta betook himself to Spoleto, within motor drive of Rome. When the Fascists were gathered in the San Carlo Theatre at Naples they received the following telegram from Rome: 'Venite. La pappa è pronta, le mense sono imbandite. Non

avrete che a sedervi a tavola.' (Come. The viands are cooked. The meal is served. You have only to take your places at the table.) The meeting broke up and the march to Rome began. But Mussolini traveled to Milan and there watched how the fortunes of battle would go.

When Premier Facta went to the King, on the morning of October 28, for the royal signature to the martial-law decree, Victor Emmanuel III refused to sign. What had happened on the night of October 27–28 to alter the mind of the King? A group of National-Imperialists visited him at his family residence on the outskirts of Rome in the early hours of the morning of October 28. They told him that the Duke of Aosta was at Spoleto with eighty thousand armed Fascists, and that he intended to seize the Crown. They also declared that the army would not obey the orders of the King. The story had only a small foundation in fact, for the Duke had no armed followers at Spoleto. But the King evidently believed what he had been told, and took a drastic course. He refused to sign the martial-law decree. Then he opened negotiations with Mussolini through the Milan Prefect, and eventually offered Mussolini the premiership. The latter saw his opportunity and seized it. The King had made Mussolini, and Mussolini had saved the King. It is now said that this initial pact is the principal reason why the King still maintains Mussolini in power. To my thinking, that is only a part of the explanation. We shall see later that there are other forces at play which are less contingent and more fundamental.

IV

Let us return to the Cheka. The spy system is the most extensive branch of the organization. At the beginning of the present year emissaries were appointed to watch over all the state and provincial and municipal bureaucracies throughout the country. Their business is to report on the state of mind of the employees. If an unfortunate civil servant, for instance, should express views unfavorable to Fascism, he is at once reported to headquarters. Sometimes an order will be sent forthwith, transferring him to some distant part of the country. If he happens to be a family man he is ruined; for it would be impossible for him to think of transferring house and home on the miserable salary which a civil servant receives. Obviously the Government now finds that this system of persecution is not sufficiently drastic. Therefore it has introduced a new law, which declares that all public functionaries may be dismissed on a notice of twenty-four hours if their conduct is such as to create the suspicion that they are not enthusiastic supporters of the régime. This law extends to magistrates and judges.

A system of espionage is set up also in the offices of large concerns which are not under government control, especially banks and joint-stock companies, and large corporations. Negotiations passing between the banks and trading concerns are reported to headquarters. If the trading concern in question happens to be outside the ring of Fascist interests the bank is at once asked not to extend financial facilities. And the bank cannot now very well refuse; because, according to the new decrees passed since Signor Volpi became Finance Minister, the banks are practically under the thumb of the Ministry of Finance. They are now bound by law to make a daily report of their transactions to the Finance Ministry.

Another interesting department of surveillance is that which is installed

in the post office. When a name is sent to the Cheka as that of a nonsympathizer, orders are sometimes given to stop the mail addressed to the individual in question, whether he is a foreigner or an Italian subject. This is especially so if he has anything to do with journalism or politics. Here I can speak from personal experience; for my own mail has been seized, and checks sent to me in payment for work published abroad were sequestrated. In that matter I have made assurance doubly sure. Since I left Italy I have sent several letters to myself, all directed to the usual address; but they have not been delivered. In each case they contained references to imaginary articles published abroad.

In the administration of justice the Cheka plays a very important part. The police have to take their orders from it. They are sent to search private residences and arrest peaceful citizens who have committed no offense against the law. To take some cases in point: Last June, Count Cesare Sforza was arrested and thrown into prison at Massa because he had a requiem Mass said in his private chapel on the anniversary of Dr. Matteotti's death. He still remains in prison, sharing his cell with common criminals, and no charge has been preferred against him. Professor Salvemini was arrested last summer and thrown into prison in Florence because some anti-Fascist literature was found in his home. There is no writ of habeas corpus in Italy. You may be thrown into jail without any charge having been made; you may remain there for several months and then be released without even the compliment of an apology. There is no legal redress and no legal defense. That is one of the reasons why so many non-Fascist Italians have to play the coward's part to-day.

In the courts one sees the same system in operation. When a Fascist is brought to trial there is apt to be a gang of armed militia in the court. They intimidate the witnesses and the attorneys. In such circumstances there is small possibility of securing an impartial judgment from judge or jury. It would be useless to labor this point. One cannot take up an Italian paper day after day without finding reports of such instances as I have mentioned; and almost every week there are protests from the law associations against this wholesale suppression of justice.

Taking a general glance at the whole position as I have stated it, the reader will probably be inclined to ask how it is that such a régime is tolerated by a civilized people in the midst of all those European nations that have poured out their treasure and their blood and their tears to save their liberties from the threat of an oppression which certainly could not have turned out more unbearable than that of Fascism. The answer to the question is many-sided. Here I can only touch on a few of its more obvious phases.

In the first place let us take the negative side of the explanation. Italy is now in a position of political independence such as she has not hitherto enjoyed. Austria has been destroyed. If Austria were in her old position on the Alps, and if the Hapsburg Empire were still in existence, Fascism would be impossible in Italy. There is no danger from France. Though there are upward of a million Italians in that country, many of whom are political refugees from Fascist oppression, they are only vaguely talking about raising forces to cross the Alps and free their native land from the grip of the internal tyrant, as French troops once before helped to free her from the yoke

of the stranger. A well-known member of the Garibaldi family is once again in France, and a formidable association called the 'Garibaldi Legion' flourishes on the free soil of the French Republic. But times have changed. Europe is tired of war. Foreign nations are willing to stand any amount of truculence from Mussolini because they dread the risk of raising anything like serious international questions at the moment.

When we come to Italy's economic dependency the case is far more serious. Italy has practically no raw materials for her industries, for she has no coal or iron supplies. She cannot grow sufficient foodstuffs to support her people. Therefore she must import heavily from abroad. Her yearly deficit in the balance between imports and exports is now about 300,000,000 dollars. This means that Italy has to get a generous share of credit abroad, and she cannot count steadily on that favor unless she enjoys the confidence and good will of the nations with which she trades. Moreover, as her labor is one of her principal exports, it is absolutely essential for her that her citizens should be welcome abroad.

Therefore the Fascists are striving with might and main to maintain confidence and good will abroad, especially among banking and large commercial interests. For this reason they have organized a system of propaganda to convince outsiders that the economic and financial position of the country has steadily bettered under the Fascist régime. To bring this fact home to outsiders they have given to the public a state budget which has little or no relation to the real financial condition. It is simply a piece of propaganda. I should not make such a statement without being in a position to bring forward proof. Take De Stefani's budget for 1923–24. For that year I find that under one heading alone there was an expenditure of fourteen billions of lire (700,000,000 dollars) not a cent of which is debited in the state budget. The expenditure was officially announced in the *Official Gazette* (June 27, 1924, page 16). It figures in the Treasury accounts, but it is carefully kept out of the budget that has been published. That sum alone would practically consume the whole income from taxation for the same year. Therefore De Stefani's first budget had really a much heavier deficit than those of his predecessors, even if we confine the deficit to the above expenditure and say nothing of other Treasury debts incurred. To keep all such questions dark, the press is muzzled and foreign journalists are watched and persecuted lest they begin to pry into the question of Italy's finances. By such means and by the expenditure of huge sums for propaganda abroad, the Fascists think that they will be able to stave off the day when their real economic and financial position may become known to foreign bankers and foreign industrialists.

V

So much for the negative side of the reply. On the positive side the question may be put thus: What are the stable and abiding forces behind Fascism? There must be some group of strong and well-established interests whose policy and profit Fascism serves. What are they? The answer is simple. They are the monarchy and the plutocracy.

Let us take the monarchy first. I have already suggested some reasons why the King is personally favorable to Mussolini. But when I speak here of the monarchy I do not mean the King alone, but rather the whole dynastic clan with its feudatories and beneficiaries. These must not be confounded

with the aristocracy; for, though they form part of it, the aristocracy embraces a much wider and more indeterminate class. We may therefore speak of them as the court party.

There is nothing to show that this party has any brotherly feeling for the Fascists or that they are in sympathy with Fascist vulgarity and violence. But they are operating under cover of the Fascist terror to transform the laws and constitution of Italy so that these latter will no longer bear the democratic imprint of the *Risorgimento;* to sweep away the whole democratic substructure and build on its site a system somewhat on the plan of the old Prussian régime. The court party would have a place corresponding to that of the Prussian Junkers. It would form a privileged ruling caste entrenched behind the bulwark of the Crown.

This court party is represented in the Mussolini Cabinet by the national imperialists Federzoni and Rocco, Minister of Justice. It is from this source that most of the recent laws have arisen, which enslave the press, condemn the formation of societies such as the Freemasons, and place the bureaucracy and judiciary absolutely at the mercy of the Government. The idea is to create a huge state and municipal bureaucracy which will be the faithful watchdog of the monarchy and its privileged caste — on every office stool in every state department, on every teaching-chair in school or college or university, and in every town hall throughout all the 9200 municipalities into which the people of Italy are civically grouped. In other words, the court party would hold central control over all the subordinate forces that formulate and direct public opinion. In bringing about this condition of affairs the Cheka is doing the unpleasant work for the time being. But once that unpleasant work is accomplished, the Cheka will be cast off, just as a victorious general discards the army spies once the vanquished foe has rendered up the sword.

The plutocracy works hand in hand with the court party to sustain the Fascist sway during this transitory period. To understand what the plutocracy means we must realize that capitalism in Italy has a character and constitution peculiar to that country. There is no wealthy class. The people do not invest their money directly in large commercial and industrial undertakings — they take it to the savings departments of the banks. The banks, in their turn, finance and control industrial and commercial concerns. That is the general rule, which naturally has its exceptions. Therefore in Italy you have a parasitic plutocracy of a peculiar type. It is not large enough to form a class, but is a very strong clique or caste. It finances the Fascist Party and the Fascist press. In return it receives privileges which consolidate its own position. For instance, the fiscal policy of Fascism has considerably lightened the burden of taxation for the wealthy classes and transferred it to the proletariat. Foodstuffs are now taxed to the last potato and the last head of cabbage to be gathered in field or garden; but the death duties have been abolished, and also the tax on the profits made by large corporations. Another return that the large banking groups receive for their support is in the shape of state concessions and monopolies and public contracts. The latter are now no longer open to public tender, but they are always conceded privately by the Government. This period, however, is only transitory. When the banking groups have the State fully in their hands, and their

vested interests are bound up with the prosperity of the State, they will look for more able and more economic managers than the Fascists. When that hour comes the doom of Fascism will have sounded; for at the present moment Fascism is utterly dependent on the funds that are forthcoming from the plutocracy. Therefore Fascism must eventually pass.

What will be the result for the people of Italy? On the whole I think that the Fascist movement will have brought at least one blessing in its train. It will have taught a bitter lesson to the Italian populace. That populace has not hitherto taken the public interests of its country with the same seriousness that one finds elsewhere. The Italians of the rank and file have been split up into more than a score of political sects, and have hitherto had no real political party. When they wake up from the nightmare of Fascism they will find that their common rights have been legislatively filched from them in the meantime. Arrayed against them will be the organized vested interests of the plutocracy and the privileged caste solidly phalanxed around the monarchy. That privileged caste will have its supporters placed in every position of control throughout the country — press, schools, army, police, judiciary, municipalities, state bureaucracy, and so forth. It will present a united front, and can be fought only by a united front.

The pinch of poverty and the stress of life and the unequal burden of taxation will force the populace to take a serious interest in public affairs. Then you will have the disappearance of all the sects — the Liberals of the Right and the Liberals of the Left, the Giolittian Liberals and the Nittian Democrats, the Populists and the Republicans and the Communists and the Maximalists and the Reformist Socialists and the numerous other political denominations that have hitherto formed the bewildering mosaic of Italian political life. Already there are signs of all these dissenters uniting into one great national bloc, as we saw recently at the Sicilian local elections. That bloc will probably be antimonarchical and will have the court party opposed to it. Thus there will be two great parties on much the same lines as the Liberals and Tories in England during the most classic period of British parliamentary life. It will not be a bad thing for Italy and may possibly lead directly to an era of peace and prosperity for the Italian nation. That, at least, is my own hope and belief.

THE TWILIGHT LAND OF TAXATION

BY RAYMOND EDWARDS HUNTINGTON

I

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, with a typically happy and colorful expression, described the interrelationship between Federal and State Government on commerce and taxation as 'Twilight Land.' Admitting the aptness of his description as far as death taxes are concerned, of late years a bewildering fog has settled upon the Twilight Land, becoming most dense in the year 1924.

Double taxation flourishes here in the United States as perhaps in no other country. Why? At first glance American indifference or good nature may appear to be the answer; but the underlying reason for this indifference is a lack of knowledge of what has actually been going on. Let the American citizen once grasp the facts of the situation and he will inform his representatives in both State and Federal Governments in no uncertain terms that the sore spots in the system of taxation must be cauterized.

It is hardly reasonable to assume that the vicious overlapping- or multiple-tax evil sprang into being through the deliberate intent of our lawmakers. The fog that shrouds the Twilight Land lies thickest on the situation between States. Here again the present jumble is due to ignorance on the part of our offending lawmakers as to death-tax laws in surrounding or competing States, combined with a wholly human desire to get the money first and revise the laws later. I say 'ignorance,' because it is already evident, as the spotlight of publicity is being turned upon certain ill-advised and shortsighted phases of this taxation, that these mistakes would not have been legislated into existence if our legislators had quietly stepped back and taken a long-range view of the entire situation.

Until comparatively recently each State has been too much concerned with her own death-tax laws and has ignored those of her neighbors, with the result that not only her neighbor's citizens, but her own as well, have suffered. In far too many cases States have enacted death taxes hastily without first carefully considering the economic effects.

For instance, let me quote a portion of the last paragraph of the inheritance-tax law of a State I shall not name, as it is not a solitary offender: ' . . . owing to . . . the further fact that large sums of money due the State as taxes are not being collected, and the fact that the revenue and school funds of this State are badly in need of additional revenue, creates an emergency and an imperative public necessity requiring the suspension of the constitutional rule that all bills be read in each House on three several days, and that this Act take effect and be in force from and after its passage; and it is so enacted.'

A still further tribute to the efficacy of the death tax as an unfailing source of revenue is another clause commonly found in our State inheritance-tax laws. It is usually headed 'Constitutionality.' I do not need to quote. In

effect it says: 'If any part of this law is found to be unconstitutional the rest of the law will continue to function. We must keep the machine rolling and cannot stop for trifles such as punctures or blowouts.' It is all very well to keep the tax machine rolling. The expenses of governing the people never stop; but it is the very punctures which have occurred that have focused the eyes of the people upon the evils of taxation.

In estates of over $50,000, double taxation became common in 1916 when the Federal Estate Tax was enacted as an excise tax under the pressure of the World War. In the Revenue Act of 1916 the highest bracket was a ten-per-cent levy. In March 1917, this Act was amended and the entire tax slightly increased with the highest bracket fixed at 15 per cent. In October of the same year there was a further increase of the entire tax, and in the highest bracket 25 per cent was reached. Early in 1919 the lower brackets were slightly reduced, but in 1924, nearly six years after the World War had come to an end, Congress again tampered with what was originally a war measure by raising the entire tax, with the exception of the two lowest brackets. This Congress raised the highest bracket from 25 per cent to 40 per cent!

Thus, from 1916 on, we have had double taxation as a common occurrence in estates not covered by the $50,000 Federal exemption: that is, taxation by the Federal Government and taxation by the State of residence. With characteristically clear vision President Coolidge long ago recognized the mischief that was being worked by the high brackets of the Federal Estate Tax, as well as the vicious tendencies of this multiple tax. He has voiced his convictions, which are based upon the soundest of economic grounds, has told the people that it was clearly the business of the States to set their houses in order, and is himself bending every effort toward a reduction of the Estate Tax.

From an economic if not from a social standpoint, it seems hardly desirable that the Federal Estate Tax should be entirely abolished, because such abolishment would in effect establish certain States as almost perfect asylums for men of large means who desired to dodge all death taxes. Such a situation might not be wholesome and might to some extent handicap many States which do not care to go to the extreme of abolishing their inheritance taxes.

On the other hand, it is felt that a material reduction of the Federal Estate Tax is not only most desirable, but is wholly practical, for the reason that the total amount raised by the Estate Tax is so small a fraction of the total revenue raised by our Government that the reduction or abolishment of this tax would do little to disturb the balance of the Federal revenue system. Mr. David E. Finley states that in 1924 the Estate Tax contributed but $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total revenue received by the Government from all sources.

Still another factor to make confusion worse confounded is the Gift Tax included in the Revenue Act of 1924. The purpose of this tax was to exact a Federal levy from the transfer of property that might escape the Estate Tax. In effect, the Revenue Act of 1924 is a double-barreled shotgun; one barrel is loaded for gifts from the living, the other for gifts from the dead, and both are always aimed at the capitalist.

In the Gift Tax we have a law the constitutionality of which may well be questioned. In application, the Gift Tax may easily conflict with the Income Tax, creating still another form of double taxation quite without reason

or justification. It is generally understood that the Administration has small sympathy with the Gift Tax because it is so ill-grounded from both the legal and the economic standpoints. In the main it closely resembles the Estate Tax, both as to rates and exemptions.

Beyond question here is an evil that must be stamped out. Overlapping, conflicting, communistic, it is a law so unjust, so ill-conceived, as to invite repudiation by evasion. If our next Congress can read the handwriting so clearly on the wall, it will waste no time in abolishing the Gift Tax. It should be evident that much more of the wealth of our capitalists is needed in the channels of commerce and industry than is now available. Our legislators might recall with profit Abraham Lincoln's homely saying to the effect that honey is more persuasive than vinegar.

When Congress convenes in December we may expect to see the President's tax-reduction programme receiving early consideration. The Estate Tax is likely to be the subject of spirited debate. The States representing our greatest wealth may vote for the abolishment of this tax, using the double-taxation argument. Much of the South and probably the West may be solidly against this. The argument may be that the heavy surtaxes of the Federal Income Tax have driven the capitalist into a wholesale investment in tax-exempt municipals. On this basis the proponents of the Estate Tax may say that, inasmuch as the man of large affairs has successfully dodged heavy income-taxes during his lifetime, it is equitable to compensate the Federal Government by taking a portion of his estate at his death before it shall pass to his heirs.

Owing to the complexity of the State situation and the lively sense of the sovereignty of States' rights, there is little chance that a workable agreement will be made between the States and the Federal Government permitting the exclusive collection of death taxes by the Government and a subsequent apportionment between the States. There is still less likelihood that the States as a group will surrender to the Federal Government without condition this fertile field of taxation. Under these circumstances the most natural solution would be the reduction of the Federal Estate Tax to a point where it will not be an excessive burden.

For some nine years double taxation has been common. As a matter of loyalty to the home State and to the United States the tax to the State of residence and to the Federal Government is paid without overmuch grumbling. It is when the triple tax or the multiple tax, with all its injustice, appears that protests arise. This evil is bound to be wiped from the slate. It is too unsound, too unjust to endure. But it will not pass at once. Certain States will be slow to relinquish their claims. It will take time.

At the moment this article is being written, New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut have recently enacted, and Massachusetts has broadened, reciprocal-exemption legislation. Without using the strictly legal definition, I may perhaps crudely describe the reciprocal-exemption provision as follows. Massachusetts says in effect to New York: 'If you will agree not to tax a Massachusetts resident on the securities he owns representing New York corporations, I will reciprocate this courtesy by agreeing not to tax the heirs of a New York resident on coming into possession of securities representing his holdings in Massachusetts corporations.'

To illustrate: Jones, a resident of Massachusetts, dies leaving his wife,

among other property, about $20,000 in stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, a New York corporation. Under the old laws this would have been subject to at least a double tax, by Massachusetts as the State of residence, and by New York as the State of incorporation — two taxes on the same block of stock. Under the reciprocal-exemption provision New York exempts this stock, as far as she is concerned, in favor of Massachusetts, or other States that extend reciprocal exemption under similar circumstances to her. This is a decided step in advance.

But while some States, such as Nevada, have gone to the extreme by abolishing death taxes, and while some others are talking about doing this, signs are not lacking that so simple and effective a measure for the removal of the overlapping-tax evil may meet discouraging entanglements in the Twilight Land of Taxation. I shall quote from a comparatively recent ruling of the Wisconsin Tax Commission a paragraph that clearly illustrates the logic of its position in opposing reciprocal exemption with New York: —

'It is scarcely a frank proposal to ask this or any Western State to exempt stocks of domestic corporations left by decedents of New York, in consideration for exemption by New York of stocks of corporations of that State left by resident decedents of this State. There are several important railroad corporations, as well as many other industrial corporations of this State, the stocks of which are held largely if not chiefly in New York City. But there are probably very few stocks of New York corporations held by residents of this State. Does it not seem like a one-sided proposition to suggest reciprocity under the existing conditions?'

The fog will not be dispelled by the reciprocal-exemption clause alone. Certain States may quite reasonably refuse to adopt it. We may have to look to other measures as well as this for the extermination of the overlapping tax.

To argue that the spread of the reciprocal-exemption privilege will be smooth and swift, and that the overlapping-tax evil will quickly disappear into the night, is to say to one's self: 'All is well. My family will not be burdened with the multiple tax because that will be abolished before I die.' No man knows when his time will come. You may be called to-morrow. The overlapping tax is with us to-day; we have no conclusive evidence that it will not be here to-morrow. To procrastinate putting one's estate in order is simply to invite that degree of confiscation which the present death-tax laws have legalized. Without action on your part your family faces the very certain possibility of having to settle a debt of unnecessary proportions.

In the *Atlantic* for September, I outlined four serious situations in the Twilight Land of Taxation. There is still another, affecting all estates large enough to be reached by the Estate Tax; and that is the double appraisal.

Aaron Smith dies leaving an estate of $200,000, which at this writing — excepting four jurisdictions — will be subject to death taxes by both his State of residence and the Federal Government. Before Smith's heirs can pay these taxes there must be a thorough appraisal of all Smith's possessions, as an appraisal is essential to the determination of the tax. Right here we have twilight, if not darkness. The State of residence makes an appraisal for the purpose of fixing the amount of the State tax. The Federal Government makes an independent appraisal to determine the Estate Tax. To a greater or less degree each ignores the

other and goes its own way. The exception occurs when there are found in the estate certain valuable works of art or rare antiques, or something of a nature that requires the services of a highly skilled specialist to fix the value. In such a case an acknowledged expert in his line is engaged, and his report is quite generally given weight if not accepted in toto by both State and Federal appraisers. With this minor exception, Aaron Smith's family subject themselves to the annoyance of at least two appraisals.

Sometimes before the executor has completed his work the Federal authorities may find that there has been overpayment or underpayment of the tax. Another appraisal is at once necessary to check up on this point.

Without considering the feelings of the family at such a time, can we find any logical apology, any economic justification for such a needless duplication of work of a somewhat specialized nature? It is a glaring example of governmental inefficiency in a comparatively simple matter.

What is to prevent the Federal Government and the States from agreeing to appoint one appraiser for each State? Then let the State appraiser and the Federal appraiser between themselves choose a third disinterested member and there would be a board of three, which if wisely chosen should be able to function for both State and Federal Government and thus remove the burden of the double appraisal.

II

The facts must be faced. Send to your State capitol and ask for a pamphlet containing the inheritance-, succession-, or death-tax laws of your State of residence. Almost all the States have a booklet containing these laws and are glad to have their citizens acquaint themselves with them. Read the death-tax laws through, slowly. At times you may get lost in legal phraseology, but you will get the general drift and the gist of it.

Generally in the first few paragraphs you will find either a table or the percentages by which the tax is estimated. Where a printed table is not given, you can quickly make your own. Study to understand the exemptions. Know the exemption that your wife or husband may have, and what is allowed to children, parents, or other relatives you may wish to remember. A knowledge of these exemptions is of first importance in helping you to set your estate in order.

Most States have something quite definite to say on 'contemplation of death.' Several States say that if a gift is made within two years of death that gift shall be deemed to have been made in contemplation of death, and the burden of proof is thrown upon the recipient to show that the gift was *not* made in contemplation of death and is therefore nontaxable. Wisconsin seems to go to an extreme on this point in that she deems that a gift of a material part of an estate made within six years of death shall be construed as having been made in contemplation of death.

Many a State gives total exemption to gifts to charitable, religious, educational, or other institutions that are incorporated within the State and operated for the public good. But few are the States that exempt such gifts made to these institutions *without* the State of residence. Not long ago a generous Westerner died, leaving a large bequest to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. His State of residence taxed this gift in full, simply because it went without the State.

The *Indianapolis Star* is credited with the following significant news-

item. 'Double tax may cut bequest to University. De Pauw University may receive not more than 57.6 per cent of the $2,300,000 bequests provided in the will of Edward Rector, prominent attorney of Chicago. The remaining 42.4 per cent will be assessed against the estate by the Illinois and Michigan taxing authorities. It is understood that the greater part of the estate comprised stock in the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, a Michigan corporation. If this is correct, then the inheritance tax will be duplicated in both States.'

Many States with provincial shortsightedness have gone to such lengths in order to keep the money within the State.

I can best picture the cash savings to the heirs through the judicious use of the gift method by citing actual figures. In one estate that came to me for analysis there was a possible saving of $30,500 on each of several blocks of $100,000 given away, and in this case the Gift Tax was included. In other words, by wisely giving this $100,000 the donor could save his family a tax amounting to $30,500.

Turning back to the booklet containing your State death taxes, there is another point that is important for you to ascertain. Find out how long a time your executor is allowed in which to pay the State tax. Know whether he must complete his work within six months, a year, or two years. See if your State offers a reward in the form of a five-per-cent discount for cash within six months. If there is a discount available, see to it that your executor has at least a fighting chance to win that discount for your family. Give him elbow-room, and cash to work with.

If any of your property, either cash in banks, securities, or real estate, is held jointly by you and your wife, glance again through the laws and see what your State says about joint estates. It may not say exactly what you thought it would. It is well to know on what basis your wife may be taxed on a joint estate.

The next time you go to your bank step into the safety-deposit vault and see the manager of that department. Ask him to show you a box bearing the death seal. Find out about how long a time elapses before the death seal is broken so that the box may be opened by the executor or administrator. Consider for a moment what would happen if that seal were now upon your box; would your wife be seriously inconvenienced by not having access to certain documents in that box — life-insurance policies, for instance?

In many cases life insurance is the quickest, surest means that the husband has provided for supplying his wife with ready cash for immediate needs. Life-insurance policies need not and should not be left in such a way as to fall under the death seal.

Real estate is taxed by the State of its location. Thus, if you have large holdings in other States, it may be advisable to glance at the death taxes of the States involved and acquaint yourself in a general way with the treatment that they accord to the nonresident. It goes without saying that, in estates large enough to come under the Federal Estate Tax, real estate, like other forms of property, may become subject to the double tax.

III

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the situation is reached when we come to the subject of investments such as stocks, bonds, mortgages, notes, and so forth, because quite often desirability from the investment standpoint is diametrically opposed to desirability

from the inheritance standpoint. All the securities of the United States Steel Corporation are popular with investors. We have here, however, a New Jersey Corporation. At this writing, if the stock of this company is owned in considerable blocks by a resident of any other State, and if the estate is large enough to come under the Federal Estate Tax, triple taxation is likely to attach itself to this stock.

United Shoe Machinery, Studebaker, United Fruit, American Smelting, American Can, and scores of other prominent stocks desirable either from the speculative or from the investment standpoint, and sometimes desirable from both, are at once questionable, often objectionable, from the death-tax standpoint. Years of investment experience have driven home the importance of giving most careful consideration to the investment standing of securities, because in this may lie the strength or vulnerability of the entire estate.

It does not take a very high order of intelligence to say, 'Sell everything in this list of States and reinvest in this list of States.' Fortunately the thoughtful investor invariably balks when such a prescription is handed out. He finds, perhaps, that his choicest stocks are banned, or that he must sell practically everything and reinvest in securities with which he is totally unfamiliar.

A rather striking example of the conflict between the investment standpoint and the inheritance standpoint came to my attention some months ago. This was the estate of a woman keenly interested in death taxes in behalf of two daughters. Here I found a most interesting situation. Over half of her estate was subject to the triple tax under existing conditions, and in this same half lay the choicest securities of her entire estate. These were securities that a woman ought to hold. There was no reasonable justification for me to advise this woman to throw these securities overboard if I could work out a plan which would reduce or compensate for the triple tax without disturbing the gilt-edged securities. This I was fortunately able to do.

I do not believe that ten per cent of our investors know in dollars the approximate amount that their families must pay in death taxes, probably within a year of their death. I attribute this inaction, amazing to one in possession of the facts, to four major reasons.

First, there is a widespread belief that putting one's estate in order must mean a wholesale upsetting of a man's investment programme. I have already stated that the sacrifice of choice investments is not always essential. Quite generally it can be avoided.

Secondly, there is much unsound optimism. A feeling that death taxes will soon pass is ill-grounded. Inheritance taxes have existed since about 600 B.C. They are such a supremely effective means for supporting State government that there is small likelihood of their being totally abolished.

Thirdly, there is the inevitable procrastination. Many investors intend to have their estates put in order and their taxes determined. They put it off till to-morrow because it is such an easy thing to postpone. They may not know where to turn for service of so specialized a nature. Just as neglecting to make a will may result in an unfortunate division of property, neglect to determine death taxes is likely to saddle a family with certain totally unnecessary expenses.

And finally, there is selfishness. Sometimes a man takes the attitude that, since he will not have to pay his own death taxes, he will let someone else worry about them. He ignores the

fact that the analysis of the specialist will quite generally supply plans that will enable him to increase the value of the estate he may leave. To the credit of the investor let me add that I believe that this reason is rarely predominant.

It has been my experience that if an investor is fairly in possession of the facts, if he knows that these taxes are a reality and not a will-o'-the-wisp, if he sees that by a small expenditure he can in all probability leave his family a few hundreds or perhaps thousands of dollars more than he could by doing nothing, and if he understands that the putting of his estate in order need not have volcanic effects upon his investments, he is ready at once to have this work done. He knows that it is an unselfish task; he sees just how the family will benefit.

IV

Turning back to the subject of unsound optimism for a moment, let us examine the facts. Let us first assume that some men having modest estates believe they will leave so little that death taxes and expenses will be too insignificant an item to consider at this time. Is their position well taken?

In personally examining actual court records of estates I find facts that are surprising though entirely logical. In a group of small estates I find that it is not extraordinary for death taxes, administration expenses, and debts to consume from 10 to over 15 per cent of the estate. In justice to death taxes it should be said that the above shrinkage must not be laid wholly at the door of the tax-collector. Without doubt certain of these estates were in bad order, but aside from this, debts and other death expenses must have been excessive in proportion to the size of the estate.

In estates of people in comfortable circumstances I find that the shrinkage commonly runs between 7 and 10 per cent. Of course the man of large affairs who counts his property value by the millions experiences a materially larger shrinkage than this because the higher brackets of the Federal Estate Tax make large and rapid inroads into his accumulations.

To say that the capitalist suffers the most from death taxes and charges is not strictly true. He does suffer the most in dollars and cents, but the small estate may and often does experience a greater percentage of shrinkage, and here you find that the percentage hurts. A ten-per-cent depletion in an estate of $10,000 may be a grave matter.

For the man of comfortable or of modest means to take the ground that the situation in the Twilight Land of Taxation is such as to justify a do-nothing attitude as regards his own affairs is to run the risk of handicapping his immediate family or heirs to an extent that would never be countenanced by the financier. The latter quite naturally is accustomed to giving a considerable portion of his time and thought to the care and accumulation of his estate. He is in close touch with tax specialists in every field. He has made it his business to get these tax facts and figures beforehand, and he has prepared his estate to meet these debts well within the time limits imposed. He has seen to it that no needless multiple tax has been overlooked and that his heirs will receive the legal maximum of his estate.

The financier roughly pictures his estate as a huge uncut pie. At his death he knows that two large slices, perhaps several more, must be cut and served before his family may enjoy a morsel. His State of residence and the Federal Government will each take generous slices. Other States may follow suit

before it is the family's turn to be served, and administration expenses will consume a further portion. A very material part of the pie will be gone before the family is called to the table. Is there no way by which he can compensate for this shrinkage, or must his family remain the poorer by the amount of these taxes?

It all depends upon the man — whether he is in good physical condition, and whether he wants to arrange for the payment of these debts in advance.

As the situation in the Twilight Land of Taxation has grown more jumbled and befogged, the practice of making partial payments and of creating something in the nature of a sinking fund to take care of all death debts has become more and more prevalent. This is something that the utterly selfish man will not do. It is nothing more or less than arranging to pay these debts — which will be his family's, not his own — on what I may roughly term an installment basis, figured upon the number of years the man may be expected to live. If he is not in good physical condition he must make his deposits at a premium, or he may perhaps be totally debarred from this opportunity to recompense his family for the debts that they must meet.

He must be in good physical condition because this funding of all death charges can be accomplished by just one means, and that is life insurance, taken out for this specific purpose. One of the material factors in the extraordinary progress of the life-insurance business in the past few years has been the awakening of our investors to the fact that this is the only way in which a family can be compensated for the debts that death incurs. To use a mechanical term, life insurance used in this connection is automatic. The event that incurs these many debts of itself makes the insurance policy a claim and provides for their prompt discharge.

Excepting five States (which tax under certain conditions), life insurance to a named beneficiary is totally exempt up to $40,000. Above this figure the Federal Estate Tax comes into effect. Thus, outside of five States, life insurance amounting to $40,000 or less offers the means of securing an estate exempt from death taxes. Life insurance amounting to more than $50,000 offers the means of providing a family with the only estate that will be subject to but one death tax, that being the Estate Tax. At this writing an estate of over $50,000, other than life insurance, becomes generally subject to taxation by both the Federal Government and the State of residence. The present exceptions to this general rule are the four jurisdictions having no legacy taxes.

There is one, and to my knowledge only one, estate that is 100 per cent exempt from all death taxes, no matter how large the estate; yet, strange to say, it is comparatively little known. This estate can be provided wherever the wife has independent means to which the husband has not contributed. The wife, with her own independent means, insures her husband's life, naming herself as beneficiary. The amount of the insurance is limited only by her financial ability to make the necessary deposits. At her husband's death the proceeds of such insurance become hers, absolutely tax-free, for this reason: death taxes are a tax upon the right to receive, a tax upon the transfer of property; in this case there is no transfer, for the wife is merely receiving her own property back again, and hence no death tax is possible.

Only a few days ago a chronic invalid in fair financial circumstances asked me this question: 'Is n't there

some way by which I can provide for my death taxes so that my estate will not be depleted?' I had to say 'No.' I told him that cash, Liberty bonds, and municipals were his best means of providing for the taxes, and that because of his physical condition no means was available to him to compensate his family for those certain debts. Here is a case where the man has looked ahead, desires to pay these debts for his family, and is financially able to do so, but is physically disqualified.

An interesting example of the value of life insurance in reducing death taxes came to light as I was studying probate records. In an estate of less than $60,000 I was puzzled to account for so small a legacy tax as $169. I turned to the inventory and found the answer. A life-insurance policy for $20,000 was, of course, tax-exempt in Massachusetts. This left an estate of about $39,000, which, with a wise wording of the will, left a comparatively small balance taxable.

It is not the purpose of this article to overdraw the picture and paint the situation in the Twilight Land of Taxation in untrue colors. It is not the total foreign and multiple taxes which a badly ordered estate must pay that is a serious problem — it is the principle that is wrong. Apart from the expense of the multiple taxes, the executor must bear with the annoyance and delay caused by these minor items. Several Western States require local administration in settling the estates of non-residents. Too often the local administrator's fee is far out of proportion to the value of the service rendered.

A simple way in which to save your family the expense and delay of a seemingly small detail is to have as many copies of your will drawn off as there are States in which your property is involved. They may be needed.

While the overlapping of tax on tax as between States may some day pass, that day is yet to come. There seems to be less likelihood that the double tax between the majority of our States and the Federal Government will immediately disappear, although we may reasonably hope that the rate of taxation will soon be materially reduced. Under such circumstances it becomes a matter of common prudence to acquaint one's self with the facts concerning one's estate and to make immediate provision so that the family may not be put to the extremity of forced sales of property in order to secure the cash that the taxes and the usual death-expenses will require.

COAL FOR THE PEOPLE

BY ARTHUR E. SUFFERN

I

In ten counties of Eastern Pennsylvania, 162,503 miners have laid down their tools and stopped mining anthracite coal because they have failed to come to terms with their employers. They refuse to work unless they can obtain an acceptable contract. In that respect they take the same position as any individual who seeks to obtain the best wages and working-conditions possible. The majority of these men are employed by ten large coal companies which produce about 74 per cent of the anthracite coal and own about 90 per cent of the reserve coal lands. These companies are known as 'railroad' companies because they are or have been owned by the railroads penetrating the anthracite coal fields. The so-called 'independent' coal companies produce the remaining 26 per cent of anthracite coal, one half of which is mined by nine of these independents. Thus the failure of nineteen coal companies and a union representing over 160,000 anthracite miners to come to an agreement upon wages, hours, and working-conditions faces millions of people with the prospect of a shortage of fuel, inadequate heating-facilities, and high prices.

Chronic undersupply of anthracite coal for the last ten years makes this situation all the more formidable. In contrast to the effects of a strike in the bituminous industry, the loss of production of anthracite cannot be quickly made up. It is estimated that the bituminous mines in operation at present could produce about 400,000,000 tons more than our yearly demand. Whether anthracite colliery capacity is made inadequate because of physical limitations upon production, exhaustion of the most accessible deposits, decrease in labor supply, or because of the deliberate policy of the coal companies, is a matter of controversy. All of these factors may bear upon the situation, but one thing is certain — actual production is below estimated capacity. Production reached its peak in 1918, when the mines operated 293 days. Since the war the mines have been running about 270 days out of a 308-working-day year, except as the mines have been closed by strikes.

In so far as chronic undersupply may be explained by a shortage of labor, it appears to be an undersupply of miners' laborers, who were formerly recruited extensively from the ranks of European immigrants. The United States Coal Commission reported that the present limitation of mining capacity cannot be attributed to the lack of skilled miners growing out of the Pennsylvania requirement of certification of miners. The Commission concluded that an undersupply of unskilled laborers is not a limitation on capacity over which the operators have no control. Other industries have increased their working forces since the war, and 'it therefore appears that earnings and conditions of labor offered by the anthracite

industry, viewed in the aggregate, have not attracted labor in the same degree as have the wages and conditions offered by other industries.'

In every controversy there are two sides to be heard. Both sides have a story to tell and a cause to defend. The people who want an uninterrupted supply of coal should not be an uninterested public. One-sided condemnations of either the miners or the operators will not control the conditions that cause strikes. What follows is an attempt to let each side state its case in its own terms.

II

From the standpoint of the miners, the controversy centres around (1) an increase in wages, (2) better working-conditions, (3) full recognition of the union, and (4) better living-conditions. Nothing startling is revealed by this classification, but the first two of these items increase the cost of production, which is guarded zealously by the operators. The demand for full recognition of the union is the result of a long-standing controversy, while the request for better living-conditions is understandable by everybody.

The miners demand a ten-per-cent increase for contract miners (piece-workers) and one dollar per day for those employed by the day. How much this demand would actually increase the labor cost per ton of coal can only be a guess, because nobody knows how many days per year the mines will work or just how many tons will be produced. The miners are more concerned about the yearly wages they make and the standard of living they can enjoy than they are about labor cost.

The most recent authoritative figures on wages in the coal industry were collected by the United States Coal Commission for the year 1921. According to these figures for the anthracite industry, 20 per cent of the contract miners (pieceworkers) who drew wages in the same mine on every pay-roll throughout the year earned more than $2400, and 10 per cent more than $2700. But 20 per cent earned less than $1700, and 10 per cent less than $1500. The average expressed as the earnings of the 'median full-year contract miner' was $2000. These were the earnings of the highest-paid occupational group, and they do not include those who obtained part-time work by shifting from mine to mine. The average number of days on which the mines hoisted coal was 271.

Contract miners' laborers, inside day-men, and outside day-men are also classed as major occupational groups. Of those who drew wages in the same mine on every pay-roll throughout the year, over 63 per cent of the first group, over 52 per cent of the second group, and over 53 per cent of the third group earned less than $1500. Of these groups those earning more than $2700 were mere fractions of one per cent. The median earnings for these groups were $500 or $600 lower than for contract miners.

In order to approximate more closely what the anthracite workers are now earning, it is necessary to add the ten-per-cent increase received in their last contract of 1923. But it must be kept in mind that these figures of earnings are not actual rates and that they will vary according to the number of days worked, according to the differences in wage-rates paid for each occupation, and according to the differences in working-conditions in each mine and each district. Furthermore, they do not represent the wage situation as affected by part-time work because of labor turnover. The above figures apply simply to two thirds of all

contract miners and inside day-men, to three fourths of all outside day-men, and to one third of the miners' laborers. Therefore the use of these figures to characterize anthracite wages presents the most favorable aspect of the wage situation.

In the mind of the miners this constant conflict over wages is caused by the claims of the investors accelerating at an intolerable rate as against the claims of the employees and the public. These investors' claims take the form of charges for depletion, interest, royalties, and profits. The miners pointed out to the Coal Commission, to which was delegated the task of investigating the causes of strikes, that they had been taught by 'bitter experience that the main cause is the ever-accelerating claim of the holders of anthracite securities. For every increase in national demand for coal, for every increase in technology and productivity, the investor demands the full increment, keeping prices at the maximum which the traffic will bear, and wages at the minimum upon which the miners can be made to exist. There is no solution for the economic problem of anthracite until this intolerable grip is relaxed; until the public-service function of the industry is frankly recognized; and until the claims of investors are confined to reasonable limits, the standard of living of the miners permitted to grow with the productive expansion of the industry, and the price to the consumer adjusted to these two factors.'

Whether or not one agrees with the miners, this is a statement in no uncertain terms of an issue that affects the present and the long-time adjustment of wages.

The employers resist the demands of the miners for wages, hours, and working-conditions that will increase the cost of production of coal. They claim the miners enjoy higher annual earnings than any other workers of whom they have found record. They want the miners to make a long-term agreement 'with provision for the adjustment of wage-rates during that term so that wages may be conformed to changing economic conditions.' No elaboration is made of this principle of adjustment that would indicate whether or not wages would be changed merely in connection with changes in the cost of living. Nor is there any mention of the way the principle would bear upon the adjustment of working-conditions that largely determine the miner's opportunity to work and earn.

But, aside from the question as to whether or not the miners should receive the increase which they have demanded, there are many other factors that affect their earnings. These they have included in their demands in a form that has meaning mostly for the operators and for those who may happen to be familiar with mining conditions.

They demand uniformity in day-rates, and the carrying-out of the task of equalization of rates that was delegated to the Anthracite Board of Conciliation by the last contract. This diversity of rates is an inheritance from the days of individual bargaining, which was crystallized into the form of a precedent by the award of the Anthracite Coal Commission in 1903. The demand involves more nearly equal pay for equal work.

They demand that when piece-workers are put in abnormal working-places, in which it is impossible to make the usual wage, the miner shall be paid the average of his customary earnings. This shifts the cost of producing coal in abnormal places to the operator, to whom it belongs. The payment of a uniform rate per ton to the piece-worker, regardless of adverse mining-

conditions, puts the burden on the miner.

The miners request that they be paid twenty cents per inch for the removal of refuse ten feet in width, and thirty cents per inch for blasting top and bottom rock. The issue here, again, is whether the miner can make his usual wage at the rates agreed upon.

The law of Pennsylvania provides that the contract miners shall be paid according to the weight of the coal which they send out, rather than according to a rate per car, which may vary in capacity. But it also permits the operators and miners to agree to some other form of payment than according to weight. This is the joker in the law that has always left the advantage with the operators. If the operators insisted on payment by the car as a condition of giving employment, the acceptance of that mode of payment constituted an agreement. Payment by the car permits the operators to increase the capacity of the car and to compel the miners to do more work for the same rate. For these reasons the miners demand that the wage-rate shall be based on a ton of 2240 pounds.

The miners also insist on the abolition of unreasonable penalties and dockage for impurities that may have been loaded with the coal. They demand that the penalties and the amounts docked shall be a matter of agreement between the local mine committee and the management.

The practice in most modern industries is to furnish the workers with the supplies, equipment, and tools that are needed to perform their tasks. The list of these things for which the miners demand payment indicates that the anthracite industry is far behind other industries.

When the miners are asked to work overtime they demand time and one half, and double time for Sundays and holidays. A desire to furnish the operators with an economic incentive to reduce overtime and to obtain more time for leisure and home life lies behind this demand.

The miners claim that in the last two years 1000 men have been killed and 40,000 have been injured in the anthracite collieries. On the grounds of hazard they demand an increase in wages that will enable them to leave their dependents better protected.

In response to the demands of the miners for improvement in working-conditions, the operators consider such demands primarily to discover whether they increase the cost of production. As yet the operators have published nothing that indicates in detail whether they are prepared to concede any of these demands. The degree to which improvement in working-conditions makes for better industrial relations and greater productivity is relatively an unexplored field.

Closely related to the rates received per ton or per day is the opportunity to work and to earn. When contract miners, through no fault of their own, are not permitted to work in their regular working-places, they demand that they be given work by the day. When the mine works, they expect the management to readjust its working force.

When men are laid off, those longest on the working force expect to retain their jobs; when rehiring begins, the oldest in point of service expect to be called upon first. This is the gist of the demand for seniority rights.

If a company has several collieries, the men expect that an equal division of work should be made between collieries, instead of closing down some and keeping others on full time. They believe this should be done regardless of the increase in the cost of production from part-time operation.

Finally, they demand a five-day week, seemingly on the theory that enough coal can be produced in that time and that it will be conducive to greater regularity of production.

The adjustment of these demands for the improvement of the opportunity to work and earn would not only be affected by the methods that the management employs in each mine, but it would also be influenced by the general regularity or irregularity of the operation of the mines. In both cases the effect on the cost of production would play a large part in the adjustments. Better methods of management and greater regularity of operation usually reduce the cost of production. But the demands for a more equal division of work between the collieries of any one company and for a five-day work-week might easily increase the cost of production under some circumstances. The operators have not answered these demands in detail. In the adjustment of such important demands, the need is apparent for more thoroughgoing co-operation between the operators and the miners in order to arrive at a more reasonable solution than would result from the arbitrary action of either party.

The operators want the miners to agree to continue work during further negotiations whenever they fail to reach an agreement before the expiration of the contract. In case further negotiations do not result in an agreement, the operators desire the miners to submit disputed points to arbitration. But the experience of the past has undermined the confidence of the miners in regard to the impartiality of 'disinterested public representatives,' and they believe that an agreement in advance to arbitrate cuts off the possibility of reasonable adjustment in joint conference. Furthermore, their president said, 'when the man who toils in your collieries agrees to let some tribunal or third agency say what his conditions of employment shall be, what hours of labor he must work, and what compensation must be given, then he gives to that agency or that tribunal or that arbitration commission the power to determine the character of the house in which he shall live, the kind of food he shall eat, the degree of education his children shall receive, and to determine his standard and his status as a citizen. . . . I do not know anyone except the man who works with his hands who is asked to arbitrate those fundamentals.'

Neither the professions nor 'the trades or industry on the side of capital . . . yield to some creative agency the right to determine for them what their (service or) products may be worth in the market of the world.'

The operators believe that an agreement in advance to arbitrate disputed points leads both parties to try to reach a direct agreement 'rather than incur the burdens, uncertainties, and vexations of arbitration.' Furthermore, they contend that such an agreement furnishes incentive to both sides to moderate and compromise their demands rather than attempt to maintain unreasonable positions. Arbitration becomes a 'spectre in the background which all desire to avoid.' In the opinion of the operators, they can take no more conciliatory attitude than to agree to let 'representatives of the public fix the wages they shall pay,' if they fail to reach an agreement with their employees.

The operators look upon the strike as 'a legitimate weapon to drive an economic bargain with a selfish employer,' but they claim that 'there is no moral right, or social justification, to organize strikes or lockouts in basic industries or transportation where (when?) disinterested agencies for adjustment and

adjudication are available.' Since the anthracite operators recognize and deal collectively with the union, they feel that 'no group of workers in the United States is better protected against tyranny, injustice, and oppression than the anthracite workers.' This being the case, they arrive at the conclusion that general strikes in the industry are open contests between 'organized industry and organized society.' No comparison is drawn between the right of the operators to refuse to produce coal except at a profit and the right of the miners to refuse to work except for a wage which supports or betters their standard of living. But the logic of compulsory arbitration cuts both ways and would affect the rights of both parties to produce or not to produce.

The miners ask for 'full recognition' of their union. Since the operators were compelled by the award of the Anthracite Coal Commission of 1920 to abandon the fiction of dealing only with the representatives of their employees, the request for 'full recognition' is evidently for the purpose of establishing the 'check-off,'[1] or deduction of union dues from the miners' pay-envelopes, which the United Mine Workers practise in the bituminous industry. The miners claim that to grant their request would not be any great expense to the operators. They list twenty-nine items that the operators deduct from the miners' pay. These items range from supplies and equipment that the miner uses in connection with his work to subscriptions for Liberty bonds, Red Cross, and various charitable and community projects.

To disabuse the minds of the operators of any fear that they will be increasing the power of the union or of any dislike of building up what they conceive to be a more effective opposition, the miners call the attention of the operators to the fact that they have already acquired sufficient membership, without the aid of the check-off, to control the labor situation in the industry. Thus the miners would leave the operators to infer that the agreement to the check-off would be a mere minor concession, which the operators can easily grant in spite of their fears and prejudices of the past.

The miners point to the fact that their members are no different from business and professional men who belong to first-class clubs and who neglect to pay their dues. But the organization has about a half-million members to deal with, and it is subjected to considerable administrative expense in collecting dues. Therefore the miners appeal to the operators to grant their request on the grounds of encouraging greater administrative efficiency of the union, the need for which the operators have stressed much in the past.

The attitude of the operators toward the check-off may be summed up by their statement that no union should be relieved of the 'burden of collecting its own dues for its own war chest.'

Finally, the miners request that the operators give more attention to repairs, rebuilding, and the erection of houses in the anthracite-mining towns. To this request the operators have as yet made no reply.

III

The question naturally arises: How has it come about that the miners and operators have reached this impasse in their relations? Such a question is particularly pertinent considering that a system of collective bargaining has been evolved for dealing with just such

[1] Because this article offers no opportunity for setting forth contrary opinions concerning the check-off, the reader must not infer that they are either few or unreasonable. — THE EDITORS

crises. However, to understand these crises it is essential to know how existing attitudes have developed, as well as to be familiar with the conditions out of which organization arose for adjusting wages, hours, and conditions of labor. The merits of the controversy can be appreciated better in the light of such an understanding.

The miners made two attempts, one in the middle seventies and the other in the latter eighties, to establish a union for the betterment of wages, hours, and working-conditions. In both cases their efforts were defeated. As a result, until 1902 the operators were free to make the best bargains they could with their employees individually. They took advantage of their opportunity to such extent that abuses in the exercise of their power became a matter of outstanding complaint.

It was during this period that the ownership of coal lands was consolidated; that trusts for the control of the production and the sale of coal were formed; that the railroads extended their ownership of coal companies; that discrimination in freight rates between railroad coal companies and independent coal companies helped to eliminate the independent companies; and that the banking interests gave assistance in developing consolidation and control of the anthracite resources. All of these developments played a large part in making it possible for the operators to abuse their power. Such an alignment of business interests was simply too powerful for a disorganized lot of workmen largely made up of twenty-two nationalities of immigrants.

When the United Mine Workers were successful finally in organizing and calling the anthracite miners on strike in 1902, the operators had 'nothing to arbitrate' — an attitude which is now expressed by the miners. But the award of the Anthracite Coal Commission appointed in 1902 to settle the controversy was chiefly devoted to the elimination of abuses that had grown up under the régime of individual bargaining. The Commission raised the wage-rates, but refused to award recognition to the union. It recommended that the operators deal with representatives of their employees in making collective agreements.

Though the union was sufficiently entrenched so that dealing with representatives of their employees amounted to dealing with representatives of the union, the operators maintained the fiction of dealing only with representatives of their employees until they were compelled to recognize the union by the award of the Anthracite Coal Commission of 1920. Thus the union, for the most part, has had to devote itself to defensive and protective measures to maintain its status. The attitudes that result from such a struggle are not conducive to leniency when the union is strong enough to refuse with impunity an offer to arbitrate.

The award of the Anthracite Coal Commission of 1902 provided for the formation of a Board of Conciliation, composed of an equal number of representatives of both sides, to adjust disputes that might arise during the period of the award. Provision was also made for the selection of an umpire by whom cases should be decided when the board failed to agree. But no organization was set up for making collective agreements when the award lapsed. The Commission simply recommended that the operators deal with their employees collectively.

When the award terminated in 1906, the operators took the position that the award was an adjustment of wages, hours, and working-conditions that needed no elaboration by further negotiations. The award was renewed for

another three-year period. In 1909, except for a few minor concessions, the operators maintained the same position they had assumed in 1906, and the award was renewed for another three-year period. By 1912, however, the union had attained a strength that compelled the operators to enter into a joint conference and thoroughly discuss the grievances complained of. As a result the miners obtained a ten-per-cent increase in wages and significant concessions affecting working-conditions. However, the miners agreed to a four-year contract, carrying them to 1916.

By 1916 the effects of the European War began to be felt in this country. Conditions were favorable to obtain another increase in wages and further concessions bettering working-arrangements. However, the miners unwisely agreed to another four-year contract in the face of a situation that gave every promise of a rise in prices and the need for higher wages to meet an increasing cost of living. As a result, by the spring of 1917 they found themselves in the position of begging for a supplementary agreement to increase wages. This practice was reverted to again with success during the autumn of 1917, on November 15, 1918, and on September 29, 1919.

When the agreement terminated on March 31, 1920, conditions had developed that made the miners chary of entering into a long-time commitment. Prices were still rising, and the anthracite miners desired an increase in wages equal to what had been obtained in the bituminous industry as the result of negotiation and the award of the United States Bituminous Coal Commission on March 10, 1920. The negotiations were prolonged, and the imminence of a disagreement and a strike furnished occasion for the President of the United States to insist that the difference of the parties should be submitted to a commission similar to the one appointed for the bituminous industry. The miners believed that the award of the Anthracite Commission gave them 10 per cent less than they should have had and denied them many improvements in working-conditions. But they accepted it and worked under it until March 31, 1922. The feeling that they were granted less than was due them on this occasion is largely responsible for their attitude toward arbitration in the present crisis and for their loss of confidence in the impartiality of 'public representatives.'

The agreements in both the anthracite and the bituminous fields expired on March 31, 1922. A failure to reach an agreement before the expiration of the contracts resulted in a strike in the entire coal industry except for a few nonunion fields in the bituminous industry. This was the first occasion upon which such unanimity of action had been taken in a basic industry in this country. The strike was a protest against a reduction in wages, and the miners won it. In both the anthracite and the bituminous industries agreements at existing wage-rates were made for only one year.

Failure to reach an agreement in the anthracite field before the expiration of the contract on August 31, 1923, resulted in a suspension of work. As a result of the action of the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania in bringing about a settlement, the miners obtained the ten-per-cent increase they felt they had been wrongfully denied in 1920, and entered upon a contract running until August 31, 1925.

IV

The background of the present crisis largely explains why both parties maintain the attitudes they do and why they jockey for position in arriving

at a settlement. Each side wants to convince the public of the justice of its case. The operators represent themselves as protectors of the consumer's purse and refuse to yield concessions which increase the cost of production. Public protest against a further increase in prices is met by the claim that it is necessary to transfer wage-increases to the consumers instead of decreasing profits and royalties. If they are unable to accomplish these ends by negotiations and publicity, the operators wish public authority to step in and place its sanction on whatever settlement is made. If a wage-increase is denied the miners, they place themselves in the position of running counter to public authority if they continue to strike. Besides, the public will regard them as poor sports for not accepting the decision. If a wage-increase is granted, then the consumers should not complain at an increase in prices; otherwise they are poor sports too. Whichever way you will, either the miners or the consumers are bound to lose by the decision.

The miners claim that their wage-rates multiplied by the number of days they have opportunity to work do not yield annual earnings commensurate with the effort they put forth and the hazard to which they are subjected. They are not satisfied with what their wages will buy or with the conditions under which they work and live. They prefer to reach an adjustment of these matters by negotiations rather than by the decree of a commission. They believe they should not be the only class whose income is determined by compulsion. The only economic power they have by which to accomplish their aims is a united refusal to work. They believe they have as good a right to refuse to work except at satisfactory wages as the operators have to refuse to produce coal except at a profit.

However, the placing of mere abstract rights in opposition will not solve the problem of equity in wages, profits, and prices to the consumer. Nor will it curb the abuse of power that may be practised by the miners, the operators, or the public. The more the strike is prolonged, the less likely is the prospect that an equitable adjustment will be made, because pressing conditions will probably bring a forced settlement.

The prolongation of the anthracite strike may also be complicated by conditions that may arise in the bituminous industry. The bituminous miners claim that the union operators are breaking the existing agreement, which runs until 1927. The bituminous operators say they cannot produce coal in competition with the nonunion fields and still pay the present union wage-scale. This complaint has been made for decades; the percentage of nonunion coal has steadily increased; and the union has been unable to organize the nonunion fields sufficiently to deprive the nonunion operators of the advantages they enjoy by enforcing individual bargaining with their employees. The nonunion operators have obtained injunctions that keep the union from organizing the nonunion miners, and the nonunion miners are compelled, as a condition of obtaining employment, to sign agreements that they will not join the union while in the employment of nonunion operators.

There are rumors of the calling of a general strike in the bituminous industry because the union operators are breaking the existing agreement. The miners are urging the nonunion miners in West Virginia to strike and join the union. A strike in the nonunion fields might or might not make the union operators more willing to stand by their agreement and thus prevent a general strike in the bituminous industry. If a general strike develops in the bituminous

industry, there will soon be a shortage of coal, and the miners will be in a better position to dictate terms to both the anthracite and the bituminous operators.

In both fields the joint conference may be utilized to arrive at a settlement, if the parties concerned are willing to use existing machinery. But the probabilities are that they will be unwilling to enter upon a close scrutiny of factual data which will indicate the way to an equitable adjustment. The side having an advantage will make full use of it. Furthermore, the joint conference in the bituminous industry cannot make an agreement for the nonunion fields. This leaves the nonunion fields free to undercut whatever scale of wages is made in the union districts. Therefore, unless the union cannot stand the strain of prolonging the strike, the operators in the union fields of the bituminous industry and the anthracite operators are likely to want a settlement by a commission or commissions which can be applied to the whole of their respective industries and which, if an increase in wages is granted, will enable them to shift the cost to the consumers. Furthermore, such a settlement will leave the miners and operators at the termination of the award no better off than they are now. They will still face the problem of maintaining industrial peace by mere haggling and without the aid of dependable data.

Whether a settlement is made in joint conference or by a commission, comprehensive data on costs, prices, and profits is a prime need for the coal industry. Otherwise there is no basis of arriving at equity between the miners, the operators, and the consumers. Such data need to be collected from year to year by the Government under conditions that will make the data dependable. They can then be used with authority by the miners and operators in joint conference in arriving at voluntary agreements or by commissions in arbitration proceedings. If the operators and miners desire to settle their affairs without the aid of the Government, they stand in the best position to do so when all the cards are on the table.

To deal with the present crisis and to establish more constructive industrial relations for the future requires a new order of statesmanship. If the leaders on both sides have the statesmanship to introduce a coöperation between the management and the union, similar to that which is in operation on certain railroads with the railroad shop-crafts, the first requisite for that end will be reliable data from year to year on actual conditions in the coal industry.

IN THE DJEBEL DRUZ

BY WOLFGANG VON WEISL

I

THE whole story of the Druze rebellion against the French in Syria has never been told in the press, and for good reasons, since no European or American journalist ever undertook the difficult and hazardous journey through the desert to the headquarters of the rebels in the Djebel. The information in the French press was scanty and unreliable: the French authorities ordered the strictest censorship in Syria, and not a word was allowed to be reported except communications which bore the imprimatur of General Sarrail's secretariat. No one can doubt that the French Administration in Syria was doing its best to make the world, and in particular the French people, believe that nothing was wrong in that quarter and that, except for a localized rebellion of a few Arab chieftains, order was being perfectly maintained. The representatives of the English press in Palestine had to depend on reports coming from Arabic sources, and these, representing every move made by the Druze forces as a great victory, gave quite as one-sided a picture as the French news.

All this moved me to proceed from Jerusalem to the heart of the Druze country, and observe the situation there with my own eyes. Such a journey is not without its trials, though it must not be imagined worse than it actually is; for, real as are the dangers from bandits and semisavage insurgents, there is no danger of death so long as one refrains from carrying firearms — with firearms upon him, a white man could be certain of being murdered. But under the circumstances I could not take the easiest route. To avoid the suspicion of the rebels, I had to penetrate into their country from some other direction than that of the French frontier. The French posts placed along the Syro-Palestine frontier as far north as Bosra and Deraa prescribed for me the best route to the Djebel Druz. From the east or southeast across the wild and unmastered Harrah Desert, a natural barrier of the mountainous land, the Djebel resembles an angry sea of stones, allowing only in a few places a little room for camels to pass; at any other point, passage by a vehicle would be absolutely impossible. The area was a *terra nuova* to me, and my maps were entirely inadequate. I lost myself in a formidable labyrinth surrounded by lava, and was misled by mirages at least ten times.

Only after a great many attempts, when I gave up all hope of getting across the Harrah, did my driver succeed in driving the car at a speed of five kilometres an hour through the volcano peaks, while I cleared away with my own hands the bulky volcanic rocks which were strewn in the path. At length we had the good fortune to find in the path to Bekkah the tracks of a Transjordanian automobile which apparently had crossed the same route a few days before. The way through the open, into the land of the Druze, was

now in sight. Through Christian villages in the Djebel, my automobile finally rattled into Bekkah.

This territory has been occupied by the Druzes ever since the Christian massacres in the Lebanon in 1860. The all-powerful Atrash family, under the leadership of Tanach the Great, purchased an estate there and gradually ousted and supplanted the original Arab population, until the land came to be known by its new name — the land of the Druze. It is a very small territory, extending some forty or fifty miles from east to west, and some thirty miles from north to south, with a population of hardly sixty thousand, of whom about one tenth are Christian Arabs. The land is barren and desolate. The eye can stretch across dozens of kilometres and see nothing but stone-strewn country, which, in spite of the wheat growing therein, lines the roads with hard basalt walls; here and there a few squalid villages built of stones, left from Græco-Roman days; no springs of water or signs of rivulets; hardly a single bush or tree; only occasionally a little orchard standing as a monument to the indomitable will of French Colonial administration. The villages are tiny and poor in appearance, and there are practically no cities, unless Sueida, with its 4500 inhabitants, is allowed that status. The other towns — Salkad, Arrah, Bekkah, Kenevat — are spots of no particular significance. Every village is laid out like a fortress; steep and narrow streets lead to houses arranged in strange confused lines as a rather primitive protection to the place.

The 'Burg' of the feudal lord and chieftain is situated on the highest peak. No other word occurs to me when I search for a term to describe the impression first made upon me by the tribal castle of the Atrash built in 1860 by Ismail Pasha: powerful outside walls, more than a metre thick; a gate, not too wide, opening into a passage some seven metres long, turning in a sharp right angle. After crossing this queer passage, my automobile stopped in a wide square bordered on three sides by residences of the prince and leader. The fourth side constituted an open reception-hall, in which sat some sixty Druzes, armed to the teeth, awaiting, as his vassals, the orders of the Emir. This somewhat mediæval picture, which reminded me of the romance of the Knight-Errant in Mark Twain, was confirmed by the chief of the Atrash family. My host, who received me like a brother without even asking my name, sat by my side in a kind of meditative gloom. Even in his own house the Emir carried a rifle, sitting in readiness to fight at any moment. From his own lips — from the lips of Sultan Pasha El Atrash — I heard the story of the outbreak of hostilities with the French. It reads like a saga of olden days, of the days of Saladin, in whose ranks the Druzes — once *tursi*, the shield of the Orient — fought against the Crusaders.

'It was in 1921,' said the Sultan. 'A man from the Lebanon — Adham Khayim, a leader of a band who had been persecuted by the French — sought shelter in my house, and was arrested in my absence by Commandant Tranca, the acting governor. I never saw the man again, nor had I ever seen him before, but he was my guest, and it was my duty to protect him. Since the acting governor refused to surrender him I attacked a motor detachment. . . .'

To avenge his unknown guest Sultan Pasha killed a French officer and four soldiers, and was compelled to fly to Transjordania until he was granted an amnesty. And this knight of King Arthur's Court is not a figure in a Mark Twain romance, but commander-

in-chief against the French Syrian army of to-day, head of the 'National Government of Syria.'

II

I shall not go into details in narrating the very interesting story of the antecedents of the revolution. The immediate reasons for proceeding to arms were that Governor Carbillet called upon the Druzes to receive him solemnly whenever he passed by their villages, and that General Sarrail, who gave too much credence to the dispatches of his subordinate officials, refused to receive a deputation of thirty-five sheiks and begs, who came to Beirut to complain of the misconduct of Captain Carbillet, giving as his reason the absence of this officer on leave. Gravely insulted by the behavior of the High Commissioner, the Druzes prepared themselves to prevent Captain Carbillet from reinstating himself in his post as Governor of the Djebel Druz. The French were aware of this movement, and to put it to an end they invited to Damascus five of the chiefs of the family of Atrash, the real rulers of the Djebel Druz, including the head of the family, the Emir Hammad. In Damascus they put them under arrest and deported them to Palmyra and other places of the desert. At the same time they sent troops to Kafr, halfway between the seat of Sultan Pasha, the village Kurieh, and Sueida, the headquarters of the Governor of the Djebel. Sultan Pasha learned about the imprisonment of his relatives and the approach of French troops on the same day. Before taking time to reflect, he gathered a handful of his cavalrymen (the Druzes told me there were only some eighty of them), attacked the French detachment, and almost annihilated it. On this step followed speedily the occupation of Sueida itself, where he besieged the French garrison in their barracks: the Djebel Druz found itself under arms.

The French did not take their new foe too seriously. A brigade under General Michaud, some thirty-five hundred strong, was dispatched in great haste to Sueida to rescue the besieged garrison. The brigade proceeded, perhaps too hastily, not reckoning with the old Oriental war-usages of the Druzes or with the difficulties of the terrain. The Druzes, who had in all ten thousand men under arms (of whom, however, only two thousand were concentrated along the road from Ezra to Sueida), attacked the train first, and looted the provisions and ammunition. Then they proceeded with the nearly helpless detachment itself, which they suddenly attacked on all sides. General Michaud ordered retreat, which resulted almost catastrophically, owing perhaps to the lack of war experience of the French colored troops. It appears that in this encounter the French had some two thousand casualties; according to English reports there were, after the battle, over a thousand wounded in the hospitals of Damascus.

The brigade of General Michaud was smitten. In Damascus there were only a few French companies and gendarmes. Had the Druzes grasped the significance of the situation and attacked Damascus immediately, an unavoidably dangerous situation would have been created, not only for the French in Syria, but perhaps also for the English in Palestine.

Notwithstanding their incredible courage, however, the Druzes are inefficient soldiers, not so much tactically as strategically. Their war against France was in no way prepared for, and so they could not benefit by their victory. It was a criminal folly of Sultan Pasha, and a treachery to his small,

courageous people, to assume the fight under such circumstances, without any sort of preparation. I realized this first when Sultan Pasha asked me to stay a few days longer in the Djebel Druz to examine the seriously wounded and to attend them. There was not a single physician among the whole people, nor any medical instruments to be had, no bandages, not even any medical material to treat a first-aid case. The army was no better equipped in any other direction. They had, for instance, neither hand-grenades nor guns; and, having captured a number of machine guns (not only light guns, as the French communiqué stated; I myself saw a 105 mm. operative field-gun not far from Sueida), they did not have a single officer who knew how to use them. They attacked tanks and captured five of them, — the writer saw three burned French tanks on the road between Es Sijn and Mezraa, — but they attacked them without arms. They thrust themselves against the vehicles, caught them with their naked hands, overturned them, and put them to ashes. . . . I was shown one of their leaders who threw away his flint, and, sword in hand, attacked the French infantry at the front of his men.

Thus is war conducted in the Djebel Druz.

III

The landscape was undoubtedly of some help to the Druze warriors. One should not, however, imagine the Djebel Druz only as wild, mountainous land, with impenetrable rocks and ditches. On the contrary, the battlefield of Es Sijn and Mezraa, which witnessed the defeat of Michaud's detachment, is situated a good fifteen miles away from the foot of the real mountain; it is in the very middle of a wide, fairly flat plain which is crossed by a tolerable road from Ezraa to Busr El Hariri to Mezraa to Walgha to Sueida. The danger of war against the Druzes consists neither in the geological formation of the land nor in the lack of passable roads. One may go further and say that not even the frightful drought of the land caused the first French defeats, for the trenches dug by the French, which the writer himself saw, covered the water places of the Druze village, Mezraa, which were already in French hands. The real explanation of the catastrophe is to be seen in the stones. The lava and the enormous basalt blocks which were dragged thousands of years ago to the south and the west formed in the north of the Hauran the formidable and terrific wall of the Leja, which is therefore called Kalaat Allah, or God's Fortress, while in the south a sea of stone has overflowed the fertile, arable soil.

The Bedouins, and afterward the industrious Druzes, slowly cleared away a part of the stones. Here they heaped hills of stones, two, three, and even four metres square, which resembled small fortresses; there they accumulated large blocks along the 'streets,' which can be recognized as streets only because they are bounded on both sides by this stone-wall enclosure.

As I drove down the plain of the old Basan I saw the whole field torn into innumerable rectangulars of varying sizes. Black granite walls stretched parallel and in a vertical direction, every wall for itself. An unimportant obstacle, you may say, which an infantryman could pull down in one jump. But when they are infinitely repeated, and are invariably met at a distance of thirty, forty, or fifty metres, they form in their entirety a military obstacle of no mean value — indeed, a more dangerous one than the best-protected iron-wired enclosure.

In this fight against the European power, the Druzes do not defend anything like definite strategic points of

importance to them. There will not even be a 'decisive direction,' to use the strategic expression, which would indicate the locality in which the French could hope to end the war. The Druze will fight where he can attack the enemy most safely. He will clear villages, sending away his women, his children, and his flocks to the neighborland. He will retreat even to the desert, if need be, and then attack once more the Europeans whom he finds on his way, penetrating from time to time his lost positions. Any troops going to fight the Druzes must therefore be ready to be attacked at any time. Every heap of stones, every wall, every hill, may serve as a battlefield.

Even airplane reconnaissance is almost useless. 'If we want to observe well we must fly three hundred or four hundred metres high,' complained a French airman, whose machine was shot by the Druzes, 'and at this height the fire of the Druzes is very dangerous.' Another feature to which no one gave any credit in the World War: infantry fire might have its effect upon airplanes. And really, not only were one or two French airplanes forced down by rifle fire, but indeed eight or nine machines. Flag operations in this terrain are therefore of limited use. Furthermore, ground reconnaissance is very difficult. In the intolerable heat and drought of the stony land, in a country where there is no shade and no water, the least step aside from the track is of fatal consequence. The French under Michaud refused to admit this. Instead of advancing step by step, they expected to put an end to the whole battle by dealing the Druzes one single blow. The blow was indeed dealt. In the stone field at the plain of Mezraa, where no tank can move and no automobile can go forward, their brigade was smashed to pieces.

Emir Hammad — whom the French exchanged, together with four other prisoners of Damascus, for forty French prisoners who were in the hands of the Druzes — showed me triumphantly the bodies of the fallen Madagascarese enemies and their white officers and N. C. O. 'No nation has succeeded in subjugating us in the last century, as you can see here for yourself. . . .' He — and still more his cousin Sultan Pasha el Atrash — sincerely believed that the French would never overthrow the Druzes completely. When I told him that the French demand for a contribution of £5000 was rather modest, and very acceptable, he retorted: 'But we are the victors. It is true that five thousand gold pounds is a ludicrously small amount; but it is not money — it is our honor which is at stake. If anyone has the right to claim a contribution, it is we, not the French! We ask nothing from them, but we shall not pay them anything in any case. Neither money nor weapons shall we give them. We have paid them with our blood. . . .'

While Sultan Pasha was speaking thus, with an air of extraordinary self-possession, while he was indulging in his exaggerated dreams of redeeming the whole of Syria, General Sarrail was busy gathering his reënforcements in Europe, clearing from the Hauran, and concentrating his forces in Damascus to prevent any rebellion in the Syrian capital. The Druzes were very much behind in a military appreciation of the situation. They did not believe that the French Parliament would agree to send European regiments to Syria, and they hoped to gather new allies among the Syrian and Transjordanian tribes, and above all in Damascus itself. And therefore they lost the decisive four weeks between the battle of Mezraa and the attack on Damascus on August 25.

Nor was their political immaturity, amounting to a childish naïveté, any less detrimental to their fate than their utter military incapacity. (Once more, incapacity only from a strategical point of view!) I do not know whether Sultan Pasha himself believed in all that his adherents represented him as believing, but it seems to me quite probable that, at least as an encouragement to his own followers, the rumor was spread by himself that the English — who since 1860 maintained a traditional friendship with the Druzes — would intervene in favor of the rebels. Sultan Pasha himself, however, spoke to me not a word of any help from England, but the simple Druzes did not fail to communicate to me secretly that Sultan Pasha felt sure of England's help if needed.

Now every student of Eastern affairs knows perfectly well that, at least since the Conference of Lausanne, England and France have only one common interest in Syria — that is, to see the anti-European movement in the Near East suppressed as completely as possible. The fact that some of the French press believed in this nonsense is only a black spot on the French press of the Right; it is no justification for the Druzes, whose business it was to understand Near Eastern questions better than the *Écho de Paris*. Unfortunately, Sultan Pasha did not understand them at all.

He explained to me his demands: 'We cannot accept the French conditions even if they grant us autonomy. We cannot accept them, not only because we do not want to pay any contribution, not only because we do not want to surrender any of the weapons we captured, but above all because we have no confidence in France. What it promises to-day it may deny to-morrow. Hence we do not accept its offers of a Druze governor, of amnesty, and so forth. We shall be safe only when France gives Syria back her liberty. Therefore we fight, not for ourselves, but for Syria at large, and our rebellion is not a local rebellion but the beginning of the general revolution in Syria. And our conditions are — independence for Syria.'

'What do you understand by Syria, and what do you understand by independence, Pasha?' I asked.

He consulted one of the revolutionary deputies who had come from Damascus to Mejdel, the headquarters of Sultan Pasha, to prevent him from accepting the French peace conditions. After this consultation the Pasha repeated almost literally the same opinions and sentences I had learned a few hours before from the Syrian delegates in his camp. 'We ask freedom for the whole French mandatory area excepting the Lebanon. We ask for a government of our own, with a king or president as head of the State. We ask for a parliament elected by free and voluntary ballot, controlling its government. We ask for an army of our own, with supreme command of our own. If it is absolutely necessary, — I generally dislike foreigners, — but if it is absolutely necessary the French should have as many economic privileges as they want. They should be advisers of the various departments — but nothing more. In brief, they may play the same rôle that the English play in the Irak.'

I asked him whether he believed the French would accept such conditions. The Pasha curtly answered: 'They will have to. They have not enough troops in the country to wage war. At their first attack upon us, a general revolution will break out all over the country. They cannot bring reënforcements from Europe — they already have enough trouble in Morocco, and here in Syria there are not more than six thousand or seven thousand men.'

IV

The unfortunate chieftain of the rebels was fooled by the delegates of the people's party of Damascus. He counted on the help of the Damascenes, and the Nationalists themselves were earnestly believing they would be able to come to his help and even to his rescue, and that they would beat the French at the very doors of Damascus. I did not believe in these exaggerated hopes and I was most unequivocal in the expression of my doubts. Since the fatal overthrow of Emir Feisal in 1920, in Damascus, I formed my opinion of the Damascenes — a people who, however ready to prepare a *Putsch* at any time, are utterly incapable of fighting seriously. And these great warriors, the Druzes, were mistaken in sacrificing themselves for town-people who, generally speaking, did not merit the sacrifice.

But even the Druzes will suffer their fate not quite undeservedly. It is true, they are most chivalrous, like knights in the service of Sultan Saladin. If, for instance, two heroic Druze gangmen meet a horseman in their way, one will tell the other: 'Ride forth! I will attack the man — you can continue your way.' It would be scandalous for them both to raid one single adversary. The captured French pilots whom I met at the castle of the Atrashes in Aereh — they were privates, not officers! — were eating from the same plate as the Emir Hammad, together with me, the honored guest, and together with the respected French emissary to negotiate peace. And other captured French soldiers who could not be led under custody were sent home with: 'Give our regards to General Sarrail.'

The Druzes are warriors, but nothing else. Their rebellion against France was more or less the rebellion of the sixteenth century against the twentieth. They are a small people, small and poor. Their feudal lords master them to-day even as they did nine centuries ago. Their history is only a history of quarrels between their noble families, under the secret influence of their religious leaders. I, for one, have the impression that the appointment of Christians to posts of teachers in the new public schools was one of the contributory causes to the rebellion, but I may be mistaken. They are, however, a lively and chivalrous and most hospitable people, for whom death spells no fear; for whom the words 'honor' and 'freedom,' which have lost their meaning elsewhere in the world, have still kept their significance.

It is a thousand pities that this nation has no leaders, at this critical moment, who could understand that 55,000 people could not go to war against Europe's great military power. It is a pity that the same leaders who a few months ago led the people into an unexpected victory have led it now into a most humiliating defeat. Sultan Pasha, however, understands only how to win a victory, not how to make the best use of it. He exploited his victory neither in the military sense — else he would have attacked Damascus — nor in the political sense — else he would have paid the five thousand pounds contribution, would have returned the arms, and would have concluded peace as a victor.

When I said good-bye to the Pasha and to Emir Hammad, I gazed at the dim and sad-looking Sultan, with his thick, black moustache, and at the fair, young, almost childlike Emir, with his little brown moustache over his sharp lips. They looked serious, but not at all weary and not at all peaceful. I came to like these brave men in the few days I spent with them. I know that I shall probably never see them again, for over them hangs France's sword.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OLDENBURY HOLLOW

It was in a little bookshop on a tenement street in the West End of Boston that I found it, a little shop kept by a scholarly Jew, shelves full of high-explosive intellectual contraband — *Portraits and Protests*, by Sarah N. Cleghorn. And the first verses the book opened to were 'The Oldenburys.'

Fifteen years ago Miles Bradford and I, just out of college and poorer than the proverbial barnyard fowl of Job, were dwelling in an East Boston garret. The nearest restaurant was three miles away. Each evening we climbed a high hill with a superb view of the city and harbor, and, perched on its scarp, — near a nunnery surmounted by a statue of the Virgin Mary with its halo attached to a lightning rod which ran down her back, — ate half a loaf of stale bread and three bananas apiece. That was dinner. And here it was that Miles produced a copy of the *Atlantic* containing, in its Contributors' Club, two lyrics, 'The Oldenburys,' and 'The Sigourney Circle,' saying, 'Here is something good.'

And good they were: —

> Turn again into the wooded Hollow
> By the fabled Tory-hunter's well,
> Where the strange and bookish Oldenburys
> On their wasted patrimony dwell.

or: —

> There is a Parlour on the western pike,
> Below the seven waterbars:
> A dim, cool chamber looking on the woods,
> And ceiled with mimic moon and stars.

Who before had ever caught so hauntingly and so simply the mood of summer afternoons in old New England houses? We promptly learned both lyrics. And the next year, when I was so rash as to take Miles to my little home town, I incurred years of chaffing to the tune of: —

> But the clocks are slow in Oldenbury Hollow,
> Where they chime with the voices of the past.

We fell to watching for Sarah Cleghorn's name on the magazine indexes. Always some pensive or touching sketch 'Of Country Places and the Simple Heart.' Then she disappeared. The earth swallowed her. What had become of the sweet songstress of Vermont villages? At last, where on earth should she turn up, where but in the pages of *The Masses* — before the war, under the editorship of Mr. Max Eastman. And bless us, what a transformation! What had become of sunbonnets and old-fashioned garden flowers? What Saint Joan's voice was this, ringing with wrath and pity in that burning lyric, 'Comrade Jesus,' beginning: —

> Thanks to Saint Matthew, who had been
> At mass-meetings in Palestine,
> We know whose side was spoken for
> When Comrade Jesus had the floor,

and on through a poem that is all one thrill of love and pain.

Soon after came her novel, *The Spinster*, and the story was clear: one more chapter of that agony which comes over the finer spirits of the middle class at the sight and sense of the injustice of their kith and kin to the class just beneath. But why had one heard nothing of this little volume of verse? A glance at the title-page date explained — 1917. How could these shy strophes of the hermit thrush be

heard above the cannonades of that evil year? And yet, here in these pages is the now famous four-line lyric: —

> The golf links lie so near the mill
> That almost every day
> The laboring children can look out
> And see the men at play.

That innocent little quatrain gave child labor a black eye that no amount of cosmetics has ever been able to efface. In another lyric she reproaches herself with cowardice. And yet I seem to remember calling on her with Miles Bradford in the summer of 1917 — utter strangers both, but in sheer need of talking with someone who spoke another language besides that of hatred and death — and finding her wearing publicly a small red badge on which was inscribed this legend: 'Love your enemies.' That was a time when a San Francisco woman found herself in trouble with the police for putting in her window a placard plagiarizing Moses to the extent of 'Thou shalt not kill.'

On that same journey, while the Jouncing Jess, as Miles's motor truck was affectionately known, jingled past a weather-rusted farmhouse under the lee of Windward Mountain not half a mile from Miss Cleghorn's dwelling, Miles, noting a farmer in shirt sleeves reading a book on the front verandah, murmured: —

> Where the strange and bookish Oldenburys
> On their wasted patrimony dwell.

Just to rig him, I told Miss Cleghorn of the remark. 'Oh,' said she, 'that *was* the Oldenburys. They are my cousins.'

So the little book came out in 1917 and was lost in the symphony of discords and the Christmas oratorios of hate. Is it too late to review? Very well; then let me tell a few friends what a choice keepsake of homely truth and beauty is laid away in the sweet lavender of these unpretentious verses. No highfaluting, no pose, no rhetoric; but something lacking which so much contemporary verse limps — skill of versification, haunting phrase, and, above all, genuine and passionate thought and a heart burning with love of her fellow creatures. For all this, I wonder if it is not worth while to direct the wayfarer to

> Turn again into the wooded Hollow. . . .

PRIMITIVE WINTER

We had been having perfect winter weather. The snow lay deep in the valley, clean and white. The lake was covered with ice, transparent green and blue except where a wind-blown mass of flakes reflected a thousand diamonds. The trees bent under their crystal burdens, which only served to emphasize the pure, rich green of their needles. In the sheltered glades the bright red of the kinnikinic berries added a dash of color, and the waxy green of the Oregon grape made one wonder if winter really were here. The stars shone in a never-ending cold brilliancy all their own, and the aurora borealis played through the long nights.

For weeks it had been one glorious holiday season. Long sleigh-rides, tucked in warm hay under heavy skins; moonlight parties, where the skates rang loud and clear and mingled their song with the laughter of the light-hearted participators, or the long toboggans flew over the icy surface, perhaps to dump their occupants in a waist-deep drift, perhaps to go skimming far out on the shining lake; skiing, with flying coats and mufflers, down the long, smooth slopes or over the breath-taking jump-offs; snowballing amid merry shouts, even though the weapons did sometimes hit hard, or again sent a shower of frozen particles down one's neck; snowshoeing back in the woods, where the deer leaped from cover and were gone, where

the space under the bushes was covered with tiny tracks of little wild things, where the snowshoe rabbit was only a bit of earth bounding away and leaving an endless path, to follow which brought many exciting discoveries but never the thing you sought — for these things we were all gloriously young and filled with unlimited energy.

But it ended, as all things end. The moon shone all one bright day with a ring around it. 'Blizzard coming,' the old-timers said, and we were all glad of the big woodpiles near at hand and the well-filled cellars.

The blizzard came. The morning was still, clear, freezing. The thermometer started dropping at ten. At two the signal whistles on the mill began blowing, and in school we children could not see to read. At two-thirty it was forty below, and the snow and ice were coming from the north in a solid sheet, tearing down the valley. The janitor fired the furnaces as much as he dared, and we all huddled in a room on the most sheltered side of the building, waiting for the men to come after us. The school was in the direct path of the storm.

At three-thirty they came, ten men who had risked all in that journey of an hour and a half to reach their children. An hour and a half — and town less than a mile away! We waited for the storm to slacken and the men to thaw ears, noses, and fingers. At four-thirty there was a lull, and we hastily bundled up and started for home.

There were only two men and four children in the group that went to Sunshine Hollow. Our way lay through the lumberyards. It was a few hundred yards to the piles, but the rest of the distance was fairly well protected. By the time we had covered the open space it was storming hard again, with a shifting, whirling wind. We could see only a few feet before us, and our track was soon obliterated. The men took turns breaking a path. It was a killing job. Some places the snow was packed hard, but not hard enough to bear our weight. Again the underneath crust held the trail-maker and broke under those who followed. On the sheltered side of many of the piles it was sifted so fine that a trail would not hold, and here it was necessary to carry a child and wallow through. Some of the lumber was completely covered, and the surface blown smooth. Here we attempted to cross on the boards. Once the leader stepped off the edge into eight or ten feet of snow, but luckily we were tied together and he was drawn back to safety.

It was soon pitch-dark and every inch of the way had to be felt, but since it had quit snowing and was not so cold, the handicap was balanced. The last quarter of the way, the men carried us inside their mackinaws while breaking trail. Sometimes the man who followed carried two. We must make time, for time was life. The man who had fallen into the drift continually stumbled. Twice he dropped his burden. At last he fell full length, apparently spent. The other man went ahead a few paces. He stumbled and fell uphill. It was the road! Across the little ridge was home! That imparted new energy, and we were soon over the crest, with the welcoming lights shining from every window in the Hollow, for all were keeping watch with the anxious mothers.

How long that trip had taken us, we children were never told. The man who had fallen was carried home, and spent a delirious week going over and over the terrible journey. When he recovered, his hair was white, and he had lost two toes and a finger. The rest of us were more fortunate. Careful thawing meant much pain at the time, but no succeeding damage.

The other parties did not fare so well. The group that went to town lost one child. They searched for her all night and found her at daybreak within a few feet of home. Her father died of gangrene as a result of that night's experience, and her mother went insane, listening always for the call that she had failed to hear in the storm.

The others suffered even more. In going a quarter of a mile into the face of the gale, two sank by the wayside and never regained consciousness; a third died of resulting pneumonia; and one bright six-year-old could not stand the strain, and remains mentally six.

Why did we not remain at the schoolhouse? Because the men knew the boilers could not stand the pressure. They burst soon after we left. Had we remained, it would have meant freezing and starvation in the long week that followed, for the thermometer failed to register warmer than thirty below zero, and the wind and snow ruled every day.

Such is winter in that primitive land. A time of beauty and joy; a time of suffering and sorrow.

GRANDFATHER FRENCH'S NIGHTSHIRT

I HAVE just committed an irreverence. I have run Grandfather French's nightshirt through the electric mangle. I had no business to do it. Not even the electric hand-iron should have been thumped upon it. I should have climbed to the pantry's highest shelf, fetched down the big ancestral 'flats,' stirred up the coal fire to heat them, and pressed Grandfather French's nightshirt with them, testing them with delicate sizzling forefinger, polishing them on a beeswaxy brown paper, smoothing every gusset and needle-stroked gather to perfection.

But the thing is done. Grandfather French's nightshirt, grossly wrinkled by my hasty mangling, hangs airing on the rack, alongside X's sleazy machine-stitched blue pajamas, and much yet more ephemeral feminine gear.

Do not think that Grandfather French's personal lingerie is part of my weekly care. If, after fifty years in the many mansions, he still needs such garments (but is it not said, 'There shall be no night there'?) I am sure that old Susan and Charlie, black and faithful retainers, will have long since undertaken their accustomed laundering and valeting. This, which I have just dealt with so crudely, is one of the chance survivals of matter over spirit that make a New England garret the strolling-ground for healthy ghosts. It emerged as by fate from an old tin trunk exactly when I was in bitter need of a smock-apron to cover me over while I picked currants and made jelly. I slipped it on without a qualm, spattered it well with clear pink juice, and washed and ironed it before a realization of my irreverence laid hold of me.

It is a simple vasty garment, made of fine white cotton, with a double yoke, a full body, sleeves close-gathered into tight buttoned cuffs, and a standing collar, also buttoning well up at the throat. I can but wonder at such insistence upon decorous neck and wrists in a robe that treats the nether limbs so sketchily. Grandfather French is reputed to have stood six feet three in his stockings: his nocturnal smock barely reaches the knees of me, who am but five feet eight. A brief problem in mental arithmetic leaves me with seven inches unaccounted for.

But it is unseemly to question such brevity. A nightshirt made every stitch by hand, with tiny rolled hems, corners mitred as by a cabinetmaker, buttonholes firm as New England backbones, may surely be of whatever length it pleases without offense. No one now

would set such stitches but a mother working her dreams into her first baby's soft white ruffles; and few modern mothers could if they would.

This homely garment could have been no special labor of love. It is all the more a symbol and a sign, left behind by Grandfather French when he mounted the chariot and rode away to glory. I can fondly imagine that it reveals him, as I know him to have been: a holy man, yet a shrewd one, with the clear gray-blue eyes, thin nose, and sensitive lips of his tribe; a courtly yet powerful man in his own sphere; a scholar and dreamer, and an executive; a typical New England nineteenth-century product.

How dared I treat his nightshirt with no more respect than my husband's khaki camping-clothes?

Yet use is respect. Grandfather French would not have found me a light woman when I stripped the currant bushes of their blazing ruby globes and strained the rich juice, dripping with the fragrant blood of summer. He would have smiled upon his nightshirt in the rôle of a decent calico apron. He believed that bread-making and jelly-brewing were proper work for women. 'Put 'em to the tubs; put 'em to the tubs,' he would have prescribed for the restless nervous women whose hands leave too much time for their heads. He would have rebuked me for sitting here scribbling rather than for wearing his nightshirt among the currants.

But his potential rebukes cannot scare me much. For he should know, as I know, that with all my rudeness to his *manes* I do respect them deeply. My respect even leads to wonder whether the manes of the present generation can ever hover with such powerfully brooding wings over the generation after next. How can we expect our lavender soisette and peach-tinged crêpe de Chine to survive fifty years, instinct with such vitality that grandchildren will reconstruct us, even to our morals and spirituals, from them, like a megalosaur built from a single toe-bone? It is a unique spirit that can nullify the comic quality inherent in a nightshirt and make it significant as a toga.

Undoubtedly, as a generation we have our strong treasures. But as individuals? I am not too sure. I remember a recent June, when the first president of a great woman's college walked down the long aisles of waiting alumnæ, giving them his old-time benediction — the courtly bow, the radiant yet austere smile. No one was ashamed of the lump in her throat or the cloud in her eyes. They were instinctive tributes, not only to the choking rush of each one's private memories, but to the rare spiritual strength of a whole half-century, permitted here one of its final and most complete personifications. Has any man now in his thirties or forties or fifties the germ of that strange special magic?

Grandfather French's nightshirt does not call for too tender consideration. My coarse dealings have not robbed it of one shred or thread of semicomic dignity. Underneath the currant-stains, the careless wrinkles, it must know that I am saying: —

'Thank you for your nightshirt, Grandfather French! I have left your portrait in the attic; your sermons are crumbled or burned. But I have n't forgotten you, Grandfather French. Little bits of big past things: the Unitarian Controversy, Emerson, Channing, Sumner, Abolition, Lincoln, the bitter days of war, shrewd dreams and holy dreams, narrowness and vision — they are all stitched into your nightshirt; and stitched, tight and small and far below the surface, into the very drops of my blood. Thank you, Grandfather French!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'OVER an armed camp, in a hard old Roman world,' writes the Reverend **Joseph Fort Newton,** 'the song of the angels rang out, proclaiming "Peace on earth among men of good will." How far off it must have seemed on that night! How far off it seems to-day!' That such 'farness' is not infinite, that the 'peace on earth' of which Christmas is the perfect symbol shall indeed come again, is the bourne of Mr. Newton's heartening prophecy. Recently, at the invitation of Bishop Garland, Mr. Newton has entered the Protestant Episcopal Church to become rector of the Memorial Church of Saint Paul at Overbrook. ¶The moral of **James Norman Hall's** delightful experience is that, if you cast your bread upon the waters, it may be returned to you as filet of sole on toast. ¶In his story, **H. G. Dwight,** who returns to the *Atlantic* after a lamented absence, takes sly, shy pleasure in describing some little-understood exhibits in an American Art Museum. ¶As an introduction to his manuscript, **Paul Ernest Anderson** sent us the following letter: —

I am twenty-seven years of age, and an American of many generations. . . . Born in the eastern part of the United States, I passed my boyhood in Germany and the Far West. I resided successively in Illinois, Utah, and California. It was in Los Angeles that I first became aware of the wandering hordes of migratory workers, bums, tramps, and stiffs. I did not, however, at that time know that there were various groups of wanderers, each one differing from the other in many important characteristics.

Some few years ago I made the harvest; but it was not until the fall of last year, when, as I have outlined, I took a hike through the back country of the plains, that I commenced to gain the information set down in this paper.

I had not gone to the West to learn about tramps. In fact I had gone there merely for the fun of hiking and of observing the people and their manners.

I wrote the main facts of the paper last year, very late in the season. I felt that it must have some value either as news or as information to social workers in general. In conclusion, I took pains to verify all the facts by diligent questioning of various tramps. Their accounts in the main agreed with what I wrote in this paper. I would unhesitatingly back up every statement.

* * *

The barb of **Emily Stone Whiteley's** little skit will tickle or annoy, according to the disposition of the reader. ¶The first publication of some Leaves from **Jane Steger's** Journal in the *Atlantic* for January, 1925, stirred our audience to a response rare in our experience. It is a privilege to record these later pages from the innermost life of a woman whose religion is her sole and strong support. ¶Winner of the Newdigate Prize for Poetry while at Oxford, **Franklin McDuffee** is now an instructor in English at Dartmouth College. ¶From her vivid memory, **A Woman Physician** recalls those enduring events which destroyed her faith and created it again. ¶Commenting upon his strange story, **Milutin Krunich** remarks: —

Last September there was an oil-tank fire here (California), wiping out, in three days, the whole farm, and giving the inhabitants of Monterey, New Monterey, and Pacific Grove the scare of their lives. The fire was due to human stupidity and carelessness in not protecting such valuable property from lightning. And this stupidity I had in mind when I began the story. But after writing four or five pages the present theme came forcibly to my mind. Without any trouble, with astonishing ease, I wrote it. All the people in it are imaginary.

Mr. Krunich will be remembered for his narrative, 'We, the Cavemen,' which appeared in the November *Atlantic.*

* * *

The Reverend **Vivian T. Pomeroy,** of the First Parish, Milton, presents a parallel, as genuine as it is pretty, which leaves the honors about even between the past and the present generation. ¶In Canton, **Nora Waln** finds the materials and mood for the creation of her Chinese tapestries. ¶A resident of Lynn, essayist and poet betimes,

Theodore Morrison may be found from nine to five at the *Atlantic* office. ¶For the past thirty years, **William Dana Orcutt** has been the moving spirit of the University Press of Cambridge and the Plimpton Press of Norwood. Designer of the famous 'humanistic' type, Mr. Orcutt in 1924 was decorated by the Italian Government with the Cross of the Crown of Italy 'for distinguished services in interpreting Italy to America in the sister arts of literature and typography.' Incidentally, Mr. Orcutt is the author of fifteen novels. ¶With Wilbur Wright and certain farsighted airmen, **Sir W. Beach Thomas** has learned much in studying the flight of birds. ¶The essay which has been found among the papers of the late **Francis B. Gummere,** professor of English at Haverford College, is as timely to-day as when written in 1918. Professor Gummere's occasional word of pleasantness and wisdom has been missed in our columns.

* * *

For fifteen years **James Murphy** has been actively engaged in the study of Italian questions. During the war he was appointed by the Italian Government to direct its press propaganda in London, but upon the advent of the Fascists to power he returned to Italy as a correspondent for the British press. He contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Edinburgh Review*, and to the London *Daily News*. Because of certain criticism, especially in regard to finances, contained in his articles, his position was rendered so unpleasant as practically to compel him to leave the country. Although some of his opinions arise naturally out of his personal experience, they in general possess a wide implication, involving several perplexing episodes whose cause and relation have hitherto defied explanation. ¶A tax expert, **Raymond Edwards Huntington** gives us a personal and provident solution of his grievous problem of 'Death and Taxes' in the September *Atlantic*. Mr. Huntington wishes to thank Prentice-Hall, Inc., for the use of certain information contained in his article. **Arthur E. Suffern** sends us his sobering review of the coal situation from the Washington Institute of Economics, which numbers among its officers Robert S. Brookings, Arthur T. Hadley, and David F. Houston. In 1914, Mr. Suffern was made Special Investigator of the Coal Industry by the United States Commission on Industrial Relations. **Wolfgang von Weisl** is a former Austrian cavalry officer, who since the war has been the correspondent for the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* in Palestine, Syria, and Arabia, where his services have won the commendation of many Eastern experts.

* * *

In order not to complicate further an extremely circumstantial account, the editors deemed it necessary to withhold all personal references in Mr. Hoagland's essay, 'Science and the Medium,' wherever possible. For those readers who are interested in the minutiæ of the case, we should like to add that Mr. Grant H. Code, who contributed much to the solution of the Margery case, is now an instructor in English at the University of Delaware. At the time of the investigation, Mr. Code was an assistant in the English Department of Harvard, and together with his colleague, Mr. S. Foster Damon, and Mr. Hoagland was instrumental in organizing the Harvard sittings.

* * *

We believe that the *Atlantic Monthly* was the first publication to take serious cognizance of the inequities of Quarantine 37, which threatens to play havoc with the garden-lovers of this country. We note with satisfaction that, pursuant to the discussion roused, the case has been reopened by the Department of Agriculture. The official version issued by the Department follows.

When Secretary Jardine took office in March, these restrictions came to his attention, together with arguments that conditions might have changed since the plan was originally decided upon. He thereupon determined on a detailed review of the situation, including not only a much more thorough examination of bulb imports than had previously been possible, but also a survey of the extent to which pests carried by the bulbs might already have a foothold in the United States. The information being assembled by experts, from imports still coming in and from field surveys, will be available to a sufficient extent to permit within a few weeks a decision based exclusively on actual facts as they exist to-day.

Discussion, it seems, does have its advantages.

It is a privilege to give the testimony of another observer who, like Sir Martin Conway, has endeavored to look Russia squarely and impartially in the face.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On my way to Russia in the summer of 1924, I heard of Sir Martin Conway's visit to that country to examine the condition of art treasures under the Soviet Government, and I found in England that he had given an account of his study, the more valuable because literal and not prejudiced by judgments on general economic or political conditions in that extraordinary country. His article in the September *Atlantic* corroborates our deductions in other fields of inquiry — those of public health and child welfare. Indeed, some of our experiences were identical.

Upon the invitation of Dr. Samashko, Commissar of Health of all the Russias, I went to Russia with Professor Lillian Hudson of the Department of Nursing and Health at Teachers College, and Elizabeth Farrell of the Department of Education of New York City. We were most fortunate in securing in New York the services, as interpreter, of a Barnard College graduate who spoke Russian fluently.

Dr. Alice Hamilton, Professor of Industrial Medicine at the Harvard Medical School, was invited to visit Russia with us, but, because of a meeting of the League of Nations, was forced to make her trip some months later. Dr. Hamilton summarizes her investigations in the *Journal of Industrial Hygiene* for February, 1925, by saying that Russia has much industrial hygiene and little production, while the United States has much production and little industrial hygiene.

The Russian Government extended the invitation to us that contacts might be made in order to bring about an intelligent understanding of the theory and practice of their institutions for children. They desired to obtain the benefit of our observations, and to discuss freely public health, nursing-problems, and the diversified means of protection implied in the term 'child welfare.' Wherever we went we found courtesy and a willingness to have us see and examine their methods, and our frank criticism was genuinely solicited.

The Russian practice lagged far behind the theory of social work, but we found cleanliness in the places we visited — in the institutions, in the hotels, in the railway sleeping-cars, and on the Volga boats. Before we left London, Mrs. Philip Snowden, who had been in Russia at an earlier period, assured us that a ton of Keating's Powder (insecticide) would be insufficient, but we had no occasion to open a single package of the many so tenderly bestowed upon us for our protection. Since our travels took us mainly to the cities, we had no opportunity to test the hygiene in the peasants' homes. On our journeyings we found the trains not only clean but on time as well — further evidence that Russia was in such realistic matters well organized according to modern standards.

Objects of art, music, and the ballet seemed to us to be almost venerated, though we saw statues that had been thrown from buildings and pedestals, reminiscent of the deeds of historic French and other revolutionary mobs. We saw one picture at the Winter Palace in Leningrad that had been slashed by an angry mob in the first hot 'Red' days, but the curator, obviously distressed by the mutilation, assured us that the offender had been punished for what was considered a serious offense, and the picture still hung in its accustomed place as the 'horrible example.' The personal possessions of the unfortunate Tsar and Tsarina were in order and carefully protected from vandals.

Sincerely yours,

LILLIAN D. WALD

* * *

Interesting in itself and in its bearing on Mr. Huntington's paper in this number is this dignified and indignant protest against the tax policy of these United States.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Raymond Edwards Huntington in the September *Atlantic*, writing on the theme of 'Death and Taxes,' mentions, among what he calls the 'sore spots' of the inheritance-tax situation, the taxation of life insurance.

The mulcting of the estates and beneficiaries of the provident and thrifty through inheritance taxes levied both by the Federal Government and by the States is only part of the iniquitous treatment that the insured public receives at the hands of the taxing authorities. Administrators of estates in which life insurance usually makes up the greater part of the property value find out to their indignation what the inheritance tax means. That is a direct tax which the deceased person probably never thought about. But there are indirect taxes which the insured constantly pay, amounting to millions and millions of dollars yearly, in the mutual life companies of the country. For example, the Federal Government takes 12½ per cent of the interest income of such companies, less the interest required to maintain their legal reserve and other minor deductions. This in effect neutralizes the theory of tax-free bonds because the Government indirectly collects a tax on the interest of these bonds which are the property of the membership of the company.

In addition to what the Federal Government does, every State in the Union except Nevada imposes a tax on the company's income within the State. This is done without any uniformity whatever. Of course this in effect violates the principle of mutuality. The State that grabs the most gets the most. If a company should undertake to equalize this in the dividends paid to the policyholders in such a State, the probabilities are that the State levying a three-per-cent tax on the premiums collected in that State would cancel the company's license to do business.

Last year the company with which I happen to be connected paid to the Federal Government and the various State Governments nearly four million dollars in taxes and license fees.

All this, of course, takes no account of what estates pay under inheritance taxes.

The Dominion of Canada in this, as in some other things, sets an example that we might well emulate. The life-insurance corporations are perfectly willing to pay whatever taxes may be necessary so that their supervision shall be no charge upon the general public. The Dominion of Canada requires life-insurance companies to pay in taxes an amount equal to the cost of maintaining its insurance supervision. In 1923 my company paid about .06 per cent of our premium income to the Dominion Government of Canada. In the United States this tax varies from one to three per cent.

The legislatures of various States, casting about for sources of revenue, find the insured an easy prey. As the United States Bar Association said on one occasion, 'Premiums paid on life insurance constitute money in sight,' and the average legislator cannot resist the temptation to take it. The insured is defenseless — in fact, generally speaking, he does n't even know that he is being taxed!

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY
President, New York Life Insurance Co.

* * *

Indians and inefficiency.

HIGHLAND, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Leo Crane's knowing and most readable article on the Hopi Indians in the July *Atlantic* arraigns briefly and incidentally, but effectively, the conduct of one Bureau of Government. My only connection with Government affairs has been with that same Bureau, and my opinion of its efficiency, at any rate during some periods of its operation, coincides perfectly with Mr. Crane's.

President Roosevelt appointed me a Special Allotting Agent, in the Indian Service, and I was ordered by wire from Washington, on a twenty-third of November, to proceed at once to Pala to allot that reservation. When my instructions arrived they directed me to divide the reservation, containing about 3600 acres, into as many parcels of land as there were individuals, men, women, and children, among the Indians interested, and to give one of the pieces of land to each Indian. Such a simple plan — and one that would have worked admirably, for instance, on the plains of South Dakota. But Pala lies in a narrow valley of the San Luis Rey River and is surrounded by high mountains, along whose skirts the land extends. So one Indian would receive a level and very fertile farm in the river bottom, while another would be obliged to make his home on a rocky hillside with no water, either for irrigating, which is necessary here, or even for house use. Such a condition had actually prevailed once there, and one would think that fact might have prevented the Commissioner of Indian Affairs from doing such a thing again.

Some years before there had been three families of the original Pala Indians squatting in the valley, and Mr. Albert K. Smiley, who for many years entertained the annual Indian Conference at Lake Mohonk, and was for long on the Board of Indian Commissioners, was asked to select allotments for them.

Mr. Smiley placed the Indians on three very fine contiguous forty-acre tracts lying in a line from east to west in the river bottom. But at the General Land Office in Washington it was found that the westernmost forty had been filed on by a white man, so the armchair experts shifted that Indian family to the next forty west, lying in the same line. That forty, however, was on a mountain so precipitous and so rocky that the engineer who was sent to establish the corners could not get up it with his instruments. There was just room on the allotment at the base of the mountain for a cabin, and that is where the Indian family lived, for the imbecile injustice was never remedied.

Naturally I protested against following such instructions and gave reasons, but without changing the official attitude. I continued to protest, submitting a plan which I considered feasible. After some weeks a clerk in the Indian Office who sympathized with my efforts told me privately that there was a difference of opinion in the Office which amounted to a controversy. But seemingly it did not occur to anyone to send a competent man to look the ground over and advise with me.

When I had been held on the ground without doing any work exactly six months I was ordered by wire to Washington. Even then the Commissioner's chief concern seemed to be to build a thoroughly modern and commodious *jail* on the Pala reservation. Those Indians were the ones who had been evicted from their long-time home

at Aguascalientes and forcibly transported to the new location; they were supposed to be in a very bad humor, and consequently must need a jail.

I explained to the Commissioner that Pala already possessed a very strong concrete jail of one room, and that it was almost never occupied, only very rarely to serve as a one-night bedroom for a drunken Indian. But it would not do — Pala, for several reasons, was to be made a show place. The old jail must be moved off and a new one built. I explained again that I believed that could not be done, as the concrete walls were very thick and I was pretty sure were anchored to rock.

'Very well, then,' said the Commissioner, 'the building must be dynamited and cleared off. We have plenty of money in the building-fund.'

That Commissioner, fortunately, was not in office long enough to build a new jail, and he has since died.

Thus endeth the first chapter, and it might be followed by many more.

Yours very truly,

L. Worthington Green

* * *

A gentleman from Missouri answers Colin Dale's conundrum.

Dear Atlantic, —

The last contribution to the Contributors' Column of the October *Atlantic* contains a question concerning poetry, and you decline to answer the conundrum, but pass the buck to your readers.

My answer is that some poets do 'intentionally pile colorful words upon colorful words, the whole fabric interwoven with no meaning.'

I have aroused the ire of hero-worshipers who see something soulful and beautiful in lines that my limited mind fails to discover. My own family have scorned me for making light of beautiful lines; and to clinch the matter, and to impress upon me the gross ignorance that attaches to me, they have said, 'Would these verses be printed in the *Atlantic* if there was not a beautiful underlying thought which you are too ignorant to discover?' Would they indeed? That was a poser.

Stung by the sarcasm of my friends, my otherwise loyal wife, my family, I decided to write verse. On the impulse of the moment I sat down to my trusty typewriter and dashed off a lyric. I can assure you that the words had no meaning, — to me, anyway, — and I committed forgery and signed the name of one of the writers that I had most severely criticized. I took it home, submitted it to my wife and to others, and said, 'There is a copy of a poem by Miss ——. Read it, and if you can find any sense in it please show it to me.' I was astounded to find that there was a deep, hidden meaning, too much for my feeble intellect to comprehend; and moreover, it was 'one of the best poems that Miss —— had ever written.' My little story is absolutely true. Can you beat it? And is not my answer to the conundrum the correct one?

Guy H. Chase

* * *

What every Noah knows.

Danville, Va.

Dear Atlantic, —

Another rainy day, — the eighth in succession, — and I marooned in a cottage in the mountains of north Georgia!

Though the titles of the volumes in the cottage's one bookcase matched well with the gloom outside, I had braved several of the less forbidding, after exhausting my meagre store of magazines and daily papers. Moved by desperation for 'something to read,' I sent my maid to the house next door, to which, the day before the rain, had come an army officer with his wife and daughter. With a note and my ten or twelve magazines the maid waded over, returning shortly with a stack of twenty pale-yellow magazines of uncertain ages and this delightful note: —

'My dear Miss Brimmer: I am sending you a few of my precious dog-eared *Atlantics* without apology as to their age or condition. If you've read them, you'll not mind reading them again, since they are all dog-eared copies. Nomads such as we can't keep all our magazines, so our little family has the habit of turning down the front cover of the numbers we simply can't discard and these we cart about from post to post. To be dog-eared, a magazine must stand a terrible test. Perhaps it will be interesting to you to guess which article or articles won for these copies this distinction. When the floods have ceased, come over and tell me your guesses.'

I had only a newsstand acquaintance with the *Atlantic*, but, obeying a whim, I counted down the pale-yellow pile and pulled out the seventh copy, which I opened at random to a story called 'When Hannah Var Eight Yar Old.' I read it once, twice, three times. Before the close of that summer I had read all of the twenty copies and had made dozens of notes about them.

I felt like a prospector who had discovered a gold mine. In October of that year (1913) I bought stock in the Atlantic Gold Mine to the extent of one year's subscription. Every succeeding year I have made a like purchase. So pleased am I with the dividends that every year I have induced one or more of my friends to purchase stock — baiting them always with my own dog-eared copies of the *Atlantic*.

Rose L. Brimmer

THE APACHE TRAIL IN SUNSHINE LAND

BY GEORGE LAMBERT LITTLE

LAST Fall on the Sunset Limited from New Orleans to Los Angeles I met the man who introduced me to the Apache Trail trip of Arizona. And I have never ceased to thank him for his kindness.

Stephen Weston knew the land he loved. To him the awesome peaks, deep-cut canyons, strange cactus growths and ancient cliff-dwellings between Globe and Phœnix were old-time friends. Cowboy — prospector — mining engineer — adventurer — he had covered every inch of this sparkling bit of the golden Southwest many times. "Each time," he said, "I find new beauty on the sunshine stretches of the Apache Trail. A man is blind to romance who fails to take this trip on his way to Los Angeles." To both of which sentiments I now heartily subscribe.

It was a day of sapphire skies and golden sunshine when we arrived at Globe. With the rush of crisp, clear desert air in our faces we were whirled away in our comfortable 12-passenger motor car. Over Cemetery Hill and into Apache Land we sped through snake-like canyon walls that shimmered in liquid light with every changing color of the rainbow.

Eyes began to sparkle — blood to tingle. Life was a glorious fact as we soared up, up on wings to the summit, nearly four thousand feet above the sea. There a wonderland lay spread before us. To one side was the Gila Valley, on the other that of the Salt River. From their depths rose needle-like spires that seemed to tremble in the swimming sunshine.

Weaving colorful baskets as only an Indian can

Down further the jagged rocks quivered, now amethyst, now indigo, now emerald green, to blend gradually with the blue-black shadows at their base. "Like a giant goblet filled with shaking lights," said Weston as we gazed and gazed. And then he pointed out Roosevelt Lake in the distance — a little piece of blue sky that had fluttered to earth.

Next we were whisked away to Apache Lodge at Roosevelt Dam, making a rapid but comfortable descent of 2,000 feet in six miles through a succession of whirling rushes down the smooth road. Just before the dam was reached we caught a glimpse of the ancient cliff-dwellings high on the rocky buttress above the Trail.

At Apache Lodge we enjoyed a fine luncheon and strolled around the huge Roosevelt Dam. It can furnish the power plant it operates with 9,380 horse-power and has created an irrigable area of over 230,000 acres below the Salt River.

If the first part of the trip was thrilling, that after we left Apache Lodge was even more so. Down into the wild gorge of Fish Creek Canyon we glided. The "Walls of Bronze" rising 2,000 feet above the rushing stream all but hemmed us in from the sky. Then our car climbed gently up the steep ascent of Fish Creek Hill to the heights that crown the canyon.

Soon we were gazing awestruck into the dizzy depths of Hell's Canyon. "Bad place for a fellow to fall in," chuckled Weston at my elbow. "Expect he'd have a hard time finding his

way out." Then Canyon Diablo, Niggerhead Mountain, Tortilla Rock, Whirlpool Rock and the Little Alps fled by in beautiful, rapid review.

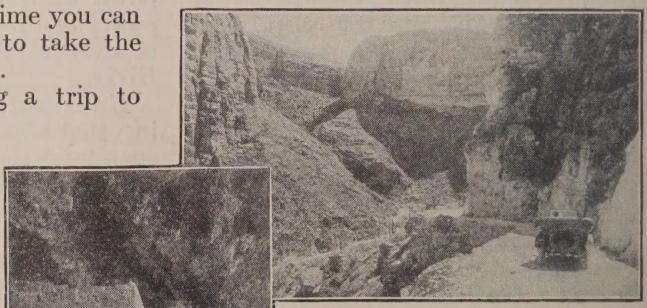
Day was dying gloriously as we emerged from the foothills and swept past weird Superstition Mountain — the last outpost of the range. Like a golden pomegranate the sun s'id silently beneath the blue of the enfolding hills. All about us was a smiling land of fertile fields and glowing gardens. Never could there be a better example of the creative impulse of the irrigation from Roosevelt Dam than the green growing plants of Salt River Valley.

The bronzed farmers of the beautiful little towns of Mesa and Tempe were a happy, healthy lot who shouted hearty greetings to us. Then, too, they were gone, and we were slipping through the park-like streets of Phœnix, where we boarded a comfortable Pullman for Los Angeles.

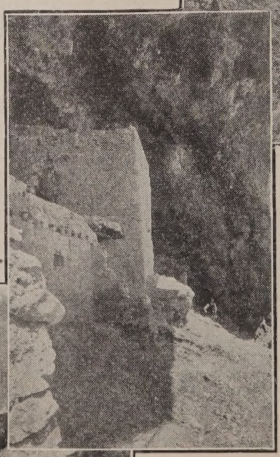
So our happy trip over the Apache Trail ended. The next day Weston and I parted in Los Angeles. But the trip has lived on pleasantly in my mind and a letter just received from Weston has made me determine to put off my desire no longer. I am joining him at New Orleans next month. This time you can be certain that I'm going to take the detour to the cave-dwellings.

If you are contemplating a trip to the Southwest or to the Coast this Winter, by all means take in the Apache Trail. It is easily and comfortably reached by the Sunset Limited of the Southern Pacific on its "Sunshine all the Way" route to California. Commencing November 2, through Pullman cars are operated between New Orleans and Globe on the east and between Los Angeles and Phœnix on the west. Your through ticket in either direction is honored for the side trip with an additional payment of only $10.00. The Sunset Limited carries a club car with barber shop, shower bath and valet service; an observation car with ladies' lounge, shower bath, maid, manicure and hairdressing service; and there are sleeping cars of the latest type, and excellent diners.

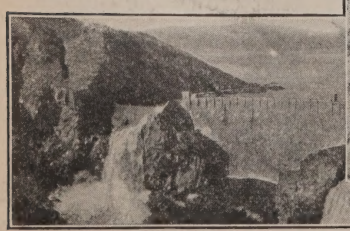
Should you wish further information, you can obtain a very attractive booklet on the Apache Trail and all the facts pertaining to transportation facilities and schedules upon application to the Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, New York; 35 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; Pan-American Bank Building, New Orleans; Southern Pacific Building, Houston; Score Building, Tucson; Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles; or Southern Pacific Building, San Francisco.



Through the wild gorge of Fish Creek Canyon where the "Walls of Bronze" rise 2000 feet above the rushing stream



The mighty waters of Roosevelt Dam whose creative impulse is felt in 230,000 fertile acres below the Salt River



Built ages before the discovery of America — the strange cliff-dwellings of Apache Land

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn.

The Life of William Osler, by Dr. Harvey Cushing. London and New York: The Oxford University Press. 1925. 2 vols. Large 8vo. xx+1370 pp. Illustrated. $12.50.

A BEVY of fairies attended William Osler's birth. A happy blend of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic blood gave him toughness and elasticity. His parents, soon after their marriage, migrated to a frontier settlement in Canada, of which Mr. Osler was clergyman. Their life was simplicity itself — indeed, for the first years, hardship. He was one of nine children, an education in itself. What better soil for planting character?

Again, in boyhood the young William came into close contact with two marked men, both close students of nature, especially as revealed by the microscope. One had left the army for the church; the other, a physician, later turned to the priesthood.

Zoölogical curiosity, accurate and close observation, were thus stimulated and, under the subtle guidance of the queen fairy, William was led from the church, for which he was intended, into the career for which he was seemingly predestined. Finally, he was fortunate in his biographer. Dr. Cushing has done his work exceedingly well, in a way to appeal to a lay as well as to a medical public. He has effaced himself and vivified his subject. The illustrations are numerous, well chosen, and revealing. With his book as a basis it is to be hoped that someone may write an abridged life such as would be within the reach of every practitioner and student of medicine.

His early educational advantages were meagre. But at school, college, and as a medical student he was *facile princeps*. At the same time, as all-round, lightweight athlete, he exuded a *joie de vivre* to the end of his life.

After one year at Trinity, Toronto, came the clarion call to medicine. Graduating from McGill at twenty-three, two intensive years in Great Britain and on the Continent followed. A teaching position, soon passing into a professorship, awaited him at McGill, giving him a support — all he desired — and leaving him free from the shackles of practice. After ten years in Montreal he was called to the Chair of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. Five years later the temptation of the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital was irresistible. Here was the chance to organize *de novo* a teaching hospital and medical school, integral parts of a university, free from the dead hand of tradition, local or general. To him and a small group of associates, backed to the limit by President Gilman and the Trustees, is due not only the enviable rank of the Hopkins among the medical centres of the world, but also a far-reaching and profound stimulation of medical progress. So overwhelming did the demands from far and near become that, after fifteen years at the Hopkins, he accepted the Regius Professorship of Medicine at Oxford, the imperative duties of which are not onerous. But his life in England proved to be no less full. Only by reading the story can one realize his lifelong intense and varied activities. How he found time and strength to do all he did excites wonder, even making due allowance for the share of the silent partner. Their hospitality was ever unbridled. Their house in Oxford was well called the 'Open Arms.' Guestrooms and table were filled, more than filled, especially during the war and after the entrance of the United States.

While in Baltimore he wrote his *Practice of Medicine*, as high in literary as in scientific merit. Nine editions have appeared. It is doubtful whether any other medical work at all similar has ever met such a reception. Addresses and papers came from him in a steady stream through life. His bibliography covers nearly twelve hundred titles, and many addresses were not published. His last published address, 1919, was that delivered as President of the Classical Association, a hint as to the catholicity of his knowledge and interests. An accidental reading of his *Practice of Medicine* by Mr. Gates turned the attention of Mr. Rockefeller to the possibilities of medicine as a servant of humanity, and thus influenced the great benefactions that have been so fruitful.

He made no great discovery; but he advanced medicine all along the line more than any man of his time. Unusually intelligent, enthusiastic, of the highest character, always sane, generous in word and deed, with a remarkable memory and an unexampled personal charm, he wielded enormous influence, always for good. In him a hard head and soft heart were happily married. He sought the best in every man he met, and found it, leaving it better. Success brought out no weakness or flaw in him. His thought was not of himself; but, spontaneously, of others. He was a stub twist of the best human qualities, each in high degree. Herein, perhaps, lay his outstanding preëminence. Tolerant of frailty in others, he seemed to be devoid of it himself. He could hit hard on occasion, and yet the person hit bore him no grudge.

No medical man of his time was so widely known, so beloved, even so worshiped. Work and *Æquanimitas* were his master words. Verily, the wonder-child of medicine!

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"All of 'What Of It?' is . . . couched in what has so aptly been called the 'inimitable Lardnerian dialect.' . . . The chief glory of this book is that it is chucked to the brim with Lardnerian wise cracks —which is exactly what they are."—New York *Herald Tribune.*

"Mr. Lardner . . . has great talent. . . . Mr. Lardner has the high gift of offhand charm. . . . He is an agreeable person, also a deep and sanitary critic. And when he rings the bell on us, the vibrations we feel are genuine, passing the only test worth while—the test of feeling them over once more when we review them. A humorist like Mr. Lardner at his best is a national asset. . . . He makes us aware of our faults. . . . Not only has he a fine true sense of satire, but a great turn for inventing real live characters."—New York *Post.* $1.75

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Meek Americans and Other European Trifles, by Joseph Warren Beach. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1925. Small 12mo. xii+222 pp. $2.00.

Bucolic Beatitudes, by Rusticus. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1925. Small 12mo. vi+111 pp. $1.50.

Two little books, suggesting two good ways of passing a summer, or even a life. Rusticus spends his days learning relaxation from his dog, humor from his pig, resolution from his hen, contemplation from his cow, good habits from his horse, and tact from his toad, and upon these instructive friends he pronounces his beatitudes. He enriches life by simplifying it. He 'paints the prospect from his door.' He studies the home acre.

His six essays are the quiet record of a ruminative life such as has most virtue when, as he says, 'you begin to suffer from the chronic irritability of a man over fifty.' He agrees with Samuel Butler, who long ago observed that for the good of one's nerves association with animals is a better prescription than a rest cure in a sanatorium. And he makes the quiet life very attractive as he stands with elbows on a fence and talks to the pig, or watches the hired man rub down a horse or milk a cow, or prepares to whitewash the henhouse, or indulges in his one excitement of a glorious ride with the children. He has tried the active life, but has found it wanting; and 'since then,' he tells us, 'with what I have I live content. A dog, a horse, a cow, a pig or two, some fowls, and rabbits for full measure; with these I need not traffic or exchange; no trading this for that, no buying cheap and selling dear, no asking more than what I think is right. An empty life, you cry. Mayhap for you, but not for me. It is a life so full that half cannot be done.' He may not be able to convince youth that it is sufficing, but then, he is not writing for youth.

Professor Beach is not writing for youth, either, but his book is full of youthful activity and spirit of adventure. He calls his essays trifles, because they deal in part with such subjects as dancing, tipping, and the handling of Italian beggars, but what raises them above triviality is that their real subject throughout is human nature. And it is this that gives originality to his book and keeps it from being 'only one more book' about European travel. For, whether he is in Paris or Limoges, Rome or Naples, on the Riviera or the shores of Lago Maggiore, he is no mere sight-seeing tourist, but a student of humanity with a keen eye for international contrasts. His zest is unflagging, his style good, and his comments acute, liberal, and good-humored.

Perhaps the best essays are the first two, — 'Meek Americans' and 'On the Depravity of Europeans,' — in which he amusingly analyzes, on the one hand, American pusillanimity in the presence of foreign cultures and, on the other, the American woman's dilemma in the presence of Latin morals. In the latter essay we are given a masterly picture of Alice and Rachel in Paris and Monte Carlo, shocked by the depravity of Latin man and yet inordinately curious to discover — of course, well within the bounds of safety — just how depraved he is. Almost as good are the papers entitled 'International' — with its scenes on a European railway train — and, in a vein of delicate irony, 'The Model,' in which the scene is laid in the 'life class' of an art school.

Professor Beach is known as the author of three books of criticism, on Meredith, Hardy, and James. They are good books of their kind, but this one is of a better kind, because the criticism of life is a step nearer original creation than is the criticism of books. 'These essays,' he says, 'are the records of moods, and sometimes contradict each other. The only thing I hate is prejudice.' One hopes that he will continue his amusing researches in the same spirit.

R. M. Gay

The Mother's Recompense, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1925. 12mo. viii+340 pp. $2.00.

In many respects *The Mother's Recompense* is Mrs. Wharton at her best. It has the distinction of style, the wit, the emotional intensity, and, under the sardonic manner that repels the sentimental reader, it has the deep preoccupation with the ethical problem, and the sense of the ideal immanent in the actual, even in the shabby and shoddy actual, so characteristic of her fine art.

The opening pages show very quickly that the stage is set for one of Mrs. Wharton's bitter and ironic dramas. Kate Clephane, the central figure, who twenty years since eloped from her home and abandoned her baby daughter, for no better and no worse a reason than that her husband's pompous self-satisfaction had become unendurable to her, has been suddenly, miraculously recalled, not after her unforgiving husband's death, but after that of his more grimly unforgiving mother, to the life that she threw away. There follows the spectacle of the culprit who, having fondly imagined that by long and bitter suffering she has expiated her fault, that all is safe and clear again, realizes that her expiation is only beginning. To Mrs. Clephane this realization comes when the somewhat caddish man whom she has loved with the full strength of her uncircumspect heart, and who has wearied of her and left her, reappears in her secure, rehabilitated life as her daughter's suitor. Here is stuff for a tale that might be too ugly; but in Mrs. Wharton's firm, reticent handling it is safe.

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absence she carries the love of her in her heart, an ache not to be dislodged even by the rapture and the pain of her passion for her worthless lover; she is anything but a heroic figure, but once she touches heroism. She cannot respond to deep trust with a lie; she must meet chivalry with chivalry. Another excellent portrait is that of the old bachelor, Fred Landers, outwardly commonplace, almost stodgy, but among the manliest of Mrs. Wharton's creations. Delicious comedy is furnished by Mrs. Parley Plush, an aspiring hostess who scatters giant blue-china frogs through her garden to make it look more natural; and by Mrs. Minity, who regards a drive with the latter in her victoria as the ultimate treat to be earned by deserving woman.

For all its mounting dramatic intensity, the story is told with restraint, and crisply. The account of Kate Clephane's behavior on the day when the heavenly messenger, the telegram of recall, arrives, is the very triumph of unsentimentality. And, characteristically, Mrs. Wharton makes no promise at the end that poor Kate, chastened as she is by disillusionment and by anguish, will remain at the height to which she has sprung in her best moment of generosity and courage.

ETHEL W. HAWKINS

Collected Poems of H. D. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1925. 12mo. viii+304 pp. $2.50.

Selected Poems, by W. H. Davies, decorated with woodcuts by Stephen Bone. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 12mo. vi+71 pp. $2.00.

COMPARISONS are sometimes neither just nor necessary, but they may be of interest in determining the scope of contemporary writing. The *Collected Poems of H. D.* and the *Selected Poems* of W. H. Davies form such a combination. H. D. admittedly stands among the finest of those poets who have been seeking new turns of phrase; W. H. Davies is an adherent to that continuous English tradition which stretches back to Chaucer, even to Layamon. He is, of course, unconsciously of that tradition; indeed, self-consciousness is alien to the tradition itself. And here, perhaps, we perceive the greatest cleavage between these two poets who are at the opposite octaves of modern song.

H. D.'s method is highly self-conscious — euphuistic, some would say. She is so ardent a lover of words that she holds them, as a miser holds his gold, letting them slip slowly, reluctantly, each into its most economical place. We cannot tell her treasure unless we imagine it; she is most content with the flashes of the separate pieces, never desiring to create a large display. So it is that critics have justly named restraint as her highest artistic virtue. It is natural, too, that her mood should be wholly objective; that she should chasten her emotions according to the austere Greek model which she has selected; that she should halt the insensate with one phrase, keen as a spear-point, or with one cool name from marble Attica. She feels the sea and the groves as the Greeks felt them. Therefore her translations are of peculiar excellence; and all her work is translation, though some of it from an unwritten original. In her poems we note the same beauty of proportion which has made MacKail's *Select Epigrams* one of the indispensable books. Yet it should be added that this applies only to her cadenced verse. Her metrical and rhymed verse is unsure, even bungling; always excepting from this comment the truly exquisite 'Lethe.' In my opinion H. D. erred in publishing her *Collected Poems.* A maker of intricate filigree, she is Hellenistic rather than Hellenic. She has no gusto and little vigor; therefore the effect of a mass of her poems is tiresome. It will be her greatest good fortune if she survive, not in her collected edition, but rather, like her admired Sappho, in fragments.

Where H. D. etches detail after detail and leaves the general vista to the imagination of her reader, W. H. Davies sweeps the horizon with his glance and then sets down the few significant parts necessary for its realization. There is no reason for a judgment between him and H. D.; those who prefer artifice and the exotic temper of our day will stand without question in her favor; those more attuned to the English lyric tradition at its best will be as positive on the other side. As a nature-poet — and he is primarily that — W. H. Davies has an eloquent simplicity which will recall several of the greatest names in English poetry without weakening his own claim to individual expression. Furthermore, his outlook is as direct as a child's, and includes no philosophy book in the landscape. Instead of moral axiom, the poet knits his verses together with an epigrammatic twist which sometimes becomes ironical. 'A Thought' is not conspicuously better than his other poems, but it illustrates the point in small space: —

When I look into a glass,
  Myself 's my only care;
But I look into a pool
  For all the wonders there.

When I look into a glass
  I see a fool;
But I see a wise man
  When I look into a pool.

This poet has the rugged tenderness of his native Wales. One might accuse him of small faults in technique — weak rhymes, awkward inversions, and occasional banalities; but I believe a just reader would readily agree with me that the large spirit of the man has found expression in a sure, clear melody which falters, as folk music falters, only when more is demanded of it than it is intended to convey.

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Henry Cabot Lodge: A Biographical Sketch, by William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925. 12mo. vi+204 pp. $1.75.

THE time is not yet for an authoritative biography of Henry Cabot Lodge. Bishop Lawrence in this volume has not undertaken to write one. He calls his book 'A Biographical Sketch.' It is exactly that. He dedicates it 'to the happy memory of two friends, Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge.'

The author has Mr. Roosevelt much in mind in writing of Mr. Lodge. One of the most significant portions in the book is the chapter covering the friendship of these two. The particularly significant suggestion in the chapter is of the debt which Roosevelt owed to Lodge — not for things done, but for counsel given or for brakes applied. 'Would Theodore have been what he was,' asks Bishop Lawrence, 'without the wise counsel and the self-restraint of Cabot?' It is plainly in the author's mind that, from the beginning of the friendship between these two men, Mr. Lodge was a wise counselor and Mr. Roosevelt an appreciative pupil. He quotes a letter from Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Lodge in 1900: 'You are the only man whom in all my life I have met who has repeatedly and in every way done for me what I could not do for myself and nobody else would do.'

The author's discussion of this, one of the most interesting of all American political friendships, is presented with a free hand and the swing of understanding. When he ventures into the more troubled areas of the World War and the League of Nations, the result is less persuasive. It may be that when the final establishment of Mr. Lodge in history comes, the chapter on the League of Nations will stand less in the foreground than it does to-day. Mr. Lodge's political life was long, varied, colorful, and important.

Sketching the career of his subject, the author starts with the stock and youth of Mr. Lodge, gives glimpses of his life in his boyhood home, in school, in college, and of his beginnings in politics. Readers will notice that in the second line of the first chapter he refers to him as Cabot Lodge. Nowhere in the book, excepting once, does he use either his full name or his first name, Henry. Yet, outside of the circle of his intimate acquaintances, he was almost invariably called by his full name, Henry Cabot Lodge. Few called him Cabot. The only member of the Senate in recent years ever to address him by either of his given names always greeted him as Henry.

Bishop Lawrence presents a pleasing picture of Mr. Lodge. His effort is less to marshal the facts in his career than to set forth for the reader a sympathetic comprehension of his character. This he effectively does. Readers who wish to learn details of Senator Lodge's life, who wish to analyze his acts and methods, who wish to glimpse his eloquence and scholarship, will not find these things here. They will find an earnest presentation of one good man's lifelong friendship and esteem for another.

EDWARD ELWELL WHITING

The Life of William Cobbett, by G. D. H. Cole. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1925. 8vo. x+435 pp. Frontispiece. $3.00.

To share the English point of view toward Napoleon's era is to be separated abysmally from any understanding of the nineteenth century. Justice to Napoleon, that is to say, the shift of attention from caricature to portraiture, seems still too hard for Englishmen, but it is not too hard for them to do something which might seem harder — that is, to judge their own Napoleonic past. Any but a mock judgment cannot evade the decision that politically this past was one of perfidious duplicity. William Cobbett spent his life recording this duplicity, and in presenting the life Mr. Cole is not evasive.

The book, in its trustworthy treatment of an entire literature, is indispensable to anyone bothering to acquaint himself with the departure Englishmen now make from those priggish Whig historians with whom we have all grown up to be familiar. The author makes several far-fetched comparisons of Cobbett to Whitman, but this is a little thing. The precision and fidelity of his achievement cannot be overestimated. These good qualities are emphasized rather than obscured by the chapter which the late F. E. Green contributed to the work; the bibliography is more accurate than the one published in 1913 by Lewis Melville.

The life of Cobbett lies athwart the Romantic period and is to be proved by the rules which prove Romanticism. His basis was sentimental rather than intellectual, his characteristics those of tendency and movement rather than of achievement and force. He was given corn to husk, and when he had stripped the green leaves off he found the ears mildewed, but he kept on husking to the end of his days. These characteristics make the life an excellent subject for laboratory work in politics. Cobbett himself lived by the scientific method of trial and proof. All he arrived at finally was the record of having pursued the method, but he is the one essential English romantic publicist and one essential in the history of politics.

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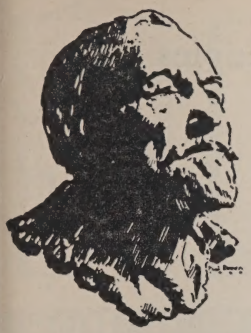

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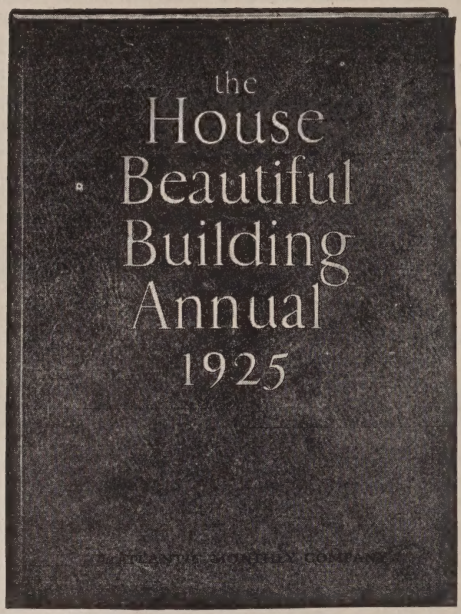

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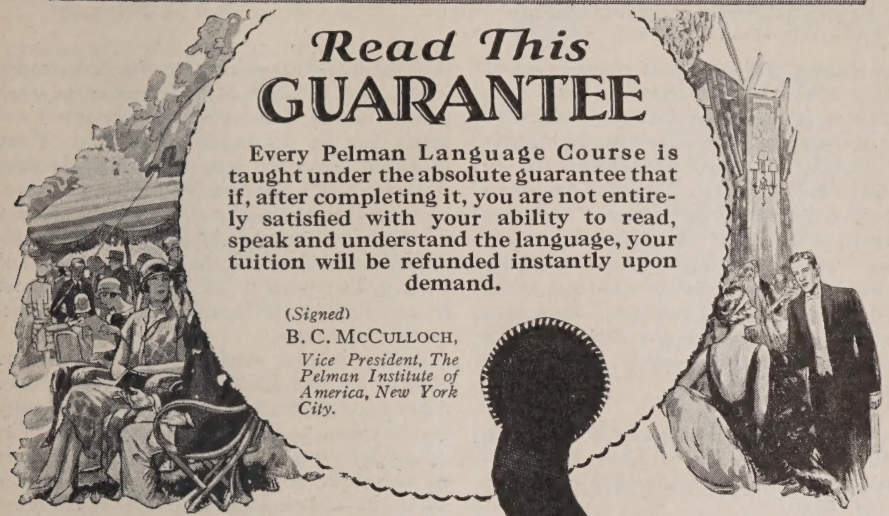

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These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn.

Appreciating the national popularity of reading clubs and circulating libraries, the Editor of the Bookshelf has compiled a list of the most prominent books, fiction and non-fiction, that have appeared in the last twelvemonth. This list has been selected from the suggestions of the nine librarian advisers of the Atlantic; it will be sent with our compliments to committees and members of reading clubs and other interested persons. Requests should be addressed to the Editor of the Bookshelf, Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

A Player under Three Reigns, by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1925. 8vo. xiv+320 pp. Illustrated. $5.00.

This handsome volume, with its beautiful and readable type-page and interesting illustrations, is a delight to any lover of well-made books. But it is more than that. It is the record of a distinguished career, told with simplicity, modesty, and directness. The life described is peculiar, both in accomplishment and in the richness and variety of its contacts.

We see an accomplished actor against a background of unusual intellectual opportunity and follow him through a life singularly fortunate in friendships and professional successes. He enjoyed a happy and stimulating boyhood, an ardent and colorful youth, and maturer years blessed with success in his chosen career, from which came retirement when at the zenith of his powers.

The volume is full of anecdote and interest and is never dull. It is written with fine discretion and betrays the sensitiveness of the artist and the good breeding of the gentleman. The author was much more than an actor. He was as well a portrait-painter and a man of letters. He knew the famous men of his time in and out of his profession, and the book is enlivened with many intimate glimpses of such men as Whistler, Wilde, M'Carthy, Keene, Irving, and others. There is much generous praise of the acting of others, and perhaps a bit too little about his own professional methods.

The reader of middle age will find many references to half-forgotten plays, and will be cheered to find this distinguished authority saying a good word for plays and players loved by former generations of playgoers but now ignored or ridiculed by the modern critic.

But it has one fault, in common with all other books of dramatic reminiscence. When the reader lays it down, he knows nothing more of the stage and its lure or of the life and emotions of the actor than he did before he read it. These delightful books are delightful mainly because they are about interesting people, but, as a revelation of the emotional and intellectual life of a sensitive man or woman following one of the oldest and certainly one of the most picturesque of the arts, they could for all intents and purposes be written by a distinguished lawyer or a successful shipbuilder.

Perhaps it is too much to ask that anyone so close to the profession should give the outsider a glimpse of the thrill and glamour that he fondly fancies belong to the stage and its people. The disturbing thought comes that perhaps there is no such thrill, no such glamour. Perhaps, after all, the life and emotions of an actor do not differ from those of a reviewer of books.

But this can hardly be so, for the art of the actor is so much a matter of personality and his art so definitely interpretive that the exercise of his powers must develop a personal technique. How he does this, how he accounts for success or for failure, how he reacts to the mood of his audience, how he carries on in the face of illness or fatigue — these and a thousand other things the layman wishes to be told.

Even in this charming book we miss this and we are sorry. We wish the author had not been quite so modest and self-effacing.

With this ungracious reservation, the volume is a welcome addition to the short list of really distinguished dramatic reminiscences, and will be read by all who care to know the life of an artist and a gentlemam of high mind and generous achievement.

MacGregor Jenkins

Drums, by James Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. 12mo. vi+488 pp. $2.50.

As an A.E.F. veteran, and thus familiar with 'the hot contagious breath of war,' as a North Carolinian country gentleman, James Boyd, in his first novel, *Drums*, may be said to have written with experience. As a student of history he has spent two years in re-creating the life of another century. It is this mellow blend of experience and knowledge which will distinguish *Drums* from the neglected shelffuls of historical romances.

Drums is distinctly a book of great breadth. It is a story, not of battles, but of a civilization during the years 1770–1781; it is an intimate

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picture of the life that nourished the causes and suffered the effects of the Revolution, and if that life is centrally confined to the Province of North Carolina there are yet varied excursions to sea, to England and France, no less active and observant.

Son of a Scotch squire and bred in the rugged back country of Albemarle County, Johnnie Fraser came down the Roanoke to Edenton, there to perfect himself as a young gentleman. As the Squire's son he rode, supped, and studied his classics with gentlemen. The portentous politics he failed to comprehend: he was too young to feel the taxes, yet old enough to resent bitterly the mob's attack on his Tory friends. He was disturbed but not fired by the drums that called to arms. At his father's suggestion he embarked for England, there to become a merchant, perhaps a man of fashion. The cold, corrupt society of London brought him to his senses and a realization of the cause for which his Province was struggling. Opportunity opened. He fought under John Paul Jones, returned to the Province a crippled hero, and lost his arm for good serving with Daniel Morgan at Guilford Court House. At the end, as at the beginning, a reluctant spectator, he waited for victory and the hopeful coming of new life.

So large a canvas affords pleasant variety. The rugged simplicity of the back country, the easy gentility of Edenton, will delight the antiquarian. So will the London routs and the meeting with Charles Fox. The friendship of men and horses is told with the love of a sportsman. The victory of the Bon Homme Richard, the sailor brawls at Brest, the campaigns of the Carolina militia, written with gusto, will persuade any veteran of their reality. Indeed there is almost too much variety. Through the early chapters we are sensible of the growth, the stirring culmination of the Revolution, which recruits our enthusiasm despite all knowledge of schoolbooks. Then presto! we are lifted to London, the tumult dies in the distance, triumph and defeat are no more than echoes. Johnnie buys a lutestring suit and goes courting. This transition from the objective to the subjective emphasis is belittling and disappointing.

In its just treatment of the period, with its passions, its campaigns, and its notable characters, the book recalls another endearing romance, *Hugh Wynne*, by Dr. Weir Mitchell. In a smaller compass Dr. Mitchell has chosen to write a moving history and love story. Mr. Boyd has widened his circle at the expense of his characters. Sally is little more than a picture. There is no growth in Sir Nat and Cherry, and too often Johnnie himself is a thoughtless actor in stirring scenes. In *Drums* there is a 'sweet humanity of the whole' rather than of the part. But the action is supreme, and as a sincere study of our beginning civilization *Drums* is as valuable as it is picturesque.

EDWARD A. WEEKS, JR.

Jungle Days, by William Beebe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. 8vo. viii+200 pp. Illustrated. $3.00.

Atlantic readers, remembering his delightful letters from the Guiana jungle, will rejoice that in this volume Professor Beebe has returned to that mysterious enchanted land. *Jungle Days* contains ten papers from the Guiana laboratory describing the various manifestations of life and death, the various epic histories of jungle creatures ranging from the Anaconda or the Sloth to the little Thrips who burrow in the wood of fallen trees. To the telling of these histories Mr. Beebe brings not only his really exquisite power of observation, that sensitive keenness of perception which can follow the flight of an insect or distinguish the different small noises made by falling leaves, but also a constructive imagination, a quick sense of the humor and tragedy of life, and an inquiring, searching mind. Other naturalists are perhaps equally gifted in the attributes of a scientific observer, but no other American that we know is both so obviously intelligent in his specialty and so thoroughly equipped to interpret that specialty into literature. We have not yet fully recognized that Mr. Beebe is a man of letters of very high quality, that his prose is vivid, delicate, and strong. The downright interest of his observations tends perhaps to obscure the sure dexterity and color of his style. With Maeterlinck and Fabre and W. H. Hudson, he is both observer and artist; he studies and catalogues life in its scientific divisions and then transmutes his observations into literature.

He has the power to argue from the particular to the general which is the basis of the philosophic mind; and, without a certain sense of philosophic values, comment on nature can hardly become literature in the deeper meaning of the word. This sense is always present in Mr. Beebe's work. The architecture of a bird's throat and the curious perfection of a beetle's wings are to him in themselves facts of supreme rightness and beauty, but behind the specific example is always a feeling for the general scheme, for this universe of infinite, bewildering complexity, for the tiny throb of each morsel of life as part of the immense vitality and urge of a world swinging always in precarious, nice balance between life and death.

From his jungle laboratory table he writes: — 'And so, as I sit at my table, my little cosmos of space and time presents deaths by violence, and lives of quiet, unperturbed peace; acrid, burning odors and smashing, sweeping brilliancy of color; living skin soft and smooth as clay, or fretted like shagreen; voices almost high enough to become visible; comedy so delicate that appreciation never reaches laughter, and tragedy so cruel and needless that it stirs doubts of the very roots of things. All these, and many more, begin, occur, and pass before me — things which go to make up a world,'

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To all those who appreciate good-tempered speculative thought based on the acutest observation, who feel the texture and color of an author's style, the ten essays in this volume will make a decisive appeal. *Jungle Days* is a more delightful, though perhaps a less 'important,' book than *Galapagos*. It is Mr. Beebe in his easiest manner, and, to my mind, his best. He has not 'written down' to an ignorant public; rather he comes to you with a frank, infectious enthusiasm, as if he said, 'Here is an interesting thing: see how curious and fascinating this little beetle is! Do you know that when men were living in trees, or just rising above the brute, the ancestors of this beetle were exactly similar to him?' And then in clear, lucid, vivid sentences he tells us how and why.

RICHARD DANIELSON

Sea Horses, by Francis Brett Young. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. 12mo. vi+321 pp. $2.50.

THERE is discoverable in *Sea Horses*, a romance that follows the sea and goes ashore at Naples and in Portuguese East Africa, the quality of distinction that may be felt in writing but rather smiles — in its distinguished way — at definition. Thus, for example, Mr. Young describes the night approach of a vessel to Naples: 'The secret progress of the Vega, whose submerged hull stole forward with no sound but the lazy plunk of her engines toward that brightening crescent, the mountains meek in starlight that watched her like drowsy monsters — these, of themselves, were enough to make the moment distinct in beauty; but the remote tinkle of the mandoline and the love-song that accompanied it seemed to add something that was personal, human, reproachful, to stamp the whole scene on Glanvil's mind with the lovely and indelible shape of things seen once in youth and never afterwards.' This is an attribute independent of plot and characters, though here contributing to build up and express the personality of Captain Glanvil; a novel may or may not have it, but its permeating presence in this case probably enough accounts for a similarity to Conrad that some discriminating judges have found in Mr. Young's writing.

Few of us sit down to a novel for the sake of the distinction with which it is written. Persons or a situation, or both, that arouse our interest are what we sit down for, with a sequence of events sufficiently interesting to keep us sitting; nor is it always necessary that these persons should be wholly plausible or the situation and sequence altogether believable. Our novel, in short, may belong in one or another of several respectable categories; and we may get up with a sense of having given our valuable time to ephemeral entertainment, or of having gained something in emotional experience and more extended vision of life, feeling, and behavior.

For the present reader, *Sea Horses* accomplishes this higher business of the novel. It reads from cover to cover as a story dependent on acute perception of individuality and the mystery of individuality in the reactions of one person in contact with others; it expresses beauty, and is carried forward in scenes, places, and under circumstances that are made convincing by art. One might call it 'psychological,' 'romantic,' 'mystical,' a 'tale of adventure' — Mr. Young's view of life includes all these elements, as, for that matter, did Mr. Conrad's. It is accepted that Glanvil may honestly say, 'No miracles in these days,' and yet be guided by 'a fatalistic — perhaps fantastic — belief in the wisdom of taking all risks and opportunities as they came'; that 'this superstition was inherent in his nature'; and that 'he had always relied, in a tight corner, on the efficacy of the moment's inspiration. Sometimes it had betrayed him — had not the whole of his present predicament arisen from the seed of such an impulse? Sometimes, beyond hope, as in his encounter with Helen Salvia two nights before, it had succeeded.' It is accepted, as says Hendry, first officer of the Vega, after a corner whose tightness seemed irrevocable, that '"This is an Act of God, sir, in the proper meaning of the term. In my opinion, that is," he added hurriedly.'

One would like to know more about the trader, Almeida, — how he attained his sinister power in East African Panda, — but after all one knows enough, perhaps just enough, for the purposes of the author.

RALPH BERGENGREN

The George and the Crown, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1925. 12mo. xiv+361 pp. $2.00.

WHY has Griselda become a man? Following an evident fashion, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, in *The George and the Crown*, has endowed a British male with all the virtues once thought appropriate for heroines. Her Daniel Sheather, a village innkeeper's son, with a streak in him of romantic Channel-Island blood, has patience, fortitude, devotion, a sort of promiscuous domesticity (he is made not for love but 'for marriage'), and the only thing he is said to do well is the household cooking. However, he is an engaging figure, not too good to be loved. He is a doormat under the insolent selfishness of relatives and friends; fate plays him tragic pranks, but his patience remains intact and convincing.

Here are none of the shrill eccentricities which have been used to make other male Griseldas interesting, from Simple Septimus to the Mark Sabre whose winter came and went. His creator keeps him solid and human because she has understanding and honesty. *The George and the Crown* is above all a notably honest book.

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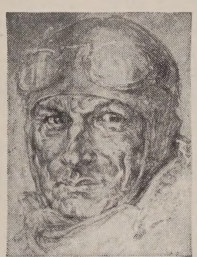

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In all its parts the story is admirably sustained, and Daniel Sheather, with 'short defiant nose and English mouth,' is a figure of truth any novelist might be glad to have us discover in his gallery. We leave him, still seeking, tireless in his Griselda virtues, and pay him the tribute of a heartfelt hope that he will find his homely comfort at last.

LYMAN BRYSON

Hull Down, by Sir Bertram Hayes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. 8vo. x+200 pp. Illustrated. $4.50.

THE tradition of the full-rigged ship has passed on silver wings into the ocean of romance. Old logbooks are exploited yearly, and the confessions of gentleman tramps, foremast hands, apprentices, and passengers occupy an increasing space in the catalogues of publishers. Curiously enough the officers of ships have been for the most part reticent. *Hull Down*, by Sir Bertram Hayes, Commodore of the White Star Line and recently retired commander of the Majestic, is the exception, a record of forty-five years at sea in sail and steam.

These reminiscences are concerned with problems which one may recognize through experience. In the bargain, Sir Bertram Hayes tells his story simply and with an unusually keen sense of humor. He enjoys the ability to recreate scenes which are all more or less familiar and point out by means of entertaining anecdotes the problems which confront a commander whose duty is to keep his small 'city' in efficient harmony.

On one passage from Australia Sir Bertram Hayes notes that he had on board a Canon of Sydney Cathedral and two other divines. The first two Sundays the services went well. On the third, one of the clergymen, 'of the tub-thumping variety,' preached the sermon. After accusing all the passengers of a picturesque variety of sins, including a visit to the bar after service, he wound up his discourse with a tirade against athletic sports, and said: 'There is n't one of you would have gone in for them if it had n't been for the money prizes attached to them. Let me tell you the Devil holds the stakes.' To quote from *Hull Down*: 'Afterwards I sent my compliments to the Canon and asked him if he would meet me in the Purser's office. When he came I told him that I could not allow the gentleman who officiated in the morning to preach again . . . when he took the wind out of my sails by saying, "I got it worse than anybody else." "How was that?" I asked him, and he replied, "I am the chairman of the Sports Committee and I hold the stakes."'

The first section of *Hull Down* is devoted to Sir Bertram Hayes's earlier years in sail on long voyages to India, Australia, and the United States. The rest is made up of various experiences in steam. With the development of the liner, transoceanic passenger service has become for the commander more of a problem in personalities than a grim conflict perpetually waged against wave and weather. He has many stories to tell as a commander of transports during the South African War and the late war, in which he saw life from many angles without loss of dignity or courage.

One of the most interesting, and in a measure naïve, anecdotes is Sir Bertram's account of sinking a German submarine while in command of the Olympic, for which he was later awarded the D.S.O. 'The sky was as black as ink with the exception of a low streak of light, looking like silver, in the northeast . . . when a submarine came to the surface . . . about half a mile or so away. There was only one thing to do, and that was try to ram it, so I altered course to bring it ahead. . . . He went full speed ahead on his engines — we could see the wash from his propellers — and tried to escape by turning inside our circle. We put our helm hard-a-port again, and at 3.55 A.M. hit him a swinging blow with our stem which put an end to his career. . . . I kept the helm hard-a-port till the wreck was clear of our propellers and then resumed our course.'

Another extremely impressive chapter is devoted to the taking-over by the British of the monster German liner Bismarck, now known as the Majestic. The slow passage down the River Elbe, assisted by Belgian tugs, the silent crowds on the bank, the doubt in every mind as to whether the ship would ever reach Cuxhaven, have all the impressiveness of a tragic drama.

Altogether we are very grateful to the author for his highly entertaining account of life on the high seas. *Hull Down* is a straightforward record of an active life, delightfully spiced with humor. It is the fitting conclusion to an honorable career, and proof that all romance and seamanship has not passed on with the old sailing ship.

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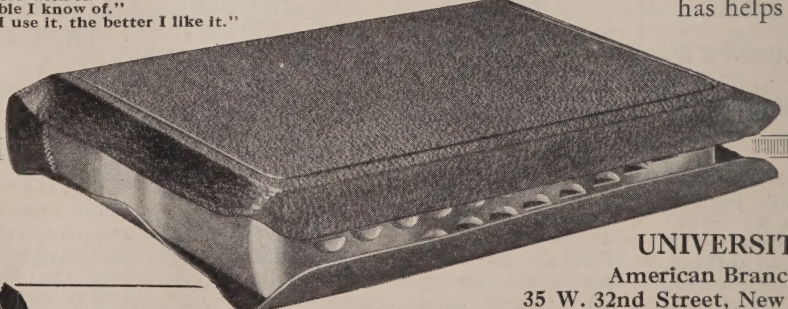

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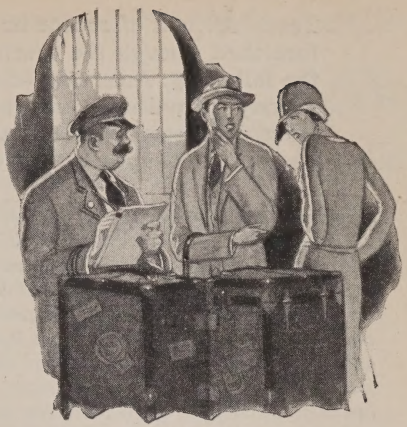

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn.

Appreciating the national popularity of reading clubs and circulating libraries, the Editor of the Bookshelf has compiled a list of the most prominent books, fiction and non-fiction, that have appeared in the last twelvemonth. This list has been selected from the suggestions of the nine librarian advisers of the Atlantic; it will be sent with our compliments to committees and members of reading clubs and other interested persons. Requests should be addressed to the Editor of the Bookshelf, Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Beau Geste, by Percival Christopher Wren. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1925. 8mo. vi+410 pp. $2.00.

If one may judge by the amazing sales which this English story has enjoyed, there are a great many people in the United States who like a book to be full of happenings. They get what they like in *Beau Geste*. After a long succession of novels about men and women whose only interest lies in sex, and whose only activity is incontinence, there is a glorious sense of emancipation in a good stout volume, full of hairbreadth adventure, undisturbed by the flutter of petticoats. Its one trifle of love-making fills just three pages and a half out of a total of four hundred and ten. Sir Walter Scott could hardly have been more casual. When *Beau Geste* meets its appointed fate, and is turned into a 'movie,' the adapter will have a hard time softening its robust masculinity into the passionate insipidity of the screen.

The first part of the story is the best. A French fort in an African waste, garrisoned by dead soldiers, every man upright at his post, with a *sous-officier* bayoneted in their midst, is, to say the least, an unusual opening scene. That it should lead up to nothing more impressive than the theft of a great sapphire, the 'Blue Water,' is a distinct disappointment. Stolen gems have played a heavy part in fiction since Wilkie Collins enthralled us with *The Moonstone*, and much repetition has dulled our interest. Innocence shouldering guilt is also a timeworn and peculiarly exasperating device, though it must be admitted that three innocent people collectively shouldering guilt, in order to confuse and mystify, is an original conception of self-sacrifice.

But, after all, controlling motives count for little in a tale of adventure. The worth of *Beau Geste* lies in incident, in its atmosphere of dreadful reality, in its admirably told details of a soldier's life under exceptionally hard conditions. The book is not calculated to win recruits for the *Légion Étrangère;* but neither is it a diatribe against war. Reading it, one is reminded on every page of Mr. Henry Sedgwick's penetrating words: 'Physical danger has in it a magic quality. It doubles the strength of the strong, the craft of the cunning, and the nobility of the noble.'

The soldier, as Mr. Wren sees him, is one who enjoys a species of peace because he has escaped from the perpetual worries and fears of the civilian. His economic affairs are settled for good, which gives him a chance at light-heartedness. He is sure of his supper and his bed. His creed is a simple one. 'Resist the decrees of Heaven, if you will,' says the French Sergeant to John Geste, 'but not those of your Corporal.' His life — in Africa at least — is stripped bare of every pleasant accessory; but, such as it is, he deems it worth preserving — and defending. If the soldier be a quixotic and finely bred English boy, with a taste for setting things right, and no sense of proportion, he also deems it worth surrendering.

This is his 'character of nobility' — none the less noble because the confident and unripe judgment of youth builds a sacrifice on the altar of futility.

Agnes Repplier

The Common Reader, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1925. 8mo. vi+321 pp. $3.50.

The gifted author of *Jacob's Room* and *Mrs. Dalloway* has here assembled some two dozen literary essays, certain of which had earlier been published in periodicals, and has prefaced them with a modest disclaimer of scholarship or critical expertness. They do not, of course, represent the reactions of the merely average reader; they reflect the taste and sensibility of an unusually talented writer. Yet they do not pretend to the consistency or conform to the methods of professional criticism. They are the work of a brilliant amateur who, with plentiful jumbling of the trivial and the significant, now delightedly rescues some bit of a freakish book or personality from oblivion, now rubs and polishes some dulling reputation into renewed, momentary brightness.

Frequently the actuality thus evoked is displayed in revelatory perspective. Jane Austen, the Brontës, George Eliot, appear not only as unique human figures but also as contributors, each in her own fashion, to the great tradition of English letters. At their best the essays not only arouse one to a tingling sense of reality

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in writers and books, but also illuminate shadowy corners, or reveal accepted values in a new light.

In a few of the essays, and these the least successful, Mrs. Woolf turns to present-day topics. To one reader, at least, her admiration for Joseph Conrad barely escapes idolatry, her praise of Mr. Beerbohm seems as excessive as her dispraise of his fellow essayists, her comments upon modern fiction throw more light upon the writer than upon the subject. To term Galsworthy materialistic and James Joyce spiritual, because one presents character through action, the other in mental states, is to manifest the extent to which preoccupation with novelties in technique can betray judgment.

It is to the essays that give immediacy to the past through re-creating its sensible attributes that one returns with unflagging zest. One sniffs the stuffy air of bedrooms where the Pastons slept, sees the butterflies alighting on Evelyn's dahlias, listens to the vauntings of Hakluyt's travelers, and samples the thin ale that Bentley sold to Trinity College. Occasionally, to be sure, it is difficult to fit the details into a recognizable pattern. The spell seems to falter, the air trembles into shapes that mysteriously appear and fade away without ever achieving completeness — bodiless smiles, groping hands, and no personality to which they may attach themselves. But again, and often, the enchantment succeeds, and other days and other folk are miraculously bodied forth — an old play, opulent with oaths and jewels, a garden with white moths flitting through moonlight, an old man with heavy-lidded eyes and subtle smile contemplating from his corner of France the endless follies and complexities and the precarious joys of the human soul.

GEORGE B. DUTTON

Glorious Apollo, by E. Barrington. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1925. 8vo. v+369 pp. $2.50.

IN *Glorious Apollo* the author treads with a dispassionate, dignified, and altogether gentlemanlike air a very dirty road. The theme of the book is the amorous history of Lord Byron; the treatment, though exhaustive, is decorum itself.

The effort for fairness is felt to be a little perfunctory. The reader is methodically reminded that Byron was the victim of an evil heredity. But admonitions to be just do very little good when all the evidence presented disgusts; and until the hour of his miserable, uncomforted death it is not possible to feel a spark of compassion for the Byron of *Glorious Apollo*. The portrait sympathetically and imaginatively painted is that of Lady Byron. Indeed when, faced by the unendurable, she leaves her husband, the author's interest in the shabby hero of the drama seems to flag somewhat. The significant years that followed Byron's virtual exile from England are summarily treated. He is fairly hustled off the stage.

No one can quarrel with the book for portraying Byron as a prodigious vulgarian and cad, for romance cannot treat him worse than biography has done; but romance in this case has used rather ruthlessly its right of selection. The personal implication of Byron's actual position as an artist, as one of the leaders of a great poetic movement, is ignored. His European reputation is treated virtually as a *succès de scandale*. As a poet, he is allowed to have real satiric power and a superlative gift of indecency, but very little besides. Perhaps the most extraordinary passages in the book are those that represent *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* as a piquant, not to say extremely naughty, story.

The style of *Glorious Apollo* is a curious combination — it cannot be called a blend — of two manners. A passage almost grandiose, and one colloquial to the point of slanginess, will be found side by side. Now and then, moreover, the English language is put to strange uses; as when London is said to be 'humming with a delicious titillation of excitement.' Sentences comport themselves in as devil-may-care a manner as did the noble lord himself. The style is never dull.

Glorious Apollo unquestionably holds the interest. However, the not impossible reader whose study of Byron should be limited to this book might well be left wondering why the name of the highly deplorable lord should stand among those of the great.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

The Tale of Genji, by Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925. 8vo. ix+291 pp. $3.00.

THE prospect of a 'six-decker' novel might well seem formidable to the reader, much more to the translator, yet few will question the value of the service which Mr. Arthur Waley has performed in translating the first volume of *The Tale of Genji*. The author of this novel, the Lady Murasaki, who was born about 978 A.D. and became a lady-in-waiting to the Empress Akiko in 1005, had written at least part of the tale by 1008. Her hero, Genji, was the son of the Emperor by a well-beloved but secondary wife, and the story of his amorous adventures brings to light the cultivated and sophisticated society of the time. Elegant ladies and gentlemen exchange their poetic efforts and live in an atmosphere of wit and fashion. The roving fancy of the Prince leads him into a succession of escapades with ladies of high and low degree, but whether he is reading the 'unpleasant jangle of syllables' masquerading as a poem from a plain princess, whose 'amazingly prominent' nose is most unbecomingly tipped with pink, or pursuing some dazzling beauty of the people, his debonair air never deserts him. It is a day when all things Chinese are dominating fashion. He who would pass muster as a cultivated man must be able to turn a Chinese poem in a Chinese hand and comport himself with Chinese manners. When in defiance

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of social usage he adopts a little girl, Murasaki, he good-naturedly gives way to the unfashionable ideas of her grandmother and does not insist on having the child's teeth blackened.

Indeed, the Lady Murasaki and her characters are amazingly modern. It is simply an accident of history that they live in Japan among the furniture and adornments of the East. Translate the tinted writing-paper and brush pens, the screens and veils, the coaches and outriders, into terms of the modern West, and the essential life of the story is in no way affected. The little Murasaki even has 'a doll's kitchen only three feet high but fitted out with all the proper utensils' just as any little girl of to-day. Nor is the Emperor free from modern prejudices, for the sight of his son at the age of four months merely draws from him the remark that he 'had an idea that handsome children were all very much alike at that age.' With sure touches the Lady Murasaki can depict the pathos of an old nun, and the simplicity of a child. Her humor is discreet and subtle and her satire certain and effective.

Mr. Waley is to be congratulated on his translation, which has succeeded in bringing the life and spirit of the East one thousand years ago into the West of to-day. We trust that this is merely the beginning of a sumptuous feast.

L. H. Titterton

Paul Bunyan, by James Stevens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. 8vo. x+245 pp. $2.50.

Given: Pike's Peak. Wanted: Myth. Result: Giants . . . influence of landscape on literature. Mediterranean clarity, Trans-Alpine gloom. . . . But the influence of letters upon letters is more immediate.

In his *Paul Bunyan* Stevens, like Irving, Hawthorne, and Longfellow, unlike Poe and the author of *The Wizard of Oz* or of *The Lively City O'Lig*, does not change myth into nonsense, but attempts to preserve its primitive effect. His work, like Frost's *Paul's Wife*, has the earmarks which distinguish the archaistic from the archaic. In superficial matters, it is superficial. His diction is not supple and strong, like the Grimms' or Jacobs's *English Fairy Tales*, but crude, that is to say, weak. When 'one amuses oneself with art only if one has no difficult labor to perform,' as Stevens says of Paul, the definition one has made to follow the noun rises up, turns back, and rends it. In mass and detail alike, this book is not governed by a clean choice between desired qualities as is Kenneth Burke's *The White Oxen*. In contrast with the fancy, the diction and, at intervals, the conception are banal as high school compositions are banal. It is descriptive rather than narrative composition. Not one oration is given, though many of these opportunities for rhetoric are described. This sort of thing would be tiresome were not the book in scale with Western scenery, as Irving is perfectly in scale with Eastern; and in scale with itself as Swift is, and Rabelais when he pleases. It is as much like Rabelais and Swift as expurgated editions are like them. A more complete analogy is that between the animated cartoons of the movies and the changing of farmers into cowboys. Here and in the conception of nature the book is at once up to date and permanent, but usually the author's anxiety to be up to date cheapens his archaicism. In detail his softening of tragedy to sentiment is pleasant. Kindly giants are mirrored in the Nature before which they disport themselves, a Nature not hostile, but given, rather, to practical jokes and riddles. One riddle has no answer. When the joke called 'woman' is sprung, the book gets wistful and fades away.

This pleasant softening, however, is fatal to myth, for myth freed from tragic sense is subject to incongruity, like Hawthorne and Longfellow (or Wagner and Verdi). Freshness and clarity are possible without tragedy, and Mark Twain's fondness for the fresh and clear led to his animosity toward 'mediævalism.' Twain saddened, but Stevens without sadness chooses to write myth — happy myth, nonsensical but mysterious, satiric but sentimental. An impossible labor, even for one who, unlike Stevens, is innocent of the incubus: 'poetry is girlish.' In transplanting myths to American soil, chemical fertilizer brings better results. American planters have a habit of sterilizing manure. Nonsense can be tragic, like Edward Lear, but it can never be any more sentimental than Lewis Carroll. In literature nonsense marks the furthest, myth the nearest, limit of sophistication. *Paul Bunyan* is at times consciously mythical and at others unconsciously nonsensical. This is being too up to date to be literature.

John Brooks Wheelwright

Summer (The Soul Enchanted), by Romain Rolland. Translated by Eleanor Stimson and Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1925. 12mo. x+363 pp. $2.50.

Summer in the life of Annette Rivère — rich, matronly, and passionate; summer of mellow sunshine and slow fruition; and summer of those sudden and terrific storms brewed by that very sunshine and torpid heat. She has had the courage (or rashness: at present it comes to much the same thing) to have a child out of wedlock. The inevitables follow: she is declassed, reduced to fight for her own livelihood and her child's, exposed to privateering males, and to the perils of her own unsatisfied emotional needs. The child proves none too harmonious. There comes an unavoidable breach with her one remaining staunch friend and relative. Her own heart finally betrays her to a passion which means shipwreck but for an effort of will and suffering totally beyond the powers of any woman who is weak. But weak Annette is not. Her search has been for reality. Is it rewarded? It is rewarded, as all such high errands are, not by the

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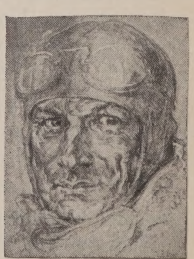

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thing sought, but by the strength and discipline bred of the search itself.

In craftsmanship M. Rolland is impatient of the Chinese puzzles of the conventional novel plot. This narrative is an heroic biography of a free woman, vividly externalized, where need is, with fiery touches of nature and poetry; but, for the rest, the focus is on the inner drama. The skill of this is uncanny. Such work can have been done only by deliberate reliance on intuitional meditation. Imagine a Henry James able and willing to write simply and to feel keenly with human beings not of one class only but of all classes; a Henry James dowered alike with subtlety and with simplicity. Add to this the deadly cut and stab that go with the practised swordsman of socialist thinking; for, unlike the average mere story-telling novelist, M. Rolland is able to score the melody of his narrative above a ground-bass of economics, statecraft, art, and science.

In reading Emerson or Nietzsche the first wonder is how they can so surprise us by wording our inmost thoughts. There is a stream of unconscious thinking which flows steadily in us from birth to death, thinking so taken for granted that we seldom give it a thought. It is into this undercurrent that the aphorist dips and fishes up what is common to all. And each of us naturally recognizes his own. More continuously than any other writer of fiction in our time M. Rolland writes this drama of our unconscious underthought. These are Annette's experiences, thoughts, passions; yes, and Sylvie's, and Marc's and Julien's; but they are also yours and mine — perhaps our studiously disowned also; for M. Rolland, to borrow the phrase of his own *Colas*, does not flinch the spectacle of 'human nature without its chemise.' French ironist he is, as truly as ever Anatole, but it is an irony blessedly free from pessimistic cynicism, and, as redoubtably as ever Anatole himself, he pays the traditional 'sin' and 'redemption' mongering of Pauline Christianism a devastating call.

M. Rolland is an architect who builds in large units. When *Jean-Christophe* was finished his position was eminent but awkward. He was still in the prime of his powers. Was the best of his life work done? Could a man create *two* such epics? Or must his cathedral remain with one spire only? He has met the challenge. *The Soul Enchanted* is erecting the twin tower. It is a cathedral for free spirits: Jean-Christophe is a tower of strength for free men; Annette Rivère is a tower of aspiration for free women.

LUCIEN PRICE

America's Greatest Garden: The Arnold Arboretum, by E. H. Wilson, M.A., V.M.H. With Frontispiece and Fifty Illustrations mostly by the Author. Boston: The Stratford Company. 1925. 8vo. viii + 122 pp. $3.00.

MR. WILSON'S book explains that the Arnold Arboretum, a beautiful park in the neighborhood of Boston, is primarily a great scientific station, owned by Harvard University, which 'assembles and nurtures all that is beautiful, interesting, and hardy among woody plants from all parts of the world,' distributes them to kindred institutions and plant-lovers 'throughout the five continents,' and to achieve these ends 'garners information of every sort' concerning the plants in question — trees and ligneous shrubs and vines. Far and wide, during the fifty years of its service, the Arboretum has sent out its collectors, chief among them Mr. Wilson himself. Sometimes they have gone where no botanist had preceded them, and from them and from many other sources the Arboretum has received by thousands plants new or rare which within its borders have been grown and studied and tested for their value from all points of view, and especially for their hardiness in such climates as that of eastern Massachusetts.

To-day there are growing, on the Arboretum's two hundred and fifty acres of meadowland, valley, and hill, between five and six thousand species and varieties of trees and shrubs, planted in scientific botanical sequence, yet so combined with the vegetation native to the place as to form a park where, in almost unrivaled degree, natural charm has been enhanced by artistic treatment. Mr. Wilson's many photographs show the beauty of these acres and their amazingly splendid arrays of flowering trees and shrubs; and from it one may learn how vastly the plant-resources and the opportunities for knowledge of the nurseryman, the horticulturist, and the landscape-gardener have been enlarged by the existence of this great living museum and of such accessory collections as a library of almost 40,000 books and 8000 pamphlets, an herbarium with about 250,000 specimens, and some 10,000 mounted and catalogued photographs of trees in all parts of the world. Here I can merely say that the tree-garden itself with all its adjuncts, as created and administered by Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, since the beginning its Director, is freely open to the public, and note the general as well as scientific value of its many publications, which only such an institution could have fathered.

Thus the Arboretum offers invaluable inspiration and aid, not only in private gardening enterprises, but also in some of the most important public tasks of our day — such as the preservation and renewal of our forests, the creation of urban and rural parks and parkways, and the planning of 'garden cities' and country towns. As the finest tree-garden in the world and as a place unique of its kind, a place which is at once a valuable object-lesson in landscape beauty and a reservoir upon which everyone may draw for the elements of such beauty and for knowledge in regard to them, the Arnold Arboretum should be an object of pride to every American. And Mr. Wilson's book will convince him that if he visits it himself, especially in the spring, he will find it a vision of delight.

MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

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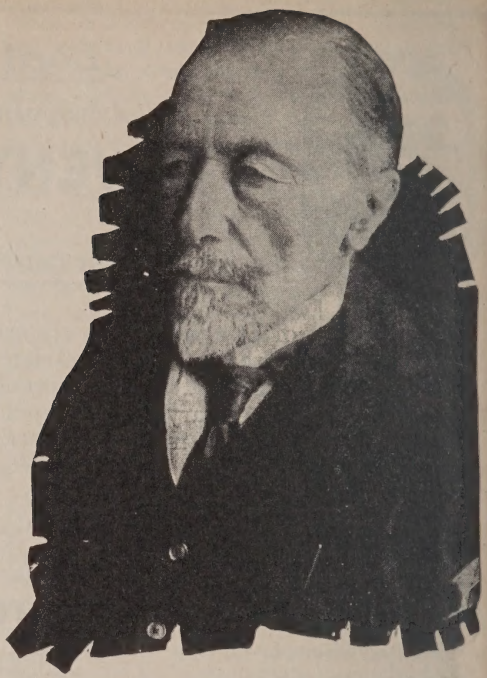

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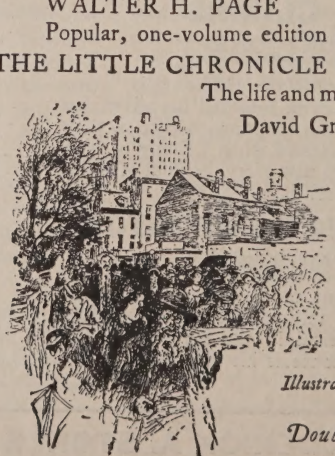

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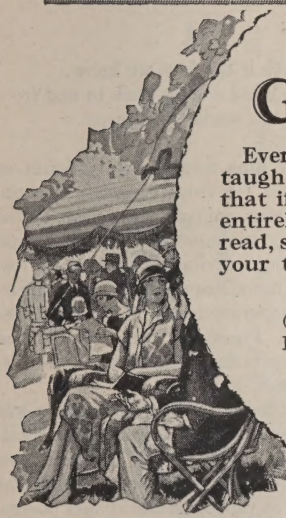

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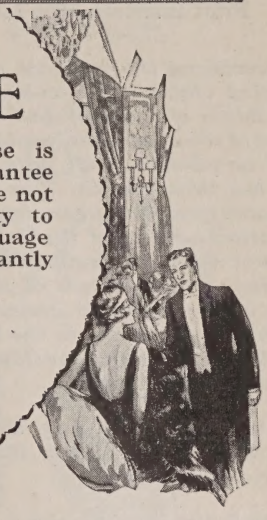

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Appreciating the national popularity of reading clubs and circulating libraries, the Editor of the Bookshelf has compiled a list of the most prominent books, fiction and non-fiction, that have appeared in the last twelvemonth. This list has been selected from the suggestions of the nine librarian advisers of the Atlantic; it will be sent with our compliments to committees and members of reading clubs and other interested persons. Requests should be addressed to the Editor of the Bookshelf, Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

What's O'Clock, by Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1925. Small 12mo. xii+238 pp. $2.25.

In this first posthumous volume of poems, Amy Lowell has left a large proportion of work which will be welcomed with keen delight. The source of this delight can be defined with but little trouble, though if my judgment is right Amy Lowell will appear much less an innovator than it was necessary she should be when the public attention first felt the shock of her vigorous mind and adventurous pen. No doubt the faculties which she has added to the poetic art, or at least greatly stimulated in it, have now been at work long enough to produce better conditions of appreciation. And the sense of her completed life must enhance the ideality of her work, and enable it to be compared with poetic styles which have endured and peopled the ever ideal realm of art with permanent types and examples.

Certainly it is not reflection or an ordered intellectual position which gives her poetry its power. Reflections occur, but they are familiar, and, it must be admitted, desultory. The sonnets to Eleonora Duse, in which reflection would have been proper, where indeed it is necessary, are successful only to a very limited degree. Most of the poems about people are equally limited. They are enlivened with flashes of wit and inventions of fancy which are often full of beauty and deeply pleasing, but seldom do they convey the sense of a genuine dramatic penetration into other lives or an ability to represent them with living strokes, detached from the author. 'Evelyn Ray' is largely an exception to this observation, being brilliantly written and dramatic in a high degree. It reaches a reflection at the end which is common, perhaps, but delivered with the force and simplicity of nature and the gusto of originality: —

For earth to earth is the best we know,
Where the good blind worms push to and fro
Turning us into the seeds which grow.

The occasional dips into social cynicism or criticism are again far from complete success. 'In a Powder Closet' revives the morals of the eighteenth century, perhaps, but lags far behind Addison in drawing a living portrait of its features. The same morals can go with very different faces and temperaments, and I cannot believe that 'In a Powder Closet' recalls the eighteenth century in anything but the viciousness of its practices.

And if not in reflection — monumental as was the energy of her mind — neither does the vitality of this book reside in the author's now familiar contributions to verse-form. Battle has never raged over any but the unrhymed poems, and surely all sense of the occult and anarchistic has departed by now from those.

No, the secret of this volume is a quality of all poetry, from Vedic chants to Tennyson. In reflection and the larger narrative and dramatic offices of the bard, Amy Lowell was far from supreme. Her love of the visible and palpable forms of things was her most distinct poetic possession, and her fancy was inexhaustible in response to the moods and prismatic imaginations which they quickened in her. It is her power of images drawn from fancy, especially images reflecting nature, that has made her a poet. The world of *What's O'Clock* is largely a world of gardens, wheat-fields, lilacs, humming birds, the fountain, and the moon. These are materials old enough, but a deep source of the spirit still, and of the beauty which it is the spirit's office to treasure. It was remarkable, as another poet once said of her, that she maintained to the end this power of fresh images, drawing the bright-limbed creatures of her fancy with ever delicate and living force. It would be difficult to find another who treated nature with the magic that she sometimes knew. She had her own way, and it is likely at its best to prove inimitable in a certain sphere of fancy. I will quote five lines from 'Lilacs,' her hymn to New England: —

Pale ghosts who planted you
Came in the nighttime
And let their thin hair blow through your clustered stems.
You are of the green sea,
And of the stone hills which reach a long distance.

Keats was a poet of the senses in his images — in a different way, to be sure, with a good deal

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more immediateness of touch. There is a line in *What 's O'Clock* in which it is not frivolous to see a direct parallel in cadence and metrical effect with one of Keats's most famous magical phrases. I leave the reader to find it for himself!

THEODORE MORRISON

Indians of the Enchanted Desert, by Leo Crane. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1925. Large 8vo. viii+364 pp. Illustrated, and with a map. $5.00. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.)

THIS excellent book belongs to a species that is too seldom met with in American literature. The English produce almost innumerable examples, and many good ones. There is no place in the Empire so remote that it has n't its illuminating volume, soberly documented and bemapped, and with all in it that is worth knowing about the politics, sorceries, and table manners of the local brown brothers. Our own agents of the enlightenment seem to be far less literate than their British colleagues. Most of them, I dare say, can read and write after a fashion, but what they write is buried in government files. Thus we know less about the Indians within our own borders than the average curious Englishman knows about the Tibetans, the Marquesas Islanders, and the Swahili. The cheap magazines and the movies simply caricature them; what one hears about them in the newspapers is only to the effect that they have sold more oil-lands and are drinking again.

Mr. Crane, when he became an Indian agent, brought a novel equipment to his office. He was by occupation an attaché of the Indian Bureau in Washington, but he was by vocation a literary gentleman, and one of very considerable skill. His short stories were in all the magazines; he was a rising young man. It was ill health that took him into the field, and when he got there it combined with a burden of harsh and unaccustomed duties to paralyze his pen. For a decade he wrote scarcely anything. But then, restored to health and with an immense stock of fresh and vivid impressions, he took to writing again, and here are the first fruits of his new activity. They take the form of a book that is at once a valuable record and a sort of poem. It describes one Indian people, the Hopis, at length, realistically and without sentimentalizing, but it throws about them a glow that reflects the author's delight in them, and in the gorgeous desert that is their home.

No better picture of that desert is to be found in American literature. Tourists whirl through it on express-trains; the plain people see it only in the monotone of the movies. Mr. Crane, for years on years, battled for life with its eternal rocks and sands. He makes it brilliantly real, and he somehow makes it romantic. Its blinding colors are in his narrative, and its immense silences, and its baking heats and bitter colds. Here, for the first time, Thither Arizona begins to exist. The book is charmingly written. It avoids laborious details. It is a panorama of beautiful things, and a narrative of hard and useful work done in a lonely place, without thanks and against depressing difficulties.

H. L. MENCKEN

The Red Lamp, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1925. 8vo. vi+311 pp. $2.00.

IN *The Red Lamp* Mrs. Rinehart has returned to the field of her early successes, *The Circular Staircase, The Man in Lower Ten, The After House*, and other mystery stories, but she has added some interesting machinery in the form of séances, supernatural visitants, and experimentation in the occult, that not only keep the reader in doubt whether he is reading an elaborate ghost-story, but also provide him with a variety of complex shivers, due both to the presence of deep, dark crime and to the constant hovering about of 'things that go *bump* in the night.' Indeed, it would be hard to find a tale containing more of the materials of mystery, for, in addition to ghosts and criminals, there are ciphers, automatic writings, telepathy, second sight, private diaries, sheep-killing at night, old houses, fearsome woods, and dangerous marshes. It is a good book, or a bad one, according as one looks at it, to read all alone by candlelight in a lonely house in the woods at one o'clock in the morning.

As is her custom, the author introduces a group of interesting people, whom she portrays naturally. Perhaps never before has the hero of a mystery story been a college professor of English, but so it is here, Professor William A. Porter, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., and so forth, who has been teaching Milton, Dryden, and Pope for thirty years, being the centre of psychic disturbance — a somewhat forlorn creature, who will perhaps cause any college professor more real qualms than will any of the ghosts that surround him.

The mystery story is a modern and, some think, perverted way of answering the classical question, 'Who killed Cock Robin?' In *Mother Goose*, however, the villain is named in the second line and confesses brazenly in the third, while in the mystery story the naming and the confession are recorded somewhere between page 300 and page 500, according to the length of the book. Perhaps it is an evidence of the march of mind or at least of the progress of patience during the centuries that the modern author can insert four or five hundred pages of reading-matter between the question, 'Who killed Cock Robin?' and the answer, '"I," said the Sparrow,' without arousing in his readers a desire to kill *him*. The fact is, of course, that the author is playing the ancient game of cat-and-mouse, with the difference that his mouse, or reader, usually likes it. There are readers who say that they 'can't endure' mystery stories: they want to know who killed whom, without delay, and

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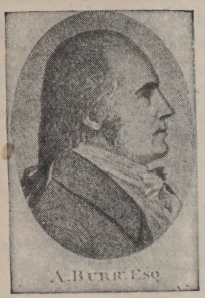

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resent being played with. But such a story as *The Red Lamp* is really a kind of guessing-game, and only those readers who like such games like such books. Mrs. Rinehart herself has said that, 'reduced to its fundamentals, the detective story almost invariably consists of two stories running concurrently, the one which the reader follows, and the other story, submerged in the author's mind and rising to the surface here and there to form those baffling clues and inexplicable mysteries which keep the reader sitting up all night to solve.' The game consists, therefore, in separating the superficial story from the submerged. It is a little like poker, the author's success consisting in preserving a 'poker face' and the reader's in 'calling his bluff.'

In playing the game of cat-and-mouse, Mrs. Rinehart has few equals. Her book kept one reader sitting up almost all night, and that she would probably consider an excellent test of its quality.

R. M. Gay

Wives, by Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1925. 8vo. xiii+289 pp. Illustrated. $3.50.

Nine years ago, in *Portraits of Women*, Mr. Bradford complained that, because of the limitations of material, he was forced to consider queens and saints when he would rather be studying shopgirls. In his new book he has not presented shopgirls, but he has come closer to the ordinary woman than ever before. Unlike *Portraits of American Women*, which concerns personalities themselves distinguished, *Wives* deals largely with women who would probably never have been heard from save for the fortuity of marriage with either famous or infamous men.

The volume interweaves itself with earlier work. Readers of *Damaged Souls* will recall Mr. Bradford's striking tribute to the wife of Benjamin Butler, his wish that he were writing a portrait of her instead of one of him. He has now been able happily to fulfill this wish, adding papers on Margaret Arnold and Theodosia Burr, whose husband and whose father were also among the 'damaged souls,' and on Mrs. Blaine, whose husband appeared in *American Portraits*. Dolly Madison, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln had husbands who have not 'sat' to Mr. Bradford, but two of them are mounted against the Civil War background that he knows so well.

It will be seen that *Wives* stands in sharp contrast to *Bare Souls*. This latter was quite the best of the Bradford books because of the amazing richness of its material — the matchless revelation of a group of writers, several of whom touched genius. The material for *Wives*, on the other hand, has been scattered, sometimes exasperatingly scanty; and the problem, in some cases, became that of reconstructing a soul from the barest hints, often incidental, in the references of others to others. Love of home and husband, care of sick children, social futilities and domestic duties — such interests here take the place of the passion for beauty, the longing to embrace and to create it, the old heroic straining at the prison-bars of life, so conspicuous in last year's collection. Thus, while *Bare Souls* presented the challenge of superb material, the psychographer had here a totally different task, for it is undeniable that it is far more difficult to draw interesting pictures of ordinary than of extraordinary persons, of normal than of abnormal. For a man also it is harder to probe women's souls than those of men. Here Mr. Bradford succeeds where others have failed, because, unlike many of his contemporaries, he is not obsessed by the mystery of sex. To him a woman is first of all a human being, and it is as such that he presents her.

To me the most fascinating portrait in the book is that of Mrs. Butler. She had incomparably more soul to reveal than any of the others, except Theodosia Burr, and her self-revelation is keener and fuller than Theodosia's. For a very different reason, I admire the portrait of Mrs. Lincoln, which is, as Mr. Bradford says, 'delightfully inconclusive,' simply because the material is not there. This very incompleteness is the seal of his trustworthy honesty as a biographer: he has not been tempted unwarrantably to fill in the picture. Structurally, the paper on Mrs. Blaine is most interesting: the author surrounds her with ever-narrowing circles, considering in order her relation to society, to her family, to her husband, and to her own soul.

For several years, the growing strength of Mr. Bradford's style has been for me a source of great admiration. To-day, when you speak of his writing, you mean more than his gift of epigram, more than his power of weaving into one seamless fabric varied materials drawn from the most diverse sources. When he is at his best, his words flow easily, rhythmically, without strain. Frequently in *Wives* there are crystal passages of fresh, limpid beauty. All in all, the volume presents one more interesting variation of an immensely suggestive and individual biographic and literary method.

Edward Wagenknecht

The Greatest Book in the World, and Other Papers, by A. Edward Newton. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1925. 8vo. xviii+451 pp. Illustrated. $5.00. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.)

In one of the fourteen papers in this book Mr. Newton refers to the allegation of a resemblance between himself and Mr. Pickwick. It is not for a reviewer to discuss the personal appearance of an author whose book he has been reading. He may, however, look beneath the surface, to discover whether such a resemblance is possibly more than skin-deep.

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sophic observer of the world and its ways. It is precisely because Mr. Newton is a character, with a personality expressing itself unmistakably on nearly every page he writes, that his books have won such a multitude of readers, most of whom count themselves also his friends. In this number there are those who do not like everything he does, who indeed object to his way of doing certain things — as, for example, bringing his narrative of Byron's relations with Claire Clairmont to its climax with a jingle from *Ruddigore*. There are those besides who weary of his iterated thrusts at Prohibition, democracy, politicians, and Wilson, and suspect that his discussion of foreign debts reveals a shoemaker at some distance from his last. When Mr. Newton is most earnest may it not sometimes be only 'in a Pickwickian sense'? At least his readers are at liberty so to take him.

It makes not the least difference whether Mr. Newton bears any actual resemblance, without or within, to Mr. Pickwick. It matters greatly that he is blessed, and blesses others, with a personal flavor as distinctive as the immortal Samuel's. It is this which makes his writings so inalienably his own. To define that flavor for readers of the *Atlantic* would be a work of supererogation. Some of the type-pages of his new book were read first as pages of this magazine. These, and all the other pages of type, are now bountifully supplemented with illustrations drawn from the treasures of Mr. Newton's library. He fairly glows as he refers to the title-page or autograph that lies before him as he writes, and his enthusiasm 'takes' by first intention. The remarkable physical beauty of the volume promotes this happy contagion.

What the new book reveals with special felicity is that Mr. Newton has carried his amenities of book-collecting into the fields of the Bible and of the fantastic Shelley-Godwin circle. The resulting papers, 'The Greatest Book in the World' and 'Skinner Street News,' are as good as anything he has ever done — and that is saying much. They are packed with information, not too familiar, and conveyed in the high spirits of true enjoyment. London old and recent, the Philadelphia neighborhood, Shakespeare, Gilbert and Sullivan, Sterne, the music-halls, colored-plate and sporting books, Dickens, and other enthusiasms provide him with further topics, which he treats with characteristic zest.

A modest note on a preliminary page declares: 'The blunders in this book — and already I know of one nice one — are exclusively my own.' Mr. Newton will be generous indeed if he does not blame upon the printers 'The lonely [for *lowly*] air of Seven Dials.' But in the 'Torpedo and the Whale' song of the eighties has not his own memory slipped in giving 'The ladies loved him so!' for 'The whale he did not know!' as the final line of the second stanza? Is this the 'nice one' — and how important! — of which he knows already?

M. A. DeWolfe Howe

John Macnab, by John Buchan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925. 12mo. vi+298 pp. $2.00.

All of Mr. Buchan's novels that I can recall begin in a scene of repose and rise rapidly into activity and violence. *John Macnab* starts even lower. The protagonists, who are three successful men of affairs, — an ex-attorney general, a cabinet minister, and the chairman of a bank, — are introduced to the reader in London in an extreme state of boredom. In this respect a proper reader of this book, the reader to whom this book should be most welcome, comes to the first page under no handicap. And just as the story tells how these three were cured, so may the reader count on physic for his own distemper.

Mr. Buchan says that his heroes were afflicted with *tædium vitæ*. He misses the technical word, which is 'accidie.' As Chaucer's parson describes it: 'Accidie makyth hym hevy, thoghtful and wrawful . . . for he loveth no bisynesse at al. . . . It forsteweth and forsluggeth and destroyeth al goodes temporales by recchеleesnesse.' An ancient complaint, but Mr. Buchan offers an unusual remedy.

They determine to dispel their vapors by emulating the exploits of a hero of an anecdote which they hear when they meet, in the first chapter, at their club in London. After inviting themselves to the anecdotist's lodge in Scotland, they address each of his three neighbors with a letter announcing that one John Macnab will poach a stag or a salmon, as the case may be, from his preserves on a certain day. That done, they go secretly to their friend's lodge and distribute the three enterprises among them by lot. From then on, the accidie, both of the reader and of the three John Macnabs, burns off like a summer fog.

So much for the benefit of those who have not yet read the book. For those who have — and only they constitute a properly appreciative public for a reviewer — let us review the book.

The reader shares the troubles and the efforts and the excitements of the hero, the triple-headed John Macnab. That is true romance, and what if it be merry and light? It is none the less romance. We too walk into the gunroom and hang our creel on the familiar hook, or stand our gun in the proper corner. We too shout for dry socks or hot drinks. We lean over John Macnab's shoulder and study the Ordnance Map. On hands and knees we creep behind his hob-nailed shoes in the long stalk; and, at his elbow, we scan the surface of the salmon pool. We applaud Archie in his admiration for 'yonder girl that fords the burn,' and we have complete confidence in Benjie, the indispensable boy. In fact, we are the friends and companions of them all.

And what more do we want? Yes, one thing. We want to know Jim Tarras, the hero of the anecdote. There are enough readers whose accidie is serious enough to warrant an indefinite increase of the dose.

Charles P. Curtis, Jr.

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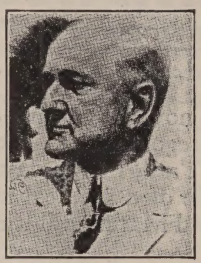

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conservative	police
tendency	capitalist
illustrate	administration
contraction	inspection
theory	problem
absolute	commissioner
dictator	naturally
political	liberal
social	aspiration
ethical	aristocracy
practical	element
ignore	constellation
eminent	command
national	moral
class	revolution
energetic	conspire
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These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn.

Appreciating the national popularity of reading clubs and circulating libraries, the Editor of the Bookshelf has compiled a list of the most prominent books, fiction and non-fiction, that have appeared in the last twelvemonth. This list has been selected from the suggestions of the nine librarian advisers of the Atlantic; it will be sent with our compliments to committees and members of reading clubs and other interested persons. Requests should be addressed to the Editor of the Bookshelf, Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Perennial Bachelor, by Anne Parrish. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1925. 12mo. viii+338 pp. $2.00.

BUT there are four of them, and three are girls. The story of their futile lives, drifting to inconspicuous disaster through days made up for the most part of pleasant details, is told in a demure book, delicately gay as a costume of the last century. We Americans like to take our fiction sadly, if one may judge from the widespread popularity of the unillumined records of sordid lives, presented with defiant exasperation, which pass muster again and again as The Great American Novel. This book has a different tone. The author must have had as good a time writing as we have reading. If, at the end, the reader is harrowed deep, as deep as by *Babbitt*, he has at least had a great deal of amusement en route.

Is the difference in the art of the book, or partly in the subject? The New Englander is surprised to learn how Southern in coloring was life in Delaware fifty or sixty years ago. The social environment does not appear to have held any more intellectual or spiritual stimulus than that of the contemporary Middle West. But it had charm. And it is agreeable to read about gentlefolk, even if they have no brains and, with one or two exceptions, mighty little character. Middle-aged readers will revel in the fun of the carefully described properties — the bustles, the tidies, the songs, the crocheted fringe round the cage of the canary bird, the Rogers Groups appearing at the exact historical moment. Have the changes in taste in feminine attire and house decoration between 1850 and 1920 ever before been noted with such delightful accuracy? The notes on the fancywork are sufficient justification in themselves for the invasion of fiction by women! How one sympathizes with Lily, finding when she calls at her old home that the iron calla-lily fountain had been banished! There is a keener pang when Maggie, knowing her time to be brief, makes her visit. Could anyone so render the varying tastes who had not lived through them? Or the sentiments, so perfectly corresponding to the decoration on the surface, of so perennial a humanness below?

One can be just as relentless with a sense of humor and an enjoyment of daily living as with a chip on one's shoulder. Indeed, the more one is in love with life the more relentless one can be. The picture of these well-bred, affectionate, well-meaning people ruining one another's lives is all the sadder because it is often gayly told. Poor Aunt Priscilla, killing Mamma with the toadstools so lovingly gathered and nicely prepared for her luncheon, is a sort of central symbol. What shall we say of Victor, the inane and the pathetic, around whom his womenfolk so fatuously and tenderly revolve? This at least: that it was not only the women of the last century whose lives lacked point. Poor Victor! He loved his sisters and he had no vices. Maggie redeems the book to nobleness. In one chapter, where she is in church at the sad crisis of her fate, the purest religious passion suddenly flames out, explicit, cleansing.

The author's own writing is fancywork, of a choicer type than any she describes. She places her stitches with delicate precision, and the story grows under her hand with the effect of a fine tapestry in faded colors. It is no wonder that her story received the Harper prize.

VIDA D. SCUDDER

The Travel Diary of a Philosopher, by Count Hermann Keyserling. Translated by J. Holroyd Reece. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1925. Large 8vo. 2 vols. vi+338+400 pp. $10.00.

THERE are plundering soldiers in the streets of Peking; it is prudent for travelers to remain indoors; how to pass the time? 'I will devote the dusky twilight hours of the day,' says the author of this diary, 'to the penetration of this problem: why so extraordinary a number of the gentlemen of China stand on a human level such as I have only met with exceptionally in other latitudes.' What an occupation! What other traveler, even supposing he had made this confident observation about the gentlemen of China, would have felt equally confident of solving the problem in the twilight hours of an autumn afternoon?

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than this of the Himalayas as a displaced rim of the moon, or of the Grand Canyon as an inverted chain of mountains built in air; there are vivid glimpses of the jungle and the sea, of the life of animals and of plants. But these are all woven into the inner life of the human spirit; and what our philosopher seeks is an account of the world's invisible riches, of the obscure strivings and faiths which have fashioned the manifold forms of human culture.

To understand and summarize the life of a planet in this intimate way would be the work of a *Weltgeist* rather than of a man. If the usual traveler by good chance finds India sympathetic, the clue will probably be lost in China or in Japan or in the United States. But it is clear that our author enters upon his journey without a crippling sense of human limitation. He feels himself at home in the rôle of Proteus; for, as he puts it, only men of a Protean nature are called to the priesthood of metaphysics. And in the end this high effort is carried to a remarkable accomplishment: one travels with Keyserling with a continuous sense of initiation, as if for the first time one were seeing mankind, as if one were understanding India and the rest better than they have understood themselves. If one cannot accept as final all this wealth of penetrating comment, one is at least assured that this way lies understanding: this is what the eyes of travel should be; and this interpretation of mankind to mankind is the true work of philosophy.

No doubt to see the world with Keyserling is a tremendous exercise in moral and æsthetic relativity; for to understand so much means to justify much patent vileness as good after its own kind — even the smells of the Orient are to be appreciated according to their inner sense! The dreamy excesses of the pursuer of occult wisdom, the brutal imaginations of the wild hearts of Afghan cattle-thieves, the cruelties of Chinese executioners, the beclouded motives of the coolie gambler, the official devotee of 'squeeze,' the conquistador, the Mormon prophet, the American crank — none of these is wholly alien. In Adyar the Messiah is expected: 'I have accepted this belief for a few days,' we read. To one who so readily becomes the worshiper at every shrine, though robust criticism is not lacking, no form can have an absolute advantage; a relative perfection and finality appear everywhere.

Perhaps it would be impossible to achieve so great a breadth of discernment without an excess of flexibility. Yet it would not be true to say that the author lacks idiosyncrasy, or that he attains complete transparency of perception. He carries himself with him — an aristocratic self, deprecating liberal politics, insisting on human differences and the need for distance in stable social structures, and suggesting at times that the superior man cannot be bad and may disdain the ordinary discipline of the race. This touch of hauteur in outlook affects certain of his fundamental judgments. Thus Christianity appears at a disadvantage as compared with Buddhism; Buddha had the serenity and poise of a princely nature, whereas Jesus and his followers display the anxious restlessness of plebeian minds. Christianity exhibits a fearsomeness toward the cosmos, a depressing sense of sin, an intrusive altruism, an indiscriminate prizing of love, which leaves the Christian the least free of all followers of higher religions. The teaching of Jesus was profounder than that of Gautama; but he was not so exalted a man. Keyserling is not without prejudice; but his prejudices are such as we need to counteract our own. He is not infallible; but he lives in the air of clear, decisive, profound, challenging judgment, and compels his reader to live at an equivalent level of thought.

This is the level upon which the modern world is bound to live if the spirit of a united humanity, which breathes in this vast picture, is to be realized from its sundered fragments. 'The extraordinary breadth of the modern soul must not be hemmed in: we must animate the whole of this rich body from the same depth as that in which the Hindu lives.' It is a mode of consciousness like Keyserling's which will be exemplary for the next stage of the historical movement.

The translator, it must be said, has achieved a miracle in view of the instructions which bound him to the very commas of the original text. Intricate as the thought frequently is, it is followed with unfailing grace and ease. There is but one peccadillo — the Chinese do not like to be called Chinamen.

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

The Professor's House, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. 12mo. xi+283 pp. $2.00.

The Professor's House is a thoughtful and penetrating study of a middle-aged idealist's inner rebellion before he lays down aspiration and takes up fortitude instead. The Professor, Godfrey St. Peter, — lover of beauty, sensitive, high-minded, wholly unworldly, though no fool, — finds his life in a sort of backwater. The three women who form his family are more or less preoccupied, in their different ways, with the material things that to him mean so little. To none of the three is he spiritually necessary. His wife is less interested in him than in the rejuvenating flattery of her delicately flirtatious relations with her admiring sons-in-law. His older daughter, never wholly sympathetic, is complacently absorbed in her husband, the young Jew, Louie Marsellus, and in her rather greedy enjoyment of the fortune left to her by her former fiancé, Tom Outland. And his younger daughter, once his darling and close ally, seldom turns to him except to pour out, now and then, her ugly envy of her sister's greater prosperity. Not only in his personal relations, but in his work, is the Professor in a backwater. He has taught for many years, indifferent to advancement, but always with the humble and eager hope of being helpful to the occasional student willing and able to receive

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what he has to give. Such students, however, have not been numerous. The last volumes of his *Spanish Adventurers*, the thrilling work of fifteen years, have been published, and the creative impulse seems dead. And young Tom Outland is dead — his ideal pupil, his closest friend, for all the difference in their ages, and his strongest stimulus. In short, the Professor's 'golden years' are over.

To a reader inclined to carp, it may seem a little arbitrary that the incident which arms the Professor with a new philosophy and restores his grip upon life should have precisely that effect; but of the reality with which he and his household are presented there is no question. Louie Marsellus, the kind-hearted and florid young Jew, is drawn with particular skill and with a grave, implicit humor. In Miss Cather's work one does not look for humor as a major element; nor does *The Professor's House* take one by surprise in this respect. It is suggested that the Professor himself is endowed with humor, but this is hardly demonstrated; his jocose passages with Augusta the sewing-woman, notably, are not altogether light-footed.

If one were a draughtsman it would be an interesting and an active exercise to make a design which should depict the very curious course of the narrative. Surely many filaments representing unfinished trails must go spraying off at the edges. And surely at the heart of the design must stand the crystalline chapters called 'Tom Outland's Story,' the story of the 'little city of stone, asleep' on the blue mesa — symbol of an ideal beauty not to be realized.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

Twenty-Five Years: 1892-1916, by Viscount Grey of Fallodon. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. 1925. 2 vols. 8vo. xxx+331, xiv+335 pp. $10.00.

LIKE most political autobiographies, the present one is the writer's *apologia pro vita sua*. It may add little to our positive knowledge of events, but it contributes to our understanding of the man who was the official director of the foreign policy of England for eleven years to a day, during five great European crises (besides several smaller ones) the last and greatest of which culminated in the World War. To be sure, we find nothing that surprises us. Viscount Grey's character has long been well known, and dispassionate judges have been pretty well agreed about it. Few of them have seriously questioned his essential honesty, his desire to be fair, his almost painful conscientiousness.

In judging his two volumes we must make certain allowances. Ill health and impaired eyesight prevented extensive research on the part of the author and explain his evident lack of familiarity with much of the newer literature concerning the subjects which he discusses. We may also charitably impute to advancing years his prolixity and repetitions, as well as the lack of orderly arrangement in his presentation. From the whole work we get an impression of British common sense and honest thinking, but hardly that of a subtle mind; indeed we are sometimes struck with a naïveté rather surprising in a man the best part of whose life was passed amid parliamentary debates and diplomatic discussions.

There was nothing in the natural disposition or the education of Viscount Grey to incline him toward public life and especially toward foreign affairs. On the contrary, he never seems to have been perfectly happy except in the seclusion of the country. He preferred listening to birds to communing with statesmen. His week-end was a sacred institution which nothing short of the danger of war could cause him to sacrifice. As a boy of eleven, when told that the stranger on the train with whom his grandfather had been 'in incessant and animated conversation . . . of which I understood nothing and took no heed' was Mr. Gladstone, 'the information meant nothing to me.' When he was appointed Lord Rosebery's Parliamentary Under-Secretary, 'I had had no special training for Foreign Office work, nor had I till then paid special attention to foreign affairs.' He admits his inability to speak more than a very little French, but he expresses no regret for the fact; indeed there is nothing in the book to contradict the story that Viscount Grey never crossed the Channel until, as Foreign Secretary, he accompanied his sovereign on an official visit to Paris.

And yet his accomplishment was notable and his reputation great. In 1914 before the outbreak of the war, if public opinion the world over could have been consulted as to what statesman in charge of the foreign policy of his country stood foremost for character, ability, and achievement, the answer by an overwhelming majority would have been in favor of Sir Edward Grey. Much has happened since then. His voice now seems to speak to us from a past age, but it is well that it too should be heard.

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE

One Increasing Purpose, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1925. 12mo. xiv+446 pp. $2.00.

THIS is an exasperating book. To condemn it is impossible without appearing to condemn much that is fine and true. To praise it is difficult without appearing to admire much that is cheap and shabby. The author presents a great theme with perspiring zeal and inadequate artistry.

The novel is in the main an account of the experiences of Simon Paris, his growing sense of a divinely ordained mission, his corresponding dissatisfaction with the futilities of the worldly life, his groping search for perdurable truth, his final conviction that the truth he has been seeking is the presence of the divine in every soul, and his mission the labor of bringing men to a realization of that truth. Simon's life is, indeed, a kind of pilgrim's progress, and the underlying

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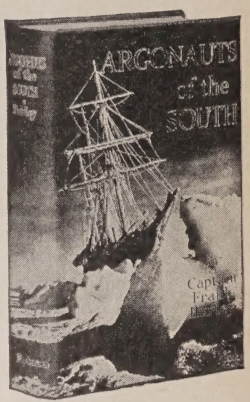

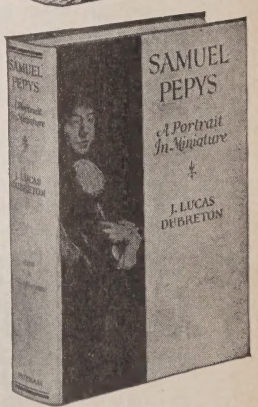

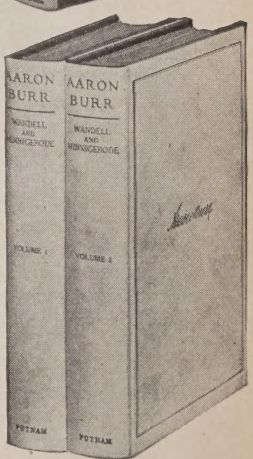

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conception, whether it be accepted or not, is of the noblest. In some respects it is a conception of life not at the moment fashionable, but never negligible. It gives expression to that gnawing discontent with the lust of the eye and the pampering of the flesh that continually drives men and women to crucify appetite and desire in the hope of attaining spiritual peace. It preaches the enfranchisement of the soul. In all this there is little novelty; but the essential value of a truth is hardly dependent upon its novelty. 'Man shall not live by bread alone'; 'My kingdom is not of this world'; 'We are the children of God'— these are old sayings, but they still glow with life.

It is merely stupid, then, to dismiss the book as worthless because its fundamental ideas are familiar. John Bunyan's ideas were commonplaces to his fellows, yet he gave them form so dynamic as to carry them through many generations. Why is it that the story of Christian is still vital, while the story of Simon Paris is as dead as a Victorian Sunday School tract? Possibly it is because John Bunyan was able to incarnate his ideas in symbols so vivid, so distinctive and compelling, that they can defy time; whereas Mr. Hutchinson bodies forth his ideas in persons and events too thin and worn for their task, and then entangles them in a fuzz of words from which escape is hopeless. To conceive of a man all aflame to establish the kingdom of God on earth is a promising beginning; to have him set about his mission by itinerant preaching and the distribution of purple rosettes to converts betrays a fatal lack of imagination.

The same defect is revealed in minor phases of the narrative. Alice, Simon's sister-in-law, almost shatters her life through giving way to her yearning for the emotional titillation of romance. One thinks of that other woman who craved romance with the ardor of a drug addict; and at the very recollection of Emma Bovary, Alice fades into pallid insignificance. The idea is not enough. It depends for effectiveness upon the creative power of the author's art.

Mr. Hutchinson smarts under the reproofs of his critics. He halts the narrative occasionally in order to retaliate. Probably his critics have been undiscriminatingly severe. Yet, if he insists upon choosing a theme for cathedral chimes only to play it upon a cottage organ, he must not be resentful if others scoff at the inappropriateness of the instrument, and even question his sincerity in his choice of theme.

GEORGE B. DUTTON

Dark Laughter, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1925. 12mo. viii+311 pp. $2.50.

THIS is a cleverly constructed book. Its present action, simple in form, relatively unimportant, takes place in the town of Old Harbor, Indiana. The young wife of the owner of a factory falls in love with one of her husband's workmen, is to have a child by him, and finally runs away with him. Backward, sidewise, from this story lead off other stories — the story of the workman, of the young wife, of the husband. In these stories appear other persons, persons who have no part in the principal story — the deserted wife of the lover, his friend, the friends of the wife. These incidental stories are attached to the main story by the mechanism of reminiscence: the lover at his work in the factory, his mind drifting back over his life; the young wife at the wheel of her car, her thoughts moving among her memories.

The book, that is to say, is an attempt to subject the technique of Ulysses to the conventional selective process; to write in and from the minds of the characters, but at the same time to control the wandering, the straying of their thoughts in the interest of the development of plot. From the purely constructional point of view the attempt succeeds. The story is beautifully put together, and its perspective and proportions are just. The difficulty is that Mr. Anderson has not mastered the technique of Ulysses. The book Ulysses has no separate life from the life of Bloom, of Stephen, of Molly, until one sees it at a distance. In *Dark Laughter*, on the other hand, all these rememberings and speculations of the characters take place in the mind of Mr. Anderson. It is Mr. Anderson thinking about their thoughts — it is Mr. Anderson thinking; it is Mr. Anderson writing. Bruce Dudley, the poet, does not think and feel, verbally at least, like a poet, but like Mr. Anderson writing of a poet — a very different matter.

For Mr. Anderson's writing is a special and peculiar thing. With it he has produced amazing effects. The wordless, nameless duel of the husband and the lover walking, one and then the other, up the hill, is a beautiful piece of work. But in total effect it fails. And it fails where it seems strongest. These repeated, unclosed participial sentences, these groups of signpost nouns, these consciously awkward gestures of incompleted phrase, which begin by giving an impression of sincerity, of absolute integrity, of strength, end by creating an irritating suspicion of futility, of impotence. And the strong, clumsy, naïve soul struggling with the difficulties of utterance becomes a neurotic victim of overcivilization, incapable of saying what he has to say, incapable of the living verb.

It is a tribute to Mr. Anderson's skill as a composer of incident, and an evidence of the power of feeling back of his work, that he has been able to drag his story head and shoulders up through the inadequacy of his method and the feebleness of his style. In spite of himself, in spite of his generation's self-conscious preoccupation with America, with being American, with seeming American, in spite, perhaps, of his own purposes and desires, Mr. Anderson has succeeded in creating within the bounds of the contemporary journalistic novel a fixed, a balanced form. Whether one likes it or not, at least it stands there. And how few beside!

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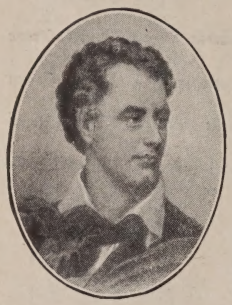

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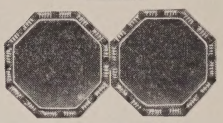

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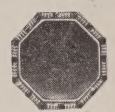

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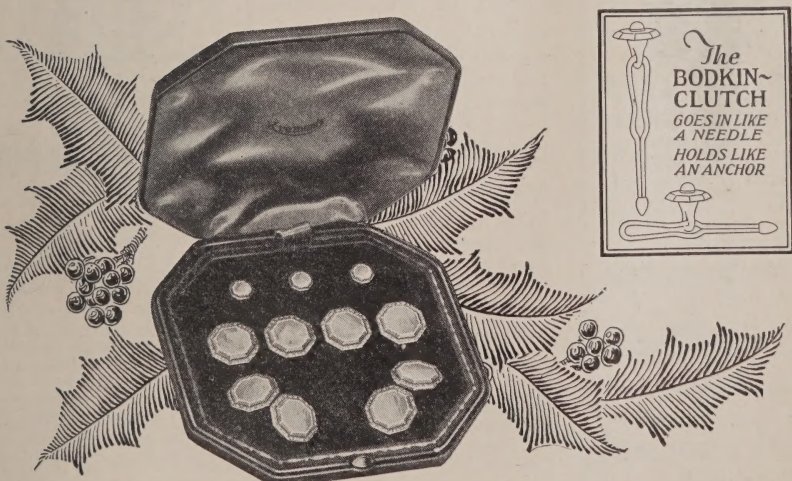

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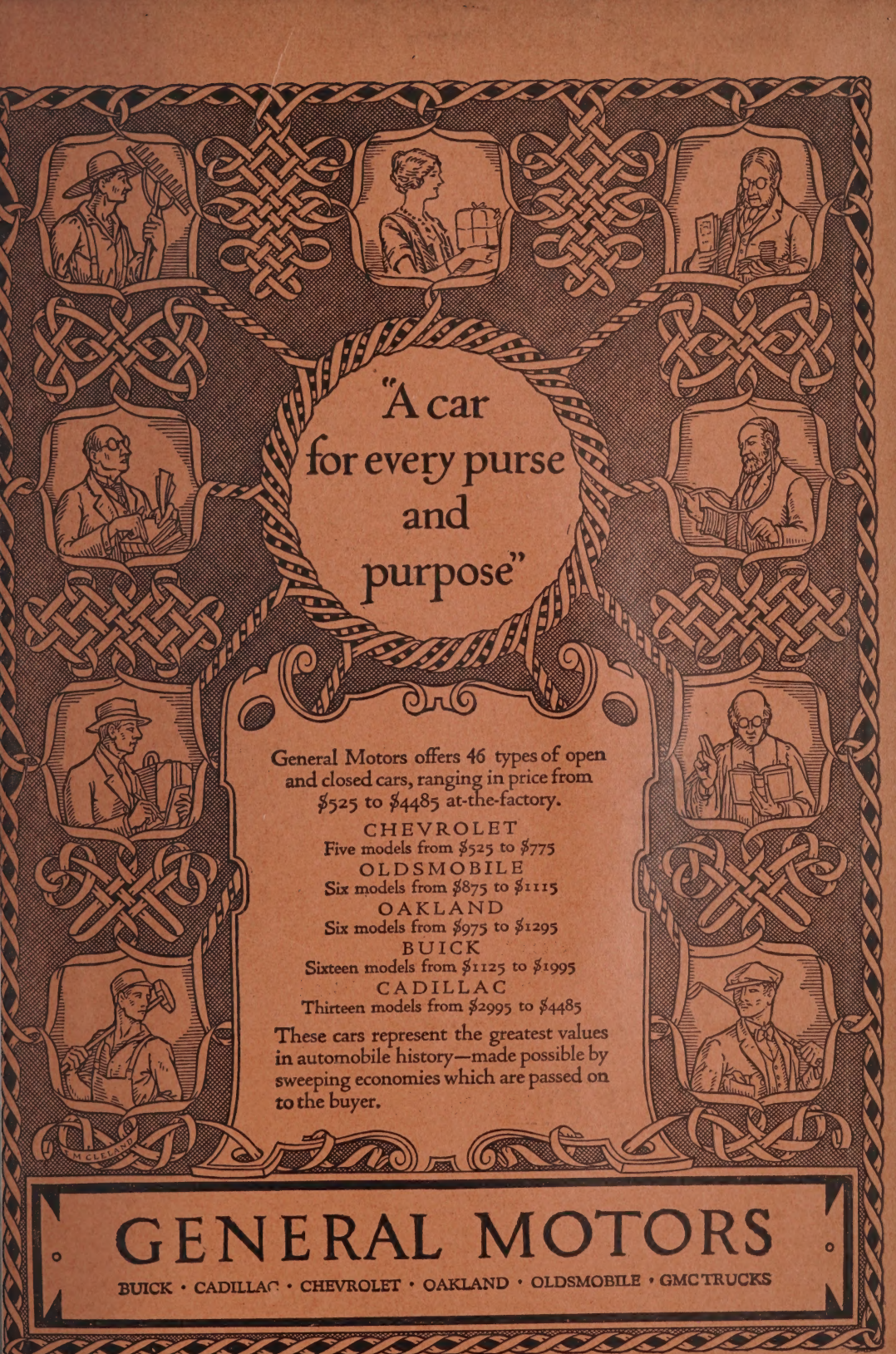
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